

A note of the matters contained in this whole Volume.

The Epistle Dedicatorie to the Queenes Majestie.

The Apologic.

An advertisement to the Reader.

The first xxiiij Cantos, or Bookes of Orlando Furioso, ending with
Orlandos falling mad.

The other xxiiij Cantos of Orlando Furioso, in which he recovered
his wits; ending with Bradamants marriage.

A generall Allegorie of the whole.

The Life of Ariosto.

The Table of the Booke.

The Tales.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT,
VERTVOVS, AND NOBLE PRINCESSE,
ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, QUEENE OF
ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.



Most renowned (and most worthy to be most renowned) Sovereigne Ladie; I presume to offer to your Highnesse this first part of the fruit of the little garden of my slender skill. It hath been the longer in growing, and is the lesse worthy the gathering, because my ground is barren and too cold for such dainty Italian fruits, being also perhaps overshadowed with trees of some older growth: but the beams of your blessed countenance, vouchsafing to shine on so poore a soile, shall soone disperse all hurtfull mists that would obscure it, and easily dissolve all (whether they be Mel-dews, or Fel-dews) that would sterue this shallow set plant. I desire to be brieve, because I love to be plaine. Whatsoever I am or can, is your Majesties. Your gracious favours have been extended in my poore family even to the third generation, your bounty to us and our heires. Wherefore this (though unperfect and unworthy worke) I humbly recommend to that gracious protection, under which I enjoy all in which I can take joy. If your Highnesse will read it, who dare reject it? if allow it, who can reprove it? if protect it, what *MOMVS* barking, or *ZOLLVS* biting can any way hurt or annoy it? And thus most humbly craving pardon for this boldnesse, I cease to write, though I will not cease to wish, that your high felicities may never cease.

Your most humble servant,

JOHN HARINGTON.



A PREFACE, OR RATHER A BRIEF
APOLOGIE OF POETRIE, AND OF THE
Author and Translator of this Poeme.

THe learned *Plutarch* in his Laconicall Apothegmes, tels of a Sophister that made a long and tedious Oration in praise of *Hercules*, and expecting at the end thereof for some great thanks and applause of the hearers, a certaine Lacedemonian demanded him, who had dispraised *Hercules*? Me thinkes the like may be now said to me, taking upon me the defence of Poesie: for surely if learning in generall were of that account among us, as it ought to be among all men, and is among wise men, then should this my Apologie of Poesie (the very first nurse, and ancient grandmother of all learning) be as vaine and superfluous as was that Sophisters, because it might then be answered, and truly answered, that no man disgraced it. But sith we live in such a time, in which nothing can escape the envious tooth and backbiting tongue of an impure mouth, and wherein every blind corner hath a squint-eyed *Zoilus*, that can looke aright upon no mans doings, (yea sure there be some that will not sticke to call *Hercules* himselfe a dastard, because forsooth he fought with a club, and not at the rapier and dagger:) therefore I thinke no man of judgement will judge this my labour needlesse, in seeking to remove away those slanders that either the malice of those that love it not, or the folly of those that understand it not, hath devised against it: for indeed as the old saying is, *Scientia non habet inimicum prater ignorantem*: Knowledge hath no foe but the ignorant. But now because I make account I have to deale with three sundry kinds of reprovers, one of those that condemne all Poetrie, which (how strong head soever they have) I count but a very weake faction; another of those that allow Poetrie, but not this particular Poeme, of which kind sure there cannot be many: a third of those that can beare with the art, and like of the worke, but will find fault with my not well handling of it, which they may not onely probably, but (I doubt) too truly do, being a thing as commonly done as said, that where the hedge is lowest, there doth every man go over. Therefore against these three I must arme me with the best defensive weapons I can: and if I happen to give a blow now and then in mine owne defence, and as good fencers use to ward and strike at once, I must crave pardon of course, seeing our law allowes that is done *se defendendo*: and the law of nature teacheth *vim vi repellere*. First therefore of Poetrie it selfe, for those few that generally disallow it, might be sufficient to alledge those many that generally approve it, of which I could bring in such an army, not of souldiers, but of famous Kings and Captaines, as not onely the sight, but the very sound of them were able to vanquish and dismay the small forces of our adversaries. For, who would once dare to oppose himselfe against so many *Alexanders, Casars, Scipios*, (to omit infinite other Princes both of former and later ages, and of forraine and nearer countries) that with favour, with studie, with practice, with example, with honours, with gifts, with preferments, with great and magnificent cost, have encouraged and advanced Poets and Poetrie? As witnesse the huge Theaters and Amphitheaters, monuments of stupendious charge, made onely for Tragedies and Comedies, the works of Poets, to be represented on: but all these aids and defences I leave as superfluous; my cause I count so good, and the evidence so open, that I neither need to use the countenance of any great state to bolster it, nor the cunning of any subtil lawyer to inforce it: my meaning is plainly and

The division of this Apologie into three parts.

Of Poetrie

An Apologie of Poetrie.

and *bona fide*, confessing all the abuses that can truly be objected against some kind of Poets, to shew you what good use there is of Poetrie. Neither do I suppose it to be greatly behovefull for this purpose, to trouble you with the curious definitions of a Poet and Poetrie, and with the subtil distinctions of their sundry kinds, nor to dispute how high and supernaturall the name of a Maker is, so christned in English by that unknowne Godfather, that this last yeare save one, viz. 1589. set forth a booke, called the Art of English Poetrie: and least of all do I purpose to bestow any long time to argue, whether *Plato*, *Zenophon* and *Erasmus*, writing fictions and dialogues in prose, may justly be called Poets; or whether *Lucan* writing a story in verse be an Historiographer, or whether Master *Faire* translating *Virgil*, Master *Golding* translating *Ovids* Metamorphosis, and my selfe in this worke that you see, be any more then versifiers, as the same *Ignoto* termeth all translators: for as for all, or the most part of such questions, I will referre you to Sir *Philip Sidneys* Apologie, who doth handle them right learnedly, or to the forenamed treatise, where they are discoursed more largely, and where, as it were, a whole receipt of Poetrie is prescribed, with so many new named figures, as would put me in great hope in this age to come would breed many excellent Poets, save for one observation that I gather out of the very same booke. For though the poore gentleman laboureth greatly to prove, or rather to make Poetrie an art, and reciteth as you may see in the plurall number, some pluralities of patternes, and parcels of his owne Poetrie, with divers pieces of Partheniads and hymnes in praise of the most praise-worthy: yet whatsoever he would prove by all these, sure in my poore opinion he doth prove nothing more plainely, then that which M. *Sidney* and all the learned sort that have written of it do pronounce, namely that it is a gift and not an art; I say he proveth it, because making himselfe and many others so cunning in the art, yet he sheweth himselfe so slender a gift irit, deserving to be commended as *Martiall* praiseth one that he compares to *Tully*:

*Carmina quod scribis, musis & Apolline nullo
Laudari debes, hoc Ciceronis habes.*

But to come to the purpose, and to speake after the phrase of the common sort, that terme all that is written in verse Poetrie, and rather in scorne then in praise, bestow the name of a Poet on every base rimer and ballad-maker: this I say of it, and I thinke I say truly, that there are many good lessons to be learned out of it, many good examples to be found in it, many good uses to be had of it, and that therefore it is not, nor ought not to be despised by the wiser sort, but so to be studied and employed, as was intended by the first writers and devisers thereof, which is to soften and polish the hard and rough dispositions of men, and make them capable of vertue and good discipline.

I cannot denie but to us that are Christians, in respect of the high end of all, which is the health of our soules, not only Poetrie, but all other studies of Philosophie, are in a manner vaine and superfluous: yea (as the wise man saith) whatsoever is under the sunne is vanity of vanities, and nothing but vanity. But sith we live with men and not with saints, and because few men can embrace this strict and Stoicall divinity, or rather indeed, for that the holy Scriptures, in which those high mysteries of our salvation are contained, are a deepe and profound studie, and not subject to every weake capacity, no nor to the highest wits and judgements, except they be first illuminate by Gods spirit, or instructed by his teachers and preachers: therefore we do first reade some other authors, making them as it were a looking-glasse to the eyes of our mind; and then after we have gathered more strength, we enter into profounder studies of higher mysteries, having first as it were enabled our eyes by long beholding the sunne in a bason of water, at last to looke upon the sunne it selfe. So we reade how that great *Moses*, whose learning and sanctitie is so renowned over all nations, was first instructed in the learning of the Egyptians, before he came to that high contemplation of God and familiaritie (as I may so terme it) with God. So the notable Prophet *Daniel* was brought up in the learning of the Chaldeans, and made that

An Apologie of Poetrie.

the first step of his higher vocation to be a Prophet. If then we may by the example of two such speciall servants of God, spend some of our yong yeares in studies of humanity, what better and more sweet study is there for a yong man then Poetrie? specially Heroicall Poetic, that with her sweete statelinesse doth erect the mind, and lift it up to the consideration of the highest matters; and allureth them, that of themselves would otherwise loth them, to take and swallow and digest the wholesome precepts of Philosophie, and many times even of the true Divinitie. Wherefore *Plutarch* having written a whole treatise of the praise of *Homer's* workes, and another of reading Poets, doth begin this latter with this comparison, that as men that are sickly and have weake stomackes or dainty tastes, do many times thinke that flesh most delicate to eate, that is not flesh, and those fishes that be not fish: so yong men (saith he) do like best that Philosophie that is not Philosophie, or that is not delivered as Philosophie: and such are the pleasant writings of learned Poets, that are the popular Philosophers and the popular Divines. Likewise *Tasso* in his excellent worke of *Ierusalem Liberato*, likeneth Poetrie to the Physicke that men give unto little children when they are sicke: his verse is this in Italian, speaking to God with a pretie Prosopopeja:

*Plutarch
de audien-
tia Poetis.*

*Tasso. Ca-
to 1. stasse
3.*

*Sai, che la corre il mondo, ove piu versi
Di sue dolcezze, il lusingier Parnaso:
E che'l vero condito in molli versi.
I piu schivi allettando ha persuaso
Così al egro fanciul porgiamo asperso
Di soavi liquor gli Orli del vaso
Succhi amari ingannato in tanto ei beva
E dal inganno suo vita receve.*

*Thou knowst, the wanton worldlings ever runne
To sweete Parnassus fruites, how otherwhile
The truth well sawe'd with pleasant verse hath wonne
Most squeamish stomackes with the sugred stile:
So the sicke child that potions all doth shunne,
With comfits and with sugar we beguile,
And cause him take a wholesome soure receipt,
He drinks, and saves his life with such deceit.*

This is then that honest fraud, in which (as *Plutarch* saith) he that is deceived is wiser then he that is not deceived, and he that doth deceive, is honest then he that doth not deceive.

*Agrippa
de vanita-
te scientia-
rum cap. 4.
Pour ob-
jections a-
gainst Po-
etry.*

But briefly to answer to the chiefe objections, *Cornelius Agrippa*, a man of learning and authority not to be despised, maketh a bitter invective against Poets and Poetic, and the sum of his reproofe of it is this (which is all that can with any probability be said against it:) That it is a nurse of lies, a pleaser of fooles, a breeder of dangerous errors, and an inticer to wantonnesse. I might here warne those that will urge this mans authority to the disgrace of Poetrie, to take heed (of what calling soever they be) least with the same weapon that they thinke to give Poetrie a blow, they give themselves a maim. For *Agrippa* taketh his pleasure of greater matters then Poetrie: I marvell how he durst do it, save that I see he hath done it, he hath spared neither miters nor scepters. The courts of Princes, where vertue is rewarded, justice maintained, oppressions releevd, he calls them a Colledge of Giants, of tyrants, of oppressors, warriors: the most noble sort of noble men, he termeth cursed, bloudie, wicked, and sacrilegious persons. Noble men (and vs poore Gentlemen) that thinke to borrow praise of our auncestors deserts and good fame, he affirmeth to be a race of the sturdier sort of knaves, and licentious livers. Treasurers and other great officers of the common wealth, with grave counsellors, whose wise heads are the pillars of the State, he affirmeth generally to be robbers and peelers of the Realme, and privie traitors that sell their Princes favours, and rob well-deserving servitors of their reward.

omit

An Apologie of Poetrie.

I omit as his *peccadilia*, how he nicknameth priests saying, for the most part they are Hypocrites; Lawyers, saying they are all theeves; Physitians, saying they are many of them murderers: so as I thinke it were a good motion, and would easily passe by the consent of the three estates, that this mans authoritie should be utterly adnihilated, that dealeth so hardly and unjustly with all sorts of professions. But for the rejecting of his writings, I refer it to others that have power to do it, and to condemne him for a generall libeller; but for that he writeth against Poetrie, I meane to speake a word or two in refuting thereof. And first for lying, I might if I list excuse it by the rule of *Poeticalicentia*, and claime a priviledge given to Poetrie, whose art is but an imitation (as *Aristotle* calleth it) and therefore are allowed to faine what they list, according to that old verse,

*In iudicijs, Erebo, fisco, fas vivere aplo,
Militibus, medicis, tortori, occidere Ludo est:
Mentiri Astronomis, pictoribus atque Poetis.*

Which because I count it without reason, I will English it without rime.

*Lawyers, Hell, and the Checquer are allowed to live on spoile,
Souldiers, Phisitians, and hangmen make a sport of murder,
Astronomers, Painters, and Poets may lye by authoritie.*

Thus you see, that Poets may lye if they list *Cum privilegio*: but what if they lye least of all other men? what if they lye not at all? then I thinke that great slander is very unjustly raised upon them. For in my opinion they are said properly to lye, that affirme that to bee true that is false: and how other arts can free themselves from this blame, let them looke that professe them: but Poets never affirming any for true, but presenting them to us as fables and imitations, cannot lye though they would: and because this objection of lyes is the chiefest, and that upon which the rest be grounded, I will stand the longer upon the clearing thereof.

The ancient Poets have indeed wrapped as it were in their writings divers and sundrie meanings, which they call the senses or mysteries thereof. First of all for the literall sense (as it were the utmost barke or ryne) they set downe in manner of an Historie, the acts and notable exploits of some persons worthie memory; then in the same fiction, as a second rine and somewhat more fine, as it were nearer to the pith and marrow, they place the Morall sense, profitable for the active life of man, approving vertuous actions, and condemning the contrarie. Many times also under the selfesame words they comprehend some true understanding of naturall Philosophie, or sometime of politike government, and now and then of divinity: and these same senses that comprehend so excellent knowledge we call the Allegory, which *Plutarch* defineth to be when one thing is told, and by that another is understood. Now let any man judge, if it be a matter of meane art or wit, to containe in one Historicall narration either true or fained, so many, so diverse, and so deepe conceits: but for making the matter more plaine, I will alledge an example thereof.

Persens Sonne of *Iupiter* is fained by the Poets to have slaine *Gorgon*, and after that conquest atchieved, to have flowne up to heaven. The Historicall sense is this, *Persens* the Sonne of *Iupiter*, by the participation of *Iupiters* vertues that were in him; or rather comming of the stocke of one of the Kings of Creet, or Athens so called; slue *Gorgon* a tyrant in that countrey (*Gorgon* in Greeke signifieth earth) and was for his vertuous parts exalted by men up into heaven. Morally it signifieth thus much, *Persens* a wise man, Sonne of *Iupiter* endewed with vertue from above, slayeth sinne and vice, a thing base and earthly, signified by *Gorgon*, and so mounteth to the skie of vertue: It signifies in one kinde of Allegorie thus much; the mind of man being gotten by God, and so the childe of God, killing and vanquishing the earthlinesse of this Gorgonicall nature, ascendeth up to the understanding of heavenly things, of high things, of eternall things, in which contemplation consisteth the perfection of man: this is the naturall Allegorie, because man, one of

Ovids Metamorph. 4.

An Apologie of Poetrie.

the first step of his higher vocation to be a Prophet. If then we may by the example of two such speciall servants of God, spend some of our yong yeares in studies of humanity, what better and more sweet study is there for a yong man then Poetrie? specially Heroicall Poetrie, that with her sweete statelinesse doth erect the mind, and lift it up to the consideration of the highest matters; and allureth them, that of themselves would otherwise loth them, to take and swallow and digest the wholsome precepts of Philosophie, and many times even of the true Divinitie. Wherefore *Plutarch* having written a whole treatise of the praise of *Homer's* workes, and another of reading Poets, doth begin this latter with this comparison, that as men that are sickly and have weake stomackes or dainty tastes, do many times thinke that flesh most delicate to eate, that is not flesh, and those fishes that be not fish: so yong men (saith he) do like best that Philosophie that is not Philosophie, or that is not delivered as Philosophie: and such are the pleasant writings of learned Poets, that are the popular Philosophers and the popular Divines. Likewise *Tasso* in his excellent worke of *Ierusalem Liberato*, likeneth Poetrie to the Physicke that men give unto little children when they are sicke: his verse is this in Italian, speaking to God with a pretie Prosopopeja:

*Plutarch
de audien-
tia Poetis.*

*Tasso. Cā-
to 1. stasse
3.*

*Sai, che la corre il mondo, ove piu versi
Di sue dolcezze, il lusingier Parnaso:
E che'l vero condito in molli versi.
I piu schivi allettando ha persuaso
Così al egro fanciul porgiamo asperso
Di soavi liquor gli Orli del vaso
Socchi amari ingannato in tanto ei beve
E dal inganno suo vita receve.*

*Thou knowst, the wanton worldling; ever runne
To sweete Parnassus fruites, how otherwhile
The truth well sawe'd with pleasant verse hath wonne
Most squeamish stomackes with the sugred stile:
So the sicke child that potions all doth shunne,
With comfets and with sugar we beguile,
And canse him take a wholesome sowre receit,
He drinckes, and saves his life with such deceit.*

This is then that honest fraud, in which (as *Plutarch* saith) he that is deceived is wiser then he that is not deceived, and he that doth deceive, is honeste then he that doth not deceive.

*Agrippa
de vanita-
te scientia-
rum cap. 4.
Foure ob-
jections a-
gainst Po-
etry.*

But briefly to answer to the chiefe objections, *Cornelius Agrippa*, a man of learning and authority not to be despised, maketh a bitter invective against Poets and Poetrie, and the sum of his reproofe of it is this (which is all that can with any probability be said against it:) That it is a nurse of lies, a pleaser of fooles, a breeder of dangerous errors, and an inticer to wantonnesse. I might here warne those that will urge this mans authority to the disgrace of Poetrie, to take heed (of what calling soever they be) least with the same weapon that they thinke to give Poetrie a blow, they give themselves a maim. For *Agrippa* taketh his pleasure of greater matters then Poetrie: I marvell how he durst do it, save that I see he hath done it, he hath spared neither miters nor scepters. The courts of Princes, where vertue is rewarded, justice maintained, oppressions releevd, he calls them a Colledge of Giants, of tyrants, of oppressors, warriors: the most noble sort of noble men, he termeth cursed, bloudie, wicked, and sacrilegious persons. Noble men (and vs poore Gentlemen) that thinke to borrow praise of our auncestors deserts and good fame, he affirmeth to be a race of the sturdier sort of knaves, and licentious livers. Treasurers and other great officers of the common wealth, with grave counsellors, whose wise heads are the pillars of the State, he affirmeth generally to be robbers and peelers of the Realme, and privie traitors that sell their Princes favours, and rob well-deserving servitors of their reward.

omit

An Apologie of Poetrie.

I omit as his *peccadilia*, how he nicknameth priests saying, for the most part they are Hypocrites; Lawyers, saying they are all theeves; Physitians, saying they are many of them murderers: so as I thinke it were a good motion, and would easily passe by the consent of the three estates, that this mans authoritie should be utterly adnihilated, that dealeth so hardly and unjustly with all sorts of professions. But for the rejecting of his writings, I refer it to others that have power to do it, and to condemne him for a generall libeller; but for that he writeth against Poetrie, I meane to speake a word or two in refuting thereof. And first for lying, I *Answer is* might if I list excuse it by the rule of *Poeticalicentia*, and claime a priviledge given to Poetrie, *the first of* whose art is but an imitation (as *Aristotle* calleth it) and therefore are allowed to faine what *lying* they list, according to that old verse,

*Iuridicis, Erebo, fisco, fas vivere vapo,
Militibus, medicis, tortori, occidere Ludo est:
Mentiri Astronomis, pictoribus atque Poetis.*

Which because I count it without reason, I will English it without rime.

*Lawyers, Hell, and the Checquer are allowed to live on spoile,
Souldiers, Phisitians, and hangmen make a sport of murder,
Astronomers, Painters, and Poets may lye by authoritie.*

Thus you see, that Poets may lye if they list *Can privilegio*: but what if they lye least of all other men? what if they lye not at all? then I thinke that great slander is very unjustly raised upon them. For in my opinion they are said properly to lye, that affirme that to be true that is false: and how other arts can free themselves from this blame, let them looke that professe them: but Poets never affirming any for true, but presenting them to us as fables and imitations, cannot lye though they would: and because this objection of lyes is the chiefeft, and that upon which the rest be grounded, I will stand the longer upon the clearing thereof.

The ancient Poets have indeed wrapped as it were in their writings divers and sundrie meanings, which they call the senses or mysteries thereof. First of all for the literall sence (as it were the utmost barke or ryne) they set downe in manner of an Historie, the acts and notable exploits of some persons worthie memory; then in the same fiction, as a second rime and somewhat more fine, as it were nearer to the pith and marrow, they place the Morall sence, profitable for the active life of man, approving vertuous actions, and condemning the contrarie. Many times also under the selfesame words they comprehend some true understanding of naturall Philosophie, or sometime of politike government, and now and then of divinity: and these same senses that comprehend so excellent knowledge we call the Allegory, which *Plutarch* defineth to be when one thing is told, and by that another is understood. Now let any man judge, if it be a matter of meane art or wit, to containe in one Historicall narration either true or fained, so many, so diverse, and so deepe conceits: but for making the matter more plaine, I will alledge an example thereof.

Persens Some of *Iupiter* is fained by the Poets to have slaine *Gorgon*, and after that conquest atchieved, to have flowne up to heaven. The Historicall sence is this, *Persens* *Ovids Me-*
as the Sonne of *Iupiter*, by the participation of *Iupiters* vertues that were in him; or *amorph. 4.*
rather comming of the stocke of one of the Kings of Creet, or Athens so called; slue *Gorgon* a tyrant in that countrey (*Gorgon* in Greeke signifieth earth) and was for his vertuous parts exalted by men up into heaven. Morally it signifieth thus much, *Persens* a wise man, Sonne of *Iupiter* endewed with vertue from above, slayeth sinne and vice, a thing base and earthly, signified by *Gorgon*, and so mounteth to the skie of vertue: It signifies in one kinde of Allegorie thus much; the mind of man being gotten by God, and so the childe of God, killing and vanquishing the earthlinesse of this Gorgonicall nature, ascendeth up to the understanding of heavenly things, of high things, of eternall things, in which contemplation consisteth the perfection of man: this is the naturall Allegorie, because man, one of the

An Apologie of Poetrie.

the chiefe workes of nature: It hath also a more high and heavenly Allegorie, that the heavenly nature, daughter of *Iupiter*, procuring with her continuall motion, corruption and mortalitie in the inferiour bodies, severed it selfe at last from these earthly bodies, and flew up on high, and there remaineth for ever. It hath also another Theologicall Allegory, that the angelicall nature, daughter of the most high God the creator of all things; killing and overcoming all bodily substance, signified by *Gorgon*, ascended into heaven: the like infinite Allegories I could picke out of other Poeticall fictions, save that I would avoid tediousnesse. It sufficeth mee therefore to note this, that the men of greatest learning and highest wit in the auncient times, did of purpose conceale these deepe mysteries of learning, and as it were cover them with the veile of fables and verse for sundry causes: one cause was, that they might not be rashly abused by prophane wits, in whom science is corrupted, like good wine in a bad vessell: another cause why they wrote in verse, was conservation of the memory of their precepts, as wee see yet the generall rules almost of every art, not so much as husbandrie, but they are oftner recited and better remembered in verse then in prose: another, and a principall cause of all, is to bee able with one kinde of meate and one dish (as I may so call it) to feed divers taltes. For the weaker capacities will feed themselves with the pleasantnesse of the Historie and sweetnesse of the verse, some that have stronger stomackes will as it were take a further tast of the Morall sence, a third sort more high conceited then they, will digest the Allegorie: so as indeed it hath bene thought by men of very good judgement, such manner of Poeticall writing was an excellent way to preserve all kind of learning from that corruption which now it is come to since they left that mysticall writing of verse. Now though I know the example and authoritie of *Aristotle* and *Plato* bee still urged against this, who tooke to themselves another manner of writing: first I may say indeed that lawes were made for poore men, and not for Princes, for these two great Princes of Philosophie, brake that former allowed manner of writing, yet *Plato* still preserved the fable, but refused the verse. *Aristotle* though rejecting both, yet retained still a kind of obscuritie, inso much he answered *Alexander*, who reprooved him in a sort, for publishing the sacred secrets of Philosophie, that he had set forth his bookes in a sort, and yet not let them forth; meaning that they were so obscure that they would be understood of few, except they came to him for instructions; or else without they were of very good capacity and studious of Philosophie. But (as I say) *Plato* howsoever men would make him an enemy of Poetrie (because he found indeed just fault with the abuses of some comicall Poets of his time, or some that sought to set up new and strange religions) yet you see hee kept still that principall part of Poetrie, which is fiction and imitation; and as for the other part of Poetrie which is verse, though he used it not, yet his Master *Socrates* even in his old age wrote certaine verses, as *Plutarch* testifieth: but because I have named the two parts of Poetrie, namely invention or fiction, and verse, let us see how well we can authorise the use of both these. First for fiction, against which as I told before, many inveigh, calling it by the foule name of lying, though notwithstanding, as I then said, it is farthest from it: *Demosthenes* the famous and renowned Orator, when he would perswade the Athenians to warre against *Philip*, told them a tolemne tale how the Wolves on a time sent Ambassadors to the sheepe, offering them peace if they would deliver up the dogs that kept their folds, with all that long circumstance (needlesse to be repeated) by which hee perswaded them far more strongly then if he should have told them in plaine termes, that *Philip* sought to bereave them of their chiefe bulwarks and defences, to have the better abilitie to overthrow them. But what need we fetch an authority so far off from heathen authors, that have many neerer hand both in time and in place? Bishop *Fisher* a stout Prelat (though I doe not praise his Religion) when hee was assaid by King *Henrie* the eight for his good will and assent for the suppression of Abbeyes, the King alledging that he would but take away the superfluities, and let the substance stand still, or at least see it converted to better
and

An Apologie of Poetrie.

and more godly uses: the grave Bishop answered it in this kinde of Poeticall parable: He said there was an axe that wanting a helve came to a thicke and huge overgrown wood, and besought some of the great oaks in that wood, to spare him so much timber as to make him a handle or helve, promising that if he might finde that favour, he would in recompence thereof, have great regard in preserving that wood, in pruning the branches, in cutting away the unprofitable and superfluous boughes, in paring away the bryers and thornes that were comberfome to the fayre trees, and making it in fine a grove of great delight and pleasure: but when this same axe had obtained his sute, he so laid about him, and so pared away both timber and top and lop, that in short space of a woodland he made it a champion, and made her liberality the instrument of her overthrow.

Now though this Bishop had no very good successe with his parable, yet it was so farre from being counted a lye, that it was plainly seene soone after that the same axe did both hew downe those woods by the roots, and pared him off by the head, and was a peece of Prophecie, as well as a peece of Poetry: and indeed Prophets and Poets have bene thought to have a great affinity, as the name *Vates* in Latine doth testifie. But to come againe to this manner of fiction or parable: the Prophet *Nathan*, reproving King *David* for his great sinne of adulterie and murther, doth he not come to him with a pretie parable, of a poore man and his lambe that lay in his bosome, and eat of his bread, and the rich man that had whole flocks of his owne would needs take it from him? In which as it is evident it was but a parable, so it were unreverent and almost blasphemous to say it was a lye. But to go higher, did not our Saviour himselfe speake in parables? as that divine parable of the sower, that comfortable parable of the Prodigall sonne, that dreadfull parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, though I know of this last, many of the fathers hold that it is a story indeed, and no parable. But in the rest it is manifest, that he that was all holinesse, all wisdom, all truth, used parables, and even such as discreet Poets use, where a good and honest and wholsome Allegory is hidden in a pleasant and pretie fiction, and therefore for that part of Poetrie of Imitation, I thinke no body will make any question, but it is not onely allowable, but godly and commendable, if the Poets ill handling of it doe not marre and pervert the good use of it. The other part of Poetry, which is Verse, as it were the clothing or ornament of it, hath many good uses; of the helpe of memory I spake somewhat before; for the words being couched together in due order, measure, and number, one doth as it were bring on another, as my selfe have often proved, and so I thinke do many beside, (though for my owne part I can rather boast of the marring a good memory, then of having one,) yet I have ever found, that Verse is easier to learne, and farre better to preserve in memory, then is prose. Another speciall grace in Verse is the forcible manner of phrase, in which if it be well made, it farre excelleth loose speech or prose: a third is the pleasure and sweetnesse to the eare, which makes the discourse pleasant unto us often time when the matter it selfe is harsh and unacceptable; for my owne part I was never yet so good a husband, to take any delight to heare one of my ploughmen tell how an acre of wheat must be fallowd and twy fallowd, and how cold land should be burned, and how fruitfull land must be well harrowed, but when I heare one read *Virgil* where he saith:

*Sape etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atq; levem stipulam crepitantibus vrere flammis.
Sive inde occultas vires & pabula terra
Pinguia concipiunt; sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atq; exudat inutilis humor, &c.*

And after.

*Multum adeo, vastris glebas qui frangit inertes
Vimineasq; trahit crates, iuvat arva.*

With many other lessons of homely husbandrie, but delivered in so good Verse that me thinks

Two parts
of Poetrie,
Imitation
or invention,
on, and
Verse.

An Apologie of Poetrie.

thinkes all that while I could find in my heart to drive the plough. But now for the authoritie of Verse, if it be not sufficient to say for them, that the greatest Philosophers, and gravest Senatours that ever were, have used them both in their speeches and in their writings, that precepts of all Arts have beene delivered in them, that verse is as auncient a writing as prose, and indeed more auncient, in respect that the oldest workes extant be verse, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, *Hesiodus*, and others beyond memory of man, or mention almost of History; if none of these will serve for the credit of it, yet let this serve, that some part of the Scripture was written in verse, as the Psalmes of *David*, and certaine other songs of *Deborah*, of *Salomon* and others, which the learnedest divines do affirme to be verse, and find that they are in meeter, though the rule of the Hebrew verse they agree not on. Sufficeth it me only to prove that by the authority of sacred Scriptures, both parts of Poetrie, invention or imitation, and verse are allowable, and consequently that great objection of lying is quite taken away and refuted. Now the second objection is pleasing of fooles; I have already showed, how it displeaseth not wise men, now if it have this vertue too, to please the fooles and ignorant, I would thinke this an article of praise not of rebuke: wherefore I confesse that it pleaseth fooles, and so pleaseth them, that if they marke it and observe it well, it will in time make them wise, for in verse is both goodnesse and sweetnesse, Rubarb and Sugercandie, the pleasant and the profitable: wherefore as *Horace* saith, *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, he that can mingle the sweete and wholesome, the pleasant and the profitable, he is indeed an absolute good writer: and such be Poets, if any be such, they present unto us a prettie tale, able to keepe a childe from play, and an old man from the chimnie corner: Or as the same *Horace* saith to a covetous man:

*Answer to
the second
Objection.*

*Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina, quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.*

One tels a covetous man a tale of *Tantalus*, that sits up to the chinne in water, and yet is plagued with thirst. This signifies the selfsame man to whom the tale is told, that wallows in plenty, and yet his miserable minde barres him of the use of it: As my selfe knew and I am sure many remember Iustice *Randoll* of London, a man passing impotent in body but much more in mind, that leaving behind him a thousand pounds of gold in a chest full of old boots and shoes, yet was so miserable, that at my Lord Majors dinner they say he would put up a widgeon for his supper, and many a good meale he did take of his franke neighbour the widdow *Penne*: but to come to the matter, this same great sinne that is laide to Poetrie of pleasing fooles, is sufficiently answered if it be worth the answering. Now for the breeding of errours which is the third Objection, I see not why it should breed any when none is bound to beleve that they write, nor they looke not to have their fictions beleaved in the literall sence, and therefore hee that well examines whence errours spring, shall finde the writers of prose and not of verse, the authors and maintainers of them, and this point I count so manifest as it needs no prooffe. The last reproofe is lightnes and wantonnesse: this is indeed an Objection of some importance, sith as Sir *Philip Sidney* confesseth, *Cupido* is crept even into the Heroicall Poems, and consequently maketh that also, subject to this reproofe: I promised in the beginning not partially to praise Poetrie, but plainly and honestly to confesse that, that might truly be objected against it, and if any thing may be, sure it is this lasciviousnesse; yet this I will say, that of all kinde of Poetrie, the Heroicall is least infected therewith. The other kinds I will rather excuse then defend, though of all the kinds of Poetrie it may be said, where any scurrilitie and lewdnesse is found, there Poetrie doth not abuse us, but writers have abused Poetrie. And brieflie to examine all the kinds: First the Tragicall is meere free from it, as representing onely the cruell and lawlesse proceedings of Princes, moving nothing but pitie or detestation. The Comicall (whatsoever foolish play makers make it offend in this kind) yet being rightly used, it represents them

*Answer to
the third.*

An Apologie of Poetrie.

so as to make the vice scorned and not embraced. The Satyrke is merely free from it, as being wholly occupied in mannerly and covertly reprovng of all vices. The Elegie is still mourning: as for the Pastorall with the Sonnet or Epigramme, though many times they savour of wantonnes and loue and toying, and now and then breaking the rules of Poetrie, go into plaine scurrilitie, yet even the worst of them may be not ill applied, and are, I must confesse, too delightfull, in so much as *Martial* saith,

Laudant illa, sed ista legunt.

And in another place,

Erubuit posuitq, meum Lucretia librum:

Sed coram Bruto. Brute recede, leget.

Lucretia (by which he signifies any chaste matron) will blush and be ashamed to reade a lascivious booke: but how? not except *Brutus* be by, that is, if any grave man should see her reade it; but if *Brutus* turne his backe, she will to it againe and reade it all. But to end this part of my Apologie, as I count and conclude Heroicall Poesie allowable, and to be read and studied without all exception: so may I boldly say, that Tragedies well handled, be a most worthy kind of Poesie; that Comedies may make men see and shame at their owne faults, that the rest may be so written and so read, as much pleasure and some profit may be gathered out of them. And for mine owne part, as *Scaliger* writeth of *Virgil*, so I beleve, that the reading of a good Heroicall Poeme may make a man both wiser and honest: and for Tragedies, to omit other famous Tragedies, that that which was played at Saint *Iohn* in Cambridge, of *Richard* the third, would move (I thinke) *Phalaris* the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, from following their foolish ambitious humors, seeing how his ambition made him kill his brother, his nephewes, his wife, beside infinite others; and last of all after a short and troublesome raigne, to end his miserable life, and to have his bodie harried after his death. Then for Comedies: how full of harmelesse mirth is our Cambridge *Pedantius*? and the Oxford *Bellum Grammaticale*? or to speake of a London Comedie, how much good matter, yea and matter of state, is there in that Comedie called the play of the Cards? in which it is shewed how foure Parasiticall knaves robbe the foure principall vocations of the Realme, *videl.* the vocation of Souldiers, Schollers, Merchants, and Husbandmen. Of which Comedie I cannot forget the saying of a notable wise Counsellor that is now dead, who when some (to sing *Placeto*) advised that it should be forbidden, because it was somewhat too plaine, and indeed as the old saying is, *sooth boord is no boord*, yet he would have it allowed, adding it was fit that *they which do that they should not, should heare that they would not*. Finally, if Comedies may be so made as the beholders may be bettered by them, without all doubt all other sorts of Poetrie may bring their profit as they do bring delight; and if all, then much more the chiefe of all, which by all mens consent is the Heroicall. And thus much be said of Poesie.

Sir Francis Walsingham.

Now for this Poeme of *Orlando Furioso*, which as I have heard, hath bene disliked by some, though by few of any wit or judgement, it followes that I say somewhat in defence thereof, which I will do the more moderatly and coldly, by how much the paines I have taken in it (rising as you may see to a good volume) may make me seeme a more partiall praiser. Wherefore I will make choise of some other Poeme that is allowed and approved by all men, and a little compare them together: and what worke can serve this turne so fitly as *Virgils Aeneidos*, whom above all other it seemeth my author doth follow, as appeares both by his beginning and ending. The one begins,

Arma virumq, cano.

The other,

Le donne l cavallieri l' arme gli amori

Le cortesia l' audace impresa jo canzo.

Virgil ends with the death of *Turnus*:

Vitaq, cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

The second part of the Apology.

Arioso

An Apologie of Poetrie.

Ariosto ends with the death of *Radomont*,

Bestemiando fugi l' alma sdegnosa

Che fusi altero al mondo e si orgogliosa.

Virgil extolleth *Aeneas* to please *Augustus*, of whose race he was thought to come. *Ariosto* praiseth *Rogero* to the honour of the house of *Este*. *Aeneas* hath his *Dido* that retaineth him: *Rogero* hath his *Alcina*: finally left I should note every part, there is nothing of any speciall observation in *Virgil*, but my author hath with great felicity imitated it, so as whosoever will allow *Virgil*, must *ipso facto* (as they say) admit *Ariosto*. Now of what account *Virgil* is reckned, and worthily reckned, for ancient times witnesseth *Augustus Caesars* verse of him:

Ergone supremis potuit vox improba verbis

Tam durum mandare nefas? &c.

Concluding thus,

Laudetur, placeat, vigeat, relegatur, ametur.

This is a great praise, comming from so great a Prince. For later times, to omit *Scaliger*, whom I recited before, that affirmeth the reading of *Virgil* may make a man honest and virtuous: that excellent Italian Poet *Dant* professeth plainly, that when he wandred out of the right way (meaning thereby, when he lived fondly and loosely) *Virgil* was the first that made him looke into himselfe, and reclaime himselfe from that same dangerous and lewd course. But what need we further witness? do we not make our children reade it commonly before they can understand it, as a testimony that we do generally approve it? and yet we see old men studie it, as a prooffe that they do specially admire it: so as one writes very pretily, that children do wade in *Virgil*, and yet strong men do swim in it.

Now to apply this to the praise of mine author, as I said before, so I say still, whatsoever is praise-worthy in *Virgil*, is plentifully to be found in *Ariosto*, and some things that *Virgil* could not have for the ignorance of the age he lived in, you find in my author, sprinkled over all his worke, as I will very briefly note, and referre you for the rest to the booke it selfe. The devout and Christian demeanor of *Charlemaine* in the 14. booke with his prayer,

Non voglia tua bonta per mio fallire

Cb'l tuo popol fidele habbia a patire, &c.

And in the beginning of the 17. booke that would beseme any pulpit:

Il giusto Dio quando i peccati nostri.

But above all, that in the 41. booke of the conversion of *Rogero* to the Christian Religion, where the Hermit speaketh to him, containing in effect a full instruction against presumption and despaire, which I have set downe thus in English,

Now (as I said) thuswise that Hermit spoke,

And part doth comfort him, and part doth checke:

He blameth him that in that pleasant joke

He had so long deferd to put his necke,

But did to wrath his maker still provoke:

And did not come at his first call and becke,

But still did hide himselfe away from God,

Untill he saw him comming with his rod.

Then did he comfort him, and make him know,

That grace is nere denide to such as aske,

As do the workmen in the Gospel shew,

Receiving pay alike for divers sake.

And so after concluding,

How to Christ he must impute

The pardon of his sinnes, yet nere the later

He told him he must be baptiz'd in water.

These

An Apologie of Poetrie.

These and infinite places full of Christian exhortation, doctrine and example, I could quote out of the booke, save that I hasten to an end, and it would be needlesse to those that will not read them in the booke it selfe, and superfluous to those that will: but most manifest it is and not to be denied, that in this point my Author is to be preferred before all the ancient Poets, in which are mentioned so many false gods, and of them so many foule deeds, their contentions, their adulteries, their incest, as were both obscene in recitall, and hurtfull in example: though indeed those whom they termed gods, were certaine great Princes that committed such enormous faults, as great Princes in late ages (that love still to be cald gods of the earth) do often commit. But now it may be and is by some objected, that although he write Christianly in some places, yet in other some he is too lascivious, as in that of the bawdy Friar, in *Alcina* and *Rogeros* copulation, in *Anselmus* his *Giptian*, in *Richardetto* his metamorphosis, in mine hosts tale of *Astolfo*, and some few places beside; alas if this be a fault, pardon him this one fault; though I doubt too many of you (gentle readers) will be too exorable in this point; yea me thinks I see some of you searching already for these places of the booke, and you are halfe offended that I have not made some directions that you might find out and read them immediately. But I beseech you stay a while, and as the Italian saith *Pian piano*, faire and softly, and take this caveat with you, to read them as my author meant them, to breed detestation, and not delectation: remember when you read of the old lecherous Friar, that a Fornicator is one of the things that God hateth. When you read of *Alcina*, thinke how *Ioseph* fled from his inticing mistresse; when you light on *Anselmus* tale, learne to loath beastly covetousnesse, when on *Richardetto*, know that sweet meat will have sowre sawce, when on mine hosts tale (if you will follow my counsell) turne over the leafe and let it alone, although even that lewd tale may bring some men profit, and I have heard that it is already (and perhaps not unfit'y) termed the comfort of cuckolds. But as I say, if this be a fault, then *Virgil* committed the same fault in *Dido* and *Aeneas* entertainment: and if some will say, he tels that mannerly and covertly, how will they excuse that, where *Vulcan* was intreated by *Venus* to make an armour for *Aeneas*?

*Dixerat, & nivijs hinc atq; hinc diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli sovet, ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusq; per artus
Intravit calor. And a little after, Ea verba locutus
Optatos dedit amplexus, placitumq; perivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.*

I hope they that understand Latin will confesse this is plaine enough, and yet with modest words, and no obscene phrase: and so I dare take upon me that in all *Aristo* (and yet I think it is as much as three *Aeneas*) there is not a word of ribaldry or obscene: farther, there is so meet a decorum in the persons of those that speak lasciviously, as any of judgement must needs allow; and therefore though I rather crave pardon then praise for him in this point; yet me thinks I can smile at the finenesse of some, that will condemne him, and yet not onely allow, but admire our *Chawcer*, who both in words and sence incurreth farre more the reprehension of flat scurrilitie, as I could recite many places, not onely in his *Millers tale*, but in the good wife of Bathes tale, and many more, in which onely the decorum he keepes, is that that excuseth it, and maketh it more tolerable. But now whereas some will say, *Aristo* wanteth art, reducing all heroicall Poems unto the method of *Homer* and certaine precepts of *Aristotle*. For *Homer* I say, that that which was commendable in him to write in that age, the times being changed, would be thought otherwise now, as we see both in phrase and in fashions the world growes more curious each day then other: *Ovid* gave precepts of making love, and one was that one should spill wine on the boord and write his mistresse name therewith, this was a quaynt cast in that age; but he that should make love so now, his love would mocke him for his labour, and count him but a slovenly sutor: and if it be thus changed since *Ovids* time, much more since *Homers* time. And yet for *Aristos* tales that many

An Apologie of Poetrie.

many think unartificially brought in; *Homer* himselfe hath the like: as in the *Iliads* the conference of *Glaucon* with *Diomedes* upon some acts of *Bellerophon*: and in his *Odysses* the discourse of the hog with *Ulysses*. Further, for the name of the book, which some carp at, because he called it *Orlando Furioso*, rather then *Rogero*; in that he may also be defended by example of *Homer*, who professing to write of *Achilles*, calleth his book *Iliade* of *Troy*, and not *Achillide*. As for *Aristotles* rules, I take it, he hath followed them very strictly.

Briefly, *Aristotle* and the best censurers of Poetrie, would have the *Epopeia*, that is, the heroicall Poem, should ground on some historie, and take some short time in the same to beautifie with his Poetrie: so doth mine Author take the story of *K. Charles* the great, and doth not exceed a yeare or thereabout in his whole worke. Secondly, they hold, that nothing should be fained utterly incredible. And sure *Ariosto* neither in his enchantments exceedeth credit (for who knowes not how strong the illusions of the Devill are?) neither in the miracles that *Astolfo* by the power of *S. Iohn* is fained to do, since the Church holdeth that Prophets both alive and dead have done mighty great miracles. Thirdly, they would have an heroicall Poem (as well as a Tragedie) to be full of *Peripetia*, which I interpret an agnition of some unlooked for fortune either good or bad, and a sudden change thereof: of this what store there be the reader shall quickly find. As for apt similitudes, for passions well expressed, of love, of pittie, of hate, of wrath, a blind man may see, if he can but heare, that this work is full of them.

There followes onely two reproofs, which I rather interpret two peculiar praises of this writer above all that wrote before him in this kind: One, that he breaks off narrations very abruptly, so as indeed a loose unattentive reader will hardly carie away any part of the story: but this doubtlesse is a point of great art, to draw a man with a continuall thirst to read over the whole work, and toward the end of the book to close up the diverse matters briefly and cleanly. If *S. Philip Sidney* had counted this a fault, he would not have done so himselfe in his *Arcadia*. Another fault is, that he speaketh so much in his own person by digression, which they say also is against the rules of Poetrie, because neither *Homer* nor *Virgil* did it. Me thinks it is a sufficient defence to say, *Ariosto* doth it; sure I am, it is both delightfull and very profitable, and an excellent breathing place for the reader: and even as if a man walked in a faire long alley, to have a seat or resting place here and there is easie and commodious: but if at the same seat were planted some excellent tree, that not only with the shade should keep us from the heat, but with some pleasant and right wholesome fruit should allay our thirst and comfort our stomacke, we would think it for the time a little paradise: so are *Ariostos* morals and prettie digressions sprinkled through his long work, to the no lesse pleasure then profit of the reader. And thus much be spoken for defence of mine Author, which was the second part of my Apologie.

The third
part of the
Apologie.

Now remaines the third part of it, in which I promised to speake somewhat for my selfe, which part, though it have most need of an Apologie both large and substantiall; yet I will run it over both shortly and slightly, because indeed the nature of the thing it selfe is such, that the more one doth say, the lesse he shall seeme to say; and men are willinger to praise that in another man, which himselfe shall debase, then that which he shall seem to maintaine. Certainly if I should confesse or rather professe, that my verse is unartificiall, the stile rude, the phrase barbarous, the meeter unpleasent, many more would believe it to be so, then would imagine that I thought them so: for this same *galvania* or selfe-pleasing is so common a thing, as the more a man protests himselfe to be from it, the more we will charge him with it. Wherefore let me take thus much upon me, that admit it have many of the forenamed imperfections, and many not named, yet as writing goes now adayes, it may passe among the rest; and as I have heard a friend of mine (one very judicious in the beauty of a woman) say of a Lady whom he meant to praise, that she had a low forehead, a great nose, a wide mouth, a long visage, and yet all these put together, she seemed to him a very well favoured woman: so I hope, and I finde already some of my partiall friends, that what severall imper-

An Apologie of Poetrie.

imperfections soever they find in this translation, yet taking all together, they allow it, or at least wise they read it, which is a great argument of their liking.

Sir Thomas Moore a man of great wisdom and learning, but yet a little inclined (as good wits are many times) to scoffing, when one had brought him a booke of some shallow discourse, and pressed him very hard to have his opinion of it, advised the party to put it into verse; the plaine meaning man in the best manner he could did so; and a twelve-moneth after at the least, came with it to *Sir Thomas*, who slightly perusing it, gave it this *encomium*, that now there was rime in it, but afore it had neither rime nor reason. If any man had meant to serve me so, yet I had prevented him; for sure I am he shall find rime in mine, and if he be not void of reason, he shall find reason too. Though for the matter, I can challenge no praise, having but borrowed it; and for the verse I do challenge none, being a thing that every body that never scarce bayted their horse at the Vniversitie, take upon them to make. It is possible that if I would have imployed that time that I have done upon this, upon some invention of mine owne, I could have by this made it have risen to a just volume, and if I would have done as many spare not to do, flown very high with stollen feathers. But I had rather men should see and know that I borrow all, then that I steale any: and I would wish to be called rather one of the not worst translators, then one of the meaner makers. Specially sith the Earle of Surrey, and *Sir Thomas Wiat*, that are yet called the first refiners of the English tongue, were both translators out of Italian. Now for those that count it such a contemptible and trifling matter to translate, I will but say to them as *M. Bartholomew Clarke* an excellent learned man, and a right good translator, saith in maner of a prettie challenge, in his Preface (as I remember) upon the Courtier, which booke he translated out of Italian into Latin. You (saith he) that thinke it such a toy, lay aside my booke, and take my authour in your hand, and try a leafe or such a matter, and compare it with mine. If I should say so, there would be enow that would quickly put me downe perhaps; but doubtlesse he might boldly say it, for I thinke none could have mended him. But as our English proverbe saith, many talke of *Robin Hood* that never shot in his bow, and some correct *Magnificat*, that know not *quid significat*. For my part I will thanke them that will amend any thing that I have done amisse, nor I have no such great conceipt of that I have done, but that I thinke much in it is to be mended; and having dealt plainely with some of my plaine dealing friends, to tell me frankly what they heard spoken of it (for indeed I suffered some part of the printed copies to go among my friends, and some more perhaps went against my will) I was told that these in effect were the faults were found with it. Some grave men misliked that I should spend so much good time on such a trifling worke as they deemed a Poeme to be. Some more nicely, found fault with so many two syllabled and three syllabled rimes, Some (not undeservedly) reproved the fantasticalnesse of my notes, in which they say I have strained my selfe to make mention of some of my kindred and friends, that might well be left out. And one fault more there is, which I will tell my selfe, though many would never find it; and that is; I have cut short some of his Cantos, in leaving out many staves of them, and sometimes put the matter of two or three staves into one. To these reproofs I shall pray you gentle and noble Readers with patience heare my defence, and then I will end. For the first reproofe, either it is already excused, or it will never be excused; for I have (I think) sufficiently proved, both the art to be allowable, and this work to be commendable: yet I will tell you an accident that happened unto my selfe. When I was entred a prettie way into the translation, about the seventh booke, comming to write that where *Melissa* in the person of *Rogeros Tutor*, comes and reproves *Rogero* in the 4 staffe:

*Was it for this that I in youth thee fed
With marrow? &c. And againe:
Is this a means, or ready way you crow,
That other worthy men have trod before,
A Cesar or a Scipio to grow? &c.*

Straight

An Apologie of Poetrie.

Samuel
Flemming
of Kings
Colledge
in Cam-
bridge.
The second

Straight I began to thinke, that my Tutor, a grave and learned man, and one of a very austere life, might say to me in like sort, Was it for this, that I read *Aristotle* and *Plato* to you and instructed you so carefully both in Greeke and Latin? to have you now become a translator of Italian toys? But while I thought thus, I was aware, that it was no toy that could put such an honest and serious consideration into my mind. Now for them that find fault with poly syllable meeter, me thinke they are like those that blame men for putting sugar in their wine, and chide too bad about it, and say they marre all, but yet end with Gods blessing on their hearts. For indeed if I had knowne their diets, I could have saved some of my cost, at least some of my paine; for when a verse ended with *civilitie*, I could easier after the ancient manner of rime, have made *see*, or *flee*, or *decree* to answer it, leaving the accent upon the last syllable, then hunt after three syllabled words to answer it with *facilitie*, *gentilitie*, *tranquillitie*, *hostilitie*, *scurrilitie*, *debilitie*, *agilitie*, *fragilitie*, *nobilitie*, *mobilitie*, which who mislike, may tast lampe oyle with their eares. And as for two syllabled meeters, they be so approved in other languages, that the French call them the feminine rime, as the sweeter: and the one syllable the masculin. But in a word to answer this, and to make them for ever hold their peaces of this point; *Sir Philip Sidney* not onely useth them, but affecteth them: *signifie*, *dignifie*: *shamed is*, *named is*, *blamed is*: *hide away*, *bide away*. Though if my many blotted papers that I have made in this kind, might afford me authoritie to give a rule of it, I would say that to part them with a one syllable meeter betweene them, would give it best grace. For as men use to sow with the hand and not with the whole sacke, so I would have the eare fed, but not cloyed with these pleasing and sweet falling meeters. For the third reproofe about the notes, sure they were a worke (as I may so call it) of supererogation, and I would wish somtimes they had been left out, and the rather, if I be in such taire possibilitie to be thought a foole or fantastical for my labour. True it is, I added some notes to the end of every Canto, even as if some of my friends and my selfe reading it together (and so it fell out indeed many times) had after debated upon them, what had beene most worthy consideration in them, and so oft times immediatly I set it down. And whereas I make mention here and there of some of mine owne friends and kin, I did it the rather, because *Platärke* in one place speaking of *Homer*, partly lamenteth, and partly blameth him, that writing so much as he did, yet in none of his works there was any mention made, or so much as inkling to be gathered of what stock he was, of what kindred, of what towne, nor save for his language, of what country. Excuse me then, if I in a worke that may perhaps last longer then a better thing, and being not ashamed of my kindred, name them here and there to no mans offence, though I meant not to make every body so far of my counsell why I did it, till I was told that some person of some reckoning noted me of a little vanitie for it: and thus much for that point.

The fourth

For my omitting and abbreviating some things, either in matters impertinent to us, or in some too tedious flatteries of persons that we never heard of, if I have done ill, I crave pardon; for sure I did it for the best. But if any being studious of the Italian, would for his better understanding compare them, the first six bookes (save a little of the third) will stand him in stead. But yet I would not have any man except, that I should observe his phrase so strictly as an interpreter, nor the matter so carefully, as if it had been a story, in which to varie were as great a sin, as it were simplicity in this to go word for word. But now to conclude, I shall pray you all that have troubled your selves to read this my triple Apologie, to accept my labours, and to excuse my errours, if with no other thing, at least with the name of youth, (which commonly hath need of excuses) and so presuming this pardon to be granted, we shall part good friends. Onely let me intreat you in reading the

booke ensuing, not to do me that injurie, that a Potter did to *Aristo*.

In the life
of *Aristo*.

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER BEFORE

HE READE THIS POEME, OF SOME THINGS TO BE OBSERVED,

as well in the substance of this worke, as also in the setting forth thereof, with the use of the Pictures,
Table, and annotations to the same annexed.



Here are peradventure many men, and some of those both grave and godly men, that in respect they count all Poetry as utterly tending to wantonnesse and vanitie, will at the very first sight reject this booke, and not only not allow, but blame and reprove the travell taken in setting forth the same in our mother tongue. And surely for such censurers as will condemne without hearing the cause pleaded, I can be well content to have them spare the labour in reading, which they thinke I have lost in writing; and appealing from them, if not to higher at least to more indifferent judges, namely such as will vouchsafe to heare what can be spoken in defence of the matter, and then will yeeld (as wise men ever should do) to the stronger reason: I do to them direct this my short advertisement, which (because all that may reade this booke are not of equall capacities) I will endeavour to explaine more plainly, then for the learned sort had haply beene requisite.

And first if any have this scruple, that it might be hurtfull for his soule or conscience, to reade a booke of Poetry, as though it might alien his mind from verue and religion, I referre him (beside many other excellent mens writings, both in defence and praise thereof) to a litle brieft treatise in the beginning of this booke, written by me generally in defence of Poemes, and specially of this present worke, which I dare affirme to be neither vicious nor profane, but apt to breed the quite contrary effects, if a great fault be not in the readers owne bad disposition.

Secondly, I have in the marginall notes quoted the apt similitudes, and pithie sentences or adages, with the best descriptions, and the excellent imitations, and the places and authors from whence they are taken.

Further, where divers stories in this worke seeme in many places abruptly broken off, I have set directions in the margent, where to find the continuance of every such story, though I would not wish any to read them in that order at the first reading, but if any thinke them worthy the twice reading, then he may the second time not unconueniently use it, if the meane matter betweene the so diuided stories (upon which commonly they depend) be not quite out of his memorie.

Also (according to the Italian manner) I have in a staffe of eight verses comprehended the contents of every Booke or Canto, in the beginning thereof, which hath two good uses, one to understand the picture the perfecter, the other to remember the storie the better.

As for the pictures, they are all cut in brasse, and most of them by the best workmen in that kind, that have bin in this land this many yeares: yet I will not praise them too much, because I gave direction for their making, and in regard thereof, I may be thought partiall; but this I may truly say, that (for mine own part) I have not seene any made in England better, nor (indeed) any of this kind in any booke, except it were a treatise set forth by that profound man master Broughton the last yeare, upon the Revelation, in which there are some three or foure pretie pictures (in octavo) cut in brasse very workmanly. As for other bookes that I have seene in this Realme, either in Latine or English with pictures, as Livie, Gesner, Alciats emblemes, a booke de Spectris in Latine, and in our tongue the Chronicles, the booke of Martyrs, the booke of hauking and hunting, and M. Whitney's excellent Emblemes, yet all their figures are cut in wood, and none in metall, and in that respect inferiour to these, at least (by the old proverbe) the more cost, the more worship.

The use of the picture is evident, which is, that (having read over the booke) you may reade it (as it were againe) in the very picture, and one thing is to be noted, which every one (haply) will not observe, namely the perspective in every figure. For the personages of men, the shapes of hottes, and such like, are made large at the bottome, and lesser upward, as if you were to behold all the same in a plaine, that which is nearest seemes greatest, and the fardest shewes smallest, which is the chiefe art in picture.

If the name of any man, woman, counny, towne, horse, or weapon seeme strange to any, I have made a table where to find it. And in the same table, a direction for the severall tales, where to begin and end, those that may conveniently be read single, of which kind there are many, and those not unpleasant.

Lastly, at the end of every Booke or Canto, because the Reader may take not only delight, but profit in reading, I have noted in all (as occasion is offered) the Morall, the History, the Allegory, and the Allusion.

The Morall, that we may apply it to our own manners and disposition, to the amendment of the same.

The History, both that the true ground of the poeme may appeare, (for learned men hold, that a perfect poeme must ground of a truth) (as I shew more at large in another place) as also to explaine some things that are lightly touched by him, as examples of all times, either of old or of late.

The Allegory, of some things that are meerey fabulours, yet have an allegoricall sence, which every body at the first shew cannot perceive.

The Allusion: of fictions, to be applied to some things done, or written of in times past, as also where it may be applied without effence to the time present. But these happen in very few books.

And this is all that I have to advertise the Reader, for if any other notes happen to come after, it is but for want of roome in the margent, that they were faine to be put out of their due place. It remaines onely to wish (because I find it will be delightfull to many) that it may be hurtfull to none, lest (if it should) both they and I be called to account for it, where not only evill works, but idle words shall be punished.

Je. Har.

A

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER BEFORE
THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES V.
BY JOHN BUNN, ESQ.



THE FIRST BOOKE OR CANTO OF ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Charles hath the foyle, Angelica flies thence:
Renaldos horse holpe him his Love to finde:
Ferraw with him doth fight in her defence:
She flies againe, they stay not long behind.
Argalias ghost reproves Ferraws offence,
The Spaniard to new vows him selfe doth bind:
His mistris presence Sacrapant enjoyeth,
With Bradamant, Renaldo him annojeth.

*a This begin-
ning is taken
by imitation
from Virgil,
the 1. of bu
Eneids,
Arma viri
cano.*



¹ Of Dames, of Knights, of
armes, of loves delight,
Of courtesies, of high at-
tempts I speake,
Then when the Moores tran-
spotted all their might
On Africke seas, the force
of France to breake:
Incited by the youthfull
heate and spight
Of Agramant their King, that vow'd to wreake
The death of King Trayano (lately slaine)
Vpon the Romane Emperour Charlemaine.

*b Meaning
hereby his
mistresse,
whom hee
speakes to
discreetly in
the 3. booke, 1.
stasse.*

² I will no lesse Orlandos acts declare,
(A tale in prose ne verse yet sung er said)
Who fell besttraught with love, a hap most rare,
To one that erst was counted wise and stayd:
If my sweet Saint^c that causeth my like care,
My slender muse asboord some gracious ayd,
I make no doubt but I shall have the skill,
As much as I have promist to fulfill.

*c This is by
the author
intended to
Cardinal
Hippolito,
but by the
translator to
a Prince far
more worthy.*

³ Vouchsafe (O Prince^a of most renowned race,
The ornament and hope of this our time)
T'accept this gift presented to your grace,
By me your servant rudely here in rime.
And though I paper pay and inke, in place
Of deeper debt, yet take it for no crime:

It may suffice a poore and humble debter,
To say, and if he could it shoulde be better.

⁴ Here shall you find among the worthy peeres,
Whose praises I prepare to tell in verse,
Rogero, him from whom of auncient yceres
Your princely stems derived, I reherse:
Whose noble mind by princely acts appeares,
Whose worthy fame even to the skie doth perse:
So you vouchsafe my^d lowly stile and base,
Among your high conceits a little plase.

⁵ Orlando who long time had^a loved deare,
Angelica the faire: and for her sake,
About the world, in nations far and neare,
Did high attempts performe and undertake,
Return'd with her into the West that yeare,
That Charles his power against the Turkes did make:
And with the force of Germanie and France,
Neare Pyren^e Alpes his standard did advance.

⁶ To make the Kings of Affrike and of Spaine,
Repent their rash attempts and foolish vaunts,
One having brought from Affrike in his traine,
All able men to carry sword or launce,
The other mov'd the Spaniards now againe
To overthrow the goodly Realme of Fraunce,
And hither (as I said) Orlando went,
But of his coming straight he did repent.

A 2

F01

*d Imitation
of Virgil to
Octavius:
Atque hanc
fines impera
circum intus
felices bede-
ram tibi ser-
pere lauros.
e This hath
reference to a
former trea-
tise called
Orlandos
Love, written
by one Boy-
ardus.
f The hills
that part
France and
Spaine.*

THE FIRST BOOKE

For here (behold how humane judgements are,
And how the wiser sort art oft mistaken)
His Ladie whom he guarded had so farre,
Nor had in fights nor dangers great forsaken,
Without the dint of sword or open waire,
Amid his friends away from him was taken.
For Charles the great, a valliant Prince and wise,
Did this to quench a broile that did arise.

Betweene Orlando and Renaldo late,
There fell about Angelica some brall,
And each of them began the tother hate,
This Ladies love had made them both so thrall.
But Charles who much mislikes that such debate
Betweene such friends should rise, on cause so small,
To Nannus of Bavier in keeping gave her,
And suffred neither of them both to have her.

Nannus Duke
of Bavier.

But promist he would presently bestow
The damsell faire, on him that in that fight,
The plainest prooff should of his prowesse show,
And danger most the Pagans with his might,
But (ay the while) the Christians take the blow,
Their souldiers slaine, their Captaines put to flight,
The Duke himselfe a prisoner there was taken,
His tent was quite abandon'd and forsaken.

Where when the damsell faire a while had stayd,
That for the victor pointed was a pray,
She took her horse, ne farther time delayd,
But secretly convey'd her selfe away,
For she fore saw, and was full sore afraid,
That this to Charles would prove a dismall day.
And riding through a wood, she hapt to meet
A Knight that came against her on his feet.

His curats on, his helmet not undone,
His sword and target ready to the same,
And through the wood so swiftly he did runne,
As they that go halfe naked for a game.
But never did a shepherds daughter shunne
More speedily a snake that on her came,
Then faire Angelica did take her flight,
When as she once had knowledge of the Knight.

Simile.
Imitation of
Virgil.
Aeneid.
Improvisum
affert veluti
qui sentibus
angustis.
Renaldo his
horse's name
was Baiardo.

This valliant Knight was Lord of Clarimount,
Duke Ammons sonne, as you shall understand,
Who having lost his horse of good account,
That by mishap was slipt out of his hand,
He follow'd him, in hope againe to mount.
Vntill this Ladies sight did make him stand,
Whose face and shape proportion'd were so well,
They seem'd the house where love it selfe did dwell.

But she that shuns Renaldo all she may,
Vpon her horses necke doth lay the raine,
Through thicke and thin she gallopeth away,
Ne makes she choise of beaten way or plaine,
But gives her palfrey leave to chuse the way,
And being mov'd with feare and with disdain,
Now up, now downe, she never leaves to ride,
Till she arrived by a river side.

Fast by the streame Ferran she sees anone,
(Who noyd, in part with dust, and part with sweat)
Out of the battell hither came alone,
With drinke his thirst, with aire to swage his heat,
And minding backe againe to have bene gone,
He was detain'd with an unlookt for let,
Into the streame by hap his helmet fell,
And how to get it out he cannot tell.

Ferran a
Spanish
Knight.

And hearing now the noise and mournfull crie
Of one with piteous voice demanding ayd,
Seeing the damsell eke approaching nie,
That nought but helpe against Renaldo prayd,
What wight it was, he guessed by and by,
Though looking pale, like one that had bene frayd,
And though she had not late bene in his fight,
He thought it was Angelica the bright.

And being both a stout and courteous Knight,
And love a little kindling in his brest,
He promist straight to aide her all he might,
And to performe what ever she request.
And though he want an helmet, yet to fight
With bold Renaldo he will do his best.
And both the one, the other straight defied,
Of having either others value tried.

Betweene them two a combat fierce began,
With strokes that might have pierst the hardest rocks:
While they thus fight on foote, and man to man,
And give and take so hard and heavy knocks,
Away the damsell posteth all she can,
Their paine and travell she requites with mocks.
So hard she rode while they were at their fight,
That she was cleane escaped out of sight.

When they long time contended had in vaine,
Who should remaine the master in the field,
And that with force, with cunning, nor with paine,
The tone of them could make the other yeeld,
Renaldo first did move the Knight of Spaine
(Although he us'd such curtesie but feeld)
To make a truce, ne was he to be blamed,
For love his heart to other fight inflamed.

You thought (said he) to hinder me alone,
But you have hurt your selfe as much or more,
You see the faire Angelica is gone,
So soone we leese that earst we fought so fore.
Had you me tane or slaine, your gaine were none,
Sith you were nere the nere your love therfore.
For while we two have made this little stay,
She lets us both alone and goes her way.

But if you love the Ladie, as you say,
Then let us both agree to find her out,
To have her first will be our wisest way,
And when of holding her there is no doubt,
Then by consent let her remaine his pray,
That with his sword can prove him selfe most stout,
I see not else after our long debate,
How either of us can amend his state.

Ferran

21

Ferraw (that felt small pleasure in the fight)
Agreed a sound and friendly league to make:
They lay aside all wrath and malice quight,
And at the parting from the running lake,
The Pagan would not let the Christen Knight
To follow him on foote, for manners sake:
But prayes him mount behind his horses backe,
And so they seeke the damsell by the tracke.

22

O auncient Knights of true and noble hart,
They rivals were, one faith they liv'd not under,
Beside they felt their bodies shrewdly smart
Of blowes late given, and yet (hehold a wonder)
Through thicke and thin, suspicion set apart,
Like friends they ride, and parted not asunder,
Vntill the horse with double spurring drived,
Vnto a way, which parts in two, arrived.

Rivals are
those that be
sister to one
woman, as
are competi-
tors to one of-
fice.

23

And being neither able to descrie
Which way was gone *Angelica* the bright,
Because the tracke of hortes feet, whereby
They seeke her out, appeare alike in sight:
They part, and either will his fortune try,
The left hand one, the other takes the right.
The *Spaniard* when he wandred had a while,
Came whence he went, the way did him beguile.

Ferraw.

24

He was arriv'd but there, with all his paine,
Where in the foord he let his helmet fall,
And of his Ladie (whom he lov'd in vaine)
He now had little hope, or none at all.
His helmet now he thinkes to get againe,
And seekes it out, but seeke it while he shall,
It was so deeply sunken in the sand,
He cannot get it out at any hand.

25

Hard by the banke a tall yong Popler grew,
Which he cut downe, thereof a pole to make,
With which each place in feeling and in vew,
To find his scull he up and downe doth take,
But lo a hap unlookt for doth ensue,
While he such needlesse frutelesse paine doth take,
He saw a Knight arise out of the brooke,
Breast-hie, with visage grim, and angry looke.

Poplar is a
tree that
groweth by
the water
like a willow

26

The Knight was arm'd at all points save the hed,
And in his hand he held the helmet plaine,
That very helmet that such care had bred
In him that late had sought it with such paine,
And looking grimly on *Ferraw*, he sed,
Ah faithlesse wretch, in promise false and vaine,
It grieves thee now this helmet so to misse,
That should of right be rendred long ere this.

The ghost of
Argalia.

27

Remember (cruell Pagan) when you killed
Me, brother to *Angelica* the bright:
You said you would (as I then dying willed)
Mine armour drowne, when finisht were the fight,
Now if that fortune have the thing fulfilled,
Which thou thy self shouldst have perform'd in right,
Greeve not thy selfe, or if thou wilt be greeved,
Greeve that thy promise cannot be beleevd.

28

But if to want an helmet thou repine,
Get one wherewith thine honour thou maist save,
Such hath *Orlando* Countie Paladine.
Renaldo such or one perchance more brave,
That was from *Almont* tane, this from *Mambrine*:
Win one of these, that, thou with praise maist have,
And as for this, surcease to seeke it more,
But leave it as thou premis'd me before.

29

Ferraw was much amaz'd to see the sprite,
That made this strange appearance unexpected,
His voice was gone, his haire did stand upright,
His senses all were so to feare subjected
His heart did swell with anger and despight,
To heare his breach of promise thus objected,
And that *Argalia* (so the Knight was named)
With just reproofe could make him thus ashamed.

30

And wanting time, the matter to excuse,
And being guiltie of no litle blame,
He rested mute, and in a senselesse muse,
So sore his heart was tainted with the shame.
And by *Lanús* as life he vow'd to use
No helmet, till such time he gat the same,
Which from the stout *Almont* *Orlando* wan,
When as they two encountred man to man.

This is a fit
decorum, so to
make *Ferraw*
to sweare by
his mothers
life, which is
the Spanish
manner.

31

But he this vow to keepe more firmly ment,
And kept it better then the first he made,
Away he parted hence a malcontent,
And many daies ensuing rested sad.
To seeke *Orlando* out is his intent,
With whom to fight he would be very glad,
But now what haps unto *Renaldo* fell,
That tooke the other way, tis time to tell.

He finds *Or-*
lando, the 12.
booke in *Al-*
lantes in ch. 2.
and pallace,
the 28 staffe.

32

Not farre he walkt, but he his horse had spide,
That praunsing went before him on the way,
Holla my boy holla (*Renaldo* cride)
The want of thee annoy'd me much to day.
But Bayard will not let his master ride,
But takes his heeles and faster goes away.
His flight much anger in *Renaldo* bred:
But follow we *Angelica* that fled.

He finds his
horse, the
booke 77. staffe

33

That fled through woods and deserts all obscure,
Through places uninhabited and wast,
Ne could she yet repaire her selfe secure,
But farther still she gallopeth in hast.
Each lease that sturres in her doth feare procure,
And maketh her affrighted and agast:
Each noise she heares, each shadow she doth see,
She doth mistrust it should *Renaldo* be.

34

Like to a sawne, or kid of bearded goate,
That in the wood a tyger fierce espide,
To kill her dam, and first to teare the throate,
And then to feed upon the hanch or side,
Both feare lest she might light on such a lot,
And seeke it selfe in thickest brackes to hide,
And thinke each noise the wind or aire doth cause,
It selfe in danger of the tygers claws.

Simile.

A 3

That

35
That day and night she wandied here and there,
And halfe the other day that did ensue,
Vntill at last she was arrived where
A fine yong grove with pleasant shadow grew;
Neare to the which two little rivers were,
Whose moisture did the tender herbes renew,
And make a sweete and very pleasing sound;
By running on the sand and stonie ground.

36
Here she at last her selfe in safede thought,
As being from *Renaldo* many a mile,
Tyr'd with annoy the heate and travell brought;
She thynkes it best with sleepe the time beguile,
And having first a place convenient sought,
She lets her horse refresh his limbes the while,
Who fed upon the bankes well cloth'd with grasse,
And dranke the river water cleere as glasse.

37
Hard by the brooke an arbor she descride;
Wherein grew faire and very fragrant floures;
With roses sweet, and other trees beside,
Wherewith the place adorne the native bowes,
So fenced in with shades on either side,
Safe from the heate of late or early houres,
The boughes and leaves so cunningly were mixt,
No sunne, no light, could enter them betwixt.

38
Within the tender herbes a bed she make,
Inviting folke to take their rest and ease;
Here meanes this Ladie faire a nap to take;
And faine to sleepe, the place so well doth please;
Not long she lay, but her a noise did wake,
The trampling of a horse did her disease,
And looking out as secret as she might,
To come all arm'd she saw a comely Knight.

39
She knowes not yet if he be foe or friend,
Twixt hope and feare she doubtfully doth stand;
And what he meanes to do she doth attend,
And who it was she faine would understand.
The Knight did to the river side descend,
And resting downe his head upon his hand,
All in a muse he steech still alone,
Like one transform'd into a marble stone.

40
He tarr'd in this muse an houre and more,
With looke cast downe in sad and heavie guise;
At last he did lament his hap so sore,
Yet in so sweete and comely mournfull wise,
So hard a heart no yett ever bore,
But would have heard such plaints with warriish eies.
His hart did seeme a mountaine full of flame,
His cheekes a streame of teares to quench the same.

41
Alas (said he) what meanes this divers passion?
I burne as fire, and yet as frost I freeze;
I still lament, and yet I move compassion;
I come too late, and all my labours leese.
I had but words and looks for shew and fashion;
But others get the game, and gaine full fees;
If neither fruits nor floure come to my part,
Why should her love consume my careful hart?

42
Like to the rose I count the virgine pure,
That grow'th on native stem in garden faire;
Which while it stands with wals environ'd sure,
Where heardmen with their heards cannot repaire
To favor it, it seemeth to allure
The morning dew, the heare, the earth, the aire.
Yong gallant men, and lovely dames delight
In their sweet sear, and in their pleasing light.

43
But when at once tis gathered and gone,
From proper stalke, where late before it grew,
The love, the liking little is or none,
Both favour, grace and beautie all adew.
So when a virgin grants to one alone
The precious floure for which so many sew,
Well he that getteth it may love her best;
But she forgoes the love of all the rest.

44
She may deserve his love, but others hate,
To whom of love she shewd her selfe so scant;
(Oh then my cruell fortune or my fate)
Others have store, but I am starv'd with want:
Then leave to love this ladie so ungrate:
Nay live to love (behold I soone recant)
Yea first let life from these my limbs be rent;
Else I to change my love shall give consent.

45
If some perhaps desirous are to know,
What wight it was with sorrow so oppress,
Twas *Sacrapant* that was afflicted so,
And love had bred this torment in his brest:
That tricking wound, that flattering cruell foe,
Most happie they that know and have it least,
The love of her I say procur'd his woe,
And she had heard and knew it long ago.

46
Her love allur'd him from the Easterne land,
Vnto the Western shore, where sets the Sunne;
And here he heard how by *Orlando's* hand,
A passage safe from th' Indies she had wonne.
Her sequestration he did understand,
That *Charles* had made, and how the same was done
To make the Knights more venterous and bold,
In fighting for the Floure de luce of gold.

47
And furthermore himselfe had present bene
When *Charles* his men were overthrowne and slaine;
Since then, he travell'd farre to find this Queene,
But fitherto it hath bene all in vaine.
Now much despaire, and little hope betweene,
Sorrowfully thereof he doth complaine,
And with such wailing words his woes rehearst,
As might the hardest stonie heart have pearst.

48
And while in this most dolefull state he bides,
And sighes full oft, and sheddeth many a teare,
And speakes these same, and many words besides,
(Which I to tell for want of time forbear)
His noble fortune so for him provides,
That all this came unto his mistresse eare,
And in one moment he prevailed more,
Then he had done in many yeares before.

Angelica

Simile.
This is taken
out of *Casul-*
lu, but grows
ly bevered:
It's flous in sep.
in secret
majestie bey-
in, &c.

Simile.

This is a
phrase
east
people
be saye
Such
resist
suspici
be disc
afire.
Simile.

The floure
de luce taken
for France is
false, being
the armes of
France.

OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

49

Angelica with great attention hard,
The more, and plaint, that him tormented sore,
Who long had loved her, with great regard,
As she had triall, many yeares before,
Yet as a marble pillar cold and hard,
She not inclines to pittie him the more.
Like one that all the world doth much disdain,
And deemeth none worthie her love againe.

50

But being now with danger compast round,
She thought it best to take him for her guide,
For one that were in water almost drown'd,
Were very stout, if for no helpe he cnde:
If she let passe the fortune now she found,
She thinks to want the like another tyde.
And furthermore for certaine this she knew,
That Sacrapant had beene her lover true.

51

Ne meant she tho to quench the raging fires,
That ay consum'd his faithfull loving heart,
Ne yet with that a lover most desires,
T'assuage the paine in all, or yet in part:
She meanes he first shall pull her from the briers,
And feed him then with words and womens art,
To make him first of all to serve her turne,
That done, to wouted coynesse to returne.

52

Vnto the river side she doth descend,
And toward him most goddesse like she came,
And said, all peace to thee my dearest friend,
With modest looke, and cald him by his name,
And further said, the Gods and you defend
My chastity, mine honour and my fame,
And never grant by their divine permission,
That I give cause of any such suspicion.

53

With how great joy a mothers minde it find,
To see a sonne, for whom she long had mourned,
Whom she heard late in battell to be kild,
And saw the troopes without him home returned,
Such joy had Sacrapant when he beheld,
His Ladie deere his tears to smiles are turned,
To see her beaurie rare, her comely favour,
Her princely presence, and her stately havour.

54

Like one all ravish't with her heavenly face,
Vnto his loved Ladie he doth runne,
Who was content in armes him to embrace,
Which she perhaps at home would not have done,
But doubting now the dangerous time and place,
She must go forward as she hath begun,
In hope by his good service and assistance,
To make her home returne without resistance.

55

And in most lov'ly manner she doth tell,
The strange adventures, and the divers chance,
That since they two did part, to her befell,
Both on the way, and since she came to France,
And how Orlando used her right well,
Defending her from danger and mischance,
And that his noble force and magnanimity,
Had still preserv'd the flower of her virginity.

56

It might be true, but sure it was incredible,
To tell to one that were discreet and wise,
But unto Sacrapant it seemed possible,
Because that love had dastled so his eyes:
Love causeth what is seene, to seeme invisible,
And makes of things not seene, a shape to rise.
It is a proverbe used long ago,
We soone beleeve the thing we would have so.

57

But to himselfe thus Sacrapant doth say,
B't it that my Lord of Anglant were so mad,
To take no pleasure of so faire a pray,
When he both time and place, and power had,
Yet am not I obliged any way,
To imitate a president so bad,
He rather take my pleasure while I may,
Then waile my want of wit another day.

58

He gather now the fresh and fragrant rose,
Whose beaurie may with standing still be spent,
One cannot do a thing (as I suppose)
That better can a womans mind content:
Well may they seeme much grieved for a glose,
And weepe and waile, and dolefully lament,
There shall no foolish plaints, nor fained ire,
Hinder me to encarnat my desire.

59

This said, forthwith he did himselfe prepare,
T'assault the fort that easily would be wonne,
But loe a sodaine hap that bred new care,
And made him cease his enterprise begonne,
For of an enemy he was aware,
He clapt his helmet late before undone,
And armed all, he mounteth one his beast,
And standeth ready with his speare in rest.

60

Behold a warrior whom he did not know,
Came downe the wood in semblance like a Knight,
The furniture was all as white as snow,
And in the helme a plume of fethers white.
King Sacrapant by prooffe doth plainly show,
That he doth take the thing in great despite,
To be disturb'd and hindered from that pleasure,
That he prefer'd before all other treasure.

61

Approching nie, the warrior he deside,
And hopes to set him quite beside the seat:
The other with such losie words replide,
As persons use, in choler and in heat.
At last when glorious vaunts were laid aside,
They come to strokes, and each to do his feat,
Doth couch his speare, and running thus they sped,
Their courses both encountred hed to hed.

62

As Lions meete, or Bulls in pastures greene,
With teeth & horns, & staine with bloud the field,
Such eger fight these warrriers was betweene,
And eithers speare had pearst the others shield,
The sound that of these strokes had raised beene,
An eccho lowd along the vale did heeld.
T'was happie that their curats were so good,
The Lances else had pierced to the blood.

A 4

Scute co.

Orlando was
lord of An-
glant.

Ovid Vini-
tici appellat,
grata est vi-
lla puella,
quod iuvat
sua iape
didisse vo-
lunt.

Bradaman.

For

Simile.

This is the
phrase of the
east countrie
people: peace
betwixt
Such is
respect of his
suspicion that
be discovered
afire.
Simile.

*Simile.
The like is in
Dante of goats*

For quite unable now about to wheele,
They butt like rammes, the one the others head,
Whereof the Pagans horse such paine did feele,
That ere long space had past he fell down dead.
The others horse a little gan to reele,
But being spurd, full quickly up he sped.
The Pagans horse thus overthrowne and slaine,
Fell backward greatly to his masters paine.

That unknowne champion seeing thother downe,
His horse upon him lying dead in vew,
Expecting in this fight no more renowne,
Determin'd not the battell to renew.
But by the way that leadeth from the towne,
The first appointed journey doth purfue,
And was now ridden halfe a mile at least,
Before the Pagan parted from his beast.

*Simile.
The like is in
Ovid de tri-
stibus 3. Elia.
Haut aliter
stupet quem
qui leu-
gibus illis
vixit & est
vixit nescit
ipse sua.*

Like as the tiller of the fruitfull ground,
With sodaine storme and tempest is astonish'd
Who sees the flash, and heares the chunders sound,
And for their masters sakes, the cattell punish'd,
Or when by hap a faire old pine he found,
By force of raging winds his leaves diminish'd,
So stood amaz'd the Pagan in the place,
His Ladie present at the wofull case.

He fetcht a sigh most deeply from his heart,
Not that he had put out of joynt, or lamed
His arme, his legge, or any other part,
But chiefly he his evill fortune blamed,
At such a time, to hap so overthwart,
Before his love, to make him so ashamed:
And had not she some cause of speech found out,
He had remained speechlesse out of doubt.

My Lord (said she) what ailes you be so sad?
The want was not in you, but in your steed,
For whom a stable, or a pasture had
Beene fitter then a course at tilt indeed.
Nor is that adverse partie very glad,
As well appeares, that parted with such speed,
For in my judgement they be said to yeeld,
That first leave off, and do depart the feeld.

Thus while she gives him comfort all she may,
Behold there came a messenger in post,
Blowing his horne, and riding downe the way,
Where he before his horse, and honor lost,
And coming nearer he of them doth pray,
To tell if they had seene passe by that coast,
A champion arm'd at all points like a Knight,
The shield, the horse, and armour all of white.

I have both seene the Knight, and felt his force,
(Said Sacrapant) for here before you came,
He cast me downe and also kild my horse,
Ne know I (that doth greive me most) his name.
Sir (quoth the post) the name I will not force,
To tell, such you desire to know the same,
First, know that you were conquer'd in this fight,
By valour of a damsell faire and bright.

Of passing strength, but of more passing lew,
And *Bradamant*, this damsell faire is named,
She was the wight, whose meeting you may rew,
And all your life hereafter be ashamed.
This said, he turn'd his horse and bad adew.
But *Sacrapant* with high disdain enflamed,
Was first so wroth, and then so sham'd thereto,
He knew not what to say, nor what to do.

And after he had staid a while and mus'd,
That at a womans hands he had received
Such a disgrace as could not be excus'd,
Nor how he might revenge it he perceived,
With thought hereof his mind was so confus'd,
He stood like one of wit and sense bereaved.
At last he go'th, a better place to finde,
He takes her horse and makes her mount behind.

Now having rode a mile, or thereabout,
They heard a noise, a trampling on the ground,
They thought it was some company or rout,
That caused in the woods so great a sound:
At last they see a warlike horse, and stout,
With gilded barb, that cost full many a pound,
No hedge, no ditch, no wood, no water was,
That stopped him where he was bent to passe.

Angelica casting her eye aside,
Except (said she) mine eyes all dazled be,
I have that famous horse *Bayardo* spide,
Come trotting downe the wood, as seemes to met
(How well for us our fortune doth provide)
It is the very same, I know tis he:
On one poore nag to ride we two were loth,
And here he cometh fit to serve us both.

King *Sacrapant* alighted by and by,
And thinkes to take him gently by the raine,
But with his heeles the horse doth streight reply,
As who should say, his rule he did disdain.
It happie was he stood the beast not nye,
For if he had, it had beene to his paine,
For why, such force the horse had in his heele,
He would have burst a mountaine all of Steele.

But to the damsell gently he doth go,
In humble manner, and in lowly sort,
A spaniell after absence fauneth so,
And seeks to make his master play, and sport,
For *Bayard* cald to mind the damsell tho,
When she unto *Albracca* did resort,
And us'd to feed him for his masters sake,
Whom she then lov'd, and he did her forsake.

She takes the bridle boldly in her hand,
And brok't his brest, and necke, with art and skill:
The horse that had great wit to understand,
Like to a lambe, by her he standeth still,
And while *Bayardo* gently there did stand,
The Pagan got him up, and had his will,
And she that erst to ride behind was faine,
Loo her saddle mounted now againe.

*This post
our rakes
Brada. 2.
Booke stage
02.*

*Bayardo
likened to
Bucephalus
in that he
would suf-
fer no rider
quiesly but
in master.*

*Similes
Albracca,
looks in the
Index, or ta-
ble.*

And

77

And being newly settled in her seate,
She saw a man on foote all armed runne,
Straight in her mind she gan to chafe and fret,
Because she knew it was Duke Ammons sonne,
Most earnestly he sude her love to get,
More earnestly she seekes his love to shunne.
Once she lov'd him, he hated her as much,
And now he loves, she hates, his hap was such.

78

The cause of this first from two fountaines grew,
Like in the tast, but in effects unlike,
Plac'd in *Ardenna*, each in others vew,
Who tastes the one, loves dart his heart doth strike,
Contrary of the other doth ensue,
Who drinke thereof, their lovers shall mislike,
Renaldo dranke of one, and love him pained,
Shee dranke the other and his love disdained.

79

The liquor thus with secret venom mingled,
Makes her to stand so stiffely in the way,
On whom *Renaldos* heart was wholly kindled,
Though scarce to looke on him she can away,

But from his sight desiring to be singled,
With soft low voice the Pagan she doth pray,
That he approach no nearer to this Knight,
But flie away with all the speed he might.

80

Why then (quoth he) make you so small esteeme,
Of me, as though that I to him should yeeld?
So weake and faint my forces do you deeme,
That safe from him your selfe I cannot shield?
Then you forget *Albracca* it should seeme,
And that same night, when I amid the field,
Alone unarmed did defend you then,
Against King *Agrican* and all his men.

81

No sir, said she (ne knowes she what to say)
Because *Renaldo* now approacht so nee,
And threatned so the Pagan in the way,
When under him his horse he did espie,
And saw the damsell taken as a pray,
In whose defence he meanes to live and die.
But what fell out betw. these warriors scarce,
Within the second booke I do rehearse.

In this first booke may be noted in *Angelica* the ungratefulnes of women to their worthiest suters. In the foure knights, Morall. the passionate affections of love and fancy. And whereas first *Bradamant*, and after *Renaldo* interrupt *Sacrapant* of his lascivious purpose, may be noted, both the weake holdfast that men have of worldly pleasures, as also how the heavens doe ever favour chaste desires. Lastly, in the two fountaines may be noted the two notable contrarieties of the two affections, of love and disdain, that infinite sorts of people daily tast of, while they runne wandring in that inextricable labyrinth of love.

Concerning the Historie, we find that in the time of *Charles the great* (called *Charlemaine*) sonne of *Pepin King* Historie. of France, the Turks with a great power invaded Christendome, Spaine being then out of the faith, (as some part thereof was even within these foure score yeares, namely *Granada*, which was held by the Moors.) And one *Marcus Antonius Sabellicus* writeth, that for certaintie there lived in that time of *Charlemaine*, many of those famous *Palladines*, that are in this worke so often named, and especially he maketh mention of *Renaldo* and *Orlando*, affirming that they were indeed very martiall men, and how *Charles* obtained great victories by their service; and namely he telleth of one *Ferraw* a Spaniard of great stature and strength, who tooke certaine Frenchmen prisoners, afterward rescued by *Orlando*, which *Orlando* fought with him hand to hand two whole daies, and the second vanquishd him. Further, the same author affirmeth, that the same *Charlemaine*, for his great favour shewed to the Church of Rome, was by *Leo* the third named Emperour of Rome: and that he was a just, a fortunate, and a mercifull Prince, and one that within Europe as well as without did attaine great conquests, suppressing the violent government of the Lombards, and taming the rebellious Saxons, Huns and Bavarians, and conquering a great part of Spaine: all which testimonies shew, that the ground of this Poeme is true, as I shall have particular occasion in sundry of the books ensuing to note: and thus much for the story.

For the Allegory, in this Canto I find not much to be said, except one should be so curious to search for an allegory where Allegory. none is intended by the author himself: yet an allegory may not unfitly be gathered of the description of *Bayardos* following *Angelica*, which may thus be taken. *Bayardo* a strong horse, without rider or governor, is likened to the desire of man, that runs furiously after *Angelica*, as it were after pleasure or honor, or what soever man doth most inordinately affect.

Likewise in that *Angelica* flieth from *Renaldo*, we may take an allegorical instruction, that the temptations of the flesh are overcome, chiefly by flying from them, as the Scripture it selfe teacheth, saying, Resist the devil, but fly fornication.

Further, in that *Bayardo* striketh at *Sacrapant*, but yeeldeth to *Angelica*, it may be noted how the courage of our minds that cannot be abated with any force, are often subdued by flatterie and gentle usage, till they be in the end even vidden as it were with slavery.

And whereas *Renaldo* follows *Angelica* on foote, some have noted thereby to be meant sensuality, that is ever in base and earthly, or rather beastly affections, never looking upward.

For Allusions, there are not any worth the noting in this Canto, save that it seemes in *Renaldos* horse *Bayardo*, bee Allusion. seemes to allude to *Bucephalus Alexanders* horse.

Ovid. l. Mo.
can impu-
tish the to
the two shafts
of Cupid.
Diverforum
operum fugas
hoc, facit
illud amor.



In m
bi b
fril
some
more
some
more
fema
impe
not
in b

T
6
9
6
u
u

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Fire betweene two rivals parts the fray,
By magicke art: Renaldo hasteth home,
But in embassage he is sent away,
When tempest makes the sea to rage and some.
Bradamant seekes her spouse, but by the way,
While she about the country wyld did rome,
Met Pinnabel, who by a craftie traine,
Both fought, and thought the Ladie to have slaine.*

*In most of
his booke the
first stiffe, &
sometime
more, have
some pretie
morall or
sentence not
impertinent
to the matter
in hand.*



¹ Blind god Love, why takst
thou such delight,
With darts of divers force
our hearts to wound?
By thy too much abusing of
thy might,
This discord great in humane
hearts is found.
When I would wade the
shallow foord aright,
Thou draw'st me to the deepe to have me dround,
From those love me, my love thou dost recall,
And place it where I find no love at all.

Thou mak'st most faire unto Renaldo seeme
Angelica, that takes him for a foe,
And when that she of him did well esteeme,
Then he dislikt, and did refuse her thoe.
Which makes her now of him the lesse to deeme.
Thus (as they say) she renders *quit pro quo*.
She hateth him, and doth detest him so,
She first will die, ere she will with him go.

³ Renaldo (full of stately courage) cride,
Downe theefe from of my horse, downe by and by,
So rob'd to be I never can abide,
But they that do it dearly shall abyde,
Also this Ladie you must leave beside,
Else one of us in her defence will dye.
A horse so good, and such a goodly dame,
To leave unto a theefe it were a shame.

⁴ What? me a theefe? thou in thy throat dost lye,
(Quoth Sacrapant, that was as hot as he)

Theefe to thy selfe, thy malice I desie,
For as I heare, the name is due to thee:
But if thou dare thy might and manhood trie,
Come take this Ladie, or this horse from me,
Though I allow in this of thine opinion,
That of the world she is the matchlesse minion.

⁵ Like as two mastive dogges with hungrie mawes,
Mov'd first to hate, from hate to raging ire,
Approch with grinning teeth, and grisly jaws,
With staring eyes, as red as flaming fire,
At last they bite, and scratch with teeth and claws,
And teare themselves, and tumble in the mire.
So after byting and reprochfull words,
Did these two worthy warriors draw their swords.

⁶ One was on foote, the tother on a horse,
You thinke perhaps, the horseman vantage had,
No sure, no while he would have wisht to skorce,
For why at last to light he must be glad,
The beast did know thus much by natures force,
To hurt his master were a service bad.
The pagan could not nor with spur nor hand,
Make him unto his mind to go or stand.

⁷ He stops, when he should make a full careire,
He runnes or trots, when he would have him rest,
At last to throw his rider in the mire,
He plungeth with his head beneath his breast.
But Sacrapant that now had small desire,
At such a time, to tame so proud a beast,
Did worke so well at last by sleight and force,
On his left side, he lighted from his horse.

Simile.

When

*These foule
& unright-
eous words must
be imputed to
the rage of
their passio-
nate love.*

THE SECOND BOOKE

8

When from *Bayard* over furious night,
The Pagan had himselfe discharged so,
With naked swords there was a noble fight,
Sometimes they lye aloft, sometimes aloe,
And from their blowes the fire flies out in sight:
I thinke that *Vulcan* hammers beat more slow,
Where he within the mountaine *Ernas* chaps,
Doth forge for *Iove*, the fearfull thunderclaps,

*A description
of a combat
betweene two
Knights shil-
full on their
weapons.*

9

Sometimes they profer, then they pause a while,
Sometime strike out, like masters of the play,
Now stand upright, now stoup another while,
Now open lye, then cover all they may.
Now ward, then with a slip the blow beguile:
Now forward step, now backe a little way:
Now round about, and where the sone gives place,
There still the other presseth in his place.

*Palmer was
Renaldo
sword.*

10

Renaldo did the Pagan Prince invade,
And strike at once with all the might he coud,
The other doth oppose against the blade,
A shield of bone and Steele of temper good.
But through the same a way *Fusberta* made,
And of the blow resounded all the wood:
The Steele, the bone like yse in peeces broke,
And left his arme benumbed with the stroke.

11

Which when the faire and fearfull damsell saw,
And how grear damage did ensue thereby,
She looked pale, for anguish and for aw,
Like those by doome that are condemn'd to dye:
She thinks it best her selfe from hence withdraw,
Else will *Renaldo* take her by and by;
The same *Renaldo* whom she hateth so,
Though love of her procured all his wo.

12

Vnto the wood she turnes her horse in hast,
And takes a litle narrow path and blind,
Her fearfull looks oft times she backe doth cast,
Still doubting lest *Renaldo* came behind:
And when that she a litle way had past,
A low the vale a *Hermit* she did find:
A weake old man, with beard along his brest,
In shew devout, and holier then the rest.

*An ancient
hermit, or ra-
ther hypo-
crite, in
whose person
beareth
the holy
Churchman,
that shew d
much devo-
ti-on in such
Saints.*

13

He seem'd like one with fasts and age consumed,
He rode upon a slouthfull going asse,
And by his looke, a man would have presumed,
That of his conscience scrupulous he was.
Yet her young face, his old sight so illumed,
When as he saw the damsell by to pass:
(Though weake and faint, as such an age behoved)
That charitie his courage somewhat moved.

14

The damsell of the *Hermit* askt the way,
That might unto some hav'n town lead most neare,
That she might part from France without delay,
Where once *Renaldos* name she might not beare.
The frier that could enchaunt, doth all he may,
To comfort her, and make her of good cheare,
And to her safetie promising to looke,
Out of his bag forthwith he drew a booke.

15

A booke of skill and learning so profound,
That of a lease he had not made an end,
But that there rose a sprite from under ground,
Whom like a page he doth of arrants send,
This sprite by words of secret vertue bound,
Goes where these Knights their combat did intend:
And while they two were fighting very hard,
He enters them betweene without regard.

16

Good sirs (quoth he) for courtie sake me stow,
When one of you the tother shall have slaine,
And after all the travell you bestow,
What guerdon you expect for all your paine,
Behold, *Orlando* striking nere a blow,
Nor breaking staffe, while you strive here in vaine,
To *Paris* ward the Ladie faire doth carie,
While you on fighting undiscrectly tarie.

*This was a
lye devised
by the Her-
mit to send
them away.*

17

I saw from hence a mile, or thereabout,
Orlando with *Angelica* alone,
And as for you, they jest and make a flout,
That fight where praise and profit can be none.
Twer best you quickly went to seeke them out,
Before that any farther they be gone,
Within the walls of *Paris* if they get,
Your eye on her againe you shall not set.

18

When as the Knights this message had received,
They both remain'd amazed, dumbe and sad,
To heare *Orlando* had them so deceived,
Of whom before great jealousie they had,
But good *Renaldo* so great grieve conceived,
That for the time, like one all raging made,
He sware without regard of God or man,
That he will kill *Orlando* if he can.

19

And seeing where his horse stood still untide,
He thither goes: such hast he makes away,
He offers not the Pagan leave to ride,
Nor at the parting once adieu doth say.
Now *Bayard* felt his masters spurs in side,
And gallops maine, ne maketh any stay.
No rivers, rocks, no hedge, nor ditches wide,
Could stay his course, or make him step aside.

20

Nor marvell if *Renaldo* made some hast,
To mount againe upon his horses backe,
You heard before how many dayes had past,
That by his absenee he had felt great lacke,
The horse (that had of humane wit some tast,)
Ran not away for any jadissh knacke,
His going only was to this intent,
To guide his master where the Ladie went.

*Bayard is
compared
with *Duca-
phalus* for
wis.*

21

The horse had spide her when she tooke her flight,
First from the tent, as he thereby did stand,
And follow'd her, and kept her long in sight,
As then by hap out of his masters hand.
(His master did not long before alight,
To combat with a *Baron* hand to hand)
The horse pursude the damsell all about,
And holpe his master still to find her out,

*This horse
was *Rogero*,
as appears
in *Boisard*
poeme called
Orlando in-
-vocation
which she
whole worke
doth depend.*

He

22
He followed her through valley, hill and plaine,
Through woods and thickets for his masters sake,
Whom he permitted not to touch the raine,
For feare lest he some other way should take,
By which *Renaldo* though with mickle paine
Twise found her out, twice she did him forsake:
For first *Ferran*, then *Sacrapant* withstood,
That by twice finding her he did no good.

23
Bayardo trusting to the lying sprite,
Whose false (but likely) tale so late he hard,
And doubting not it was both true and right,
He doth his duty now with due regard.
Renaldo prickt with love and raging spite,
Doth pricke apace, and all to *Paris* ward,
To *Paris* ward he maketh so great shift,
The wind it selfe seemes not to go so swift.

24
Such hast he made *Orlando* out to find,
That scant he ceast to travell all the night,
So deeply sticke the storie in his mind,
That was of late devised by the sprite:
Betimes and late as first he had assign'd,
He rode untill he saw the towne in sight:
Where *Charles* whose chance all christned hearts did
With the small reliques of his powre withdrew. (rew,

25
And for he lookes to be assaulted then,
Or else besieg'd, he useth all his care,
To store himselfe with victuall and with men.
The wallcke of the towne he doth repaire,
And take advice, both how, and where, and when,
For his defence each thing he may prepare.
An armie new to make he doth intend,
And for new souldiers into England send.

26
He minds to take the field againe ere long,
And trie the hap of warre another day,
And all in hast to make himselfe more strong,
He sends *Renaldo* Englands ayd to pray.
Renaldo thought the Emperour did him wrong,
To send him in such hast, and grant no stay.
Not that ill will to th'land he did carie,
But for another cause he faine would tarie.

27
Yet now although full sore against his mind,
As loth to leave the Ladie he so loved,
Whom he in *Paris* hoped had to find,
Because t'obey his Prince it him behoved,
He taketh this embassage thus assign'd,
And having straight all other lets removed,
He posted first to *Callis* with great hast,
And there embarkt ere halfe next day was past.

28
Against the mariners and masters minds,
(Such hast he made to have returned backe)
He takes the sea though swelling with great winds,
And threatening ruine manifest and wracke.
Fierce *Boreas* that himselfe despised finds,
Doth beate on seas with tempest foule and blacke,
By force whereof the waves were rais'd so hie,
The very tops were sprinkled all thereby.

29
The mariners take in their greater saile,
And by the wind they lie, but all in vaine,
Then backe againe they bend without availe,
Now they are out, they cannot in againe.
No (said the wind) my force shall so prevaile,
Your bold attempts shall put you to some paine.
It was a folly any more to strive,
Needs must they follow as the wind did drive.

30
In the foreship sometimes the blast doth blow,
Straight in the poope, the seas breake to the skies.
Needs must they beare a saile, though very low,
To void the waves that higher still did rise:
But sith my web so diverse now doth grow,
To weave with many threds I must devise,
I leave *Renaldo* in this dangerous place,
And of his sister speake a little space.

31
I meane the noble damsell *Bradamant*,
Of *Ammon* daughter, and dame *Beatrice*,
In whose rare mind no noble part did want,
So full of value, and so void of vice,
King *Charles* and *France* of her might rightly vaunt,
So chaste, so faire, so faithfull and so wise,
And in the feates of armes of so great fame,
A man might guesse by that of whence she came.

32
There was a Knight enamour'd on this dame,
That out of *Affricke* came with *Agramant*,
Rogero hight, so was his fathers name,
(His mother was the child of *Agolant*)
The damsell that of worthy lineage came,
And had a heart not made of adamant,
Disdained not the love of such a Knight,
Although he had but seeld bene in her sight.

33
Long travell and great paine she had endured,
And rid alone her lover to have found,
Ne would she thinke her fastie more assured,
If with an armie she were garded round.
You heard before how she by force procured
King *Sacrapant* to fall and kisse the ground,
The wood she past, and after that the mountaine,
Vntill at last she saw a goodly fountaine.

34
A goodly fountaine running in a field,
All full of trees, whose leaves do never fade,
Which did to passengers great pleasure yeeld,
The running streame so sweete a murmur made,
Vpon the South, a hill the Sunne did shield,
The ground gave floures, the grove a gratefull shade
Now here the dame casting her eye aside,
A man at armes fast by the brooke descide.

35
A man at armes she spyed by the brooke,
Whose banks with flowers of divers hew were clad,
Of which sweet place he so small pleasure tooke,
His face did shew his heart was nothing glad,
His targe and helmet were not farre to looke,
Vpon a tree where tide his horse he had:
His eyes were swolne with tears, his mind oppressed
With bitter thoughts that had his heart distressed.

He makes
the winds
breake by a
figure called
Protopopeja.

He comes to
him againe.
A look, paffe
21.
Bradamant
whom he left
in the first
book, paffe 64

Look in the
Index of
names of the
story of *Agolant* and *Rogero*
mother named *Gal-
liatella*.

The lawrell,
the yough
the helly be
ever greene.

Pinnabel son
of *Amfelmus*
Earle of *Mip-
ganga*.

The

*Atlantis un-
like to Roge-
ro a great
Necromancer,
who did
work this by
enchantment*

36
The damsell faire entic'd by deepe desire,
That all (but chiefly women) have to know,
All strangers states, doth earnestly require
The dolefull Knight his inward griefe to show.
Who marking well her manner and attire,
Her courteous speech with him prevailed so,
He tels his state, esteeming by the sight,
That needs she must have bene some noble Knight.

37
Good sir (said he) you first must understand,
I served *Charler* against the King of *Spaine*,
I horsemen had and footmen in my band,
In ambush plac'd the Spanish King I have slaine:
I brought the fairest Ladie in this land,
And my best loved with me in my traine,
When sodainly ere I thereof was ware,
There came a horseman that procur'd my care.

38
Perhap a man, or some infernall sprite,
In humane shape, I cannot certaine say,
But this I say, he tooke the damsell bright,
Even as a faulcon seafeth on his pray,
So he my loving Ladie did affright,
And so affrighted bare her quite away.
And when I thought to rescue her by force,
Aloft in aire he mounted with his horse.

Simile
39
Even as a rav'nous kite that doth espie
A little chicken wandring from the other,
Doth catch him straight, and carries him on hie,
That now repents he was not with his mother.
What could I do? my horse wants wings to flie,
Scant could he set one leg before the tother,
He traveld had before so many dayes,
Among the painfull hills and stonie wayes.

40
But like to one that were his wit beside,
I leave my men to do my first intent,
Not caring of my selfe what should betide,
(So strongly to my fancie was I bent)
And tooke the blind god *Cupid* for my guide,
By wayes as blind to seeke my love I went.
And though my sense, my guide, my way were blind,
Yet on I go in hope my love to find.

41
A senight space abating but a day,
About the woods and mountaines I did range,
In savage deserts wilde and void of way,
Where humane steps were rare and very strange.
Fast by the desert place a plaine there lay,
That shewed from the rest but little change,
Save onely that a castle full of wonder
Did stand in rockes that had bene cloy'n afunder.

*Atlantis
castle made
by enchant-
ment.*

*So they write
that *Archel*
in some
was tempe-
red to make
it impene-
trable.*

42
This castle shines like flaming fire a fame,
Not made of lime and stone as ours are here:
And still as I approche a little nare,
More wonderfull the building doth appeare.
It is a fort impregnable by warre,
Compacted all of metrall shining cleare.
The fiends of hell this fort of Steele did make,
Of metall tempered in the *Strigian* lake.

43
The towres are all of Steele, and polisht bright,
There is on them no spot or any rust,
It shines by day, by darke it giveth light,
Here dwels this robber wicked and unjust,
And what he gets against all lawes and right,
The lawlesse wretch abuseth here by lust,
And here he keeps my faire and faithfull lover,
Without all hope that I may her recover.

44
Ah wo was me, in vaine I sought to helpe,
I see the place that keeps that I love best,
Even as a foxe that crying heares her whelpes,
Now borne aloft into the Eagles nest,
About the tree she goes, and faine would helpe,
But is constrain'd for want of wings to rest.
The rocke so steepe, the castle is so hie,
None can get in except they learne to flie;

Simile.

45
And as I tarri'd in the plaine, behold
I saw two Knights come riding downe the plaine,
Led by desire and hope to win this hold,
But their desire and hope was all in vaine.
Gradaffo was the first of courage bold,
A King of *Serican* that held the raine.
Rogero next, a man of noble nation,
Of yeares but yong, but of great estimation.

Gradaffo

Rogero

46
A little dwarfe they had to be their guide,
Who told me that they came to trie their force
Against the champion that doth use to ride
Out of this castle on the winged horse.
Which when I heard, to them for helpe I cride,
And pray'd them of my case to take remorse,
And that they would, if twere their chance to win,
Set free my love that there was locked in.

47
And all my griefe to them I did unfold,
Affirming with my teares my tale too true:
No sooner I my heavy hap had told,
But they were come within the castles vew,
I stood aloofe the battell to behold,
And praid to God good fortune might ensue.
Beneath the castle lies a little plaine,
Exceeding not an arrow shoore or twaine.

48
And as they talkt who first should fight or last,
They were arrived to the castle hill,
At length *Gradaffo* (whether lots were cast,
Or that *Rogero* yeelded to his will)
Doth take his horne, and blew therewith a blast,
The noise whereof the castle wals did fill.
And straight with greater speed then can be guest,
Came out the rider of the flying beast.

*Simile,
Strange
cranes, be-
cause this
bird is a pas-
senger that
goeth over
sea.
They sit in
a triangle, a
Plinie writ-
eth.
Mage or
Magician.*

49
And as we see strange cranes are wont to do,
First stalke a while, ere they their wings can find,
Then soare from ground not past a yard or two,
Till in their wings they gather'd have the wind,
At last they mount the very clouds unto,
Triangle wise, according to their kind:
So by degrees this *Mage* begins to flie,
The bird of *Love* can hardly mount so hie.

And

30

And when he sees his time, and thinkes it best,
He falleth downe like lead in fearfull guise,
Even as the faulcon doth the fowle arrest,
The duche and mallard from the brooke that rise,
So he descending with his speare in rest,
Doth pierce the aire in strange and monstrous wise,
And eie *Gradaſſo* were thereof admonish'd,
He felt a stripe that made him halfe astonish'd.

31

The *Mage* upon *Gradaſſo* brake his speare,
Who strikes in vaine upon the aire and wind,
Away he flue without or hurt or feare,
And leaves *Gradaſſo* many a pace behind.
This fierce encounter was so hard to beare,
That good *Alfana* to the ground inclin'd,
This same *Alfana* was *Gradaſſo*'s mare,
The fair'st and best that ever saddie bare.

32

Aloft the staires the forcer doth ascend,
And wheelles about, and downe he comes againe,
And on *Rogero* hee his force doth bend,
That had compassion on *Gradaſſo*'s paine:
So forth assault *Rogero* did offend,
His horse the force thereof could not sustaine,
And when to strike againe he made account,
He saw his foe up to the clouds to mount.

33

Sometimes the *Mage Rogero* doth assaile,
Straight way *Gradaſſo* he doth set upon,
And oft they strike againe without avails,
So quickly he at whom they strike is gone,
He winds about as ships do under saile,
His sailes are wings, and rest he gives them none,
But sets upon them in so sudden wise,
That he amaz'd and dazeld both their eyes.

34

Betweene this one aloft, and two alow,
This conflict did no little space endure,
Vntill at last the night began to grow,
With mistie clouds making the world obscure:
I saw this sight, the truth thereof I know,
I present was thereat, yet am I sure,
That very few (except the wise sort)
Will credence give to such a strange report.

35

This heavenly hellish waniour bare a shield
On his left arme that had a silken case,
I cannot any cause or reason yeeld,
Why he would keepe it cover'd so long space:
It had such force, that who so it beheld,
Such shining light it striketh in their face,
That downe they fall with eyes and senses closed,
And leave their corps of him to be disposed.

36

The target like the carbuncle doth shine,
Such light was never scene with mortall eye,
It makes to ground the lookers on decline,
Be they farre off, or be they standing nigh:
And as it clos'd their sight, it closed mine,
That in a trance no little space was I.
At last when I awakt and rose againe,
The aire was darke, and voided was the plaine.

37

The forcerer hath tane them (I surmise)
Into his castle, as is likely most,
And by this light that dazeld all our eyes,
My hope is gone, their liberty is lost:
This is the truth, ne do I ought devise,
You heare the same, I felt it to my cost,
Now judge if I have reason to complaine,
That have and do endure such endlesse paine.

38

When as this Knight his dolefull tale had done,
He fate him downe all chearlesse in the place,
This was Earle *Pinnabel Anselmus* sonne,
Borne in *Maganza* of that wicked race,
Who like the rest so lewd a course did runne,
He holpe the more his linage to deface:
For onely vertue noblenesse doth dignifie,
And vicious life a linage base doth lignifie.

39

The Ladie faire attentive all this while,
Doth hearken unto this *Maganzeſe* tale,
Rogero's name sometime doth make her smile,
Sometime againe for feare she looketh pale:
But hearing how a forcerer base and vile,
Should in a castle so detaine him thrall,
She pitied him, and in her mind she fretted,
And oft desir'd to heare the tale repeated.

40

When at the last the whole she understood,
She said, sir Knight mourne not, but take some plea-
Perhaps our meeting may be to your good, (sure,
And turne your enemy unto displeasure:
Shew me this fort, for why it frets my blood,
So foule a prison holds so faire a treasure
And if good fortune favour mine intent,
You will right well suppose your travell spent.

41

Ah (said the Knight) should I returne againe,
To passe these mountaines hard and overthwart?
Though for my selfe it is but little paine,
To toile my bodie having lost my hart:
For you to go where as you may be slaine,
Or taken prisoner were a foolish part:
Which if it hap, yet me you cannot blame,
Because I give you warning of the same.

42

This said, he riseth up his horse to take,
The noble Ladie on the way to guide,
Who meanes to venter for *Rogero*'s sake,
Or death or thraldome, or what ere betide,
But loe a messenger great hast doth make,
That comes behind, and (tarry ho) he cride,
This was the post that told to *Sacrapant*,
How she that soyld him was Dame *Bradamant*.

43

This messenger brought tidings in great post,
Both from *Narbona* and from *Mompelere*,
How they were up in armes along the coast
Of *Aquamort*, and all that dwelled neere,
And how *Marsilia*'s men their hearts had lost,
Because of her notidings they could heare:
And (for her absence made them ill apayd)
They sent to have her presence and her ayd.

B 1

These

Simile.

Alfana the
mare *Gra-
daſſo* rode
on, having
owned never
to ride horse
ill he could
get *Bayard*
Renaldas
horse.

Many times
wise men are
ready to
believe
strange re-
ports of cra-
zible persons
when the so-
lids.

Of this shield
much is spo-
ken after-
ward. The
imitation
is taken of
Marsilia
head.

*Virtus vera
nobilitas.*

1. Book of the
70.

The limits of
Provence.

These townes and others many to the same,
Betweene the streames of Rodon and of Vare,
The Empror had assign'd this worthy dame,
Committing them unto her trust and care.
Her noble value gat her all this fame,
Because in armes her selfe she bravely bare,
And so the cities under her subjection,
This message sent, requiring her direction.

Which when she heard, it made her somewhat pause;
Twixt yea and no she stood a pretie space,
Of one side honor and her office draws,
On th'other side love helps to pleade the case,
At last she meanes to ensue the present cause,
And fetch Rogers from th'enchanted place:
And if her force cannot to this attaine,
At least with him a prisoner to remaine.

In curteous sort her answer she contrived,
With gracious words, and sent away the post,
She longs with her new guide to have arrived,
To that same place where both their loves were lost.
But he perceiving now she was derived,
From *Clarimont* that he detested most,
Doth hate her sore, and feareth to the same,
Lest she should know he of *Maganza* came.

There was betweene these houses auncient hate,
This of *Maganza*, that of *Clarimont*,
And each of them had weakned others state,
By killing men in both of great account.
This *Pinnabel* (a vile and wicked mate,
That all his kin in vices did surmount)
Meanes with himselfe this damsell to betray,
Or else to slip aside and go his way.

And this same fancie so his head did fill,
With hate, with feare, with anger and with doubt,
That he mistooke the way against his will,
And knew not how againe to find it out,
Till in the wood he saw a little hill,
Bare on the top, where men might looke about,
But *Bradamant* such amorous passions feesles,
She followeth like a spannell at his heeles.

The craftie guide thus wandring in the wood,
Intending now the Ladie to beguile,
Said unto her forsooth he thought it good,
Sith night grew on, themselves to rest a while:
Here is, quoth he (and shewd which way it stood)
A castle faire, and hence not many a mile:
But tarry you a little here untill
I may descrie the countrey from the hill.

This said, he mounted to the higher ground,
And standing now the highest part upon,
He cast about his eyes and looked round,
To find some path whereby he might be gone.

When unawares a monstrous cave he found,
And strange cut out and hollow'd in the stone,
Deepe thirtie cubits downe it doth descend,
Having a faire large gate at lower end.

Such as great stately houses wont to have,
Out of which gate proceeds a shining light,
That all within most lightsome makes the cave,
And all this while on this felonious Knight
This noble Ladie due attendance gave,
And never suffred him go out of sight.
She follow'd *Pinnabel* hard at his backe,
Because she was afraid to leese the tracke.

When as this villaine traitor did espie,
That his designements foolish were and vaine,
Either to leave her, or to make her die,
He thought it best to trie a further traine,
Perswading her for to descend and trie,
What Ladies faire within the cave remaine;
For why (said he) within this little space
I saw a goodly damsell in the place.

Both rich arrayd and very faire of hew,
Like one of noble linage and degree,
And this her fortune made me more to rewe,
That here against her will she seem'd to be.
And when I thought for to descend and view,
The cause of this her griefe to know and see,
I was no sooner from my horse alighted,
But with infernall hags I was afrighted.

The noble *Bradamant* that was more stout
Then warie, who it was did her perswade,
Hath such desire to helpe a damsell out,
That straight the cave she meaneth to invade,
She finds by hap a long bough thereabout,
Thereof a pole of mightie length she made,
First with her sword she hewes and pares it fit,
That done she lets it downe into the pit.

She giveth *Pinnabel* the bigger end,
And prayes him stand above and hold it fast,
And by the same intending to descend,
Vpon her armes her whole waight she doth cast.
But he that to destroy her did intend,
Doth aske if she would learne to leape a cast,
And laughing, loos'd his hands that were together,
And wisht that all the race of them were with her.

Yet great good hap the gentle damsell found,
Aswell deserv'd a mind so innocent:
For why the pole strake first upon the ground,
And though by force it shiver'd all and rent,
Yet were her limbes and life kept safe and sound,
For all his vile and traiterous intent,
Sore was the damsell mazed with the fall,
As in another booke declare I shall.

In this second Booke in the combat betwene Renaldo and Sacrapant, wee may observe how the passion of love, together with the termes that men stand upon for their reputation and credit, are oftentimes occasions of bitter quarrels: and in their sodaine parting and great perplexity, that both of them were stricken into by the false tale that the spirit told them of Orlando, we may gather how very apt jelousie is to conceive and beleve everie false report.

By Renaldos obedience to Charles in going on embassage notwithstanding all his privat affaires and affections, we may take example of dutifull obedience to our lawfull Prince. And in that Pinnabel seekes to betray Bradamant, and to kill her by letting her fall into the cave, into the which shee trusted he would have let her downe safely and friendly, wee may note two speciall things, one, that it is good to bee warie into whose hands wee commit the saeguard of our lives and state: the other, that base minded men being wickedlie set on revenge, care not by what treason or villanie they worke the overthrow of their enemies.

For the Historie of this Canto, I will not affirme too preciselie, for I find not in any credible author of Renaldos storie. embassage into England, neither is it very likely, if the King of England were then in Paris, (as in another place of this worke is affirmed) that a Peere of France should be sent thither, and not rather some English noble man sent from the King to his other subjects in England, with directions and instructions from him.

That Paris and Charles himselfe were in some distresse about that time, is not unprobable, and that the Turkes at their first arrivall prevailed very farre against the Christians, though it lasted but a while.

As for Rogero, whom hee toucheth in this Booke, and that is so much spoken of in this whole worke, as Aeneas is in Virgill, though in both rather in Fabulous and in Allegoricall sence, then plainelie and historicallie: yet I finde it in very good Authors, that a man of that name was indeed the chiefe raiser of the house of Este the now Dukes of Ferrara.

For the Allegorie, as I noted in the first Booke of Bayardo, so the same is still continued or rather repeated, name Allegory. by, that the horse, by which is meant mans servent and furious appetite, which is more plainly signified where it is said of the horse:

His going onely was to this intent,
To shew his master where the damsell went

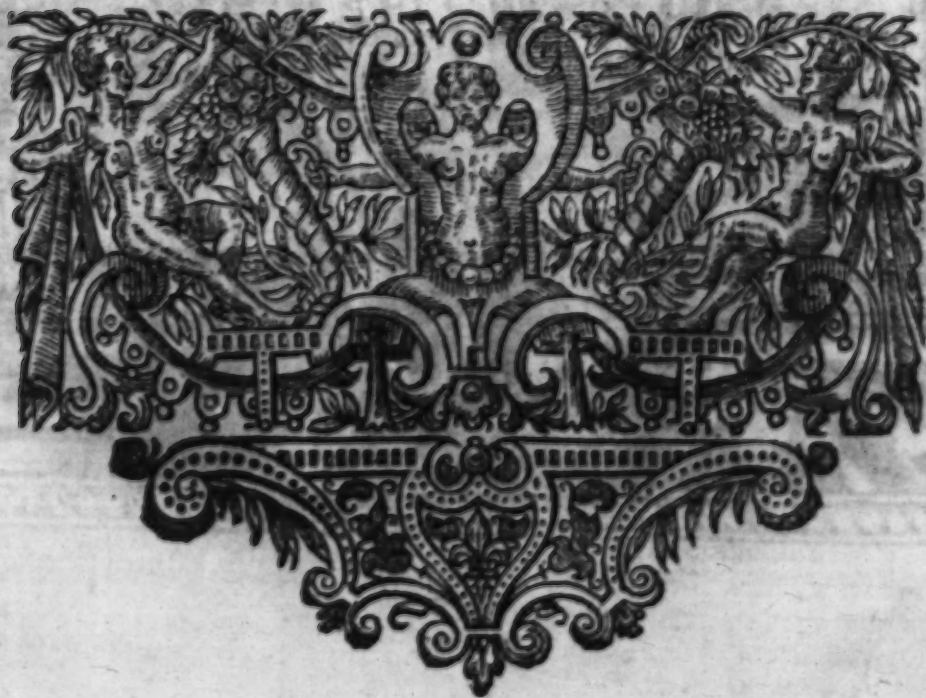
So that still this unbridled desire figured by Bayardo, leades Renaldo on soote, whereby is understood sensualitie, to pursue Angelica with a base desire of the most base pleasure.

In the shield, whose light amazed the lookers on, and made them fall downe astoned, may be Allegorically meant the great pompes of the world, that make shining shewes in the bleared eyes of vaine peop'le, and blind them, and make them to admire and fall downe before them, having indeed nothing but shining titles without vertue, like painted sheaths with leaden weapons, or like straw without the graine: either else may be meant the flaring beauties of some gorgeous women that astonish the eyes of weake minded men, apt to receive such loving impressions, as Atlantas shield did amaze their senses that beheld it.

For the Allegory of the horse, what is meant thereby, I reserve to another place where I will follow it more at large then this little space will give me leave, and in that booke where he is more treated of.

The Allusion, to which this flying horse is referred, and from whence it is taken, is from Pegasus, the flying horse that Pindar writes of, bred of the blood of Medusa, on which beaſt Bellerophon was wont to ride, flying the false accusation of Pretus wife. Allusion.

Also the shield it selfe seemes to allude to the fable of Medusas head, that turned men into stoner.





THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Bradamant was false in Merlins cave,
Melissa meetes her there her ancient friend,
And there to her she persite notice gave,
Of such brave men as should from her descend.
She told her where she should Rogero have,
Whom old Atlanta had in prison pend,
And from Brunello how to take the ring,
That unto liberty her deere might bring.*



O that my head were so well
stor'd with skill,
Of such a noble subject fit to
treat,
Oh that my wits were equall
to my will,
To frame a phrase fit for so
high conceit!
Ye Muses that do hold the sa-
cred hill,

Inspire my heart with flame of learned heat,
While I presume in base and lowly verse,
The names of glorious Princes to rehearse.

Such Princes as excell all Princes far,
In all the gifts of body and of mind,
Temprat in peace, victorious eke in war,
Themselves most noble, come of noble kind,
And such (except my guesse do greatly er)
As are by heav'n's eternall doome assign'd,
In wealth, in fame, in rule and in prosperity.
To live themselves, their children and posterity.

Nor can I now their severall actes most rare,
Atcheev'd by ev'ry one of them recite,
No though my verse with Virgils might compare,
Or I as well as Homer could endite:
With their great praise, great vollumes filled are,
With large discourse, by them that stories write.
I onely meane to shew what was foreshowne,
Long ere their persons, or their deeds were knowne.

But first of Pinnabel a word to speake,

Who as you heard with traiterous intent,
The bonds of all humanity did break,
For which ere long himselfe was after shent.
Thus while base minds their wrongs do basly wreak,
They do that once that often they repent,
And curse that time, a thousand times, too late
When they pursude their unrevenged hate.

With fainting heart, (for sin is full of feare)
By stealing steps from hence he doth depart,
And as he goes he prieth here and there,
His fearefull looke bewraies his guilty hart,
Nor yet his dread doth move him to forbear,
To heape more sin upon this ill defart.
Appal'd with feare, but toucht with no remorse,
Supposing she was slaine, he takes her horse.

But let him go untill another time,
For I do meane hereafter you shall heare,
How he was dealt with, when his double crime,
In secret wrought, most open did appeare.
Now unto Bradamant I bend my rime,
Who with her fall, was yet of heavy cheare:
And had beene taught a gamball for the nonce,
To give her death and buriall at once.

Now when she came unto her selfe againe,
And had recover'd memory and sence,
She gets her on her feet, although with paine,
In mind to seeke some way to get fro thence,
When loe, before her face she seeth plaine,
A stately portall built with great expence,
And next behind the same she might descrie,
A larger roome and fairer to the eie.

*Horace: dum
penas odio
per vim se-
stinat inuito.*

Sentence.

*Sentence:
Ovid: heu
quam diffi-
cile est cri-
men non pro-
dere vultus*

*Booke 22. lla.
76.*

Merlin
tomb.

8
This was a Church most solemn and devout,
That stands on marble pillars small and round,
And rais'd by art on arches all about,
That made each voyce to yeeld a double sound.
A lightsome lampe that never goeth out,
Did burne on altar standing in the ground:
That though the roomes were large & wide in space,
The lampe did serve to lighten all the place.

Christ our
Saviour.

9
The noble damsell full of rev'rent feare,
When as her selfe in sacred place she sees,
(As one that still a godly minde did beare,)
Begins to pray to him upon her knees,
Whose holy side was perft with cruell speare,
And who to save our lives his owne did leese:
And while she staves devoutly at her prayre,
The sage *Melyssa* doth to her repaire.

10
Her gowne ungyrt, her haire about her head,
Much like a priest or prophetesse arraid,
And in her booke a little while she red,
And after thus unto the damsell said:
O thou by Gods appointment hither led,
O *Bradaman*, most wise and worthy maid,
I long have looked here for this thy comming,
Foretold thereof by prophet *Merlin* cunning.

The descrip-
tion of Mer-
lin's tombe,
out of the
booke of king
Arthur: but
this is possi-
bly a possi-
bly licence to
saue it to bee
in France,
for it is in
Wales.

11
Here is the tombe that *Merline* erst did make,
By force of secret skill and hidden art.
In which sometimes the *Ladie of the Lake*,
That with her beaucie had bewicht his hart,
Did make him enter fondly for her sake,
From whence he never after could depart,
And he was by a woman overreached,
That unto others prophesied and preached.

Till doomes
day.

12
His carcas dead within this stone is bound,
But with dead corse the living soule doth dwell:
And shall untill it heare the trumpet sound,
That brings reward of doing ill or well.
His voice doth live and answer and expound,
And things both present past and future tell,
Resolving men of ev'rie doubtfull case,
That for his counsell come unto this place.

13
About a moneth or little more or lesse,
It is since I repaid to *Merlin*'s grave,
Of him about the studie I professe,
Some precepts and instructions to have.
And (for I willing was I must confesse)
To meete you at your comming to this cave:
For which he did prefixe this certaine day,
This moved me of purpose here to stay.

14
Duke *Ammons* daughter silent stands and still,
The while the wise *Melyssa* to her spake,
Astonished at this unusuall skill,
And doubting if she were asleepe or wake,
A modest shame with grace her eyes doth fill,
With which downe cast, this answer she doth make:
Alas what good or merite is in me
That prophets should my comming so foresee?

15
And glad of this adventure unexpected,
She followeth her guide with great delight,
And straight she saw the stately toombe erected,
Of marble pure that held his bones and sprite,
And (that which one would little have suspected)
The very marble was so cleare and bright,
That though the sunne no light unto it gave,
The tombe it selfe did lighten all the cave.

16
For whether be the nature of some stone,
A darke some place with lightsomenes to fill,
Or were it done by magike art alone,
Or else by helpe of *Mathematike* skill,
To make transparencies to meete in one,
And so convey the sunne-beames where you will:
But sure it was most curious to behold,
Set forth with carved workes and gult with gold.

17
Now when the damsell was approched nyre, (plast,
To this strange toombe where *Merlin*'s bones were
Forth of the stones that shine like flaming fire,
His lively voyce such speeches out doth cast:
Let fortune ever favour thy desire,
O *Bradaman* thou noble maid and chaste,
From out whose wombe an issue shall proceed,
That all the world in glorie shall exceed.

18
The noble blood that came of ancient *Troy*,
By two cleare springs in thee together mixt,
Shall breed the flowre, the jewell and the joy,
Of all on whom the sunne his beames hath fixt,
Twixt those that heat, and those that cold annoy,
From *Tage* to *Inde*, *Danub* and *Nile* betwixt,
Emp'ors and Kings, and Dukes and Lords for ay,
Of this thy linage carrie shall the sway.

In the old
Chronicles of
France they
derive cer-
taine great
houses from
the blood of
Priamus.
By the names
of these four
rivers is un-
derstood, East,
West, North
and South.

19
And many a Captaine brave and worthy Knight,
Shall issue from this stocke, that shall restore
By warlike feates the glorie shining bright,
That *Italy* possessed heretofore.
And magistrates to maintaine peace and right,
As *Numa* and *Augustus* did before,
To cherish vertue, vice so to asswage,
As shall to us bring backe the golden age.

20
Wherefore sith God hath by predestination,
Appointed thee to be *Rogeros* wife,
And means to blesse thine heirs and generation,
With all the graces granted in this life,
Perfist thou firme in thy determination,
And stoutly overcome each storme of strife,
And worke his worthy punishment and paine,
That doth thy lives delight from thee detaine.

21
This said: the prophet *Merline* holds his peace,
And gives *Melissa* time to worke her will,
Who when she did perceive the voyce to cease,
She purposeth by practise of her skill,
To shew the damsell part of that increase,
That should with fame the world hereafter fill.
And for this purpose she did then assemble,
A troupe of sprights their persons to resemble.

Who

Some
open
these
verses
are
wise
earth

Rogero L.
in the hist.
in the end
the third
booke.
This mit-
on is taken
out of the
booke of
gib. Enu.

Florio.
Italy cal-
Hesperia,
locus Hip-
pium Gra-
ecorum in-
dicum.
Virg. Aen.
Alber.
Hugo.
The Viper
are the an-
cestors of
Vicentin
Galeazzo
Arco.
Alberto
Of the
ringers
in the mo-
this booke

22

Who straight by words of secret vertue bound,
In numbers great unto the cave repaire,
Of whence I know not, whether under ground,
Or else of those that wander in the aire:
Then thrise she drawes about a circle round,
And thrise she hallowes it with secret praire.
Then opens she a triple clasped booke,
And softly whispering in it she doth looke.

23

This done she takes the damsell by the hand
Exhorting her she should not be afraid,
And in a circle causeth her to stand,
And for her more securitie and aid,
And as it were for more assured band,
Vpon her head some characters she laid.
Then having done her due and solemne rites,
She doth beginne to call upon the sprites.

24

Behold a crew of them come rushing in,
In sundrie shapes with persons great and tall,
And now they filled all the roome within,
So readily they came unto her call,
When *Bradamant* to feare did straight begin,
Her heart was cold, her colour waxed pall.
But yet the circle kept her like a wall,
So that she needed not to feare at all.

25

Howbeit *Melyssa* caused them be gone,
From thence unto the next adjoyning cave,
And thence to come before them one by one,
The better notice of their names to have,
That at more leysure they may talke thereon,
When as occasion so may seeme to craye.
Although (quoth she) this short time cannot serve
To speake of ev'rie one as they deserve.

26

Lo here the first thy first begotten sonne,
That beares thy favour and his fathers name,
By whom the Lombards shall in fight be wonne,
To *Desiderius* their Kings great shame,
Who shall at *Pontyr* make the streames to runne,
With blood in fields adjoyning to the same,
And shall revenge the deeds and minds unpure,
Of such as did his fathers fall procure.

27

And for this noble act among the rest,
The Emperour shall give him in reward,
The honours great of *Calaon* and *Est*,
By which his family shall be prefard,
The next *Uberto* is whose valiant brest,
Shall be unto the church a gard,
Defending it with valiant heart and hand,
To th'honor of * *Hesperian* aimes and land.

28

Alberto he is nam'd that third comes in,
Whose triumphs are most famous ev'rie where,
Then his sonne *Hugo* that did *Millain* winne,
And for his crest two vipers us'd to beare,
Next *Atso* is and next to him of kinne,
That erst of *Lombardie* the crowne shall weare,
Then *Albertasso* by whose meanes are wonne,
The * *Beringers* both father and the sonne.

29

To him shall *Othons* favour so encline,
He shall in marnage give to him his daughter.
Now *Hugo* comes againe, o happie line,
And happie man that fav'd so great a slaughter,
When at *Christs* vicars rule *Rome* did repine,
He daunteth them and so restor'd them after:
The which by wit without the dint of sword,
He shall effect in *Othons* time the third.

30

Now *Fulko* comes that to his brothers gave,
His land in *Italy* which was not small,
And dwelt in *Almany* his land to save
Of *Samsony*, that unto him did fall.
A Dukedome great that did with Castles brave,
Accrew to him for want of issue male
By him that noble house is held and cherished,
That but for him would be extinct and perished.

31

Then commeth *Atso* that misliketh warre,
But yet his sonnes *Bertold* and *Albertasso*,
With second *Henrie* shall be still at aire,
And bring the *Dutchmen* to a wofull passe.
Next young *Renaldo* shining like a stane,
Shall be unto the Church a wall of brasle,
And worke the utter overthrow and losse,
Of wicked *Fredrike* named *Barbarosse*.

32

Behold another *Atso* shall possesse,
Verona with a stately territorie,
Of *Oron* and *Honorius* no lesse,
Shall be a marquesse made to his great glory,
It would be long their names all to expresse,
That shall protect the sacred consistorie,
And in most valerous and marshall manner,
Display and eke defend the Churches banner.

33

Obyso next and *Folko* you may view,
With *Henries* two, the father and the sonne,
Both *Gueljes* that fruntfull *Humbrya* shall subdew,
And keepe the Dukedome there by conquest won.
Behold him that the good state doth renew,
Of *Italy* that late was quite undone.
Cal'd *Atso* fift that bravely overthrew,
The cruell *Effelino* and him slew.

34

That cruell *Effelino* that was thought,
To have beene gotten by some wicked divell,
That never any goodnesse had beene taught,
But sold his soule to sinne and doing evill,
Comparing with the cruell acts he wrought,
Fierce *Nero* were but myld and *Sylla* civill.
Beside this *Atso* shall in time to come
The powre of second *Fredrike* overcome.

35

And then he shall his brother *Albandrine*,
Vnto the *Florenunes* for monie gage,
And *Othob* with the faction *Gebellyne*,
He shall suppress amid the furious rage,
And raise the Church, nor letting it decline,
But spending to defend it all his age.
For which good service he shall justly merite,
The Dukedome of *Ferrara* to inherite.

Next

Hugo.

Folco.

Atso.
Renaldo.
Albertasso.

Renaldo.

Atso.

Obyso.
Folco.

Atso.

Some hold
opinion that
there is spi-
rits in the
air & like
wife in the
earth.Rogers Look
in the history
in the end of
the third
book.
This imit-
on is taken
out of the 6.
book of Vir-
gils Aeneid.Uberto.
Italy called
Hesperia, est
locus Hesper-
ium Graij
ecumine
discunt.
Virg. Aene.
Alberto.
Hugo.
The Vipers
are the ancient
crests of the
Vicounts
Galeas.
Atso.
Albertasso.
Of the Be-
ringers, looke
in the notes of
this booke.

Renaldo 36
Renaldo 36
 Next him *Renaldo* now ensu'th, whose lot,
 Shall be at *Naples* to be made away,
 A death his vertuous deeds deserved not,
 But woe to them that guiltlesse blood betray.
 Now followeth a worthy crue and knot,
 Whose acts aloneto tell would spend a day:
Olyse,
Nicolas,
Aldbrandine
 Whose noble deeds shall honour much their line.

Nicolas 37
 Then *Nicolas* is he that next ensu'th,
 That rul'd intender yeares both neere and farre,
 That findes and eke revengeth their untruth,
 That sought his state by civill strife to marre.
 The sports and exercises of his youth,
 Are blowes and fights, and dangers great and warre,
 Which makes that ere to manly state he came,
 For martiall deeds he gets the onely name.

Lyonell 38
 Lo *Lyonell* the glory of his age,
 Maintaining peace and quiet all his time,
 And keeping that with ease by wisdoms sage,
 To which some others by much paine do cline,
 That fettred furie and rebuked rage,
 That locks up *Mars* in wals of stone and lime:
 That all his wit, his care and travell bent,
 To make his subjects live in state content.

Hercules 39
 Now *Hercules* comes, an *Hercules* indeed,
 Whose deeds shall merite ever during fame:
 That by his paines his countries ease shall breed,
 And put his enemies to flight and shame.
 Sharpe to devise, to execute with speed,
 Both stout t'attempt, and patient to the same,
 No Prince shall ever rule his countrie better,
 No Prince had ever countrie more his detter.

40
 Not onely that he shall their moorish grounds,
 By great expence to pasture firme reduce,
 Not that the towne with wall environ round,
 And store with things behooffull to their use.
 Not that when warre in ech place shall abound,
 He shall maintaine them peaceably in truce,
 Not that he shall according to their asking
 Disburden them of payments and of tasking:

41
 But that he shall more and above all these,
 Leave them behind him such a worthy race,
 As search within the circuit of the seas,
 You shall not find two to supplie their place,
 So shall the one the other strive to please,
 So shall the one the others love imbrace,
 As may for loving brotherly regard,
 With *Castor* and with *Pollux* be compar'd.

Alfonso,
Hyppolito 42
 The elder of these two *Alfonso* hight,
 The next of them *Hyppolito* we call,
 Both passing stout and valiant in fight,
 Both passing wise and provident withall:
 And both in due defence of countries right,
 Shall seeme a bulwarke and a brazen wall:
 They both shall have of enemies good store,
 They both shall still subdue them evermore,

43
 Their mother (if I may a mother name,)
 One more like *Progne* and *Medea* fell,
 Vnto her endlesse infamie and shame,
 Against her sonne *Alfonso* shall rebell,
 And joyne with *Venice* force (for this to blame)
 Though for the same ere long they paid full well,
 For those they thought to hurt, they did this good,
 To make the ground more fruitfull with their blood.

44
 Not far fro thence the Spanish souldier hired,
 By pastors purse and in that pastors pay,
 That with a forcible assault aspired,
 To take a fort, and eke the captaine slay.
 But loe he comes and they perforce rettyred,
 And have so short a pleasure of this pray,
 Scarce one of them in life is left abiding,
 To carrie notice of so heavie tiding.

45
 His wit and valour shall him so advance,
 To have the honour of *Romania* field,
 Where by his meanes unto the force of *France*,
 The *Pope* and *Spaniards*, forced are to yeeld:
 And there in Christian blood, o fatall chance,
 Shall horses swimme, such number shall be keeld,
 Nor shall not men enough alive remaine,
 To burie those that are in battell slaine.

46
 The while his brother under Card'nals cap,
 Shall cover, nay shall shew a prudent head,
Hyppolito (I meane) who shall have hap,
 With band of men but small (yet wisely led)
 To give to the *Venetians* such a clap,
 As few the like in stories have bene read.
 To take three times five *Gallies* at one tide,
 And barks and boates a thousand more beside.

47
 Behold two *Sygismonds* both wise and grave,
Alfonso next, whose fame is talkt of rise,
 With his five sonnes, then *Hercules* that shall have
 The King of *France* his daughter to his wife,
 That towards him, her selfe shall so behave,
 Shall make him live most happie all his life.
Hyppolito it is that now comes in,
 Not least for praise and glorie of his kin.

48
 Next *Francis* named third, *Alfonso* two,
 With many others worthy of renowne,
 The which to name might finde one worke to do,
 From *Phæbus* rising to his going downe.
 Now therefore if you will consent thereto,
 I here will end and send the spirits downe:
 To this the worthy damsell said not nay,
 And straight the spirits vanisht all away.

49
 Then *Bradamant*, that all well marked had,
 Of whom her selfe should be the ancient mother,
 Did say, to learne she would be very glad,
 What two those were that differed from the other,
 That came with backward steps and lookt so sad,
 Vpon the good *Alfonso* and his brother.
Melyssa sighs, misliking that suggestion,
 Which put it in her heart to ask this question.

I do not find
 that *Eleonora*
 was the mo-
 ther he meā-
 here, for he
 he praises in
 the 13. booke:
 but rather
 the mother
 Church that
 favoured not
 the D of Fer-
 rara.

In this man-
 ner of Me-
 lyssa spea-
 king to Al-
 fonso, hee
 imitates Vir-
 gil in his
 booke of E-
 nidos of
 Marcellus.

The cocke
 called so in
 Ovids fable

Of this victo-
 ry seeke *Guy-
 chardine* in
 his eight booke

Sygismond 3
Alfonso
Hercules

Hyppolito

Francis
Alfonso 2

And

50

And then as in a trance these words she spake,
O thou more worthy sonne of worthy fire,
They are thy bloud, on them compassion take,
Let grace assuage, though justice kindle ire:
Then unto *Bradamant* as new awake,
I must (said she) denie you this desire,
I say no more, content you with the sweet,
For you, this sower morfell is not meet.

51

To morrow when the Sunne at breake of day,
With light shall dim the light of ev'ry starre:
I meane my selfe to guide you on your way,
So as I will be sure you shall not erre.
The place whereas your love is forc'd to stay,
Is from the salt sea shore not very farre:
That were you past a mile beyond this wood,
The other way would easie be and good.

52

Of this nights stay the damsell was content,
And in the cave with her she doth remaine,
And most thereof in *Merlins* tombe she spent;
Whose voice with talke did her still entertaine:
Emboldning her to give her free consent,
To love where she should sure be lov'd againe.
Now gan the messenger of day to cro,
When as her guide and she away did go.

53

The way they went was darke and unaccessable,
By secret vaults and hollowes of the hill,
To find it out had bene a thing impossible,
But with a guide of knowledge great and skill:
At last they came unto a path more passible,
By which they cease not to ascend, untill
They quite had left the darke and lothsome place,
And saw the beames of *Phabus* chearefull face.

54

And while that up this hill they slowly stalke,
With pausing panting oft, and taking wind,
To make lesse wearie seeme their wearie walke,
Melyssa still doth store of matter find,
And now of this, and then of that doth talke,
But chiefly she the damsell puts in mind,
Of her *Rogero*, how he had bene trained
Into the prison where he now remained.

55

Atlanta that Magician strange is he
That holdeth him (I trust) unto his cost,
But had you *Pallas* strength or *Mars* (quoth she)
And eke of armed men a mightie host,
Yet to attempt by force to set him free,
Your travell and your labour all were lost.
Art must be wonne by art, and not by might,
Force cannot free your welbelov'd Knight.

56

For first the castle mounted is on hie,
Impregnable with wals all oversteeld,
And next, the horse he rides hath wings to flie,
And gallops in the aire as in the field:
And last he dazleth ev'ry mortall eie,
By hidden force of his enchanted shield,
With light whereof mens senses are so dazed,
With sight thereof they fall downe all amazed.

57

In all the world one onely meane hath bene,
And is yet still to worke so rare a feat,
A ring there is which from an *Indian* Queene,
Was stole sometime, of price and vertue great:
This ring can make a man to go unscene,
This ring can all enchantments quite defeat:
King *Agramant* hath sent his secretarie,
Unto *Rogero* this same ring to carie.

58

Brunello in his name that hath the ring,
Most leud and false, but politike and wise,
And put in trust especiall by his King,
With it *Rogeros* safetie to devise:
Which sith I wish not he, but you should bring,
To bind him to you by this enterprise,
And for I would not have the *Turke* protect him,
Because I know he greatly doth affect him.

59

Do therefore this, when you do meete this man,
Whose markes I wish in memory you beare,
His stature is two cubits and a span,
His head is long and gray, and thin of haire,
His nose is short and flat, his colour wan,
With beetle brow, eyes watrie not with teare,
His beard growes on his face without all stint,
And to conclude, his looke is all a squint.

60

Now when as you this comely man shall meet,
As sure you shall within a day or two,
You may with curteous words him seeme to greet,
And tell him partly what you meane to do:
But speake not of the ring although you see't,
For so you may the matter all undo,
Then he great courtesie to you will offer,
And straight his companie to you will proffer.

61

But when unto the castle you come nie,
Then see you set upon him on the way,
And take away the ring and make him die,
Nor give him any time, lest he convey
The ring into his mouth, and so thereby
Out of your sight he vanish quite away.
The worthy damsell markes her speeches well,
And so the one the other bids farewell.

62

Next day she hapt *Brunello* to espie,
She knew him straight, she found him at her Inne,
She growes to question with him by and by,
And he to lie doth by and by beginne,
And she dissembles too, and doth denie
Her countrey, stocke and name, and sex and kinne.
Brunello pleasantly doth talke and tittle,
Not knowing he did halt before a cripple.

63

Now when they almost broken had their fast,
She marking more his fingers then his eyes,
When much good talke between them two had past,
The most whereof were false and forged lies,
Behold mine host came unto them in hast,
And told them newes that made them sooner rise:
But here I meane to make a little pause,
Before I tell what was thereof the cause.

The ring was
stolen from
Anglica.

A machi-
villian secre-
tarie.

In this man-
ner of Me-
lyssa spea-
king to Al-
fonsus, hee
imitates Vir-
gil in his
booke of E-
neidos of
Marcellus.

The cocke
called so in
Ovids fable.

Sentence.

THE THIRD BOOKE

Morall.

In the third booke we may note in Bradamant a worth by example of devotion, that in her sodaine mishap, had recourse to prayer. In the great praise of Rogero and Bradamant his posterity, noblemen and gentlemen of good houses may take comfort of their vertuous ancestors, and thinke themselves beloved of God, and blessed with great temporall blessings, if themselves degenerate not from their worthy forefathers. Also we may note, that commonly good parents bring good children.

And whereas Melissa brings Bradamant by intricate wayes from the cave, and instructs her how to confound Arian devices, it shewes how good and godly counsell makes men overcome all troubles, and enables them to withstand all wicked practises. And in that Bradamant dissembles with Brunello, we may gather a lesson, which in this age we bee too apt to learne, namely, to dissemble with dissemblers.

Storie.

Concerning the history of this booke, it is divers, and therefore I meane to note the principallest of them, as far as my litle reading is able to discover: and first for Merlin (called the English Prophet) I know many are hard of beleefe, and thinke it a mere fable that is written both of his birth, of his life, and chiefly of his death: for his birth, indeed I beleieve not that he was gotten by an incubus, yet the possibility thereof might be proved by discourse, save it were too tedious, and perhaps too full of unmannerly termes for this place: I rather hold with the great clerk Bellarmine, that such birth is either impossible, or peculiar to the great Antichrist when he shall come. But concerning his life, that there was such a man, a great counsellor to King Arthur, I hold it certaine: that he had a castle in Wiltshire called after him Merlinsburie, (now Marlborough) it is very likely, the old ruines whereof are yet seene in our highway from Bath to London. Also the great stones of unmeasurable bignesse and number, that lie scattered about the place, have given occasion to some to regeare on Sali bury ptaine, which the ignorant people believe he brought out of Ireland: and indeed the wiser sort can rather marvell at, then tell why or how they were set there. But for the manner of his death, and place of his buriall, it is so diversly written of, and by so sundry countreys challenged, as a man may be bolder to say that all of them are false, then that any of them be true. Some will have him buried in Cornwall, some in Wales (where they say he was borne,) Ariosto by Poeticall licence, makes this tombe for him in France, and the fiction of the tombe is taken of a former fiction in King Arthurs booke, namely, that Merlin being exceedingly in love with the Lady of the Lake (to brag of his cunning) shewed her one day among other devices of his, a tombe that hee had made of sufficient capacity to hold him and his wife, and withall shewed her a charme, which being pronounced in an order that he shewed her, the tombe would close, and never againe be opened. She having no minde to him, or rather indeed flatly hating him, grew on the sodaine very gamesome with him, and shewed him some extraordinary kindnesse, and in the end for want of better pastime would needs persuade him to prove if it would hold them both, and so offered her selfe to goe in with him: he suspecting nothing lesse then her malicious purpose, went simply in, and straight shee shut him in with the cover, and bound it so fast with the charme, as it will never more be loosed. This I thought good to set downe for expounding the 11. staffe of this booke the playster, not that any matter herein is worth the noting, without it be to warne men not to tell such dangerous secrets to women, except they will take occasion to imitate the wisdom of Cato in repenting it after. And thus much for Merlin. The rest of the booke is in a manner all a true history, and is a repetition of the pedigree of Alfonso Duke of Ferrara, with some briefe touches out of auncient histories of their great exploits in Italie: the exposition of all which, I will not pursue at length, as being needlesse to the learned that have read those stories, and not very pleasant to the ignorant, nor familiar to our nation. Wherefore I will onely note some very few of them, such as I thinke most necessary, and omit the rest, or referre those that be desirous better to informe themselves to some authors where they may read it more at large.

Rogero, sonne of Bradamant, and this Rogero so much spoken of in this whole booke, came with Charles the great into Italie where among other Venetian captaines that holpe to suppress Desiderius King of Lombardie: this Rogero was thought to do so good service, that the Emperour in reward gave him and his heires the honors of Caloon and Este, neare Padua.

The vipers came to be the crest of the Vicounts of Millaine by this occasion: Otho a valiant man of that family, in the journey that Godfrey of Bullen made to Ierusalem, called the holy warres, did fight at the siege of Ierusalem hand to hand with Voluce, captaine of the Palmirs, and slue him, who to make himselfe more terrible, did carry on his crest a huge viper devouring of a child. Ever since in memory hereof that house carries the viper.

Beringars, of this name there were three, but the chiefe man (meant here) was nephew to the first, and came after the death of his grandfather into Italie, and prevailed so farre, that he was proclaimed Augustus, and made his sonne King of Lombardie with title King of Romanes: but Agapitus then Bishop of Rome, called in Otho King of the Almaines to deliver Italie from the tyranny of the Beringars, who overcame them, and used them after with great clemency, till afterward they seeking by helpe of an usurping Pope to tyrannize as before, the same Otho came againe, and in fine destroyed them both, in which it seemes Albertus to did some great service.

Of Frederike Barbarossa Sabellicus writeth, that he maintained Octavius Antipapa (or usurping Pope) against Alexander, by which great broiles grew in Italy, and much bloodshed, and that the Romanes were so crushed in one battell, that he writeth they would never be able againe to hold up their heads. But after this, Barbarossa both prosecuted by his enemies, and punished with the plague in his camp, was glad to fly into Germany: and coming backe with new forces, was by the considerates vanquished and quite put downe, and driven in the end to crave Pope Alexanders forces. Of this Alexander the Venetians make great boast how they restored him, and have the story ingraven or painted in one of their principall Churches: for the Pope flying thither in disguised apparell, and living closely in the towne like a poore Priest, a noble man one Ciano discovered him, and made him be greatly honoured by the whole city, by whom as is aforesaid he was restored.

Wherein

Whereas the two factions of Guelfs and Ghebelines is spoken of (though it would aske a long discourse to tel the originall how it first grew) yet somewhat I must needs say of it: the faction first rose of a discord betwene two Dutchmen in Italie being naturall brothers, though unnaturally falling out, and either drawing parties, it grew in the end to such a faction as neither Sylla and Marius, or Caesar and Pompey in Rome, nor ours of Lancaster and Torke in England, nor any other growne of religion, or what cause soever besides, hath bene more violent.

Esellino a notable tyrant, whom one Musatto a Padoan in a tragedie he wrote, affirms to have bin gotten by the devil. His cruelty was such, he would cut up women quicke with child, and burned at one time 12000. men alive. He was after taken prisoner, and died of famine.

Of Hercules of Este, as the praises are great hee gives him, so it appears in Guychardine, they are well deserved. For when Charles the eight came into Italie like a thunder (as writers of those times call him) this Hercules with his prudent carriage so ordered himselfe, as he and his countrie escaped that tempest.

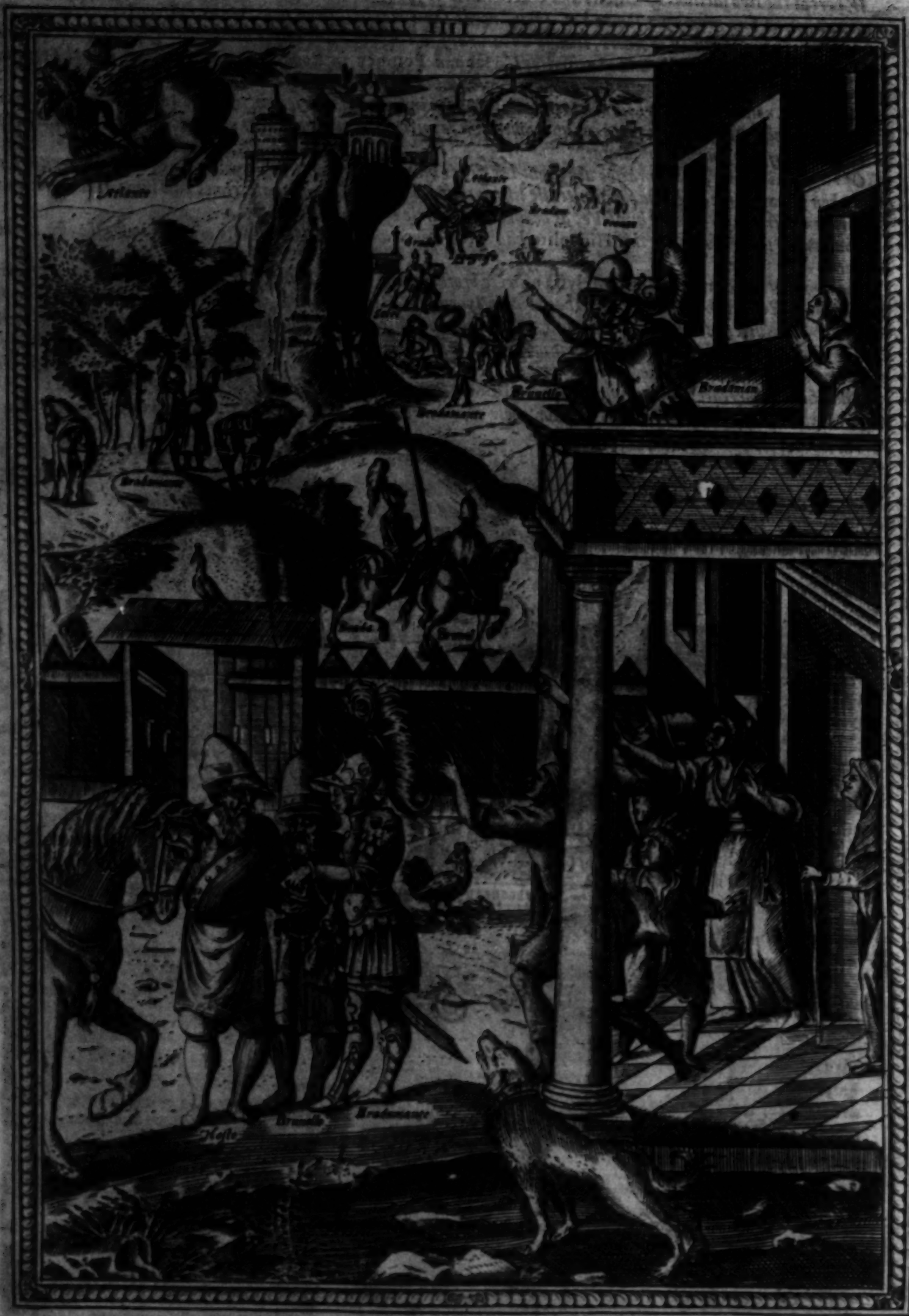
Concerning the victory that this Hippolito had of the Venetians, I shall have more occasion to speake of it in the 40. booke.

The two that Bradamant asketh Melyssa of, were brothers to Alfonso Duke of Ferrara, their names are Ferdinand and Iulio: the story is this. It happened that being allyong men, Hippolito and one of these younger brothers fell both in love with one Curtesan, but she entertained the love of the younger with most kindnesse; whereupon Hippolito asked her one day very instantly, what it was that moved her to prefer his brother afore him; and she said it was his beautifull eye: whereupon Hippolito made some of his pages to thrust out his eyes. Notwithstanding he after recovered his eyes, and finding no redresse by complaining to Alfonso, he and one other brother conspired to kill him; but at the time of the execution, their hearts failed them, or their minds altered: and after the conspiracie being discovered, they were kept in perpetuall prison.

And in this he alludes to that of Marcellus in Virgil, *Luctus ne quære tuorum.*

Allusion.





This is a
an excuse
than a
of disun-
bling.

Some

Some dis-
blings to
be com-
dable &
effort-
that of
one in T.
quid-
to save
fists fr
the tyr
Crass
cum Cr
flus.
Comet
blis-
for the
part ca
great
aring.

THE ARGVMENT.

Bradamant overcomes the false Magician,
 And sets Rogero free, who by and by
 Leapt on a horse not knowing his condition,
 Who bore him quite from sight of any eye.
 Renaldo sailed as he had commission,
 To England ward, but borne by wind and wave,
 At Callidon in Scotland he arrived,
 When faire Geneuras soule death was contrived.

This is rather
 an excuse
 than a praise
 of dissem-
 bling.



Though he that useth craft
 and simulation,
 Doth seldom bend his
 acts to honest ends,
 But rather of an evill in-
 clination,
 His wit and skill to others
 mischief bends:
 Yet sith in this our world
 ly habitation,

We do not ever dwell among our friends,
 Dissembling double life oftentimes may save
 Mens lives, their fame and goods, and all they have.

Some dissem-
 bling have
 but commen-
 dable things
 necessary, as
 that of Bru-
 nello in Tar-
 quin's time,
 to save him-
 selfe from
 the tyrant,
 Crassidamus
 from Creten-
 shus.
 Comets or
 blazing stars
 for the most
 part cause
 great won-
 dering.

If man by long acquaintance and great proofe,
 To trust some one man scant can be allured,
 To whom he may in presence or aloofe,
 Unfold the secrets of his mind assured:
 Then doth this damsell merit no reproofe,
 That with Brunello (to all fraud inured)
 Doth frame her selfe to counterfeit a while,
 For to deceive deceivers is no guile.
 Now while these twodid to conferre begin,
 She to his fingers having still an eye,
 The host and other servants of the lane,
 Came on the sodaine with a wofull crye,
 And some did gaze without, and some within,
 (As when men see a Comet in the skie)
 The cause of this their wondering and their crying:
 Was that they saw an armed horseman flying.

And straight by th' host and others they were told,
 How one that had in Magike art great skill,

Not far from thence had made a stately hold,
 Of shining Steele, and plac'd it on a hill,
 To which he bringeth Ladies yong and old,
 And men and maids according to his will,
 And when within that castle they have beene,
 They never after have bene heard or seene.

No sooner can he spie a pensive maide,
 But straight he takes her up into the aire,
 The which his custome makes them all afraid,
 That either are or thinke that they be faire.
 Those hardie knights that went to give them aide,
 Of which sort many hither did repaire,
 Went like the beasts to the sicke Lions den,
 For all went in, but none return'd agen.

This tale in worthy Bradamant did breed
 A kind of pleasure and confused joy,
 In hope (which after she perform'd in deed)
 The sight of her beloved to enjoy.
 She paid the host procure a guide with speed,
 As though each little stay did breed annoy:
 She swears that in her heart she long'd to wrastle
 With him that kept the captives in his castle.

Because that you fir knight should want no guide,
 (Brunello said) I will my selfe be he,
 I know the way, and somewhat have beside,
 By which may fortune you may pleasur'd be:
 He meant the ring of force and vertue true,
 Although he meant not she the same should see.
 Great thanks (quoth she) that you will take the pain,
 In hope hereby the precious ring to gain.

Simile.
 Horace: Om-
 nia te ad-
 versum (pe-
 stantia, nulla
 vitiosum.

Thus each from other hiding their intent,
They forward set like friends by breake of day,
Brunello sometime foremost of them went,
Sometime behind, as chanced on the way.
Now had they certaine houres in travell spent,
When they arrived where the castle lay,
Whereas mount Pyrene stands above the plaine,
So high as may discover France and Spaine.

From this
mount one
may see both
the one sea
and the other.

When as the castle did in sight appeare,
So strange, so faire, so stately, and so lie,
In which that Knight whom she esteem'd so deare,
With many others, prisoner did lie.
She thought her fittest time drew very neare,
To take the ring, and make Brunello die.
Wherefore with open force she doth assaile him,
Whose strength with age and feare soon gan to faile

Her meaning was the Caitife to have kild,
But unto that her noble heart said nay,
Small praise would come from bloud so basely spild,
She meanes to get the ring another way:
But first she bound him where he wild or mild,
And though with teares he did for pittie pray,
Yet left she him unto a tree fast ride,
And with the ring away she straight did ride.

And being in the greene fast by the towre,
Straight (as the fashion was) her horne she blew,
Out came that armed Knight that present houre,
And seeing there a challenger in rew,
He seemeth to assault her with great powre,
But by the ring she all his falshood knew:
She saw he caride neither sword nor speare,
Nor any weapon that one need to feare.

He only caride at his saddle bow,
A shield all wrapped in a crimson case,
And read a booke by which he made to show
Some strange and strong illusions in the place:
And many that these cunnings did not know,
He had deceiv'd and tane in little space.
And caus'd both swords and lances to appeare,
When neither sword nor lances them were neare.

But yet the beast he rode was not of art,
But gotten of a Griffeth and a Mare,
And like a Griffeth had the former part,
As wings and head, and clawes that hideous are,
And passing strength and force and ventrous hart,
But all these may with a horse compare.
Such beasts as these the hills of Rysee yeeld,
Though in these parts they have bin seene but feeld.

This monster rare from farthest regions brought
This rare Magician ordred with such skill,
That in one month or little more he taught
The savage monster to obey his will:
And though by conjurations strange he wrought,
In other things his fancies to fulfill,
(As cunning men still trie each strange conclusion)
Yet in this Griffeth horse was one collusion.

The Ladie faire protected by the ring,
Found all his sleights (although she seem'd not so)
Her purpose to the better passe to bring,
And first she seemes to ward a coming blow,
And then to strike, and oft to curse the wing,
That caride still away her flying so,
And fith to fight on horsebacke did not boore,
She seemes as in a rage to light on foote.

The Necromancer, as his manner is,
Disclosed at the last his shining shield,
Supposing that the vertue would not misse,
To make her (as it had done others) yeeld:
So have I seene a craftie cat ere this,
Play with a silly mouse of house or field,
And let it go a while for sport and play,
But kill at last and beare it quite away.

I say that he the cat, the other mise,
Resembled had in every former fight,
But now this ring had made this one so wise,
That when she saw the strange enchanted light,
She falleth not of force, but of devise,
As though she were astonied at the sight,
And lay like one of life and sense bereaved,
By which the poore Magician was deceived.

For straight he lighted from the flying horse,
To take her as he had done many mo,
The shield and booke in which was all his force,
He left behind him at his saddle bow,
But thinking to have found a senselesse corse,
Amaz'd and dead, he finds it nothing so,
For up she starts, so quite the case was altd,
That with the cord he brought, himselfe was haltred,

And when with those selfe bonds she had him tide,
By which he thought before her to have snared,
She strong and yong, he wither'd, old and dride,
Alas an unmeet match to be compared,
Forthwith determining he should have dide,
To strike his head from shoulders she prepared,
Till she was mov'd to mercy with his teares,
And with the sight of white and hoary haire.

For when he saw his force was overlaid,
And that her strength was not to be withstood,
O pardon life thou heavenly wight (he said)
No honour comes by spilling aged blood.
Which words to mercie mov'd the noble maid,
Whose mind was alwayes mercifull and good.
Then why he built the castle she demanded,
And what he was to tell her him commanded.

With wofull words the old man thus replide,
I made this castle for no ill intention,
For covetice or any fault beside,
Or that I loved rapine or contention,
But to prevent a danger shall beride
A gentle Knight, I framed this invention:
Who as the heavens hath shewd me in short season,
Shall die in Christian state by filthy treason.

Rogero

Simile.

Sic art delu-
ditur arte.

Sommes
Sir Th
Moore.
qua pra
ru vitan
est nulla
culpa,
praeferre
na qua
tore in

Some h
opinion
convin
kind p
in pa
low fl
by the
their f
effell.

²²
 Rogero named is this worthy youth,
 Whose good and safetie faine I would advance,
 My name *Atlante* is to tell you truth,
 I bred him of a child, till his hard chance,
 And valiant mind (that breeds alas my ruth)
 With *Agramant* entist him into France,
 And I that (like mine owne child) a way lov'd him,
 From France and danger faine would have remov'd

²³
 By art and helpe of many a hellish elfe,
 This castle for Rogero I did build,
 And took him as I meant to take thy selfe,
 But that with greater art I was beguild,
 From daintie fare, and other worldly pelfe,
 Because he should not thinke himselfe exild,
 For company I brought him worthy wights,
 Both men and women, Ladies faire and Knights,

²⁴
 They have all plentie of desired pleasure,
 I bend to their contentment all my care,
 For them I spend my travell and my treasure,
 For musicke, clothes and games, and daintie fare,
 As hart can thinke, and mouth require with measure,
 Great store for them within this castle are.
 Well had I travel'd, well my time bestow'd,
 But you have mard the fruits that I had sow'd.

²⁵
 But if your mind be gracious as your looke,
 If stonie heart bide not in tender brest,
 Behold I offer thee my shield and booke,
 And flying horse, and grant my just request,
 Some two or three, or all the Knights I tooke,
 I give thee free, let but Rogero rest:
 Whose health, whose wealth, whose safty and welfare
 Have ever bene (and ever shall) my care.

²⁶
 Your care (quoth she) is very ill bestowne,
 In thraldome vile to keepe a worthy wight:
 As for your gifts you offer but mine owne,
 Sith by my conquest you are mine in right.
 Those dangers great you say to be foreshowne,
 And upon him in time to come must light,
 With figures cast and heavenly planets vewed,
 Cannot be knowne or cannot be eschewed.

²⁷
 How can you others harmes foresee so farre,
 And not prevent your owne that were so nee?
 I certaine shall suppose your art doth erre,
 And for the rest the end the truth shall trie:
 I now intend your matter all to marre,
 And that before these bonds I will untie,
 You shall set free and loose your prisoners all,
 Whom in this castle you detained thrall.

²⁸
 When as the poore old man was so distrest,
 That needs he must for feare and dread obay,
 And that this same imperious dames behest,
 Could neither beare deniall nor delay,
 To do as she commands he deemes it best,
 And therefore takes th' enchanted place away.
 He breakes some hollow fuming pots of stone,
 And straight the wals and buildings all were gone.

²⁹
 This done, himselfe eke vanish out of sight,
 As did the castle at that present hower,
 Then Ladies, Lords, and many a worthy Knight,
 Were straight releast from his enchanted powers:
 And some there were had taken such delight
 In those so stately lodgings of that tower,
 That they esteemd that liberty a paine,
 And wisht that pleasant slavery againe.

³⁰
 Here were at freedome set among the rest,
Gradaffe, *Sacrapant*, two Kings of name,
Prasildo and *Trollo* that from th' East
 Into this country with *Renaldo* came.
 Here *Bradamant* found him she loved best,
 Her deare Rogero of renowned fame,
 Who after certaine notice of her had,
 Did shew to see her he was very glad.

³¹
 As one of whom he great account did make,
 And thought himselfe to her most highly bound,
 Since she put off her helmet for his sake,
 And in her head receiv'd a grievous wound,
 Twere long to tell what toile they both did take,
 Both night and day each other to have found,
 But till this present time they had no meeting,
 Nor giv'n by word nor writing any greeting.

³²
 Now when before him present he beheld
 Her that from danger had him sole redeemed,
 His heart with so great joy and mirth was fild,
 The happiest wight on earth himselfe he deemed:
 And christall teares from her faire eyes distild,
 Embracing him whom she most deare esteemed.
 As oft we see a strong and sodaine passion,
 Bring forth effects quite of another fashion.

³³
 The Griffeth horse the while upon the plaine,
 Stood with the target at his saddle bow,
 The damself thought to take him by the raine,
 But he then mounteth up, and like a crow
 Chast by a dog forthwith descends againe,
 And standeth still, or soareth very low,
 And when that some come nee in hope to take him,
 He flies away that none can overtake him.

³⁴
 But neare unto Rogero soone he staid,
 Which by *Atlante* care was sole procured,
 Who for Rogeros danger was afraid,
 And thinkes his safetie never well assured.
 Wherefore he sent this monster for his aid,
 And by this meanes from Europe him allured,
 To his welfare his cares and thoughts he bendeth,
 To succor and preserve him he intendeth.

³⁵
 Rogero from his horse forthwith alighted,
 (The horse he rode on was *Frontyno* named)
 And with this flying horse was so delighted,
 That though he saw him wanton and untamed,
 Yet up he leapt, and soone was sore afrighted,
 He finds he would not to his mind be framed,
 For in the aire the Griffeth for'd so hie,
 As doth the Faulcon that at fowle doth flie.

Sentenza.
Sir Tho.
Moore. *Sin*
qua prae-
vi vitandi
est nulla fa-
cultas. Quid
praeferre ju-
magua pa-
tere sament?

Some hold
opinion that
conquers
kind spirit
in paine but
low floure,
by the work
their strange
efflu.

Simile.

*Ganymed
fained by the
Poets to bee
Jupiters cup-
bearer, and
caried up to
heaven by
an eagle.*

36
The damsell faire that now beheld her deare,
Borne farre away by force of monsters wing,
Was sorrowfull and of so heauie cheate,
That to their course her wits she scant could bring,
The tale of *Ganymed* she once did heare,
Whom *Poets* faine to rend the heavenly King,
She doubts may true of her *Rogero* be,
That was as comely and as faire as he.

*It followes in
the 7 booke.
30 staff.*

37
As long as eyesight could at all preuaile,
So long she viewd him still in all and part:
But when his distance made the sight to faile,
At least she followed him in mind and hart,
To sob, to sigh, to weepe, lament and waile,
She never leaves these chances overthwart.
And seeing plaint her love and she were parted,
She tooke *Frumpyo* and away departed.

*It followes in
the 6 booke
16 staff.*

38
Now was *Rogero* mounted up so hie,
He seem'd to be a more or little pricke,
For no man could distinguish him by eie,
Except his sight were passing fine and quicke:
All southerly this *Griffeth* horse doth sle,
(Was never jade that ser'd man such a trick)
But let him on his way, God speed him well,
For of *Renaldo* somewhat I must tell.

*A famous
forrest of
Scotland.*

39
Who all the while with raging tempest strived,
Borne where him selfe nor no man else did know,
By quell stormie winds and weather drived,
That dayes and nights surceased not to blow:
At last in Scotland weary he arriued,
Where woods of *Callidony* first do show,
A famous wood wherein in times of old,
Brave deeds were done by ventrous Knights & bold.

*Here you
must begin
to read the
single tale of
Genuera, un-
to the 10 staff
of the 6 booke.*

40
Here have those famous Knights great honour won,
At whose rare worth the world it selfe did wonder,
Here were most valiant acts achiev'd and done,
By Knights that dwelt there neare or far asunder,
And many a man hath here bene quite undone,
Whose feeble force his enemy was under.
Here were, as proved is by ancient charter,
The famous *Tristram*, *Lancelot* and *Sir Arther*.

41
At this same wood *Renaldo* from his fleet,
Well mounted on his *Bayards* backe did part,
He points his men at *Barwicke* him to meet,
The while him selfe alone with valiant heart,
Sometime on horsebacke, sometime on his feete,
Doth march in mind to do some worthy part.
But seeing now the night came on so fast,
Vnto an Abbey he repaires at last.

42
The Abbot and his Monks with comely grace,
As holy men of humane manners skilled,
Did welcome him, and in a little space,
With costly fare his emptie stomacke filled.
Renaldo straight enquired of the place,
What feates of armes had there bene late fulfilled,
And where a man by valiant acts may show,
If his exploits deserve dispraise or no.

43
They said that in that wood and forrest, find
Adventures strange and feates of armes he might,
But as the place, so are the actions blind,
That oft their doings never come to light:
But if (say they) we may perswade your mind,
Attempt an action worthy of a Knight,
Where if you passe the perill and the paine,
Eternall fame shall unto you remaine.

44
For if you would performe an act indeed,
Whereby great name and honour may be wonne,
Then this would be the best and noblest deed,
That late or long time past was ever done:
Our Princes daughter standeth now in need,
Of great defence, a danger great to shunne,
Against a Knight *Lurcanto* by name,
That seekes to take away her life and fame.

45
This Knight hath her unto the King accused,
I thinke of malice rather then of right,
That he hath seene how she her selfe abused,
And closely tooke her lover up by night.
Now by the lawes that in this land are used,
Except she have a champion that by might
Within a month *Lurcanto* prove a lier,
She shall be straight condemned to the fier.

*This bloudie
law, thanked
be God, is dis-
annulled in
this Island
this good
while.*

46
The Scottish law that breedeth all this strife,
Appoints that all of base or better sort,
That take a man except she be his wife,
And spends her time with him in *Venus* sport,
By cruell torment finish shall her life,
Except she find some Knight that will support,
That she the hainous fact hath not committed,
But that in law she ought to be acquitted.

47
The King for faire *Genuera* takes great thought,
Both for her safetie and her estimation,
And seeks by all good meanes that may be wrought
For her defence, and maketh proclamation,
That by whose helpe from danger she is brought,
(Provided he be one of noble nation)
Shall have the goodly damsell for his wife,
With livings large to keepe him all his life.

*Genuera
daughter to
the King of
Scot.*

48
But if within this month that now casu'th,
(So little time for her defence is left her)
No Knight will come that will defend her truth,
Then friends and fame, and life will be bereft her,
This enterprise would much commend your youth,
The praise whereof would last a great while after:
And from *Atlantis* pillars unto *Inde*,
A fairer Ladie you shall never finde.

49
Now then beside the honour and the praise,
To have a state, may make you live content,
The Princes love (that helpeth many waies)
Whose honour now is halfe consum'd and spent,
Again true Knights should helpe at all assaies,
When any harme to Ladies faire is ment,
The very law of knight hood hath commanded,
To grant this aide that we have now demanded.

*Knights are
sworne to de-
fend justice
with the
sword, and to
relieve the
oppressed.*

Renaldo

*Wife we
should co-
in a great
notwith-
ding good
Renaldo
opinion.*

*In this
I think
we are
that re-*

50
Renaldo paus'd, and after thus he spake,
 Why then (said he) must this faire damsell die,
 That for her true and secret lovers sake,
 Did condescend within his armes to lie?
 Accurst be they that such a law did make,
 Accurst be they that meane to live thereby,
 Nay rather point a punishment and paine
 For such as do their lovers true disdaine.

51
 If faire *Gencura* had her friend or no,
 I stand not now the matter to decide,
 Yea I would praise her had she done it so,
 That by her foes it had not bene espide.
 Be as be may, my meaning is to go
 To fight for her, if I may have a guide
 That will but shew me where is her accuser,
 And I shall quickly prove he doth abuse her.

52
 I know not of the fact she have committed,
 Nor can I say in this the certaine sure:
 But this I say, it ought to be remitted,
 Much rather then she should distresse endure.
 I further say, they were but meanly witted,
 That did so straight a statute first procure.
 I also say, this law they ought recall,
 In place thereof a better to enstall.

53
 Sith like desire the fancies doth possesse,
 Both of the male and of the female gender,
 To do that thing that fooles count great excesse,
 And quench the flame that *Cupid* doth engender,
 To grant the men more scope, the women lesse,
 Is law for which no reason we can render,
 Men using many never are ashamed,
 But women using one or two are blamed.

54
 This law I say is partiall and naught,
 And doth to women plaine and open wrong,
 I trust in God they shall be better taught,
 And that this law shall be revokt ere long,
 The Abbot and his Monks in word and thought,
 Allowd *Renaldos* speech, both old and yong:
 They all condemne the law, and partly blame
 The king that may and mendeth not the same.

Wise men
 should count
 it a greater,
 notwithstanding
 good
 Renaldos
 opinion,

In this point
 I thinke ma-
 ny are of
 that religion,

55
 Next morning when *Renaldo* doth perceave
 The Sunne appeare, and starres their heads to hide,
 He thanks them for his cheare, and taketh leave,
 And takes a target-bearer for his guide,
 For feare lest unknowne paths should him deceave,
 Himselfe all armed doth on *Bayard* ride,
 And to the *Scottish* court he goes a stranger,
 For to defend the damsell faire from danger.

56
 And for they thought to take a way more nic,
 They leave the common way a mile or twaine,
 When suddenly they heard a piteous crie,
 Well like to one that feared to be slaine.
 In hast they spurre their horses by and by,
 Along the vale, and looking downe the plaine,
 A maide betweene two murderers they saw,
 That meant to take her life against all law.

57
 The caitifes put the damsell in great feare,
 And shew'd that they were come to end her dayes,
 Which made her weepe, and shed full many a teare,
 To move their minds she trieth many wayes:
 And though the fact a while they did forbear,
 Yet now they had removed all delays,
 When as *Renaldo* came unto her aid,
 And made the malefactors sore afraid.

58
 Away they fled and left the wench alone,
 For dread of death appald and sore affrighted,
 Who all her cause of danger and of mone,
 Vnto *Renaldo* straight would have recited,
 But so great hast he maketh to be gone,
 He gave no eare, nor from his horse alighted,
 But to ensue the journey first assign'd him,
 He caus'd the guide to take her up behind him.

59
 And now on horsebacke marking well her face,
 And marking more her gesture and behaviour,
 Her pleasing speech, and modest sober grace,
 She now hath wonne a great deale more his favour,
 And after he had rode a little space,
 To tell her hard adventure he would have her:
 And she began with humble voice and low,
 As more at large hereafter I will show.

In this fourth booke, whereas dissembling is praised, we may note in what sort and with what persons it is allowable, Morall.
 seeing generally in it selfe it is a most unneble and unworthy quality. In that *Bradamant* by the ring doth discover
Atlantis enchantments, and frustrate all his purpose, we may note, how reason tempered with courage, prevails to the
 overthrow of all deceits and subtill practises. In *Rogero*, that was caried away unawares by the winged horse, we have
 an example to make us take heed of rash and unadvised enterprises. *Renaldos* speech, condemning the rigor of the law,
 that adultery was punished by death in women rather then in men, as we may with him justly mislike such partialitie in
 lawes: so we may note the manner and phrase of speech of yong gentlemen (as *Renaldo* was) that make so light of their
 sweet sinne of lechery, as they call it, not regarding how sower heavy punishment hangs over it, and what a foule reproch
 it is to both sexes. And so much for the Morall.

For the Historie of this booke, little is to be said of the time of *Charles the great*, because the booke digresseth to other
 matters: but where as mention is made of *Calledon* forrest in Scotland, and of king *Arthur* his knights, I thought it not a-
 misse, as in the former booke I told you, what I thought of *Merlin* that was *Arthurs* great counsellor, so now somewhat to
 touch, as the space will permit, the reports that are true and probable of king *Arthur*. It is generally written & beleev'd
 that this *Arthur* was a notable valiant and religious Prince, and that hee governed this Island in that rude age with
 great love of his people, and honour of forraine nations, hee instituted an order of the knights of the round table onely
 (as it seemes) of some meriment of hunting, or some pleasant exercises. He was himselfe of stature very tall, as appears
 by the proportion of him left (as they say here in our countrey of *Somerset*) in a doore of a Church by the famous Abbey
 of

Historie.

of Glassenbury, in which Abbey his wife Queene Gueneyver was buried, and within our memory taken up in a coffin with her body and face in shew plainly to be discerned, save the very tip of her nose, as divers dwelling thereabout have reported. But what manner of death King Arthur himselfe died, it is doubtfull, and that which they report seemes meetly fabulous, namely that he was caried away in a barge from a bridge called Pomperles, neare the said Glassenbury, and so conveyed by unknowne persons, (or by the Ladie of the Lake) with promise to bring him backe againe one day: upon which it seemes the foolish people grounded their vaine saying (King Arthur comes againe.)

For my part I confesse my selfe to have bin more inquisitive of such trifles then a wiser man would, and viewing that bridge and all that countrey about Glassenbury, I see good reason to guesse, that all that countrey which now we call our moores (and is reduced to profitable and fertill ground) was sometime recovered from the sea, and might be navigable up to Glassenbury in those times: and so I suppose the said King being drowned there by some mishap, and being well beloved of the people, some fained (to content their minds) that he was but gone a little way, and would come againe: as the Senate of Rome, having killed Romulus for his tyranny, devised a tale of I know not what ambition to make the people beleve he was turned to a god. M. Camden the best antiquary of our time, writeth that King Arthurs body was taken up at the foresaid Glassenbury in the time of King Henry the second, which indeed is most credible, as he there proveith. But this I conclude, that this Prince was so worthy a man in his time, as not only true histories have greatly recommended to the posterity, but almost all Poeticall writers that have bin since, have mentioned this famous Prince Arthur of England, as a person of whom no notable exploit was incredible. And thus much for King Arthur.

Comd. in
Britannia.
vide Somers.
f.

Allegorie.

For the Allegory of this booke, much might be said of Atlant, of his horse and his shield, but I will onely touch what I thinke will be thought most worth the noting, and let passe the rest for each mans privat conceit. Atlant by many of his gestures and actions here specified, may signifie Cupid, or that fond fancie that we call love: and whereas he takes up such brave captains and souldiers, as well as women and weaklings: it seemes consonant to that pretie fantastick verse of Ovid:

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido.

All lovers warriors are, and Cupid hath his campe.

Further, the wings of this strange beast called the Griphith horse, agree with Petrarks description of Cupids wings:

Sopra gli homeri havea sol due grand' ali, di color mille.

Upon his shoulders were two mighty wings, of thousand colours.

Atlant takes, and imprisons those he takes. Love is as close and inextricable a prison as his.

The wayes to Atlantis castle are described to be craggie, headlong, and unpleasant. Such be the wayes of that passion. The castle is said to be placed in the middle of a rockie mountaine cloven in sunder: by which is meant, that this jolly we speake of possesseth us, and dwells in us most of all about the middle of our age, as Dant saith,

Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita,

Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,

Che la dritta via era smarrita.

While yet my life was in her middle race,

I found, I wandred in a darke some wood,

The right way lost with mine unsteddy pace.

This is that wandring wood, of which the dolefull Petrarche complaines so often in those his sweete mourning sonets, in which he seemes to have comprehended all the passions that all men of that humour have felt. And this he saith of it:

On' lo son fatto un' animal selvaggio,

Che copie vaghi solitari e lassi,

Porto il cor grave, e gli occhi humidi e bassi,

Al mondo che e per me un deserto.

Thus I am growne a savage beast and vyld,

That still with wandring steps and solitarie,

A heavy heart and watred eyes do carie,

About the world which is my Forrest wyld.

Also whereas it is said what plentie of all pleasure they had in Atlantas castle, it signifieth, that delicious faine and such Epicuriall and idle life, are the chiefe nurses of this fond affection, according to that saying of Ovid,

Otia si tollas, periere cupidinis arcus,

Contemptusque jacent & sine luce faces.

Take idlenesse away, and out of doubt

Cupids bow breakes, and all his lamps go out.

Finally, the fortification of the castle, the suming pots of stone, the situation and height, and every thing that is said of the man, the horse, the house, the shield, are so easie to understand in allegoricall sense, as I thinke it needlesse to proceed any further in this matter.

Allusion.

For allusions, I find little to be said, save of Geneva her selfe, which I will reserve to the next booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Dalinda tells what sleights her Duke devised,
To get with faire Geneura reputation:
Lurcanio of his brothers fall advised,
Accuseth her publikely of fornication.
A Knight unknowne in armour blacke disguised,
Comes and withstands Lurcanios accusation,
Untill Renaldo made all matters plaine,
By whom the unjust Duke was justly slaine.*

*Looke more
as large in
the end of
the booke of
this morall.*



1
I see the rest of living
creatures all,
Both birds and beasts that
on the earth do dwell,
Live most in peace, or if
they hap to brall,
The male and female still
agreeth well.

The fierce, the faint, the
greater nor the small,
Against the law of nature will rebell.
The savage Lions, Beares and Bulls most wyld,
Vnto their females shew themselves most myld.

2
What fiend of hell, what rage raignes here so rife,
Disturbing still the state of humane hartes?
How comes it that we find twixt man and wife,
Continuall jarres bred by injurious parts?
The undefiled bed is sild by strife,
And teares that grow of words unkind and thwarts:
Nay oft all care and feare is so exiled,
Their guilty hands with blood have bene defiled.

*8 Paulcal-
leth marriage
by the Syno-
nima of the
bed undefiled.*

3
No doubt they are accurst and past all grace,
And such as have of God nor man no feare,
That dare to strike a damsell in the face,
Or of her head to minish but a haire:
But who with knife or poison would unlace
Their line of life, or flesh in peeces teare,
No man, nor made of flesh and blood I deeme him,
But sure some hound of hell I do esteeme him.

4
Such were these theeves that would the damsell kill,
That by Renaldos comming was recovered:

They secretly had brought her downe the hill,
In hope their fact could never be discovered,
Yet such is God, so good his gracious will,
That when she looked least she was delivered.
And with a chearefull heart that late was sorie,
She doth begin to tell the wofull storie.

5
Good sir (said she) my conscience to discharge,
The greatest tyrannie I shall you tell,
That erst in Thebes, in Athens or in Arge,
Was ever wrought, or where worst tyrants dwell:
My voire and skill wou'd faile to tell at large
The filthy fact, for I beleeeve it well,
Vpon this countrey Phæbus shines more cold,
Because he doth such wicked acts behold.

6
Men seeke we see, and have in every age,
To soile their faces, and tread them in the dust:
But there to wreake their rancor and their rage,
Where they are lov'd, is foule and too unjust,
Love should prevaile, just anger to assuage,
If love bring death, whereto can women trust:
Yet love did breed my danger and my feare,
As you shall heare if you will give me care.

7
For entring first into my tender spring,
Of youthfull yeares, unto the court I came,
And served there the daughter of our King,
And kept a place of honour with good fame,
Till love (alas that love such care should bring)
Envide my state, and sought to do me shame.
Love made the Duke of Alban seeme to me,
The fairest wight that erst mine eye did see.

And

*In these three
cities divers
cruell tyran-
nies have
bene com-
mitted.
Nec tam a-
versus equi
tyria sol ju-
gis ab urbe.*

Sentence.

And (for I thought he lov'd me all above)
 I bent my selfe to hold and love him best,
 But now I find that hard it is to prove,
 By sight or speech what bides in secret brest;
 While I (poore I) did thus beleve and love,
 He gets my body, bed and all the rest.
 Nor thinking this might breed my mistres wrong
 Ev'n in her chamber this I practis'd long.

Where all the things of greatest value lay,
 And where *Geneura* sleeps her selfe sometime,
 There at a window we did finde a way,
 In secret sort to cover this our crime:
 Here when my love and I were bent to play,
 I taught him by a scale of cord to clime,
 And at the window I my selfe would stand,
 And let the ladder downe into his hand.

So oft we meete together at this sport,
 As faire *Geneura* absence gives us leave,
 Who us'd to other chambers to resort
 In summer time, and this for heat to leave:
 And this we carried in so secret sort,
 As none there was our doings did perceive.
 For why, this window standeth out of sight,
 Where none do come by day nor yet by night.

Twixt us this use continu'd many dayes,
 Yea many months we us'd this privie traine,
 Love set my heart on fire so many wayes,
 That still my liking lasted to my paine.
 I might have found by certaine strange delayes,
 That he but little lov'd and much did faine,
 For all his sleights were not so closely covered,
 But that they might full easily be discovered.

At last my Duke did seeme enflamed sore,
 On faire *Geneura*: neither can I tell,
 If now this love began or was before,
 That I did come to court with her to dwell.
 But looke if I were subject to his lore,
 And looke if he my love requited well,
 He askt my aid herein no whit ashamed,
 To tell me how of her he was enflamed.

Not all of love, but partly of ambition,
 He beares in hand his minde is onely bent,
 Because of her great state and his condition,
 To have her for his wife is his intent:
 He nothing doubreth of the Kings permission,
 Had he obtain'd *Geneura* free assent.
 Ne was it hard for him to take in hand,
 That was the second person in the land.

He sware to me, if I would be so kind
 His hie attempt to further and assist,
 That at his hands I should great favour finde,
 And of the King procure me what me list:
 How he would ever keepe it in his mind,
 And in his former love to me persist,
 And notwithstanding wife and all the rest,
 I should be sure that he would love me best.

I straight consented to his fond request,
 As readie his commandment to obey,
 And thinking still my time employ'd best,
 When I had pleas'd his fancy any way:
 And when I found a time then was I prest,
 To talke of him, and good of him to say.
 I used all my art, my wit, and paine,
Geneura love and liking to obtaine.

God knoweth how glad I was to worke his will,
 How diligent I follow'd his direction,
 I spar'd no time, no travell nor no skill,
 To this my Duke to kindle her affection:
 But alwayes this attempt succeeded ill;
 Love had her heart already in subjection,
 A comely Knight did faire *Geneura* please,
 Come to this countrie from beyond the seas.

From Italy for service (as I heare)
 Vnto the court he and his brother came,
 In tourneys and in tilt he had no peere,
 All Brittain soone was filled with his fame.
 Our King did love him well and hold him deere,
 And did by princely gifts confirme the same.
 Faire castels, townes, and lordships, him he gave,
 And made him great, such power great princes have.

Our Sovereigne much, his daughter likt him more,
 And *Ariodant* this worthy Knight is named,
 So brave in deeds of armes himselfe he bore,
 No Ladie of his love need be ashamed:
 The hill of *Sticil* burneth not so sore,
 Nor is the mount *Vesuvio* so inflamed,
 As *Ariodantes* heart was set on fire,
Geneura beautie kindling his desire.

His certaine love by signes most certaine found,
 Cause that my sute unwillingly was hard,
 She well perceiv'd his love sincere and found,
 Enclining to his sute with great regard.
 In yaine I seeke my Dukes love to expound,
 The more I seeke to make the more I mard.
 For while with words I seek to praise and grace him
 No lesse with workes she striveth to deface him.

Thus being oft repulst (so ill sped I)
 To my too much beloved Duke I went,
 And told him how her heart was fixt already,
 How on the stranger all her mind was bent.
 And praid him now sith there was no remedie,
 That to surcease his sute he would consent,
 For *Ariodant* so lov'd the princely maid,
 That by no means his flames could be alaid.

When *Polyneffe* (so the Duke we call)
 This tale unpleasant oftentime had hard,
 And of himselfe had found his hopes were small,
 When with my words her deeds he had compar'd,
 Greiv'd with repulse, and vexed therewithall,
 To see this stranger thus to be prefar'd,
 The love that late his heart so sore had burned,
 Was cooled all, and into hatred turned.

Inten-

Intending by some vile and subtil traine,
To part *Geneura* from her faithfull lover,
And plant so great dislike betwene them twaine,
Yet with so cunning shew the same to cover,
That her good name he will so foule distaine,
Alive nor dead she never shall recover.
But lest he might in this attempt be thwarted,
To none at all his secret he imparted.

*Simile.
The like is in
Horace his
4. Ode of the
fourth booke:
Duri in illex
tenfa bipenni-
bus.*

Now thus resolv'd (*Dalinda* faire) quoth he,
(I so am cold) you know though trees be topt,
And shrowded low, yet sprout yong shoots we see,
And issue from that head so lately lopt:
So in my love it fatcheth now with me.
Though by repulse cut short and shrewdly cropt,
The pared tops such buds of love do render,
That still I prove new passions there engender.

Ne do I deeme so deare the great delight,
As I disdain I should be so reject,
And lest this griefe should overcome me quight,
Because I faile to bring it to effect,
To please my fond conceit this very night,
I pray thee deare to do as I direct:
When faire *Geneura* to her bed is gone,
Take thou the clothes she ware and put them on.

As she is wont her golden haire to dresse,
In stately sort to wind it on her wire,
So you her poyson lively to expresse,
May dresse your owne and weare her head attire,
Her gorgets and her jewels rich no lesse,
You may put on & accomplish my desire.
And when unto the window I ascend,
I will my coming there you do attend.

Thus I may passe my fancies foolish fit,
And thus (quoth he) my selfe I would deceive,
And I that had no reason nor no wit,
His shamefull drift (though open) to perceive:
Did weare my mistresse robes that serv'd me fit,
And stood at window, there him to receive.
And of the fraud I was no whit aware,
Till that fell out that caused all my care.

Of late twixt him and *Ariodant* had past,
About *Geneura* faire these words or such,
(For why there was good friendship in times past
Betwene them two, till love their hearts did tuch)
The Duke such kind of speeches out did cast,
He said to *Ariodant*, he marvel'd much,
That seeing he did alwaies well regard him,
He should againe so thanklesly reward him.

I know you see (for needs it must be seene)
The good consent and matrimoniall love,
That long betwene *Geneur* and me hath beene,
For whom I meane ere long the King to move.
Why should you fondly thrust your selfe betwene?
Why should you rove your reach so farre above?
For if my case were yours I would forbear,
Or if I knew that you so loved were,

And I much more (the other straight replies)
Do marvell you sir Duke are so unkind,
That know our love, and see it with your eyes,
(Except that wilfulnesse have made you blind)
That no man can more sured knots devise,
Then her to me, and me to her do bind,
Into this sute so rashly are intruded,
Still finding from all hope you are excluded.

Why beare you not to me the like respect,
As my good will requireth at your hand?
Since that our love is growne to this effect,
We meane to knit our selves in weddings band:
Which to fulfill ere long I do expect,
For know I am (though not in rents or land)
Yet in my Princes grace no whit inferior,
And in his daughters, greatly your superiour.

Well (said the Duke) errors are hardly moved,
That love doth breed in unadvised brest.
Each thinkes himselfe to be the best beloved,
And yet but one of us is loved best.
Wherefore to have the matter plainly proved,
Which should proceed in love, and which should rest,
Let us agree that victor he remaine,
That of her liking sheweth signes most plaine.

I will be bound to you by solemne oath,
Your secrets all and counsell to conceale,
So you likewise will plight to me your troth,
The thing I shew you never to reveale.
To trie the matter thus they greed both,
And from this doome hereafter not repeale:
But on the Bible first they were deposed,
That this their speech should never be disclosed.

And first the stranger doth his state reveale,
And tell the truth in hope to end the strife,
How she had promist him in wo and weale,
To live with him, and love him all her life:
And how with writing with her hand and scale,
She had confirmed she would be his wife,
Except she were forbidden by her father,
For then to live unmarried she had rather.

And furthermore he nothing doubts (he said)
Of his good service so plaine prooffe to show,
As that the King shall nothing be afraid,
On such a Knight his daughter to bestow:
And how in this he needeth little aid,
As finding still his favour greater grow,
He doubts not he will grant his liking after
That he shall know it pleaseth so his daughter.

And thus you see so sound stands mine estate,
That I my selfe in thought can wish no more,
Who seekes her now is sure to come too late,
For that he seekes is granted me before;
Now onely rests in marriage holy state,
To knit the knot that must dure evermore.
And for her praise, I need not to declare it,
As knowing none to whom I may compare it.

Thus

36
Thus *Ariodant* a tale most true declared,
And what reward he hoped for his paine,
But my false Duke that him had foully snared,
And found by my great folly such a traine,
Doth sweare all this might no way be compared
With his, no though himselfe did judge remaine,
For I (quoth he) can shew signes so expresse,
As you your selfe inferiour shall confesse.

37
Alas (quoth he) I see you do not know
How cunningly these women can dissemble,
They least do love where they make greatest show,
And not to be the thing they most resemble.
But other favours I receive I trow,
When as we two do secretly assemble,
As I will tell you (though I should conceale it)
Because you promise never to reveale it.

38
The truth is this, that I full oft have scene
Her ivory corpes, and bene with her all night,
And naked laine her naked armes betweene,
And full enjoyde the fruites of loves delight:
Now judge who hath in greatest favour beene,
To which of us she doth pertaine in right,
And then give place, and yeeld to me mine owne,
Sith by just proofes I now have made it knowne.

39
Iust proofes? (quoth *Ariodant*) nay shamefull lies,
Nor will I credit give to any word:
Is this the finest tale you can devise?
What, hop'd you that with this I could be dord?
No, no, but sith a slander foule doth rise
By thee to her, maintaine it with thy sword,
I call thee lying traitor to thy face,
And meane to prove it in this present place.

40
By the Duello
a man is not
bound to an-
swer a chal-
lenge for ju-
stification of
any report if
he can prove
it to be true.
Tush (quoth the Duke) it were a foolish part,
For you to fight with me that am your friend,
Sith plaine to shew without deceit or art,
As much as I have said I do intend.
These words did gripe poore *Ariodantes* hart,
Downe all his limbes a shivering doth descend,
And still he stood with eyes cast downe on ground,
Like one would fall into a deadly sound.

41
With wofull mind, with pale and chearlesse face,
With trembling voice that came from bitter thought
He said he much desir'd to see this place,
Where such strange feats and miracles were wrought
Hath faire *Geneura* granted you this grace,
That I (quoth he) so oft in vaine have sought?
Now sure except I see it in my view,
I never will beleeve it can be trew.

42
The Duke did say he would with all his hart
Both shew him where and how the thing was done,
And straight from him to me he doth depart,
Whom to his purpose wholly he had wonne:
With both of us he playth so well his part,
That both of us thereby were quite undone.
First he tels him that he would have him placed
Among some houses false and quite defaced.

43
Some ruin'd houses stood oppos'd direct
Against the window where he doth ascend,
But *Ariodant* discreetly doth suspect
That this false Duke some mischæse did intend,
And thought that all did tend to this effect,
By trechery to bring him to his end,
That sure he had devised this pretence,
With mind to kill him ere he parted thence.

44
Thus though to see this sight he thought it long,
Yet tooke he care all mischæse to prevent,
And if perhap they offer force or wrong,
By force the same for to resist he ment.
He had a brother valiant and strong,
Lurcanio call'd, and straight for him he sent,
Not doubting but alone by his assistance,
Against twice twentie men to make resistance.

45
He bids his brother take his sword in hand,
And go into a place that he would guide,
And in a corner closely there to stand.
Aloofe from tother threescore paces wide,
The cause he would not let him understand,
But prayes him there in secret sort to bide,
Vntill such time he hapt to heare him call,
Else (if he lov'd him) not to stirre at all.

46
His brother would not his request denie,
And so went *Ariodant* into his place,
And undiscover'd closely there did lie,
Till having looked there a little space,
The craftie Duke to come he might descric,
That meant the chaste *Geneura* to deface,
Who having made to me his wonted signes,
I let him downe the ladder made of lines.

47
The gowne I ware was white, and richly set
With aglets, pearle, and lace of gold well garnished,
My stately tresses cover'd with a net
Of beaten gold most pure and brightly varnished.
Not thus content, the vaile aloft I set,
Which only Princes weare: thus stately harnished,
And under *Cupids* banner bent to fight,
All unawares I stood in all their sight.

48
For why *Lurcanio* either taking care,
Left *Ariodant* should in some danger go,
Or that he sought (as all desirous are)
The counsels of his dearest friend to know,
Close out of sight by secret steps and ware,
Hard at his heeles his brother follow'd so,
Till he was nearer come by fiftie paces,
And there againe himselfe he newly places.

49
But I that thought no ill, securely came
Vnto the open window as I said,
For once or twice before I did the same,
And had no hurt, which made me lesse afraid:
I cannot boast (except I boast of shame)
When in her robes I had my selfe arraid,
Me thought before I was not much unlike her,
But certaine now I seemed very like her.

D

But

Sentence.

So that her
flood within
ten paces of
his brother.

50
But *Ariodant* that stood so farre aloofe,
Was more deceiv'd by distance of the place,
And straight beleev'd against his owne behoofe,
Seeing her clothes that he had scene her face.
Now let those judge that partly know by prooffe,
The wofull plight of *Ariodantes* case,
When *Polynesse* came my faithlesse friend,
In both their sights the ladder to ascend.

51
I that his comming willingly did wait,
And he once come thought nothing went amisse,
Embrace'd him kindly at the first receit,
His lips, his cheeks, and all his face did kisse,
And he the more to colour his deceit,
Did use me kinder then he had ere this.
This sight much care to *Ariodante* brought,
Thinking *Geneura* with the Duke was nought.

52
The griefe and sorrow sinketh so profound
Into his heart, he straight resolves to die,
He puts the pummell of his sword on ground,
And meanes himselfe upon the point to lie:
Which when *Lurcanio* saw and plainly found,
That all this while was closely standing by,
And *Polynesse* comming did discern,
Though who it was he never yet could learne.

53
He held his brother for the present time,
That else himselfe for griefe had surely slaine,
Who had he not stood nigh and come betime,
His words and speeches had bene all in vaine.
What shall (quoth he) a faithlesse womans crime,
Cause you to die or put your selfe to paine?
Nay let them go, and curst be all their kind,
Ay borne like clouds with eu'ry blast of wind.

Not all wo-
men kind, too
faithlesse
women.

54
You rather should some just revenge devise,
As she deserves, to bring her to confusion:
Sith we have plainly scene with both our eyes,
Her filthy fact appeare without collusion.
Love those that love againe, if you be wise,
For of my counsell this is the conclusion,
Put up your sword against your selfe prepared,
And let her sinne be to the King declared.

55
His brothers words in *Ariodantes* mind
Seeme for the time to make some small impression,
But still the curelesse wound remain'd behind,
Despaire had of his heart the full possession.
And though he knew the thing he had assign'd,
Contrary to a Christian knights profession:
Yet here on earth he torment felt so sore,
In hell it selfe he thought there was no more.

For despaire
is the damna-
blest thing
that may bee,
by the rules
of Christian
religion.

56
And seeming now after a little pause,
Vnto his brothers counsell to consent,
He from the court next day himselfe withdrawes,
And makes none privie unto his intent.
His brother and the Duke both knew the cause,
But neither knew the place whereto he went:
Divers thereof most diversly did judge,
Some by good will perswaded, some by grudge.

57
Sev'n dayes entire about for him they fought,
Sev'n dayes entire no newes of him was found,
The eight a peasant to *Geneura* brought
These newes, that in the sea he saw him drown'd:
Not that the waters were with tempest wrought,
Nor that his ship was stricken on the ground.
How then? Forsooth (quoth he) and therewith wept,
Downe from a rocke into the sea he leapt.

58
And further he unto *Geneura* told,
How he met *Ariodant* upon the way,
Who made him go with him for to behold
The wofull act that he would do that day.
And charged him the matter to unfold,
And to his Princes daughter thus to say,
Had he been blind, he had full happie beene,
His death should shew that he too much had scene.

59
There stands a rocke against the Irish ile,
From thence into the sea himselfe he cast:
I stood and looked after him awhile,
The height and steepnesse made me sore agast,
I thence have travel'd hither many a mile,
To shew you plainly how the matter past,
When as the clowne his tale had verifide,
Geneuras heart was throughly terrifide.

60
O Lord what wofull words by her were spoken,
I aid all alone upon her restless bed!
Oft did she strike her guiltlesse brest in token
Of that great griefe that inwardly was bred:
Her golden tresses all were rent and broken,
Recounting still those wofull words he sed,
How that the cause his cruell death was such,
Was onely this, that he had scene too much.

Ovid: In se-
dra, tunc flo-
as rapit, si-
mus ac pecto-
re planxi.

61
The rumor of his death spread farre and neare,
And how for sorrow he himselfe had killed,
The King was sad, the court of heavy cheare,
By Lords and Ladies many teares were spilled.
His brother most, as loving him most deare,
Had so his mind with sorrow overfilled,
That he was scanty able to refraine,
With his owne hands himselfe for to have slaine.

62
And oftentimes repeating in his thought,
The filthy fact he saw the other night,
Which (as you heard) the Duke and I had wrought,
I little looking it would come to light,
And that the same his brothers death had brought,
On faire *Geneura* he doth wreake his spight,
Not caring (so did wrath him overwhelm)
To leese the Kings good will and all his realme.

63
The King and Nobles sitting in the hall,
Right pensive all for *Ariodantes* destruction;
Lurcanio undertakes before them all,
To give them perfect notice and instruction,
Who was the cause of *Ariodantes* fall:
And having made some little introduction,
He said it was unchast *Geneuras* crime,
That made him kill himselfe before his time.

What

64
What should I seeke to hide his good intent?
His love was such as greater none could be,
He hop'd to have your highnesse free assent,
When you his value and his worth should see:
But while a plaine and honest way he went,
Behold he saw another climb the tree,
And in the midst of all his hope and sure,
Anotherooke the pleasure and the frute.

65
He further said, not that he had surmised,
But that his eyes had scene *Geneura* stand,
And at a window as they had devised,
Let down a ladder to her lovers hand,
But in such sort he had himselfe disguised,
That who it was he could not understand.
And for due prooffe of this his accusation,
He bids the combat straight by proclamation.

66
How sore the King was griev'd to heare these newes,
I leave it as a thing not hard to guesse,
Lurcanio plaine his daughter doth accuse,
Of whom the King did looke for nothing lesse:
And this the more his feare and care renewes,
That on this point the lawes are so expresse,
Except by combat it be prov'd a lie,
Needs must *Geneura* be condemn'd to die.

67
How hard the Scottish law is in this case,
I do not doubt but you have heard it told;
How she that doth another man embrace,
Beside her husband, be she yong or old,
Must die, except within two fortnights space;
She find a champion stout that will uphold,
That unto her no punishment is due,
But he that doth accuse her is untrue.

68
The King (of crime that thinkes *Geneura* cleare)
Makes offer her to wed to any Knight,
That will in armes defend his daughter deare,
And prove her innocent in open fight.
Yet for all this no champion doth appeare,
Such feare they have of this *Lurcanio*'s might.
One gazeth on another as they stand,
But none of them the combat takes in hand.

69
And further by ill fortune and mischance,
Her brother *Zerbino* now is absent thence,
And gone to Spaine (I thinke) or else to France,
Who were he here, she could not want defence,
Or if perhap so lucky were her chance,
To send him notice of her need from hence,
Had she the presence of her noble brother,
She should not need the aide of any other.

70
The King that meanes to make a certaine triall,
If faire *Geneura* guilty be or no;
(For still she stiffly stood in the deniall,
Of this that wrought her undeserved wo)
Examines all her maids, but they reply all,
That of the matter nothing they did know.
Which made the seek for to prevent the danger,
The Duke and I might have about the stranger.

71
And thus for him more then my selfe afraid,
(So faithfull love to this false Duke I bare)
I gave him notice of these things, and said,
That he had need for both of us beware.
He prais'd my constant love, and farther praid,
That I would credit him, and take no care,
He points two men (but both to me unknowne)
To bring me to a castle of his owne.

72
Now sir, I thinke you find by this effect,
How soundly I did love him from my heart,
And how I prov'd by plaine course and direct,
My meaning was not any wayes to flart:
Now marke if he to me bare like respect,
And marke if he requited my desert,
Alas how shall a silly wench attaine,
By loving truly to be lov'd againe.

73
This wicked Duke ungratefull and perjured,
Beginneth now of me to have mistrust,
His guilty conscience could not be assured,
How to conceale his wicked acts unjust,
Except my death (though causlesse) be procured,
So hard his heart, so lawlesse was his lust.
He said he would me to his castle send,
But that same castle should have beene mine end.

74
He wild my guides when they were past that hill,
And to the thicker a little way descended,
That there (to quite my love) they should me kill,
Which as you saw, they to have done intended,
Had not your happy comming stopt their will,
That (God and you be thank) I was defended.
This tale *Dalinda* to *Renaldo* told,
And all the while their journey on they hold.

75
This strange adventure luckily befell
To good *Renaldo*, for that now he found,
By this *Dalinda* that this tale did tell,
Geneura's mind unpotted cleare and found,
And now his courage was confirmed well,
That wanted erst a true and certaine ground:
For though before for her he meant to fight,
Yet rather now for to defend the right.

76
To great S. Andrewes towne he maketh hast,
Whereas the King was set with all his traine,
Most carefull waiting for the trumpets blast,
That must pronounce his daughters joy or paine.
But now *Renaldo* spurred had so fast,
He was arriv'd within a mile or twaine,
And through the Village as he then was riding,
He met a page that brought them fresher tiding.

77
How there was come a Warriour all disguised,
That meant to prove *Lurcanio* said untrue,
His colours and his armour well devised,
In maner and in making very new:
And though that sundry sondrily surmised,
Yet who it was for certaine no man knew.
His page demaunded of his masters name,
Did sweare he never heard it since he came.

A just quar-
rell is a great
encourage-
ment in fight.

Because of
the law that
was then so
rigorous.

Now came Renaldo to the City wall,
And at the gate but little time he staid,
The porter was so ready at his call:
But poore Dalinda now grew sore afraid,
Renaldo bids her not to feare at all,
For why he would her pardon beg he said:
So thrusting in among the thickest rout,
He saw them stand on scaffolds all about.

It straight was told him by the standers by,
How there was thither come a stranger Knight,
That meant Geneuras innocence to try,
And that already was begun the fight:
And how the Greene that next the wall did ly,
Was rais'd about of purpose for the fight.
This newes did make Renaldo hasten in,
And leave behind Dalinda at her inne.

He told her he would come again ere long,
And spurs his horse that made an open lane,
He pierced in the thickest preasse among,
Whereas these valiant Knights had giuen and tane,
Full many strokes, with sturdy hand and strong,
Lurcanio thinks to bring Geneuras bane,
The other meanes the Lady to defend,
Whom (though unknown) they favor and commend.

There was Duke Polynesse bravely mounted,
Vpon a courser of an excellent race,
Sixe Knights among the better sort accounted,
On foot in armes do marshall well the place.
The Duke by office all the rest surmounted,
High Constable (as alwaies in such case)
Who of Geneuras danger was as glad,
As all the rest were sorrowfull and sad.

Now had Renaldo made an open way,
And was arriv'd there in lucky howre,
To cause the combat to surcease and stay,
Which these two knights applid with all their powre.
Renaldo in the Court appear'd that day,
Of noble Chivalry the very flowre,
For first the Princes audience he praid,
Then with great expectation thus he said.

Send (noble Prince) quoth he, send by and by,
And cause forthwith that they surcease the fight,
For know, that which so ere of these doth dy,
It certaine is he dies against all right.
One thinks he tels the truth and tels a ly,
And is deceiv'd by error in his sight,
And looke what cause his brothers death procured,
That very same hath him to fight allured.

The tother of a nature good and kind,
Not knowing if he hold the right or no,
To dy or to defend her hath assign'd,
Lest so rare beauty should be spilled so.
I harmlesse hope to save the faultlesse mind:
And those that mischief mind to worke them wo,
But first O Prince to stay the fight give order,
Before my speech proceede to any farther.

Renaldos person with the tale he hold,
Mov'd so the King, that straight without delay,
The Knights were bidden both their hands to hold,
The combat for a time was caus'd to stay,
Then he againe with voice and courage bold,
The secret of the matter doth bewray,
Declaring plaine how Polynesse for lust
Was first contriver of this deed unjust.

And proffereth of this speech to make a prooffe,
By combat hand to hand with sword and speare:
The Duke was cal'd that stood not far alooffe,
And scanty able to conceale his feare,
He first denies, as was for his behooffe,
And straight to battell both agreed wete,
They both were arm'd; the place before was ready,
Now must they fight there could be no remedy.

How was the King, how were the people glad,
That faire Geneura faultlesse there did stand,
As Gods great goodnesse now revealed had,
And should be proved by Renaldos hand.
All thought the Duke of mind and manners bad,
The proud'st and cruel'st man in all the land,
It likely was as every one furnis'd,
That this deceit by him should be devis'd.

Now Polynesse stands with doubtfull brest,
With fainting heart, with pale dismay'd face,
Their trumpets blew, they set their speares in rest,
Renaldo commeth on a mighty pace,
For at this fight he finish will the feast,
And where to strike him he designs a place:
His very first encounter was so fierce,
Renaldos speare the others sides did pierce.

And having overthrowne the Duke by force,
As one unable so great strokes to bide,
And cast him cleane sixe paces from his horse,
Himselfe alights and th'others helme untide,
Who making no resistance like a corse,
With faint low voice for mercy now he cride,
And plaine confest with this his later breath,
The fault that brought him this deserved death.

No sooner had he made this last confession,
But that his life did faile him with his voyced
Geneuras double scape of foule oppression,
In life and fame did make the King rejoyce
In lieu of her to keepe his crownes possession:
He would have wisht, if such had beene his choyce:
To keepe his realme he could have beene no sadder:
To get it lost he could have beene no gladder.

The combat done, Renaldo straight untide:
His beaver, when the King that knew his face,
Gave thanks to God that did so well provide,
So doubtlesse helpe in such a dangerous case:
That unknowne Knight stood all this while aside,
And saw the matters passed in the place,
And ev'ry one did muse and marvell much,
What wight it was whose curtesie was such.

The

91

The King did aske his name because he ment,
With kingly gifts his service to reward,
Affirming plainly that his good intent,
Deserved thanks and very great regard.

The Knight with much intreatie did assent,
And to disarm himselfe he straight prepar'd,
But who it was if you vouchsafe to looke,
I will declare it in another booke.

The very beginning of this booke being as it were a morall of it selfe, were sufficient for the point it treats of without any Morall. more speech to that purpose: but because the matter is such as cannot be too much spoken of, namely to perswade men to concord in matrimony, I must needs add a word or two thereof. And first for mine opinion, I proesse that I thinke it a vertue for a man to be kind to his wife, and I am of the Cē for Cato his mind, who being a marvellous austere man otherwise, yet pronounced flatly that a man could not be an honest man, that was not to his wife a kind man. And I will goe thus much farther, that you shall hardly find a discreet loving husband, I mean (without dissimulation or flattery) but is withal a vertuous good minded man, be they of what calling they list: wherefore I honor matrimoniall love in my superiors, I love it in my equals, I praise it in my inferiors, I commend it in all, and to all of what sort or sex soever, & I wish them but to call to mind his comparison before set down in verse, and to this effect in prose, that if the male and female in beasts and foule, for the most part, live in concord and agreement, what a foule and worse then beastly thing is it, for man and wife to be ever bralling and snarling, (for as for suiting) I count it more then monstrous: and let all sorts embrace this honest love, not only commended but commanded by God, in holy Scriptures, where they are called both one flesh, to give us thereby to underst and, that as we would not willingly break our own shins, nor let our finger ake if we could remedy the same, and if we see one strike himselfe, or knock his head to the wall, we thinke him Bedlam mad. So he that shall willingly grieve the wife of his bosome, or wickedly hurt her, we may thinke him far from a sober, and farther from an honest man. And even as if one have an ach or any grieve in his toe or finger, straight he doth lap that part in warme cloth, and easeth it all he can, and cheriseth it more then before till it be sound again: so if any thing either ill don, or ill taken (perhaps though not ill ment,) have bred a little pouting or lowering toward unkindnesse, we must lap up the part thus grieved in warme imbracements, and heale it with sweet words. And if it be but a greene wound, annoint it with the precious balsamum (which all good surgeons know to be a soveraigne medicine for such griefes) and so wee shall soundly cure it without any maime or scarre, but we must never come to the extremities of cutting or searing, except the disease grow to a Gangrena or some cankered malice impossible to be cured.

Another good morall observatiō to be gathered in this canto, is the choise of GENEURA, who being a great Lady by birth yet chose rather a gallant faire-conditioned gentleman then a great Duke. For first it is no disparagement for the greatest Emperesse in the world to marie one that is a gentleman by birth, according to the old proverb, A gentleman may make a king & a clark may prove a Pope. Secondly, if we mark generally the successe of all mariages, we may find the saying of Themistocles true, Better is a man without mony, then mony without a man. Too many and too too pitifull are the examples that we have heard of, I will not say scene, if those Ladies that to match themselves or their daughters one step higher, nay but even the higher end of the same step higher then they might otherwise have done, have with that ambition undon them, making them live with great discontent, or to say the truth, flat misery with their proud and unkind Lord. And yet cannot such evident and neare examples move some both faire, and modest, and vertuous, to keepe them out of such gilded gives. Beleeve it Lady, to whomsoever I speak it, that a happy woman is scene in a white apron as often as in an embroded kirtle, and hath as quiet sleeps and as contented makings in a bed of cloth as under a sparver of tissue. Boccasio speaking of the coyneffe of some grave widowes, as well as nice damfels, saith as I remember in the labyrinth of lovers to this effect. Be a man (saith he) never so diseased, deformed, decrepit, unwholsome, unsavory yet if he have bene either so good a storer for mony, that he may leave his wife wealthy; or be so great in titles though a beggar in living, that she may take her place the higher, they will (saith he) be contented to lay their so delicate and daintily preserved morsels, in such lothsome dishes to be daily smacht and starved, binding themselves to suffer such a penance God knowes how long, only to satisfie those humors of covetousnesse and pride, starving to their grieve, the third humour (if they be so vertuous) that is by some thought the predominant humour in that sex, and many times dwells under the same rooffe with the other two. Yet surely I could rather commend his curtesan that he writes of in his Decameron, who having bargained with a Dutchman, one M. Bruffaldo, for seven daies boord and lodging at a great rate, having found him for one or two nights to be but an unsavory bedfellow she chose rather to leese those two nights hire, then to endure five more at so painfull a price. But I doubt I grow too tedious while I shoot out such bolts out of a Boccas. Now to go forward in the morall. You may note in Polynesso an envious and trecherous mind: in Ariodant the hurt of a credulous jealousy: in Lurcanio the vehemencie of a wrong surmise. In Polynessos intent to kill Dalinda, you may observe how wicked men often bewray their owne misdeeds with seeking to hide them. In GENEURAs accusation and delivery, how God ever defends the innocent. And lastly in Polynessos death, how wickednesse ruins it selfe.

For the History of this booke, either the whole is a history, or there is no matter historicall in it to be stood on.

Allegory there is none in this booke at all.

Allusion there is in this tale of GENEURA, unto a story written in Alciats duello, of a matron in France accused in such sort, by two men, and a certaine souldier of Barcellona came with a companion of his, and tooke upon them the defence of the woman, and being fighting, the companion of the souldier fled: notwithstanding he of Barcellona with his courage and vertue gat the victory of the other two, and so in strange attire went home to his countrey unknowne, to which Ariodant seems to allude. Some others affirme, that this very matter, though set downe here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinswoman of the Dukes, which is here figured under the name of GENEURA, and that indeed such a practise was used against her by a great Lord, and discovered by a damsell as is here set downe. Howsoever it was, sure the tale is a prettie comick matter, and hath bene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace) though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turberuill.

The rocke from which Ariodant leapt into the sea, alludeth to the rocke of Lewcade, where men that were mad for love leapt into the water, and washed away (as they thought) that fancie. Strabo calleth it saltus amatorius.

Storie.
Allegory.
Allusion.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Geneura faire to Ariodant is given,
And be a Duke is made that verie day.
Roger with the Griffeth horse is driven,
Vnto Alcynas Ile, and there doth stay.
A mirle in the middle strangly riven,
Alcynas frands doth unto him bewray:
Of which enform'd he thence would have departed,
But by the way he finds his purpose thwarted.*



¹ Oft wretched he, that thinks
by doing ill,
His evill deedes long to
conceale and hide,
For though the voice and
tongues of men be still,
By foules or beasts his sin
shall be descride:
And God oft worketh by
his secret will,

That sinne it selfe the sinner so doth guide,
That of his owne accord, without request,
He makes his wicked doings manifest.

*Lucretius a
Poet saith so
the effect.
Quippe ubi
se multi per
somnia saepe
loquuntur
produnt, &c.*

² The gracelesse wight, Duke Polinesso thought,
His former fault should sure have bin concealed,
If that Dalinda unto death were brought,
By whom alone the same could be revealed.
Thus making worse the thing before was nought,
He hurt the wound which time perhaps had healed.
And weening with more sinne the lesse to mend,
He hastned on his well deserved end.

³ And lost at once his life, his state, and frends,
And honour too, a losse as great or more.
Now (as I said) that unknowne Knight intends,
Sith everie one to know him sought so sore,
And sith the King did promise large amends,
To shew his face which they saw oft before,
And Ariodant most lovely did appeare,
Whom they thought dead as you before did heare.

⁴ He whom Geneura wofully did waile,
He whom Lurcanio deemed to be dead,

He whom the King and court did so bewaile,
He that to all the realme such care had bred,
Doth live: the clownes report in this did faile,
On which false ground the rumour false was spread.
And yet in this the peasant did not mocke,
He saw him leape downe headlong from the rock.

⁵ But as we see men oft with rash intent
Are desperate and do resolve to die,
And straight do change that fancie and repent,
When unto death they do approach more nie:
So Ariodant to drowne himselfe that ment,
Now plung'd in sea repented by and by,
And being of his limbes able and strong,
Vnto the shore he swam againe ere long.

Sententia.

⁶ And much dispraising in his inward thought,
This fond conceit that late his minde possesse,
At last a blind and narrow path him brought,
All ty'd and wet to be an hermits guest:
With whom to stay in secret sort he sought,
Both that he might his former griefe digest,
And learne the truth, if this same clownes report,
Were by Geneura tane in griefe or sport.

⁷ There first he heard how she conceiv'd such griefe,
As almost brought her life to wofull end,
He found of her they had so good beleefe,
They thought she would not in such sort offend:
He further heard except shee had releefe,
By one that would her innocence defend,
It was great doubt Lurcanios accusation,
Would bring her to a speedie condemnation,

D 4

And

And looke how love before his heart enraged,
So now did wrath enflame, and though he knew wel
To wreake his harme, his brethers life was gaged,
He nathles thought his act so foule and cruell,
That this his anger could not be asswaged,
Vnto his flame love found such store of fewel:
And this the more increast his wrath begun,
To heare how every one the fight did shun.

For why *Lurcanio*, was so stout and wise,
Except it were for to defend the truth,
Men thought he would not so the King despise,
And hazard life to bring *Geneura* as ruth,
Which caused everie one his friend advise,
To shunne the fight that must maintaine untruth.
But *Ariodant* after long disputation,
Meanes to withstand his brothers accusation.

Alas (quoth he) I never shall abide,
Her, through my cause, to die in wo and paine,
For danger or for death what may betide,
Be she once dead my life cannot remaine,
She is my saint, in her my blisse doth bide,
Her golden rayes my eyes light still maintaine,
Fall backe, fall edge, and be it wrong or right,
In her defence I am resolv'd to fight.

I take the wrong, but yet ile take the wrong,
And die I shall, yet if I die I care not,
But then alas, by law she dies ere long,
O cruell lawes so sweete a wight that spare not:
Yet this small joy I finde these griefes among,
That *Polineffa* to defend her dare not,
And she shall finde how little she was loved,
Of him that to defend her never moved.

And she shall see me dead there for her sake,
To whom so great a damage she hath done:
And of my brother just revengement take
I shall, by whom this strife was first begun,
For there at least my death plaine prooffe shall make
That he this while a foolish thred hath spun,
He thinketh to avenge his brothers ill,
The while himselfe his brother there shall kill.

And thus resolv'd, he gets him armour new,
New horse and all things new that needfull beene
All clad in blacke, a sad and mournfull hew,
And crost with wreath of yellow and of greene,
A stranger bare his sheeld that neither knew
His masters name nor him before had seene,
And thus as I before rehearst, disguised
He met his brother as he had devised.

I told you what successe the matter had,
How *Ariodant* himselfe did then discover,
For whom the King himselfe was even as glad,
As late before his daughter to recover,
And since he thought in joyfull times and sad,
No man could shew himselfe a truer lover
Then he that after so great wrong, intended
Against his brother her to have defended,

Both loving him by his owne inclination,
And prai'd thereto by many a Lord and Knight,
And chiefly by *Renaldos* instigation,
He gave to *Ariodant* *Geneura* bright.
Now by the Dukes atreint and condemnation,
Albania came to be the Kings in right.
Which dutchie falling in so luckie houre,
Was given unto the damfelle for her dower.

Renaldo for *Dalindas* pardon praide,
Who for her error did so sore repent,
That straight she vowd, with honest mind and staid,
To live her life in prayer and penitence:
Away she packt, nor further time delaid,
In *Daria*, to a nurrie there she went,
But to *Rogero* now I must repaire,
That all this while did gallop in the aire.

Who though he were of mind and courage stout,
And would not easily feare or be dismaid,
Yet doubtlesse now his mind was full of doubt,
His hart was now appal'd, and sore afraid.
Farre from *Europa*, he had travail'd out,
And yet his flying horse could not be staid,
But past the pillars xij. score leagues and more,
Pitcht there by *Hercles* many yeares before.

This *Griffeth* horse a bird most huge and rare,
Doth pierce the skie with so great force of wing,
That with that noble bird he may compare,
Whom Poets faine, *Joves* lightning downe to bring
To whom all other birds inferior are,
Because they take the Eagle for their king.
Scarfe seemeth from the clouds to go so swift,
The thunderbolt sent by the lightnings drift.

When long this monster strange had kept his race,
Straight as a line bending to neither side,
He spide an Island distant little space,
To which he bends in purpose there to bide,
Much like in semblance was it to the place,
Where *Arethusa* us'd her selfe to hide,
And seekes so long her love to have beguil'd,
Till at the last she found her selfe with child.

A fairer place they saw not all the while,
That they had travail'd in the aire aloft,
In all the world was not a fairer ile,
If all the world to finde the same were sought:
Here having travail'd many a hundred mile,
Rogero by his bird to rest was brought,
In pastures greene, and hills with coole fresh aire,
Cleere rivers, shadie banks, and meddowes faire.

Heere divers groves there were, of dainty shade,
Of Palme, or Orange trees, of Cedars tall,
Of sundrie fruites and flowers that never fade,
The skew was faire, the plenty was not small.
And arbours in the thickest places made,
Where little light and heat came not at all:
Where Nightingales did straine their little throates,
Recording still their sweete and pleasant notes.

Amid

Heere ends
the tale of
Geneura.

He returns
to *Renaldo*. 8.
book st. 16.
Rogero.

The Eagle
called *Ious*
also.

Arethusa,
looks in the
table.

22
Amid the lilly white and fragrant rose,
Preserv'd still fresh by warme and temprate aire,
The fearefull hare, and conny carelesse goes,
The stag with stately head and body faire,
Doth feed secure, not fearing any foes,
That to his damage hither may repaire,
The Bucke and Doe doth feed amid the fields,
As in great store the pleasant Forrest yeelds.

23
It needlesse was to bid Rogero light,
When as his horse approached nigh the ground,
He cast himselfe out of his saddle quite,
And on his feet he fallerh safe and sound,
And holds the horses raines, lest else he might
Fly quite away, and not againe be found,
And to a mirtle by the water side,
Betweene two other trees his beast he tide.

24
And finding thereabout a little brooke,
That neere unto a shady mountaine stands,
His helmet from his head forthwith he tooke,
His shield from arme, his gantlet from his hands,
And from the higher places he doth looke,
Full oft to sea, full oft to fruitfull lands,
And seekes the coole and pleasant aire to take,
That doth among the leaves a murmure make.

25
Oft with the water of that crystill well,
He seekes to quench his thirst and swage his heate,
With which his veines enflam'd did rise and swell,
And caus'd his other parts to fry in sweate:
Well may it seeme a marvell that I tell,
Yet will I once againe the same repeate,
He travel'd had above three thousand mile,
And not put off his armour all the while.

26
Behold his horse he lately tyed there,
Among the boughs in shady place to bide,
Strave to go loose, and started backe for feare,
And pulst the tree to which the raines were tide,
In which (as by the sequell shall appeare)
A humane soule it selfe did strangely hide,
With all his strength the steed strives to be loosed,
By force whereof the mirtle soke was broosed.

27
And as an arme of tree from body rent,
By peasant strength with many a sturdy stroke,
When in the fire the moisture all is spent,
The empty places filld with aire and smoke,
Do boile and strive, and find at last a vent,
When of the brand a shiver out is broke,
So did the tree strive, bend, writh, wring and breake,
Till at a little hole it thus did speake:

28
Right courteous Knight (for so I may you deeme,
And must you call not knowing other name)
If so you are as gracious as you seeme,
Then let your friendly deed confirme the same,
Ynloose this monster, sent as I esteeme,
To adde some farther torment to my shame,
Alas mine inward griefes were such before,
By outward plagues they need be made no more.

29
Rogero mazed looked round about,
If any man or woman he might see,
At last he was resolv'd of his doubt,
He found the voice was of the mirtle tree,
With which abasht, though he were wise and stout,
He said, I humbly pray thee pardon me,
Whether thou be some humane ghost or spright,
Or power divine that in this wood hast right.

30
Not wilfulnesse, but ignorance did breed
Thine injury, mine error in this case:
And made me do this unadvised deed,
By which unwares thy leaves I did deface:
But let thy speech so farre forth now proceed,
To tell me how thou art that in this place,
Dost dwell in tree amid the desert field,
As God from haile and tempest thee may shield.

31
And if that I for this amends may make,
Or now or after, or by paine or art,
I sweare to thee by her, and for her sake,
That holds of me, and shall the better part,
That I shall not surcease all paines to take,
To worke thy joy, or to asswage thy smart.
This said, he saw againe the mirtle shake,
And then againe he heard that thus it spake:

32
Sir Knight, your curtesie doth me constraine,
To shew to you the thing that you desier,
Although I sweare (as you may see) with paine,
Like greenest boughes upon the flaming fier,
I will discover unto you her traine,
(Wo worth the time that ever I came nie her)
That did for malice and by magicke strange,
My lively shape to livelesse branches change.

33
I was an Earle, *Astolfo* was my name,
Well knowne in *France* in time of warre and peace,
Orlando cosen and *Renalds*, whose fame
While time shall last in earth shall never cease.
Of *Oron* King of *Englishe* Ile I came,
And should succeed him after his decease,
Both comely, yong, carelesse of worldly pelfe,
To none an enemy but to my selfe.

34
For as we turned from the *Eastern* Iles,
Whose banks are worne with surge of *Indian* wave,
Where I and many more with witching wiles,
Were straight inclosed in a hollow cave,
Vntill *Orlando* did avenge the guiles,
And found by force a meane his friends to save,
We Westward went upon the shore and sand,
That lieth on the North side of the land.

35
And as we travell'd homeward on our way,
As chance did leade or destiny us drive,
It was our fortune once on breake of day,
Hard by *Alphas* Castle to arrive,
Where she alone, to sport her selfe and play,
Such kind of gins for fishes did contrive,
That though we saw no net, no bait, no hooke,
Yet still we saw that store of fish she tooke.

Orld. 3. Men.
Quisquis in
favens,

Bradenham
To whom Ro
gero was a
father.

This bathra
ference is the
book called
Orlando In
amorato.

The

36

The Dolphin strong, the Tunny good of taste,
The Muller, Sturgeon, Samon (princely fish)
With Porpose, Seales, and Thornpooles came as fast,
As she was pleased to command or wist:
And still she tooke of each kind as they past,
Some strange for shew, some dainty for the dish,
The horsefish and the huge and monstrous whales,
Whose mighty members harvest are with scales.

37

Among the rest that were too long to count,
We saw the fish that men Balena call,
Twelve yards above the water did amount
His mighty backe, the monster is so tall:
And (for it stood so still) we made account,
It had beene land, but were deceived all,
We were deceiv'd, well I may sew the while,
It was so huge we thought it was an Ile.

38

I say this potent witch *Alcyna* tooke
All sorts of fish without or net or aide,
But only reading in a little booke,
Or mumbling words, I know not what she said,
But seeing me so well she lik't my looke,
That at her sport but little time she staid,
But sought forthwith to trap me by her skill,
Which straight fell out according to her will.

39

For toward me with pleasant cheare she came,
In modest maner and in comely sort,
And did withall her speech demurely frame,
And praid me to her lodging to resort,
Or if I would be partner of her game,
She offered me to shew me all the sport,
And all the kinds of fish in seas that were,
Some great, some small, some smooth, and some with
(haire.

40

And if you list a Mermaid faire to see,
That can with song the raging stormes appease,
At yond same little banke you may (quoth she)
To which we two will safely passe with ease:
(The banke which she pretends to shew to me,
Was that same fish the monster of the seas)
And I that too much loved to adven'ture,
Vpon the fishes back with her did enter.

41

My cousins *Dudon* and *Renaldo* beckned
To draw me thence, I heard not what they said,
But of their speech and signes I little reckned,
I had not wit enough to be afraid:
But soon my courage was appal'd and weakned,
I straight was faine in vaine to cry for aid,
The monstrous fish that seem'd to me an Ile,
Straight bare me from the shore full many a mile.

42

There was *Renaldo* like to have beene rownd,
Who swam to save me if perhaps he might,
But suddainly of him and of the ground,
A misty cloud did take away the sight:
Alcyna and I with seas environ'd round,
Did travell on that monster all the night,
And then with gracious speeches she began
To give me all the comfort that she can.

43

And thus at last to this place we repaire,
Of which by wrong *Alcyna* keeps possession,
Deposing forcibly the rightfull heire,
(Her elder lawfull sister) by oppression:
The other two more vicious then faire,
Are bastards, and begotten in transgression,
I heard it told, and have it not forgotten,
She and *Morgana* were in incest gotten.

44

And as their first beginning was of sinne,
So in their life ungodly and defamed,
Of law nor justice passing not a pinne,
But like the heifer wanton and untamed,
By warre they seeke their sisters right to winne,
Their elder sister *Logiskilla* named,
And have so farre prevailed with their powers,
They have of hers about an hundred towers.

45

And had ere this time taken all away,
Save that the rest is strongly fenced round,
For of one side the water stops the way,
On th'other side the vantage of the ground,
Which with a mighty banke doth make a stay,
Much like the English and the Scottish bound:
And yet the bastard sisters doe their best,
And labour still to spoile her of the rest.

46

And why, because they see her good and holy,
They hated her because themselves are vicious,
But to returne, and tell you of my folly,
That turn'd to me so hurtfull and pernicious,
I now again grew somewhat bold and jolly,
I see no cause to feare or be suspicious,
And finding she lov'd me by signes most plaine,
I wholly bent my selfe to love againe.

47

When I her dainty members did embrace,
I deemed then there was none other blisse,
Me thought all other pleasures were but base,
Of friends nor kin I had no want nor misse,
I onely wisht to stand in her good grace,
And have accesse her corall lips to kisse,
I thought my selfe the happiest of all creatures,
To have a Lady of so goodly features.

48

And this the more confirm'd my joy and pride,
That toward me she shew'd such love and care,
By night and daily I was by her side,
To do or speake against me no man dare,
I was her stay, I was her houses guide,
I did command, the rest as subjects are:
She trusted me, alone with me she talked,
With me within she sat, without she walked.

49

Alas, why do I open lay my sore,
Without all hope of medicine or releefe,
And call to mind the sickle joy before,
Now being plung'd in gulfes of endlesse griefe?
For while I thought she lov'd me more and more,
When as I deem'd my joy and blisse was chiefe,
Her waving love away from me was taken,
A new guest came, the old was cleane forsaken.

Then

Looke Ma.
gama in the
table.

50
Then did I find full soone, though too too late,
Her wanton, wavering, wily womans wit,
Accustom'd in a trice to love and hate,
I saw another in my state to sit:
Her love was gone, forgone my happie state,
The marke is mist that I was wont to hit:
And I had perfect knowledge then ere long,
That to a thousand she had done like wrong.

51
And least that they about the world might go,
And make her wicked life and falshood knowne,
In divers places she doth them bestow,
So as abroad they shall not make their mone,
Some into trees, amid the field that grow,
Some into beasts, and some into a stone:
In rockes or rivers she doth hide the rest,
As to her cruell fancie seemeth best.

52
And you that are arriv'd by steps so strange,
To this unfortunate and fatall Ile,
Although in youthfull sports a while you range,
And though Alcina favour you a while,
(Although you little looke for any change,)
Although she friendly seeme on you to smile,
Yet looke no lesse, but chang'd at last to be,
Into some brutish beast, some stone or tree.

53
Thus though perhap my labour is but leste,
Yet have I giv'n you good and plaine advise,
Who can themselves beware by others cost,
May be accounted well among the wise:
The waves that my poore ship so sore hath tost,
You may avoid by heed and good devise,
Which if you do, then your successe is such,
As many others could not do so much.

54
Rogero did with much attention heare
Astolfo's speech, and by his name he knew
To Bradamant he was of kindred neare,
Which made him more his wofull state to rewe:
And for her sake that loved him most deare,
To whom from him all love againe was dew,
He sought to bring him aid and some releefe,
At least with comfort to assuage his griefe.

55
Which having done, he asked him againe,
The way that would to Logistilla guide,
For were it by the hills, by dale or plaine,
He thither meant forthwith to runne or ride.
Astolfo answer'd it would aske much paine,
And many a weary journey he should bide,
Because to stop this way Alcina sets
A thousand kinds of hindrances and lets.

56
For as the way it selfe is very steepe,
Not passable without great toile and paine,
So she that in her mischiefe doth not sleepe,
Doth make the matter harder to attaine,
By placing men of armes the way to keepe,
Of which she hath full many in her traine.
Rogero gave Astolfo many thanks,
For giving him this warning of her pranks.

57
And leading then the flying horse in hand,
Not daring yet to mount a beast so wilde,
Least (as before I made you understand)
He might the second time have been beguill'd:
He meanes to go to Logistilla's land,
A vertuous Ladie, chaste, discreet and mild,
And to withstand Alcina tooth and naile,
That upon him her force might not prevaile.

58
But well we may commend his good intent,
Though missing that to which he did aspie,
Who judgeth of our actions by th'event,
I wish they long may want their most desire.
For though Rogero to resist her ment,
And feared her as children feare the fire,
Yet was he taken to his hurt and shame,
Even as the flie is taken in the flame.

59
For going on his way, behold he spies
A house more stately then can well be told,
Whose wals do seeme exalted to the skies,
From top to bottome shining all of gold,
A sight to ravish any mortall eyes,
It seem'd some Alcumist did make this hold,
The wals seem'd all of gold, but yet I trow
All is not gold that makes a golden show.

60
Now though this stately sight did make him stay,
Yet thinking on the danger him foretold,
He left the easie and the beaten way,
That leadeth to this rich and stately hold,
And to her house where vertue beares the sway,
He bends his steps with all the hast he could:
But ere he could ascend the mountaine top,
A crew of catives sought his way to stop.

61
A foule deform'd, a brutish cursed crew,
In bodie like to antike worke devised,
Of monstrous shape, and of an ugly hew,
Like masking Mathachinas all disguised.
Some looke like dogs, and some like apes in vew,
Some dreadfull looke, and some to be despised,
Yong shamelesse folke, and doting foolish aged,
Some nak'd, some drunk, some bedlam-like enraged.

62
One rides in hast a horse without a bit,
Another rides as slow, an asse or cow,
The third upon a Centaurs rumpe doth sit,
A fourth would flie with wings, but knows not how,
The fift doth for a speare employ a spit,
Sixt blowes a blast like one that gelds a sow.
Some carrie ladders, others carrie chaines,
Some sit and sleepe while others take the paines.

63
The Captaine of this honorable band,
With belly swolne, and puffed blubber'd face,
Because for drunkenesse he could not stand,
Vpon a tortesse rode a heavy pace:
His sergeants all were round about at hand,
Each one to do his office in his place:
Some wipe the sweat, with fans some make a wind,
Some stay him up before, and some behind.

Ovid: Careas
successibus
opto quosque
ab eventu fa-
cta notanda
patet.

Simile.
Petrarch.

Sentence.

Looke in the
Allegory.

Then

62
Then one of these that had his feet and brest
Of manlike shape, but like unto a hound
In cares, in necke, and mouth, and all the rest
Doth utter barking words with currish sound,
Part to command and partly to request
The valiant knight to leave the higher ground,
And to repaire unto *Alcynas* castle,
Or els they two, for mastery must wrastle.

*Rogeros
sword, a-
gainst which
no enchanted
armor could
hold.*

63
This monster seeing his request denide,
Strake at *Rogeros* beaver with a launce,
But he that could no such rude jests abide,
With *Ballisarda* smote him in the paunch
Out came the sword a foote on th' other side,
With which he led his fellowes such a daunce,
That some hopt headlesse, some cut by the knees,
And some their armes, and some their eares did leece.

66
In vaine it was their targets to oppose
Against the edge of his enchanted blade,
No Steele had force to beare those fatall blowes,
Vnto the quicke the sword a passage made:
But yet with numbers they do him inclose,
Their multitude his force did overlade:
He needs at least *Briarins* hundred armes
To foile the foes that still about him swarmes.

67
Had he remembered to unfold the shield,
Atlanta carrid at his saddle bow,
He might have quickly overcome the field,
And caus'd them all without receiving blow,
Like men dismay'd and blind themselves to yeeld:
But he perhaps that vertue did not know,
Or if he did, perhaps he would disdain,
Where force did faile, by fraud his will to gaine.

68
But being full resolved not to yeeld
Vnto such beasts, but ere he parted thence
He would his carkasse leave amid the field,
And manfully would die in his defence,
Then lo good hap that failes the forward seeld,
Provided him a meane to rid him hence.
There came two Ladies, either like a Queene,
And each of them most stately to be scene.

*Sentence,
Audaces for-
tuna iuvat.*

*Looke the
Allegory.*

69
For each of them an Vnicorne did ride,
As white as Lillies, or unmolten snow,
And each of them was deck't with so great pride,
As might most richly set them forth to show,
But each of them was so divinely cide,
Would move a man in love with them to grow,
And each of them in all points was so choice,
As in their sight a man would much rejoyce.

70
Then both of them unto the meadow came,
Whereas *Rogero* fought with all that rout,
And both of them those brutish beasts did blame,
That sought to harme a knight so strong and stout.
Rogero blushing now with modest shame,
Thank't them that had of danger holp't him out,
And straight consented with those Ladies faire,
Vnto *Alcynas* castle to repaire.

71
Those ornaments that do set forth the gate,
Emboss't a little bigger then the rest,
All are enrich't with stones of great estate,
The best and richest growing in the East,
In parted quadrons, with a seemely rate,
The collons diamonds as may be guest:
I say not whether counterfeit or true,
But shine they did like diamonds in view.

72
About these stately pillars and betweene
Are wanton damsels gadding to and fro,
And as their age, so are their garments Greene,
The blacke ox hath not yet trod on their toe,
Had vertue with that beautie tempred beene,
It would have made the substance like the show:
These maids with curteous speech and manners nice
Welcome *Rogero* to this Paradise.

73
If so I may a Paradise it name,
Where love and lust have built their habitation,
Where time well spent is counted as a shame,
No wise staide thought, no care of estimation,
Nor nought but courting, dauncing, play and game,
Disguised clothes, each day a sundry fashion,
No vertuous labour doth this people please,
But nice apparrell, belly-cheare and ease.

74
Their aire is alway temperate and cleare,
And wants both winters storms, and summers heate,
As though that Aprill lasted all the yeare,
Some one by fountaines side doth take his seate,
And there with fained voice and carelessse cheare,
Some sonnet made of love he doth repeate:
Some others, other where with other fashions,
Describe unto their loves their loving passions.

75
And *Cupid* then, the captaine of the crew,
Triumphs upon the captives he hath got,
And more and more his forces to renew,
Supplies with fresh the arrowes he hath shot,
With which he hits (his levell is so true)
And wounds full deepe, although it bleedeth not:
This is the place to which *Rogero* went,
And these the things to which our youth is bent.

76
Then straight a stately steed of colour bay,
Well limb'd and strong was to *Rogero* brought,
And deck't with faire capparison most gay,
With gold and pearle and jewels richly wrought,
The Griffeth horse (that whilome to obey
The spurte and bit was by *Atlanta* taught)
Because his journey long required rest,
Was carrid to a stable to be drest.

77
The Ladies faire that had the knight defended,
From that same wicked and ungratious band,
Which as you heard at large before pretended,
Rogeros passage stoutly to withstand,
Told now *Rogero* how that they intended,
Because his valew great they understand,
Of him to crave his furtherance and aid,
Against their fo that made them oft afraid.

There

78

There is (quoth they) a bridge amid our way,
To which we are already verie nie,
Where one *Erisila* doth all she may,
To damage and annoy the passers by,
A Giantesse she is, she lives by pray,
Her fashions are to fight, deceive and lye:
Her teeth be long, her visage rough with heare,
Her nayles be sharpe, and scratching like a Beare.

79

The harme is great this monster vñe doth doe,
To stop the way that but for her were free,
She spils and spoiles, she cares not what nor who,
That grieve to heare, and pittie is to see:
And for to adde more hatred hereunto,
Know this, that all yon monsters you did see,
Are to this monster either sonnes or daughters,
And live like her by robberies and slaughters.

80

Rogero thus in courteous sort replide,
Faire Ladies gladly I accept your motion,
If other service I may do beside,
You may command, I stand at your devotion:
For this I weare this coat and blade well tride,
Not to procure me riches or promotion,
But to defend from injurie and wrong,
All such as have their enemies too strong.

81

The Ladies did Rogero greatly thanke,
As well deserv'd so stout and brave a Knight,
That propos'd at the first request so franke,
Against the gyantesse for them to fight.
Now they drew nye unto the rivers banke,
When as *Erisila* came out in sight:
But they that in this story take some pleasure,
May heare the rest of it at further leasure.

Looke in the
Allegory.

Morall.

In Ariodants combat with his brother, we may note how the love of kinred often gives place to the love of carnality. In Dalinda going into religion, after she had her pardon, we may note, that amendment of life is necessary after true repentance. In Rogeros travelling three thousand miles, and then resting at Alcynas, we may observe how the thoughts of men ranging abroad into a thousand matters, lastly abide in the pleasantest.

In Astolfo's metamorphosis into a myrtle tree (which tree is said to be dedicated to Venus) we may note, how men given over to sensuality, leese in the end the very forme of man (which is reason) and so become beastes or stockes: but these two last notes will be more aptly considered in the Allegory.

Historic.

History there is none in this booke, but the continuation of the tale of *Genecura*, amplified probably, though I thinke no way truly.

Allegory.

The rest of this whole booke is an Allegorie, so plaine to those that will indeed looke heedfully into it, as needs no exposition, and it is continued in the next booke, and in a manner there expounded, to the understanding of any reasonable capacity, yet for plainnes sake I will touch some things with my accustomed briefenes, and leave the rest to the discrete reader to scan, and to apply to his owne profit. First therefore of Rogero, (as in part we have touched before) we may underst and the Griffeth horse that carried him, to signifie the passion of the minde contrary to reason, that carries men in the aire, that is, in the height of their imaginations, out of Europe, that is, out of the compass of the rules of Christian religion and feare of God, unto the Ile of Alcyna, which signifieth pleasure and vanities of this world.

The example of Astolfo's mishap, and his good counsell which Rogero followed so slenderly, shew how neither the counsels of friends, nor no examples, can for the most part stay a man in his youthfull course, from that which he shall after surely repent. Rogeros offering to go to Logistilla, which betokens vertue, signifies the good motives that men have often, by reading good books, or hearing good sermons to amend their lives: but then the monstrous crew that stoppeth Rogero signifying the base conceits of men, and foule desires that assaile them, as namely those seven finnes which be called the deadly finnes, by strong temptations and lewd suggestions, do put us out of that right way, or at least encomber us so as we proceed but slowly: howbeit these do not prevaile so farre, but that an honest and well given minde doth withstand them, and yeeldeth not to them till the two Ladies riding upon Unicornes, which some underst and by chaste love, or at least a shew of honourable love, or rather I suppose thereby to bee meant ambition and desire of advancement, these two drive away all those base thoughts that assailed him, but yet they bring him at last unto the court of Alcyna, where he is held fast, as shall be shewed in the next booke.

By *Erisila* is ment covetousnesse, as the name it selfe shewes, which must be beaten downe ere we can come to honour or love.

By Logestilla, that is invaded by the two bastard sisters, is ment allegorically, the true Christian religion, and there is another cosen of theirs called heresie, and the ground fire of them all, called Atheisme, that are of late very busie with her. But she is defended with the water, which signifies the holy Scripture, and with the mountaine, which in the Scripture it selfe is taken for preachers, as S. Augustine noteth upon the Psalmes. I lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my salvation.

Allusion.

The transformation of Astolfo, alludes to Cyrces witchcraft in Homer.

E



Ted
mag
inf
The
sho
not
the
ofi

THE ARGUMENT.

When foule Erisila was overcome,
 Rogero guided by two stately dames,
 Vnto Alcynas sumptuous court doth come,
 Where he his time in pleasure spends and games;
 Melissa him rebukes, he standeth dumme,
 And at her true reprooses he greatly shames.
 In fine, by her good counsell and direction,
 He frees himselfe from that most foule subjection.

Tarda solet
 magna rebu
 inesse fides.

That is to
 those that ca-
 not understā
 the allegory
 of it.



ALL they that to far coun-
 tries do resort,
 Shall see strange sights, in
 earth, in seas, in skies,
 Which when againe at
 home they shall report,
 Their solemne tales, esteem-
 ed are as lyes.
 For why the fond and sim-
 ple common sort,

Beleeve but what they seele or see with eyes,
 Therefore to them, my tale may seeme a fable,
 Whose wits to understand it are not able.

But carelesse what the simple sots surmise,
 If they shall deeme it a device or deede,
 Yet sure to those that are discrete and wise,
 It will no wonder nor no passion breed:
 Wherefore my tale to such I do devise,
 And wish them to the same to take good heed,
 For some there are, may fortune in this booke,
 As in a glasse their acts and haps to looke.

For many men with hope and show of pleasure,
 Are carri'd far in foolish fond conceit,
 And wast their pretious time, & spend their treasure,
 Before they can discover this deceit.
 O happie they that keepe within their measure,
 To turne their course in time, and sound retreat,
 Before that wit with late repentance taught,
 Were better never had then so deare bought.

Sentence.

A little while before I did rehearse,
 How that Rogero by two dames was brought,

To combat with Erisila the fierce.
 Who for to stop the bridge and passage sought,
 In vaine it were for to declare in verse,
 How sumptuously her armor all was wrought,
 All set with stones, and guile with Indian gold,
 Both fit for use, and pleasant to behold.

She mounted was, but not upon a steed,
 Instead thereof she on a Wolfe doth sit,
 A Wolfe whose match *Apulia* doth not breed,
 Well taught to hand, although she us'd no bit,
 And all of sandie colour was her weed,
 Her armes were thus (for such a champion fit)
 An ugly Tode was painted on her shield,
 With poyson swolne, and in a fable field.

Horace.
 Quale orten-
 tum uer-
 milaru
 Daunia in
 la tu ala
 esculamu.

Now each the other forthwith had descide,
 And each with other then prepar'd to fight,
 Then each the other scornfully deside,
 Each seekes to hurt the other all he might.
 But she unable his fierce blowes to bide,
 Beneath the vizer smitten was so right:
 That from her seat sixe paces she was heaved,
 And lay like one of life and sense bereaved.

Rogero readie was to draw his sword,
 To head the monster lying on the sand,
 Vntill those dames with many a gentle word,
 Asswag'd his heat and made him hold his hand:
 He might in honour now her life affoord,
 Sithat his mercie wholly she doth stand:
 Wherefore sir Knight put up your blade (say they)
 Lets passe the bridge and follow on our way.

E 2

The

Alyna meet them at the outer gate,
And come before the rest a little space,
And with a count'nance full of high estate,
Salutes *Rogero* with a goodly grace,
And all the other counsellers in like rate,
Do bid *Rogero* welcome to the place,
With so great shewes of duty and of love,
As if some god descended from above.

Not onely was this pällace for the sight,
Most goodly, faire, and stately to behold,
But that the peoples courtisie bred delight,
Which was as great as could with tongue be told.
All were of youth and beautie shining bright,
Yet to confirme this thing I dare be bold,
That faire *Alcyon* past the rest as farre,
As doth the Sunne another little starre.

A shape whose like in waxe were hard to frame,
Or to expresse by skill of painters rare.
Her haire was long, and yellow to the same,
As might with wire of beaten gold compare:
Her lovely cheekes with shew of modest shame,
With roses and with lillies painted are,
Her forehead faire and full of seemely cheare,
As smooth as polish't Ivory doth appeare.

Within two arches of most curious fashion,
Stand two gray eyes, that like 10 cleare suns shin'd,
Of sturdie lookes, but apt to take compassion,
Amid which lights, the naked boy and blind,
Doth cast his darts that cause so many a passion,
And leave a sweet and curelesse wound behind:
From thence the nose in such good sort descended,
As envie knowes not how it may be mended.

Conjoyn'd to which in due and comely space,
Doth stand the mouth stain'd with Vermilion hew,
Two rowes of precious perle serve in their place,
To show and shut, a lip right faire to vew:
Hence come the courteous words, and full of grace,
That mollifie hard hearts and make them new:
From hence proceed those sinilings sweet and nice,
That seeme to make an earthly paradise.

Her brest as milke, her necke as white as snow,
Her necke was round, most plum and large her brest
Two lily apples seemed there to grow,
Full tender smooth, and fittest to be prest
They wave like seas, when winds most calme doth
But Argos selfe might not discerne the rest, (blow,
Yet by presumption well it might be gess,
That that which was concealed was the best.

Her armes due measure of proportion bare,
Her faire white hand was to be viewed plain.
The fingers long, the joynts so curious are,
As neither knot appea'd nor swelling vaine.
And full to perfect all those features rare,
The foote that to be seene doth so remaine,
Both slender, short, little it was and round,
A finer foote might no where well be found.

She had on every side prepar'd a net,
If so she walke, or laugh, or sing, or stand:
Rogues now the countess doth forget,
He had receiv'd late at *Astolus* hand:
He doth at nought those wholesome precepts set,
That warn'd him to shun *Alcynas* land,
He thought no fraud, no treason nor no guile,
Could be accompani'd with so sweet a smile.

The dame of *France*, whom he so loved erst,
He quite forgets, so farre awry he swarved:
The tale *Astolfo* had to him reherst,
He thinketh false, or elte by him desarved:
Aleynas goodly shape his heart so perst,
She onely seem'd a mistresse to be sarved:
Ne must you blame *Rogeros* inclination,
But rather blame the force of incantation.

Now as abroad the stately courts did sound,
Of trumpets, shagbobs, cornets, and of flutes,
Even so within there wants no pleasing sound,
Of virginals, of vials and of lutes,
Upon the which persons not few were found,
That did record their loves and loving futes,
And in some song of love and wanton verse,
Their good or ill successes did rehearse.

As for the sumptuous and luxurious fare,
I thinke not they that *Nymus* did succeed,
Nor *Cleopatra* faire, whose riot rare,
To *Antonie* such love and losse did breed,
Might with *Alcynas* any way compare,
Whose love did all the others farre exceed,
So deeply was she ravisht in the sight,
Of this so valiant and so comely Knight.

The supper done, and tables tane away,
To purposes and such like toys they went,
Each one to other secretly to say
Some word, by which some pretie toy is ment,
This helpt the lovers better to bewray
Each unto other what was their intent,
For when the word was higher tost and thither,
Their last conclusion was to lie together.

These prettie kinds of amorous sports once ended,
With torches to his chamber he was brought,
On him a crew of gallant squires attended,
That every way to do him honour sought.
The chambers furniture could not be mended,
It seem'd *Atachus* had the hangings wrought,
A blanket new was made, the which once finish'd,
The company by one and one diminish'd.

Now

Ovid: Pen
eras exiguas,
pedis hoc op.
tissima forma

Ovid: Auri-
bus interdum
vires capta-
mus, & auro
advenas fire-
grum credi-
mus esse sui.

Ovid: *Camilla*
da purpureis
lignis mille
passis

Yellow hairs
and black
eyes & nose,
frown, and
fiddlers or
survey frowns.
Ovid: Lau-
dare faciem
vivat quoque.

The Persians were riotous feasters, as Horace saith. Persicus odi puer apparat.

*This lively
and descrip-
tive of carnal
pleasure
will not of-
fend the chaste
ears or
sight of a
man but rather
frames the
work of the
heart, thus
have them-
selves borne
at such kind
of music.*

Index

Arachnida a
cunning
weaver of
spider.

22
Now was *Rogero* couched in his bed,
Betweene a paire of cambricke sheets perfumed,
And oft he hearkens with his wakefull hed,
For her whose love his heart and soule consumed:
Each little noise hope of her comming bred,
Which finding false, against himselfe he fumed,
And curst the cause that did him so much wrong,
To cause *Alcyna* tarry thence so long.

23
Sometime from bed he softly doth arise,
And look e abroad if he might her espie,
Sometime he with himselfe doth thus devise,
Now she is comming, now she drawes thus nie:
Sometime for very anger out he cries,
What meaneth she, she doth no faster hie?
Sometimes he casts least any let should be,
Betweene his hand and this desired tree.

24
But faire *Alcyna*, when with odors sweet,
She was perfum'd according to her skill,
The time once come she deemed fit and meet,
When all the house were now asleepe and still:
With rich embroide'd slippers on her feet,
She goes to give and take of joyes her fill,
To him whom hope and feare so long assailed,
Till sleepe drew on, and hope and feare both failed.

25
Now when *Asiolfos* successor espide
Those earthly starres, her faire and heav'nly eyes,
As sulphur once inflamed cannot hide,
Even so the mettall in his veines that lies,
So flam'd that in the skin it scant could bide:
But of a sodaine straight he doth arise,
Leaps out of bed, and her in armes embraced,
Ne would he stay till she her selfe unlaced.

26
So vttierly impatient of all stay,
That though her mantle was but cyprus light,
And next upon her smocke of lawne it lay,
Yet so the champion hasted to the fight,
The mantle with his fury fell away,
And now the smocke remain'd alone in sight,
Which smocke as plaine her beauties all discloses,
As doth a glasse the lillies faire and roses.

27
And looke how close the Ivie doth embrace
The tree or branch about the which it growes,
So close the lovers couched in the place,
Each drawing in the breath the other blowes:
But how great joyes they found that little space,
We well may guesse, but none for certaine knowes:
Their sport was such, so well their leere they couth,
That oft they had two tongues within one mouth.

28
Now though they keepe this close with great regard,
Yet not so close but some did find the same,
For though that vertue oft wants due reward,
Yet feldome vice wants due deserved blame:
Rogero still was more and more prefard
Each one to him with cap and cour'tie came,
For faire *Alcyna* being now in love,
Would have him plait the others all above.

29
In pleasure here they spend the night and day,
They change their clothes so often as they lust,
Within they feast, they dance, disport and play,
Abroad they hunt, they hauke, they ride, they just,
And so while sensuall life doth beare the sway,
All discipline is troden in the dust,
Thus while *Rogero* here his time mispends,
He quite forgets his dutie and his friends.

30
For while *Rogero* bides in feast and joy,
King *Agramant* doth take great care and paine,
Dame *Bradama* doth suffer great annoy,
And travel'd farre to finde him all in vaine:
She little knew *Alcyna* did enjoy
Her due delights, yet doth she mone and plaine,
To thinke how strangely this same flying horse,
Bare him away against his will by force.

31
In townes, in fields, in hills, in dales she sought,
In tents, in camps, in lodgings and in caves,
Oft she enqui'd, but yet she learned nought,
She past the rivers fresh and salt sea waves,
Among the *Turkes* she leaves him not unsought,
(Gramercy ring that her from danger saves)
A ring whose vertue workes a thing scant possible,
Which holding in her mouth she goes invifible. Of this ring
looke the
Table.

32
She will not, nor she cannot thinke him dead,
For if a man of so great worth should die,
It would some great report or fame have bred,
From East unto the West, both farre and nie:
It cannot sinke nor settle in her head,
Whether he be in seas, in earth or skie,
Yet still she seekes, and her companions are
Sorrowes and sighes, and feares, and loving care.

33
At last she meanes to turne unto the cave,
Where lie the great and learned *Merlins* bones,
And at that tombe to crie so loud and rave,
As shall with pitie move the marble stones:
Nor till she may some certaine notice have
Of her belov'd to stay her plaints and mones,
In hope to bring her purpose to effect,
By doing as that Prophet should direct.

34
Now as her course to *Poynters* ward she bent,
Melyssa using wonted skill and art,
Encountred her, her journey to prevent,
Who knew full well, and did to her impart,
Both where he was, and how his time he spent,
Which griev'd the vertuous damsell to the hart,
That such a Knight, so valiant erst and wise,
Should so be drown'd in pleasure and in vice.

35
O poyson'd hooke that lurkes in sugred bait,
O pleasures vaine that in this world are found,
Which like a subtle theefe do lie in waite,
To swallow man in sinke of sinne profound:
O Kings and peeres, beware of this deceit,
And be not in this gulfe of pleasure drown'd:
The time will come, and must I tell you all,
When these your joyes shall bitter seeme as gall.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE

36
Then turne your cloth of gold to clothes of heares,
Your feasts to fasts, toorrowes turne your songs,
Your wanton toyes and smiling into teares,
To restitution turne your doing wronge,
Your fond securitye turne to godly feares,
And know that vengeance unto God belongs,
Who when he comes to judge the soules of men,
It will be late alas to mend it then.

37
Then shall the veruous man shine like the sunne,
Then shall the vicious man repent his pleasure,
Then one good deed of almes sincerely done,
Shall be more worth then mines of Indian treasure,
Then sentence shall be giu'n which none shall shun,
Then God shall wey and pay our deeds by measure,
Vnfortunate and thrice accused thay,
Whom fond delights do make forget that day.

38
But to returne unto my tale againe,
I say *Melyssa* tooke no little care,
To draw *Rogero* by some honest traine,
From this same place of feasts and dainty fare,
And like a faithfull friend refus'd no paine,
To set him free from her sweet senslesse snare,
To which his unkle brought him with intent
His destinie thereby for to prevent.

39
As oft we see men are so fond and blind,
To carry to their sonnes too much affliction,
That when they seee to love, they are unkind,
(For they do hate a child that spare correction)
So did *Atlanta*, not with euill mind,
Give to *Rogero* this so bad direction,
But of a purpose, thereby to withdraw
His fatal end that he before foresaw.

40
For this he sent him past so many seas,
Vnto the Ile that I before did name,
Esteeming lesse his honour then his ease,
A few yeares life then everlasting fame.
For this he caused him so well to please
Alcynas that same rich lasciuious dame,
That though his time old *Nesors* life had finish'd,
Yet her affection should not be diminish'd.

41
But good *Melyssa* on a ground more sure,
That lov'd his honor better then his weale,
By sound perswasions meanes him to procure,
From pleasures court to vertues to appeale:
As leeches good that in a desperate cure,
With Steele, with flame, and oft with poison heale,
Of which although the patient do complaine,
Yet at the last he thanks him for his paine.

42
And thus *Melyssa* promised her aid,
And helpe *Rogero* backe againe to bring,
Which much comforted the noble maid,
That lov'd this Knight above each earthly thing.
But for the better doing this (she said)
It were behouefull that he had her ring,
Whose vertue was that who so did it weare,
Should neuer need the force of charmes to feare.

43
But *Bradamant* that would not onely spare
Her ring (to do him good) but eke her hart,
Commends the ring and him unto her care,
And so these Ladies take their leave and part.
Melyssa for her journey doth prepare,
By her well tried skill in Magicke art,
A beast that might supply her present lacke,
That had one red foot and another blacke.

44
Such hast she made, that by the breake of day
She was arrived in *Alcynas* Ile,
But straight she chang'd her shape and her array,
That she *Rogero* better might beguile:
Her stature tall she makes, her head all gray,
A long white beard she takes to hide the wile,
In fine she doth so cunningly dissemble,
That she the old *Atlanta* doth resemble.

45
And in this sort she waiteth till she might
By fortune find *Rogero* in fit place,
Which very seldome hapt, for day and night
He stood so high in faire *Alcynas* grace,
That she could least abide of any wight,
To have him absent but a minute space,
At last full early in a morning faire,
She spide him walke abroad to take the aire.

46
About his necke a carkneet rich he ware,
Of precious stones, all set in gold well tride,
His armes that erst all warlike weapons bare,
In golden bracelets wantonly were tide:
Into his eares two rings conveyed are,
Of golden wire, at which on either side
Two *Indian* pearles in making like two pearles,
Of passing price were pendent at his eares.

47
His locks bedew'd with waters of sweet savour,
Stood curled round in order on his hed,
He had such wanton womanish behaviour,
As though in *Valence* he had long bene bred:
So chang'd in speech, in manners and in favour,
So from himselfe, beyond all reason led,
By these enchantments of this am'rous dame,
He was himselfe in nothing but in name.

48
Which when the wise and kind *Melyssa* saw,
(Resembling still *Atlanta* as person sage)
Of whom *Rogero* alwayes stood in aw,
Even from his tender youth to elder age,
She toward him with looke austere did draw,
And with a voice abrupt, as halfe in rage,
Is this (quoth she) the guerdon and the gaine,
I find for all my travell and my paine?

49
What was't for this that I in youth thee sed,
With marrow of the Beares and Lions fell?
That I through caves and deserts have thee led,
Where serpents of most ugly shape do dwell,
Where Tygers fierce and cruell Leopards bred,
And taught thee how their forces all to quell:
An *Atis* or *Adonis* for to be,
Vnto *Alcynas* as I now thee see.

*Atlanta Re-
grets and
seeks
master.*

*A description
of an effem-
inate courtier.*

Was

50
Was this foreshew'd by those observed stars,
By figures and nativities oft cast,
By dreames, by oracles that never arrest,
By those vaine arts I studie in time past,
That thou should'st prove so rare a man in warres,
Whose famous deeds to endlesse praise should last?
Whose acts should honor be both farre and neare,
And not be matcht with such another peare.

51
Is this a meane or ready way you trow?
Which other worthy men have trod before,
A *Cæsar* or a *Scipio* to grow,
And to increase in honor more and more?
But to the end a man may certaine know,
How thrall thou art unto *Alcynas* lore,
Thou wearest here her chaines and slavish bands,
With which she binds thy warlike armes and hands.

52
If thou regard not thine owne estimation,
To which the heav'n as ordaine thee if thou would,
Defraud not yet thine heires and generation,
Of which I have thee oftentime foretold,
Appointed by eternie predestination,
Except thou do their due from them withhold,
Out of thy loines and bowels to proceed
Such men whose match the world did never breed.

53
Let not so many a worthy soule and mind,
Fram'd by the wisdom of the heav'nly King,
Be hindred of the bodies them assign'd,
Whose of-spring chiefe must of thy issue spring:
Be not unto thine owne blood so unkind,
Of whose great triumphs all the world shall ring,
Whose successors, whose children and posterity,
Shall helpe our country to her old prosperity.

54
What good hath this great Queene unto thee done,
But many other queenes can do the same?
What certaine gaine is by her service wonne,
That soone doth fancie, sooner doth defame?
Wherefore to make thee know what thou hast done,
That of thy doings thou maist have some shame,
But weare this ring, and next time you repaire
To your *Alcyna*, marke if she be faire.

55
Rogero all abasht and mute did stand,
With silent tongue, and looke for shame downe cast,
The good enchantresse tooke him by the hand,
And on his finger straight the ring she plast,
But when this ring had made him understand
His owne estate, he was so sore agast,
He wisht himselfe halfe buride under ground,
Much rather then in such place once be found.

56
But she that saw her speech tooke good effect,
And that Rogero shamed of his sinne,
She doth her person and her name detect,
And as her selfe (not *Atlant*) doth beginne,
By counsell and advice him to direct,
To rid himselfe from this so dangerous ginne,
And gives him perfect notice and instruction,
How these deceits do bring men to destruction.

57
She shew'd him plainly she was thither sent,
By *Bradaman* that lov'd him in sinceritie,
Who to deliver him from bondage ment,
Of her that blinded him with false prosperity:
How she tooke *Atlant* person to th'intent
Her countenance might carry more austeritie,
But finding now him home reduc'd againe,
She saith she will declare the matter plaine.

58
And unto him forthwith she doth impart,
How that faire dame that best deserv'd his love,
Did send that ring, and would have sent her hart,
If so her heart his good so farre might move,
The ring this vertue had, it could subvert
All magick frauds, and make them vaine to prove:
Rogero as I said, no time did linger,
But put the ring upon his little finger.

59
When truth appea'r'd, *Rogero* hated more
Alcynas triumphs, and did them detest,
Then he was late enamored before,
(O happie ring that makes the beater blest)
Now saw he that he could not see before,
How with deceits *Alcyna* had bene drest,
Her borrow'd beauties, all appeared stained,
The painting gone, nothing but filth remained.

60
Ev'n as a child that raking from the tree
An apple ripe, and hides it in some place,
When he returns the same againe to see,
After a senight or a fortnights space,
Doth scant beleve it should the same fruite be,
When rottenesse that ripenesse doth deface,
And where before delight in it he tooke,
Now scant he bides upon the same to looke.

61
Ev'n so *Rogero* plainly now descride,
Alcynas soule disgraces and enormities,
Because of this his ring she could not hide,
By all her paintings any one deformities:
He saw most plainly that in her did bide,
Vnto her former beauties no conformity,
But lookes so ugly, that from East to West,
Was not a fouler old mishapen beast.

62
Her face was wan, a leane and writhled skin,
Her stature scant three horseloaves did exceed,
Her haire was gray of hue, and very thin,
Her teeth were gone, her gums serv'd in their steed,
No space was there between her nose and chin,
Her noisome breath contagion would breed,
In fine, of her it might have well bene said,
In *Nestors* youth she was a pretie maid.

63
I feare her arts are learned now a dayes,
To counterfait their haire and paint their skin,
But reasons ring their crafts and guiles bewrayes,
No wise men of their paintings passe a pin,
Those vertues that in women merit praise,
Are sober shewes without chaste thoughts within,
True faith and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honest care to take.

The deformi-
ty of pleasure
when it is be-
held with
reason.

Nestor lived
as some write
300 years.

Symonai

Now though Rogers (as before I said)
 Detested for the ugly witches sight,
 Yet by Melyssa counsell wisely led,
 He doth conceale the matter for a night,
 Till of provision he were better sped,
 With which he might more safely take his flight,
 And taking care his meaning close to hide,
 He doth forthwith his armour all provide.

And tels Alcyna he would go and trie,
 If that he were not waxen grosse or no,
 Because that idle he so long did lie,
 And never fought with any armed foe:
 His sword unto his girdle he doth tie,
 With armour on, a walking he doth go,
 And with a scarfe about his arme he lape
 The shield that in the cypresse case was wrapt.

And thus arrai'd, he cometh to the stable,
 And tooke a horse (as wise Melyssa taught)
 A horse as blacke as any yeast or sable,
 So made as if in waxe he had bene wrought,
 Most swift for course, and strong of limbes and able,
 This horse hight Rabican was thither brought
 By Duke Astolfo, who by sorcerie
 Was turned late into a miracle tree.

Rabican,
 look the table.

Morall.

In Erifila that is overthrowne by Rogero and not killed, we may observe, that the liberality that men make great shew of in their youthfull pleasures and entertainments, is not the true vertue that doth indeed quite extinguish and kill that monster of covetousnesse. In Alcyna and Rogeros lascivious love, from whom Rogero is glad at last to runne away, we may note the notable allurements of fleshy sensuality, and take a good lesson to avoid them onely by flying from them, as hath bene in part touched before. Melyssas good counsell, every young Rogero may apply to himselfe, and learne thereby to be gone to Logestillas in time, lest he be turned into some beast or tree, as these notable enchanteresses do daily transforme their followers. But of all this I will speake more at large in the Allegory.

Historie.

Concerning the History of this booke, there is no matter historicall therein: Only where there is a comparison of the riot of Alcyna with that of the Persian king, and that of Cleopatra, those to whom the story is not knowne, shall find an explanation thereof in the Table or Index.

Allegory.

I shewed before how by Erifila is meant covetousnesse, which our young gallants beate downe but kill not, may oft it riseth againe and overcomes them, and makes them fall to meere rapine and extortion: Whereas in the eight staffe, the way was said to be unpleasant (though that seems contrary to the saying of Hercules two waies of vice and vertue) yet no doubt but even in this way of pleasure, there be many ill farwinded and dangerous passages, as one of the fathers well noteth, that a wretched worldling doth oftentimes take more to go to ball for his labour, then a vertuous man doth to win heaven. The things that allure most to sensuality, are set downe in order: in the ninth staffe kind entertainment: in the tenth, sumptuous building: in the eleventh, and so forward to the sixteenth, artificiall behaviour and exquisite beantie, set forth with all cunning, as Ovid saith, Et meruit formosa videri, that is, she deserved with the paine she took to seem handsome: in the eighteenth, musick and wanton sonnets of love: riotous fare in the nineteenth, with all kind of delicacies to provoke venery: in the twentieth, wanton discourses and purposes, of which commonly their last conclusion is to lie together, as there is said in the two and twentieth, perfumes and all effeminate delicacies, in all which we see, the eye, the eare, the tast, the smelling, the feeling, the wit, the thoughts, all sed with their objects of delight, making men quite to forget God and all good counsell, as Rogero quite forgot Bradamant and the counsell of Astolfo. And sure it is worth the noting where it is said in the sixteenth staffe, that the tale Astolfo late to him rehearst, he thinketh false or else by him deceived. How young men that at the first have seemed very well given, very religious, continent and studious of all vertue and good learning, yet after when they come to be advanced to high favours or to great living, they despise all that was taught them before, and count religion but a pollicie, and philosophie but a folly, and the admonition of grave and godly men that reprove their ambition, or their sensuality, or their extreme covetousnesse, to proceed but of envie to their high estate and felicitie, which they would be glad to come to themselves and enjoy. And surely if any will but take a note of any speciall persons, toucht with any or with all three of these enormous vices, let them but marke if they have not in their whole lives and actions (and some perhaps in plaine words) discovered this their contempt of religion and vertuous discipline: I would this age were barren of examples of this kind.

Now concerning the enchantments that bring men into this blindness to think Alcyna so faire a woman, or it nothing but a shew of vaine beautie, of graciousnesse, that the foolish lover persuades himselfe that he seeth in the person or idol of his mistress, of which Petrarke saith, Da questi magi transformato fui. These are the witches that transformed me.

The

As for the Griffeth horse that there was by,
 Melyssa wisheth him to let him stand,
 And sayth, that she her selfe ere long would trie,
 To make him gentle to the spur and hand:
 And that she would hereafter time espie,
 To bring it him, and let him understand,
 How he should do with very little paine,
 To make him yeeld to spur, to rod and raine.

She further said, his flight would be suspected,
 Except he let the flying horse to stay,
 Rogero none of all her words neglected,
 But did her counsell wise and sage obey:
 And so before his meaning was detected,
 From this misshapen hag he stole away,
 And meanes (if God will grant him so much grace)
 To be at Logestillas in short space.

Such men of armes as watched at the gate
 He spue, the rest he sodainly assailed,
 Good was his hap that scapt with broken pate,
 They tooke their heeles when as their hearts them
 Alcyna now had notice all too late, (failed.
 Rogero was so farre it nought availed:
 But in another booke shall be contained,
 How him dame Logestilla entertained.

The grieve that Bradamant takes for Rogeros mispending his time, may note to us the grace and long sufferance of God, when man runneth astray after the worldly vanities. Melyssa that offereth her service to go to reclame Rogerio, doth figure unto us both Preachers and Philosophers, that shew us by the ring (which hath bene expounded before to be reason) our soule errors and our wandring courses, and so makes us see our owne deformities, and the deformity of that we esteemed so dearely, as in this booke you see what manner of monster Alcyna appeared in her owne likeness, when the ring of reason had dissolved all enchantments. Infinite matter more might be applyed in allegoricall sence out of this booke, if I would covet to stand upon every small matter, for as I said at the first, these two bookes be in a manner a meere Allegory from the beginning to the ending.

The coming of Melyssa to Rogerio alludeth to the coming of Mercurie to Aeneas in Virgil, who was then at Carthage stayd by the love of Dido, as Rogerio was here by Alcyna.

Allusion.

The ring that had the vertue beside dissolving inchantments, to make one goe invisible, alludeth to Gyges ring, of which it is sayd, that by the helpe thereof he became King of Lydia.





THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero fled: Melissa after staid,
 Astolfo with some others to restore:
 Renaldo musters souldiers sent for aid,
 To Charles the great, who never needed more:
 Angelica by drowse hermit laid,
 Is tane and bound all naked to the shore:
 Orlando is so troubled with his dreame,
 He leaves the service of his King and reame.



H strange enchantments
 used now adayes,
 Oh charmers strange a-
 mong us dayly found,
 That find so many charms
 and subtile waies,
 Wherewith they hold fond
 lovers hearts fast bound,
 Not with conjured spi-
 rits that they raise,
 Nor knowledge of the stars and skill profound,
 But blinding mens conceits, and them fast tying,
 With simulation, fraud, deceit and lying.

But he that had the rule and ring of reason, (cover,
 Should seene their frauds, their crafts and guiles dis-
 And finde a hoord of foule and lothsome treason,
 To lurke within the shew of such a lover:
 Well may they seeme most lovely for a season,
 When all their wrinkles they with painting cover,
 But unto men of wit and reason learned,
 Their subtleties shall quickly be discerned.

Rogero (as I said) in secret sort,
 With Rabican out of the castle went,
 And made the watch and guard unpleasant sport,
 That most of them his comming might repent:
 Some had their armes, and some their heads cut
 All put to flight, the gates in peeces rent. (short,
 And then unto the wood he entred, when
 He met by chance one of Alcynas men.

This man did beare a faulcon on his fist,
 With which he went on hauking day by day,

To flie in field, or river as he list,
 The countrie full of game still yeelded pray,
 He had a spaniell could not well be mist,
 And eke a hauking nagge not very gay,
 And meeting good Rogero halfe disguised,
 That he was fled away he straight surmised.

The servant rideth on, and at their meeting,
 He askt Rogero why he rode so fast,
 Rogero gave him very slender greeting,
 As though on such a squire he little past:
 Well (quoth the faulkner) though thou now art
 I trust ere long to shew thee such a cast, (fleeting,
 That with my dogge, my faulcon and my horse,
 I do not doubt to fetch thee backe by force.

And first he lets the faulcon take her flight,
 But Rabican as fast as she did flie,
 Then from his horse the faulkner doth alight,
 His horse flue like an arrow by and by.
 Then went the dogge, who was of course so light,
 As is the wind that bloweth in the skie:
 And last of all himselfe ran with such shifte,
 It seem'd the lightnings flame was not so swift.

Rogero thinketh it a foule disgrace,
 That any man should thinke he fled for feare,
 And more because he now was had in chase;
 Wherefore he doth a while the flight forbear,
 And manfully to them he turnes his face,
 And seeing no man but the faulkner there,
 And that no weapon in his hand he saw,
 He much disdain'd on him his sword to draw.

But

But straight the dog doth bite his horses heeles,
The hawke his head amazed with her wings.
When *Rahycan* such strange foes forces feelles,
He riseth up before, behinde he flings:
Rogero thought the world had run on wheels,
And *Balisarda* out at once he brings,
But they, it seem'd so well were scene in fence,
That all his blowes to them brought no offence.

Rogero's sword

Both loth to stay, resolved not to yeeld,
He takes his target from his saddle bow,
And with the dazzling light of that same sheeld,
Whose force *Melyssa* lately made him know,
He made them fall as if their eyes were seel'd,
So that no farther let from them did grow,
But having vanquish't them this wise with ease,
He now may ride at leasure where he please.

These foes once foil'd their forces overcome,
Alcyon straight had notice of his flight,
For of the watchmen one to her was come,
That while these things were done did stand in sight.
This made her stand like one halfe dead or dumme,
And after put her into such a fright,
That forthwith for avoiding further harme,
Through all the towne she made them erie alarme.

And calling oft her selfe a foolish beast,
Because *Rogero* so from her was slipt,
Sometime she bears her head, her face and breast,
Sometime in rage her garments all she ript:
She calleth all her men from most to least,
A part of whom unto the sea she shipt,
And of the rest she makes a mighty band,
To fetch *Rogero* backe againe by land.

All were so busie to this service bent,
That none remain'd the pallace faire to gard,
Which greatly helpt *Melyssa's* good intent,
Which chiefly was as you before have hard,
To set at large poore prisoners so long pent,
Which now to do (she absent) was not hard,
Dissolving all her circles and her knots,
And stroying all her figures and her lots.

And thus in fields, in houses, and in woods,
She set at large as many as she found,
That had beene turn'd to trees, to stones and floods,
And in that state by magicke art fast bound:
Likewise to them she rendred all their goods,
Who when they saw themselves so cleare unbound,
Departing thence with all the hast they might,
To *Logessilla* they arriv'd that night.

And first of all and chiefe of all the rest,
The *Englisch* Duke came to himselfe againe,
Because *Rogero* lov'd and wisht him best,
And lends the ring that makes enchantments vaine.
But good *Melyssa* could by no meanes rest,
Vntill she could his armour eke regaine,
And that same famous worthie gilded lance,
That had to him such honor done in *France*.

With which *Argalia* got no little fame,
Who used oft the same in fight to beare.
Now when *Melyssa* to the castle came,
She found his other armour with the speare,
And this atcheu'd the sage and friendly dame
Mounts on the *Griffith* horse without all feare,
And Duke *Astolfo* mounting on his crupper,
To *Logessilla* came that night to supper.

Now was *Rogero* with no small ado,
Tiring himselfe amid those craggie wayes,
And striving all that he with paine may do,
To cut off all those lothsome long delayes,
That hindred him for sooner comming to
That Ladie faire whose vertues merit praise,
Till neare the Southerne sea with mickle paine,
He came unto a sandy desert plaine.

Here was he plagu'd with thirst and parching heat,
And with the sunne reflecting on the sand,
Which from the South upon the banke did beat,
Enflaming still the aire on either hand,
But leaving now *Rogero* in this sweat,
That still I may not in one matter stand.
To *Scotland* now I will returne againe,
And of *Renaldo* talke a word or twaine.

*He follows
this man
booke 10.
staf. 33.*

Great was his entertainment and his cheare,
Made by the King and people of the land,
Which feasts once done the worthy valiant peare,
As was his charge, doth let them understand,
How *Charles* the great, whose state doth touch them
In no small need of their good aid did stand, (neare
And how for this he sent him to their nation,
And to this tale he ads an exhortation.

Then was it answer'd him without delay,
That for King *Charles* and for the Empires sake,
They all were ready to do all they may,
And would for this behoofe short order take,
And offered him to shew (if he would stay)
What store of horse and footmen he could make:
Namely the King himselfe would be right glad,
To go in person, but his age forbade.

Nor yet should age with him so much have done,
As make him from the battell to abide,
Save that he had a wife and valiant sonne,
Well able such a band of men to guide,
Whose value had already praises wonne,
And of his youth was now in floure and pride.
This noble toward impe he doth intend,
As captaine of his armed men to send.

Zahy,

Wherefore about his realme forthwith he sent,
To get of horses and of men good store,
With ships, and things to war most pertinent,
As needfull meate, and many needfull more:
The while *Renaldo* into England went,
The King to *Barwicke* companie him bore,
And men report that when they should depart,
The King was scene to weepe for tender hart.

Renaldo

*The notable
commander
that for
many
years
was
in
the
warre
for
up
that
warre.*

The

*He follows
in the 10.
book. 62.*

But

Argalia

I to

Th

An

And

Scot.

22
Renaldo went with faire and prosperous wind,
And past along upon the English coast,
Vntill he hapt the noble *Tems* to find,
Of which all *London* justly make their boast:
Here he tooke land as first he had assign'd,
And in twelve houres journey riding post,
Vnto the Prince of *Wales* he was conducted,
Whom of these matters fully he instructed.

23
The Prince that was Vicegerent to the King,
(That *Oren* hight) who sojourn'd now in *France*,
From whom *Renaldo* did commission bring,
To take up horse, and men, and ordinance:
When he had once true knowledge of that thing,
Which of all other he would most advance:
He marshal'd men of armes without delay,
And points them meet at *Callice* by a day.

24
But here I must a while from hence digresse,
Lest to one tale my pen should still be bound,
As good musitians do their skill expresse,
By playing on the strings of diuers sound:
While *Renald* here is chear'd with great excess,
(As ever in the English land is found)
I meane to tell how that faire Lady sped,
That twice before from this *Renaldo* fled.

25
I told you how *Angelica* the bright,
Fled from *Renaldo* in a thicke dark wood,
How on a Hermit there she hapt to light,
And how her sight reviv'd his aged blood:
But she that tooke in him but small delight,
Whose hoary haire could do her little good,
With this good Hermit made but little stay,
But turn'd her horses reins and went away.

26
The Hermit seeing he conterned was,
(Whom age long since, and love did newly blind)
Doth spur a thousand times his silly asse,
Who still remained more and more behind,
And sith he saw he could not bring to passe,
To stop her course (afflicted much in mind)
In vaine he doth his poore asse beate and curse,
His trot was very bad, his gallop worse.

27
And being out of hope of comming nire,
As having almost lost her horses tracke,
He studies now to compasse his desire,
With some rare stratageme to bring her back:
Vnto that art forthwith he doth retire,
(That damned art that is surnamed blacke)
And by his bookes of magicke he doth make,
A little sprite the Lady overtake.

28
And as the hound that men the Tumbler name,
When he a hare or cony doth espie,
Doth seeme another way his course to frame,
As though he meant not to approach more nie,
But yet he meeteth at the last his game,
And shakerh it untill he make it die:
So doth the Hermit traverse all about,
At ev'ry turne to find the damsell out.

29
What he intends to do, full well I wot,
And mea ne ere long the same to you to show,
The damsell travell'd still that knew it not,
The spright to do his office was not slow,
For straight within the horse himselfe he got,
As she on sands of *Gascoigne* seas did go,
The spright that fully had possess'd the horse,
Did drive her to the sea with all his force.

30
Which when the faire and fearefull damsell saw,
Although she tride full oft with rod and raine,
Her palfrey from his dangerous course to draw,
Yet seeing plainly she did strive in vaine,
With colour chang'd for anguish and for aw,
And casting oft her looke to land againe,
At last she sitteth still, nor further driveth,
For needs they must go whom the diuell driveth.

31
In vaine it was to strike the horse her bare,
It was not done by that poore palfreis salt,
Wherefore she tucks her garments, taking care
Lest they should be bedew'd with waters salt,
Vpon her haire, which then all loose she ware,
The aire doth make an amorous assalt,
The greater winds were still, I thinke of duty,
That they acknowledge to so rare a beauty.

32
The waters more, the land still lesse she sees,
At last she saw but one small peece of land,
And that small peece in small time she doth leese,
Now sees she neither shore nor any sand,
Then cold despaire all lively hope did freeze,
When as her horse did turne to the right hand,
And at the twilight, or not long before,
Did bring her to a solitary shore.

33
Here she remaining helpless and alone,
Among the fruitlesse trees and senselesse rocks,
Standing her selfe all like the marble stone,
Save that sometime she rare her golden locks,
At last her eyes to teares, her tongue to mone,
She doth resolve, her faire soft breast she knocks,
And blames the God of heav'n and power divine
That did the fates unto her fall incline.

34
O fortune, fortune (thus the damsell cride)
Fill now thy rage and execute thine ire,
And take this life that takest all beside,
And let my death accomplish thy desire:
I have and daily do thy force abide,
Feare still my mind, travell my limbs doth tire,
And makes me think in this great storme and strife,
That death were sweet to shorten such a life.

35
Can all thy malice do me further spite?
Can any state be worse or more unsteddy?
That am from princely scepter banisht quite,
A helpless hap and hurt past all remedy,
And worse then this, mine honor shining bright
Is stained sore, and ev'n defast already,
For though in act no ill I ever wrought,
Yet wandering thus will make men think me nought.

Sentence.

Caesar put a-
way his wife
for suspicion,
alleging,
Non solum a
malo, sed a
suspitione ca-
vendum.

35
What can a woman hold of any price,
If once she leese her honor and good name?
Alas I hate this beautie and despise,
And wish it never had bene of such fame:
Ne do I for this gift now thanke the skiet,
By which my spoile and utter ruine came,
Which caus'd my brother *Argal* shed his blood,
Ne could his armes enchanted do him good.

37
*All this story
or fable is set
downe as
large in Boi-
arden Orland-
de inuenerat*
For this the King of Tartar *Agricane*,
Sought of my father *Galafon* the spoile,
Who whilome was in *India* cald great *Cane*,
And after dide with sorrow of the foile.
For this I dayly doubting to be tane,
From place to place do passe with endlesse toile,
And now to loose alas what hast thou left me,
Since fame, and goods, and friends are all bereft me?

38
If drowning in the sea were not a death
Severe enough to quench thy raging spite,
Then send some beast out of this desert heath,
To teare my limbs and to deuoure me quite:
I shall thee thanke for stopping of my breath,
If to torment me thou have no delight.
These wofull words vtterd the Ladie bright,
When straight the hermit came within her sight.

39
Who all the while had in a corner stood,
And heard her make this piteous plaint and mone,
Proceeding from her sad and mourning mood,
Enough to move a heart as hard as stone:
It did the *senex fornicator* good,
To thinke that he was there with her alone,
Yet so devoutly commeth this old carrion,
As though it had bene *Paul* or *Saint Hillarian*.

40
When as the damsell saw a man appeare,
In such a desert solitary place,
She straight began to be of better cheare,
Though feare and dread appeare still in her face:
And with a voice so loud as he might heare,
She praide him pitie this her wofull case,
Recounting all her dangers overblowne,
To him to whom they were already knowne.

41
No sooner had the hermit heard her out,
But straight to comfort her he doth begin,
And shewes by many reasons and deuout,
How all these plagues were sent her for her sin:
The while he puts his sawcie hands about,
Sometime her breasts, sometime her neck and chin,
And more and more still gathering heart of grace,
He offers boldly her for to embrace.

42
But she that much disdain'd this homely fashion,
Doth staine her cheekes with red for very shame,
Thrust back his carren corpes without compassion,
Reuiling him with many a spitefull name,
Who teety with old age and with new passion,
That did him now with wrath and love inflame,
Drawes out a bottle of a strange confection,
That sleepe procureth by a strong infection.

43
With this he sprinkleth both the damsel's eies,
(Those eyes whence *Cupid* oft his arrowes shies)
Straight found asleepe the goodly damsell lies,
Subjected to the will of such a sor:
Ne yet for ought he did or could devise,
He could procure his curtall slia a jot,
Yet oft he kiss her lips, her cheekes, her brest,
And felt and saw the beauties of the rest.

44
The duller jade still hangeth downe his head,
Sturring or spurring could not make him prounce,
The sundrier wayes he said, the worse he sped,
His youthfull dayes were done, he could not daunce,
His strength was gone, his courage all was dead,
His weapon looked like a broken launce:
And while himselfe in vaine he thus doth cumber,
He falléth downe by her into a slumber.

45
But now another evill chance befell,
(For one ill turne alone is seldome done)
The which to th'end I may the better tell,
Know this, about the setting of the sunne,
There is an Ile, *Ebuda* as men tell,
Whose habitants are welnigh all undone,
By meanes that mightie *Proteus* thither sent
An *Orke* that doth the people teare and rent.

46
Within this Ile, as auncient stories tell,
(I not affirme how false they are or true)
Sometime a King of mightie powre did dwell,
That had a daughter passing faire of hure,
The which faire Ladie *Proteus* lik't so well,
When her on sands in walking he did vew,
That though he dwelt in waters salt and cold,
Yet fresh hot love on him had taken hold.

47
Which heate when all the sea could not assuage,
He thought her milkwarm flesh could only quench;
And (for he saw she was of lawfull age)
With her consent he forst the princely wench:
Which sinne did set her father in such rage,
That straight condemning her in open bench:
Her of her life he publikely bereaved,
Nor spar'd the infant in her wombe conceived.

48
This cruell act her lover so inflamed,
On King and Iland he doth wreake his spire,
He sends that monster that before I named,
With other beasts to stroy the Iland quire:
These monsters hurt their men, beat, kild and lamed,
In fine put all the people in such fright,
That to escape the beast devoid of pitie,
They left their fields, and fled unto their citie.

49
And though men arm'd the gates and wals defend,
Yet they within scant thought themselves secure,
And sith their harmes have neither ease nor end,
And tird these tedious travels to endure,
Vnto *Apollo's* oracle they send,
To know how they their safetie might procure,
Who after humble sute and sacrifice,
Answer'd them of *Ebuda* in this wise.

Blood

30
Blood guiltlesse spilt did breed great *Proteus* ire,
Inflam'd with love, and fed with beauty rare,
Blood guiltlesse must be spilt to quench this fire,
Till one be found may with the first compare:
This you must do and if you peace desire,
To take of damfels those that fairest are,
And offer one a day upon the shore,
Till he find one like unto that before.

31
This wofull answer breeding much despaire,
And more dislike within their carefull hearts,
To thinke that ev'ry day a damsell faire,
Must for a prey be giv'n without desarts:
This is the cause that maketh them repaire,
(To find sufficient store) to sundry parts,
And get them Virgins faire and undefloured
Of this most ugly *Orke* to be devoured.

32
Now if this be of *Proteus* true or not,
I meane not in defence of it to stand,
But this is certaine so, full well I wot,
Men use this cruell custome in that land,
And day by day a maid is drawne by lot,
And left for prey upon the rocke or sand,
Vnto the monster that doth them devoure,
Ev'n in their prime of youth and tender floure.

33
O wretched wights, whom subtile snares have brought
To this unfortunate and fatall ile,
Where damfels faire and handsome out are sought,
To serve for food unto a monster vile:
Their pyrats bring them home, their vessels fraught
With such they take by force, or trap with wile,
With which they fill their prisons and their towres,
To have them ready at appointed houres.

34
Thus sending out their vessels day by day,
It chanc'd that one of them with tempest tost,
Hapt to arrive whereas the Hermit lay
With that faire Lady hard upon the cost:
Oh cruell chance, oh precious peerlesse pray,
Among the pirats either to be lost,
Or to be caried to the fatall ile,
To be devoured of a monster vile.

35
That beauty rare that *Sacrapant* ay deemed
More deare then living, liberty or life:
That beauty rare that to *Orlando* seemed
Most fit of all the world to be his wife:
That beauty rare in *India* so esteemed,
That bred so many a blow and bloody strife,
Is now so quite of aid and comfort rest,
Not one to speake a word for her is left.

36
The damsell faire drown'd in a deadfly sleepe,
Was tane and bound before she could awake,
Also the drowlie Fryer, to make him keepe
Her company, away with them they take:
This done, they lanch'd out into the deepe,
And with this precious prey they homeward make,
Where in a Castle they detain'd her thrall,
Vntill to dy her lucklesse lot should fall.

37
Yet such great force her passing beauty had,
Among these barbarous and savage wights,
That they appeared sorrowfull and sad,
To wey the danger of her dolefull plights,
It seemed all of them would have beene glad,
To have preserv'd her many dayes and nights:
But such small store of others there remained,
At last to offer her they were constrained.

38
Who can the woes, the teares, the plaints rehearse,
The lamentations & the mourning sound, (pearce,
That seem'd the heavens themselves with noise to
To rend the rocks, and stir the stedy ground?
Her iv'ry corps convey'd (as in a hearse)
By wailing wights, where they must leave it bound:
The thought hereof in me such pang doth breed,
I can no further in this tale proceed.

39
Wherefore I must some other matter find,
Vntill my Muse her sorrow may asswage,
For sure no cruell beast were so unkind,
Nor Tyger in their greatest wrath and rage,
Nor any cruell tyrant can we find,
(Although there are good store in ev'ry age)
That could behold or thinke without compassion,
A Lady bounden in so vile a fashion.

60
Oh had *Orlando* notice of her smart,
Who was to *Paris* gone to seeke her out,
Or those two Knights whom late the fiend did part,
The which for love of her together fought,
They would for her use all paine, care and art,
Of death nor danger they would put no doubt:
But if they helpe not now, it is no wonder,
Sith they and she were plac'd so far asunder.

Here returns
to Angelica
10. Booke,
stasse 78.

61
Now in this time to *Paris* siege was layd,
By famous *Agramant Trajanos* sonne,
Of which at last they grew so sore afraid,
The towne had almost of the *Turks* been wonne,
Had not their vov'es procur'd them heav'nly ayd,
They had bin ruin'd all and quite undone,
The force of *France* had welnigh then bin foyled,
The holy Empire had almost bin spoyled.

62
For when that now the City was on fire,
And when all hope of humane helpe was past,
Then mighty God forgetting wrath and ire,
Vpon their teares, repentance true and fast,
At *Charles* his humble prayer and desire,
With helpe from heav'n releev'd them at the last,
And sent such raine to aide the noble Prince,
As seld was scene before, and never since.

63
Now lay *Orlando* on his restless bed,
And thinks with sleepe to rest his troubled sprite,
But still a thousand thoughts possesse his head,
Troubling his mind, and sleepe expelling quite:
As circles in a water cleare are spread,
When sun doth shine by day, and moone by night
Succeeding one another in a ranke,
Till all by one and one do touch the banke.

Simile.

THE EIGHT BOOKE

63
So when his mistress entred in his thought,
(As lightly she was never thence away)
The thought of her in him such circles wrought,
As kept him waking ever night and day,
To thinke how he from *India* had her brought,
And that she should thus on the sodaine stray,
Nor that he could of her true notice know,
Since *Charles* a *Burdels* had the overthrow.

64
The griefe hereof did him most neerely tuch,
And caus'd him often to himselfe to say,
What beast would have been overrul'd so much?
That when I might have made her with me stay,
(For why her love and zeale to me was such,
That in her life she never said me nay)
Yet must suffer *Namas* for to guard her,
As though my selfe but little did regard her.

65
I should to *Charles* my selfe have rather scused,
And as I did, have kept the damsell still,
Or if excuses all had bin refused,
I might in stead of reason pleaded will:
And rather then have bin so much abused,
All those that should resist me slay and kill,
At least I might have got her safer keeping,
And not have let her thus be lost with sleeping.

66
Where bidest thou, where wanderst thou my deare?
So yong, so lovely, and so faire of hew?
Even like a lambe when starres do first appeare,
(Her dame and shepheard being out of vew)
Bleateth aloud to make the shepheard heare,
And in her kind her evill hap doth rew,
Vnill the wolfe doth find her to her paine,
The silly shepheard seeking her in vaine.

67
Where is my love, my joy, my lifes delight?
Wanderst thou still? do not the wolves offend thee?
Or need'st not thou the service of thy Knight?
And keepest thou the flowre did so commend thee?
That flowre that me may make a happy wight,
That flowre for which I ever did defend thee,
That I forbare, to please thy mind (too chaste)
Is not that flowre (alas) now gone and past?

68
O most unfortunate and wretched I,
If they have tane that sweet and precious floure,
What can I do in such a case but dy?
Yea I would kill my selfe this present houre,
I would this world and that to come defy,
Earth first my coase, and Hell my soule devoure.
And this unto himselfe *Orlando* said,
With care and sorrowes being overlaid.

69
Now was the time when man and bird and beast,
Gives to his travel'd body due repose,
When some on beds, and some on boords do rest,
Sleepe making them forget both friends and foes.
But cares do thee *Orlando* so molest,
That scarce thou canst thine eyes a little close,
And yet that fugitive and little slumber,
With dreames unpleasant thee doth vex and cumber.

70
He dreamt that standing by a pleasant greene,
Vpon a bank with fragrant flowers all painted,
He saw the fairest sight that erst was scene,
I meane that face with which he was acquainted,
And those two stars that Cupid sits between (tainted,
Whence came that shaft whose head his heart hath
The sight whereof did breed in him that pleasure,
That he prefer'd before all worldly treasure.

71
He thought himselfe the fortunatest wight
That ever was, and eke the blessedst lover:
But lo a storme destroy'd the flowers quite,
And all the pleasant banke with haile did cover:
Then suddenly departed his delight,
Which he remain'd all hopelesse to recover;
She being of this tempest so afraid,
That in the wood to save herselfe she straid.

72
And there (unhappy wretch) against his will,
He lost his Lady in unlucky howre:
But her to find againe he travel'd still,
Employing to her safety all his powre,
The woods and deserts he with plaints doth fill,
And gride, alas, turn'd is my sweet to sowre:
And while these same and such like words he said,
He thought he heard her voice demanding aid.

73
At this same voice (well knowne) a while he staid,
Then follow'd as the sound him guided most,
With this mischance his mind was much dismayd,
His body sore with toile and travell tost:
When straight he heard another voice, that said,
Now hope no more, for all thy hope is lost.
And of the sodaine waking with the sound,
His eyes all full of watry teares he found.

74
So sore he was affrighted at this vision,
That ev'n as though it had been so indeed,
And not a fancy vaine or apparition,
Thinking his lady stood of him in need:
In secret sort he getteth all provision,
To make repaire unto her aid with speed:
And (for he would not willingly be knowne)
He tooke nor man nor armour of his owne.

75
His coate of armes, of colour white and red,
He left behind for doubt of ill successe,
That if it fortun'd he but evill speed,
At least the losse and soile should be the lesse:
Vpon his armour cypresse blacke he spred,
With colour sad, his sorrow to expresse.
And thus disguis'd in sad and mourning hue,
He parts, and biddeth not his friends adue.

76
Not of King *Charles*, whose kinsman he is neare,
Nor taketh he his leave of *Brandimart*,
Nor yet to kinsman kind, or freind most deare,
Doth he his meaning open or impart:
Nor untill day did all abroad appeare,
Was *Charles* advised that he did depart,
But in great rage and choler when he knew it,
He sware and vow'd *Orlando* sore should rue it.

At

Fiordelge
wife to Bryan
dunart.

Moral.

History.

Allegory.

Allusion.

Orlando.

78

At which good Bradimant was greatly grieved,
As one that deem'd it was without desert,
And (that his friend by him might be releev'd)
To find him out from thence he straight doth part,
For by his words, he certainly beleev'd,
That he could ease his friend Orlandos smart,
But this to Fiordeledge he not imparted,
For feare that she his purpose would have thwarted.

79

This Fiordeledge of him was dearly loved,
A Lady of great beauty and cleare fame,
Of parents good, of manners unreproued,
Both wealthy, wise and modest to the same,
Yet taketh he no leave of his beloved,
But early in the morning from her came,
To turne that night was his determination,
But was deceived of his expectation.

In the hard adventures of Angelica, we may note how perillous a thing beauty is if it be not especially garded with the grace of God, and with vertue of the mind, being continually assail'd with enemies spirituall and temporall: In Orlandos dreame we may see how unquiet thoughts are bred in the minds of those that are given over to the passion of love or ambition, or what soever else may bee understood by Angelica. Lastly in that Orlando abandons his Prince and country in their greatest extremity, we may observe the uncomely and carelesse acts that dishonest or unordinate love do provoke even the noblest unto, if once they get harbour in their minds, and be not overruled with reason and grace.

In this book is little historicall matter, save of the distresse of the Parisians, of which I will not greatly stand more then that I said before, it is not improbable that they were about that time assailed by the Turke: as for other matters that be here lightly touched, as the devotion of Paul or Hylarion, the fable of Proteus or such like, the table shall set it downe more plaine.

The former Allegory is here continued of Rogeros flying from Alcyna, by which must still be understood, a man reforming his course of life, and flying from sensuality and pleasures: now whereas it is said in this book that Alcynas man or her faulknier with his horse hawk and dog did impeach Rogeros passage, I take it that by these foure are meant the foure passions that most trouble the mind when it begins to encline to vertue, namely by the servant feare may be understood, which is ever servile and base, by the hawk covetousnesse that is ever seeking new prey and is never satisfied: by the dog griefe and discontentment that is alway biting and envying and greiving at others well doing: by the horse is understood inordinate joy, which is in another kind an enemy to vertue & constancy, for as soon is a temperat and moderate mind discovered in prosperity as in adversity, and (as Tully saith) a wise man is neither Adueris rebus oppressus nec elatus secundis: to which effect I remember a verse of my fathers, written to an Earle many yeeres since.

Such one is ware by what degrees he clymes,
Rather pleasant then proud in high estate,
Rather bold then abasht in lowring times,

And can in both so well uphold his state,
As many would, but few can do or none,
Of which few sort, I wish your Lordship one.

But to proceed in the Allegory, these impediments that disturbe men in their good course, are all but like owls or batts drive away with sun shine: for the light of understanding and the shining of true worthines, or (as M. Dyer in an excellent verse of his termeth it) the light that shines in worthines, dissolveth and disperseth these dusty impediments, that let a man in his journey to Logsteillas Court, that is, to the court of vertue, of temperance, of piety, where all good lessons are taught, as shall be shewed more plaine in that part of this book, where Rogero comes to Logestilla.

By Melyssa that recovers from Alcyna Astolphos armor, and the Lancia d'oro or Gold-lance, and likewise restores Astolpho to his former state and shape by vertue of the ring, in the absence of Alcyna, by her (I say) we may understand some grave and ghostly counsellor, that with strong reasons and godly persuasions, having driven away for the time, a mans fustill thoughts and desires, takes occasion utterly to extinguish them, and deliver a man from them with the same reasons, and to draw him to vertue and Religion. Alcynas forces she prepares by sea and by land, signify the meanes our ghostly enemies use to bring us back again to our old vices (like the dog to his vomit) by land she followes him, and after by sea she encounters him, which briefly shewes, that the remembrance of passed pleasures make a man often in perill to be drawn backe as it were by land, and then by sea (as a place of terror and danger) we are assailed with grievous adversities, as without speciall succour we should be quite cast away.

Rogeros hard travell, stony waies, and afterward the sweate and drought he abode, signifie Allegorically the unpleasantnes of the change of evill life to an austere course of living, which after notwithstanding is most exceeding comfortable and delightfome.

The bewdy Fryer that by his impotency more then his honesty saved Angelicas maidenhead, is alluded by my Author, (as some have supposed) to some such Prelate in Italy of his acquaintance, and but for good manners sake might be alluded to some that have been so illuded by such good men, that notwithstanding they might sue their writ of dotage, yet will be as forward as the yongest in that service. Atque jacent pigro crimen onulque toro.

Angelicas horse that carried her into the sea, Alludes to the bull that bare Europa such another voyage.



The frates of
unbought love

Ovid in the
person of Me-
dea.
Video mel-
ora proboq;
deteriora
sequor.

Sentence.

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando hastes his journey when he hears,
 What costly food Proteus his Orke allowes,
 But by the way mov'd with Olimpias tears,
 That did lament her late captived spouse,
 His hasty journey he a while forbears,
 To wreake her wrong upon her foe he vomes,
 Which done no longer in the place he carries:
 Byreno false the faire Olimpia marries.



1
 Las what dammage cannot
 Cupid bring,
 A noble heart once thrall'd
 to his lore?
 That makes Orlando careles
 of his King,
 To whom of late most faith-
 full love he bore.
 Who earst so grave and wise
 in every thing.

And of the Church a Champion was before.
 Now that in loves blind pathes, he learns to plod,
 Forgets himselfe, his country and his God.

2
 Faine would I him disburden of this blame,
 Glad in my faults a fellow such to finde,
 For to my good I feele me dull and lame,
 But prompt to ill, and swifter then the wind:
 He not be thinking him how great a shame,
 It was to leave his helpless friends behind,
 Went where the Kings of Affricke and of Spaine,
 Did ly in field encampt with all their traine.

3
 Yet not encampt I can them call, for why
 They lay abroad disperd with the raine,
 Some twenty, ten, or eight together lie,
 Or sixe, or five, or foure, or three, or twaine:
 Some farther off, and some are lodged nie,
 All weary with their former taken paine:
 He might have kill'd of them a worthy crew,
 Ne yet his Durindana once he drew.

4
 The cause was this, so noble was his minde,

To murder men asleepe he thought it base,
 He lets them rest, and seekes his love to finde,
 By ev'ry person, and in ev'ry place,
 And thole he meets, with words and speeches kind,
 (Describing her apparell and her face)
 He praies of all good fellowship to shoe,
 Or where she is, or whither she did goe.

5
 When light approcht and day began to breake,
 By day he seekes her in the host of Turkes,
 His passions strong, do make his reason weake,
 Yeeld to the fit that in his fancy workes.
 Some helpe it was, he could their language speake,
 By which the safer he among them lurkes:
 His words, his weeds, so like to theirs were scene,
 As though he bred in Tripoly had beene.

6
 But when he saw his staying was for nought,
 At three daies end away from thence he flang,
 He left no towne of France and Spaine unsought,
 Ne yet this paine could ought allwage that pang:
 Him Autumne first this wandring humor brought,
 When frutes do fade, his fruitlesse love first sprang,
 And lasted still his force and rage renewing,
 Both all the spring and summer next ensuing.

7
 Now having travel'd as his custome was,
 From realme to realme, he came upon a day,
 Where as the river cleare sometimes as glasse,
 That twixt the Britans and the Normans lay,
 Was growne so high as now he could not passe,
 The snow and raine had borne so great a sway,
 By force whereof the bridge was overthrowne,
 The passage stopt, the foords were overflowne.

8
And looking round about the shore at large,
Devising how to passe to th' other side,
He saw a little way from thence a barge,
That seemed toward him the course to guide,
Of which a certaine damsell had the charge,
To whom with voice aloud Orlando cride,
Intreating her because his hast was great,
Within the barge him to afford a seat.

9
The maid affirm'd no price the barge could hire,
And to command it he had no commission,
But promist she would grant him his desire,
Vpon a certaine cov'nant and condition;
Which was to undertake by sword and fire,
For to destroy an Ile, without remission,
A cruell Ile, *Ebuda* cald by name,
The wickedst place where ever creature came.

10
For know (quoth she) beyond the *Irish* land,
There lyes among the rest this gracelesse Ile,
That yeerely sends of wicked wights a band,
To rob, to spoile, to fraud and to beguile:
All women kind that happen in their hand,
They give for food unto a monster vile,
A monster vile that useth every day,
To have a maid or woman for his pray.

11
Of merchants and of pyrates that do come,
They get them store, and of the fairest most:
Now guesse by one a day how great a somme,
Of women kind within this Ile are lost.
If then of love you ever tasted crome,
Make one within the King of *Ireland* host,
That make them ready shortly to proceed,
To take a faire revenge of this foule deed.

12
No sooner had Orlando heard her out,
But vow'd to be as forward as the first,
To joyne himselfe with that same worthy rout,
And now (for love doth ever cast the worst)
Within himselfe begins to cast this doubt,
Least that this wicked monster and accurst,
Had got his Lady for a dainty bit,
Because he heard no newes of her as yet.

13
And this conceit his minde so much possesse,
And in his heart made such a deepe impression,
(For both in nature he did still detest
All such as unto others do oppression)
And much he fear'd his love awong the rest,
Might fall into the monsters vile possession,
That straight he shipt, and by their due account,
Within three daies he pass'd *Michels* mount.

14
But having passed now the milke white sand,
Of which the Ile of *Albion* takes his name,
The wind that in the South before did stand,
With so great fury to the Northwest came,
In vaine it was against the same to stand,
And therefore to retire it was no shame,
Backe in one night the tempest draue them more
Then they had sail'd three daies and nights before.

15
For when they saw it was no boote to strive,
Against the fury of so seirce a winde,
They went even as the weather did them drive
Vntill the streame of *Antwerpe* they did finde,
Where they to land with safety did arrive:
There loc, an aged man with yeeres halfe blinde,
Who deem'd Orlando of that crew the chiefe,
To this effect utterd to him his grieft.

16
How that a certaine Dame of noble blood,
Of vertue very great, of beauty rare,
Of sober cheare and of behaviour good,
(Though now oppress'd with misery and care)
Requested him, except his hast withstood,
That she to him a matter might declare,
In which to aske his wife advise she ment,
To which Orlando quickly did consent.

17
The Ladies pallace stood within the land,
To which the Earle conducted was with speed,
Where at the entry did the Lady stand,
In mourning shew, and sorrowfull indeed,
Who brought Orlando sadly by the hand,
Into a chamber hang'd with mournfull weed,
First him by her to sit she doth beseech,
And then in ruefull sort she us'd this speech.

18
First (worthy Knight) I would you understoode,
I was the Earle of *Hollands* daughter deare,
Who was to me so tender and so good,
That though my brothers both were him as neare,
Yet my desire in nothing he withstood,
Nor spake the word that I was loth to heare:
Thus whiles in state most steddly I did stand,
A certaine Duke arrived in this land.

19
The Duke of *Zeland*, and his arrant was,
To *Bisby* there against the *Moore*s to fight,
His age and beauty that did others passe.
Moov'd me that had not tasted loves delight,
Nor arm'd against his darts with steele or brasse,
To yeeld my selfe his prisner without fight,
Beleeving then as still I do and shall,
That he to me doth carry love not small.

20
For while the windes contrary here him stay,
Though naught for his, yet excellent for my drift,
What time me seem'd each weeke was but a day,
The pleasant houres did slide away so swift,
We kept our selves together day by day,
Till at the last we made us so good shift,
That ere we parted we had so procured,
Each was to other man and wife assured.

21
Byreno was from hence but newly gone,
(So is my deare beloved husbands name)
But that a great Ambassador anon
Directly from the King of *Friseland* came,
To treat a certaine marriage upon
With other of that nation of good fame,
That to my Sire from *Holland* did repaire,
That I might marry with his son and heire.

Here begin
the tale of
Olympia.

Looke in the
end of this
Booke in
the *Allen*
gory.

Sent, Ovid.
Est res felicitas plena timore amor.

Sentence.
A true property of nobility.

This simple
description of
an *ambassador*
being then a
thing not in
use, doth be-
seeme *Olympia*
well.
Looke in the
end of this
booke in the
history.

But

22
But I in whom faith tooke so deepe a roote,
I could not change my new made choice, and tho
I would, to strive with love it was no boote,
That wounded me so lately with his bow,
To stop the motions newly set on foote,
Before they might to farther matter grow:
I would not go, I flatly told my father,
That I to dye a thousand deaths had rather.

23
My loving sire that chiefest care did take,
That all he did might me his daughter please,
Agreeing to my will, and for my sake,
My griefe so new conceived to appease,
Straightway the motion of this marriage brake,
Which did so fore the *Friseland* King displease,
He made sharpe warres on *Holland* in short space,
By force whereof he ruin'd all my race.

24
For first he is of limbes and body strong,
To meete his enemies in open field,
And then so politicke in doing wrong,
He makes their force unto his fraud to yeeld:
He hath his other weapons strange among,
A weapon strange, before this scene but seeld,
A trunke of iron hollow made within,
And there he puts powder and pellet in.

25
All closed save a little hole behind,
Whereat no sooner taken is the flame,
The bullet flies with such a furious wind,
As though from clouds a bolt of thunder came.
And whatsoever in the way it find,
It burnes, it breakes, it reares and spoiles the same.
No doubt some fiend of hell or divellish wight,
Devised it to do mankind a spite.

26
And thus with this device and many other,
In open field our battels twice he brake,
And first in fight he slue mine elder brother,
(The bullet through his curat way did make)
And next in flight he tooke and kild the tother,
Which caus'd my fathers aged heart to quake,
Who notwithstanding stoutly did intend,
His honor and my safety to defend.

27
But in a hold, that onely now was left him,
They him besieg'd that all the rest had wonne,
And by sharpe battell all the rest had rest him,
Where to a loup one leveld so a gunne,
The blow thereof of life and sense bereft him,
So swift it came as none the same may shun.
A weapon vile, wherewith a foolish boy
May worthy Captaines mischief and annoy.

28
Thus was my father and my brothers slaine,
Before this furious King his warre would cease,
And I sole heire of *Holland* did remaine,
Which made his former fancy more increase:
He thinks by match with me my land to gaine,
And offer'd to my people rest and peace,
If I *Arbante* marry would his sonne,
Which I before refused to have done.

29
And I (as well for hatred I did beare,
Most just to him and all his generation,
By whom my sire and brothers killed were
By whom was spoil'd and robbed all our nation,
As that to breake my promise I did feare,
Which I *Byreno* made with protestation,
That howsoever fortunes wheele should turne,
Yet none should marry me till his returne)

30
Made answer this, that if for every ill
I now abide I should have thousands more,
Though they my corpes with cruell torments kill,
I would not breake my promise given before.
My countrymen perswade me change this will,
First praying me, then threatning me full sore,
Except I do, to yeeld me and my land
(Desired prey) into mine enemies hand.

31
But finding still their threats and prayers vaine,
And still that in my former mind I staid,
Me and my country by a privy traine,
Vnto the King of *Friseland* they betraid;
Who thinking now with flattery me to gaine,
First bid me not to feare or be dismayd,
Then offered free to give me lands and life,
If I would be his sonne *Arbanes* wife.

32
Then I that see my selfe inforced so,
Although I meant that death should set me free,
Yet loth as unrevenge'd hence to go,
On those that had so greatly injur'd me:
Did muse on many meanes to helpe my wo,
At last I thought dissembling best to be,
Wherefore I fained that I was relented,
And that to have his son I was contented.

33
Among some servants that my father had,
Two brethren strong and hardy I did chuse,
Most apt to do what ever I them bad,
And for my sake no danger to refuse,
For each of them was brought up of a lad
Within our house, I did their service use
In warre and peace, and found their faiths as great
As were their hearts to any hardy feat.

34
To these two men I open made my mind,
They promist me their service and their aid,
One into *Flanders* went a barke to find,
The other with my selfe in *Holland* staid:
Now was our day for marriage assign'd,
When flying newes the strangers made afraid,
With many sailes *Byreno* was reported,
Into these parts newly to have resorted.

35
For when the first conflict and broile was fought,
Wherein my brother cruelly was slaine,
I straight by letters with *Byreno* wrought,
To make all speed to succour us from *Spaine*.
But while provision for each thing was sought,
The *Friseland* King gate all that did remaine,
Byreno hearing not what late was past,
Conducts his navy luther in great hast.

36
The *Friseland* King that heard of his repaire,
Doth leave the marriage for his eldest sonne,
And to the sea he goes with navy faire,
They meet, they fight, the King of *Friseland* wonne,
And to expell all comfort with despaire,
Byreno prisoner tane, I quite undone,
Abrode *Byreno* captive like was carried,
At whom unto his en'my I was married,

37
But when he thought in armes me to embrace,
And have that due that wives their husbands ow,
My servant standing in a secret place,
Which I to him did for this purpose show,
Affords him to his sport but little space,
And with a Pollax strake him such a blow,
That staggering straight, and making little strife,
He left his love, his living and his life.

38
And thus this youth borne in unhappy houre,
Came to his death as he deserved well,
In spite of all his fire *Cymoscos* powre,
Whose tyranny all others did excell:
Whose sword my fire and brothers did devoure,
And from my native soile did me expell,
And meant to enter upon all my lands,
While I by marriage should be in their hands.

39
But when we once performed had this deed,
And taken things of greatest price away,
Before that any noyse or tumult breed,
Out of the window we devis'd a way:
And packing thence with all expedient speed,
We came to sea before the breake of day,
Whereas my servant waited with a barge,
As he before receiv'd of me in charge.

40
I know not if *Cymosco* tooke more griefe,
Or wrath or rancor kindled in his mind,
To see his son that lay past all reliefe,
To find nothing of value left behind,
Then when his pride and glory should be chiefe,
Then when to make a triumph be assign'd,
And hoping all were at a wedding glad,
He finds them all as at a buriall sad.

41
His hate of me and pittie of his sonne,
Torment him night and day with endlesse griefe:
But sith by teares no good the dead is done,
And sharpe revenge swageth malice cheefe,
From dolefull teares to rage he straight doth runne,
And seeks of all his sorrow this releefe,
To get me in his hands with subtil traines,
Then me to kill with torments and with paines.

42
Those of my friends or servants he could find,
Or that to me did any way retaine,
He all destroyd, and left not one behind,
Som hang'd, som burn'd, & som with torment flaine,
To kill *Byreno* once he had assign'd,
Of purpose onely to procure my paine,
But that he thought his life would be a net,
The sooner me into his hands to get.

43
Wherefore he set a hard, and cruell law,
Except *Byreno* could in twelve months space,
Find meanes by fraud or forces me to draw,
To yeeld my selfe a prisoner in his place,
(Such Princes are that have of God no aw)
Then dy he should without all hope of grace:
So that to save his life, my death alone
Must be the meanes, for other can be none.

44
All that by paine or cost procure I could,
With diligence I have already done,
Sixe Castles faire in *Flanders* I have sold,
The mony spent, and yet no profit wonne,
I sought to bribe those that him kept in hold,
But they my craft with greater craft did shunne:
I also mov'd our neighbours neere and farre,
English and *Dutch* on him to make sharp warre.

45
But those I sent when they long time had staid,
I thinke they would not, or they could not speed:
They brought me many words, but little aid,
My store decreast, but greater grew my need,
And now (the thought whereof makes me afraid)
That time drawes ny, when neither force nor meed,
As soone as full expired is the yeere,
From cruell death can save preserve my deare.

46
For him my father and his sonnes were flaine,
For him my state and living all is lost,
For him those little goods that did remaine,
I have consum'd to my great care and cost,
For him with hearts disease and bodies paine,
With troublous waves of fortune I am tost,
Now last of all I must lay down my life,
To save my spouse from blow of bloody knife.

47
And finding that my fortune is so bad,
I must to save his life lay downe mine owne,
To leese mine owne I shall be faine and glad,
Where sorrow springs of seeds that love had sowne:
This onely feare and doubt doth make me sad,
Because I know not how it may be knowne,
If I shall sure release *Byrenos* bands,
By yeelding me into the tyrants hands.

48
I feare when he hath shut me in this cage,
If all the torments I shall then endure,
His fury to *Byreno* may assuage,
Whose liberty I study to procure:
I rather feare least following his rage,
When he shall find he hath us both so sure,
He will not care his oath and vow to breake,
Vpon us both at once his wrath to wreake.

49
Behold the cause why I did long so fore
To speake with you, demanding your advice,
As I have oft of others done before,
Yet found I none so hardy nor so wise,
That would assure his freedome to restore,
Whose love doth me to hate my selfe intice,
The cause no doubt is this, they stand in feare
Of those his guns, whose force no steele can beare.

But

Sentence.
Horace.
Quippe nihil
miseru sitius
lamentaque
profundum.

A great
signe of va
lor and co
rage to use
few words.

Simple.

Sentence.
Mala est
discurrit
meta.

30
But if your vertue do not disagree,
With this your comely shape and manly show,
Let me request you sit to go with me,
Where I my selfe in prison shall bestow,
And promise me to let *Byreno* free,
If so the tyrant from his promise go.
For I shall die with great content and joy,
If by my death *Byreno* scape annoy.

31
Her dolefull tale the damsell here did end,
Which oft was interrupted with her teares:
Orlando loving not the time to spend
In idle talke, all answers long forbears,
But in his mind he fully doth intend
To foile her foes and rid her of her feares,
He briefly said, that she should him commaund,
To do much more then she did him demandaund.

32
He meanes not tho that she her selfe should yeeld
Vnto the cruell tyrant as a pledge,
Except his sword (that failed him but seeld)
Had on the sodaine lost his force and edge,
He meanes (like common birders in the field)
To catch the birds and never hurt the hedge,
And thus resolv'd to do this worthy deed,
From *Flanders* now by sea they go with speed.

33
The skilfull Pilot doth the vessell steare,
Sometime on th'one, sometime on th'other side,
The Isles of *Zeland* some before appeare,
And some behind as fast themselves do hide,
And straight to *Holland* they approched neare,
Orlando went to land, but bids her bide:
His meaning is that she shall understand,
The tyrants death before she come on land.

34
Himselfe forthwith was mounted on a steed,
A darke browne bay, with white starre in his face,
Both large and strongly limb'd (like *Flemish* breed)
But not so full of life nor swift of pace,
Yet good enough to serve him at his need,
When as his *Briliador* was not in place:
And thus he came to *Dordrecht*, where he found
With men of armes the gates environ'd round.

35
The wayes, the wals, with arm'd men watched were,
For tyrants still are most of such condition,
(And chiefly new) that ay they stand in feare,
And further now some newes had bred suspicion,
How that an armie great approched neare,
Well stor'd with men, and stuffed with munition,
The which they said *Byrenos* cosin brought,
By force his kinsmans freedome to have wrought.

36
Orlando wils a watchman carry word
Vnto their King, how that a wandring Knight
Desires to prove his force with speare and sword,
Whom if the King could overcome in fight,
Then he should have the Ladie by accord,
That shee *Arbante* on his wedding night;
For he had taken her into protection,
And could deliver her to his subjection.

37
But craved eke the King should bounden be,
By promise firme (if he were overcome)
To set his prisoner (cald *Byreno*) free,
And of his message this was all the summe:
And this was told unto the King, but he
That of true vertue never tasted crumme,
Bent all his will and wit against all reason,
To falshood foule, to false deceit and treason.

38
He makes account if he this Knight can stay,
The which to do he meanes great meanes to make,
That then the Ladie quickly get he may,
And make him yeeld her for his safetie sake,
He sendeth thirde men a privie way,
Him to inclose about and prisoner take,
Who fetching compasser to avoid suspicion,
At last arrived where they had commussion.

39
In this meane time with words he foded out,
The worthy Earle, untill he saw his men,
According as he had them come about,
Enclosing all the way behind, and then
Out of the gates he rusheth with a rout,
Of men on horse and foot of three times ten,
As hunters do inclose the beasts in woods,
Or fishers do inclose the fish in floods.

40
So doth the King *Cymosocore* care and strive,
To stop the wayes with all foresight and heed,
And meaneth sure to have him tane alive,
And thinks the same is such an easie deed,
That of those guns with which he did deprive
So many lives he thinks there is no need,
For such a weapon serveth very ill,
Where he did meane to take and not to kill.

41
As cunning fowlers do the birds reserve,
That first they take in hope of greater pray,
And makes them for a bait and stale to serve,
To take the rest by sport and pretie play,
So meanes the King alive him to preserve,
But unto this *Orlandos* force said nay:
He meanes not to be handled in that sort,
But breakes the nets and marreth all the sport.

42
The noble Earle with couched speare in hand,
Doth ride where as he finds the thickest prease,
Two, three and foure, that in his way did stand,
The speare doth pierce, nor at the fist doth cease,
It past the sixt the brodenesse of a hand,
Nor that same handbreadth maketh any peace,
The seventh so great a blow therewith he strake,
That downe he fell and never after spake.

43
Ev'n as a boy that shoots a broade for sport,
And finds some frogs that in a ditch have bred,
Doth pricke them with an arrow in such sort,
One after one untill such store be dead,
As that for more his shaft may seeme too short,
From fethers fild already to the head,
So with his speare *Orlando* him besturd,
And that once left, he draweth out his sword.

That

64
That sword that never yet was drawne in vaine,
Against whose edge doth armour little boote,
At ev'ry thrust or blow he gave was staine,
A man on horse, or else a man on foote.
The edge whereof with crimson still doth staine,
And where it lighteth pierceth to the roote:
The *Friseland* King repents him now too late,
That he for hast his gun behind forgate.

65
With voice aloud, and many a boistrous thret,
He bids them bring his gun, but none doth heare,
Who once within the gate his foot can get,
Hee date not once peepe out againe for feare:
But when he saw none by his words did set,
And that almost they all departed were,
He thought it best to save himselfe by flight,
From so great force of this same furious Knight.

66
He back retires, ne drawes the bridge for hast,
Because *Orlando* new approacht so nic,
And had not then his horse him speeded fast,
As though he did not runne but rather flie,
Orlando would have made him sore agast,
Who caring not to make the poore sort die,
Past by the rest and kept the King in chase,
That sav'd himselfe by his good horses pace.

67
But yet ere long, againe he doth returne,
And brings with him his iron cane and fire,
Wherewith he doth beate down, and bruse and burne
All those whom he to mischief doth desire:
He hopes this weapon well shall serve his turne,
Yet for all this he meanes to come no nire,
But like a hunter privily doth watch,
Where he the heedlesse beast may safest catch.

68
The King with this his engine ly'th in wait,
A weapon tearing trees and rending rocks,
Whose force no fence can ward with any sleight,
It gives so sound and unexpected knocks:
Thus having laine a little at receit,
And watcht his vantage like a crafty foxe,
When once the Earle within his reach he spide,
He setteth fire unto his peeces side.

69
Straight like a lampe of lightning out it flies,
And sendeth forth withall so great a sound,
As seem'd to shake the everlasting skies,
And to remove the unremoved ground,
The shot gainst which no armour can suffice,
But breaketh all that in the way is found,
Doth whiz, and sing, and kindles as it went,
Yet did not that effect the tyrant ment.

70
For whether twere his overhasty speed,
And too great will to hurt did make him swerve,
Or whether feare posselt him in the deed,
That not to guide his hand his heart could serve,
Or whether God of mercy meere and meed,
Was pleas'd his champion longer to preserve:
It onely strake the horse with so great paine,
That down he fell and never rose againe.

71
The horse and horseman downe together fell,
Downe lay the horse, up quickly rose the Knight,
And on his feet was straight recover'd well,
More earnestly bent then before to fight,
And as the stories of *Antheus* tell,
In whom each fall increased more his might:
So though *Orlando* with his fall was troubled,
His force and fury seemed to be doubled.

*Antheus,
Looke in the
Table.*

72
But when the King of *Friseland* plainly saw,
How this bold Knight grew fiercer then before,
He thought it best by flight himselfe withdraw,
His fainting heart with feare was pierst so sore:
Aside he turnes the horses foming jaw,
Now full resolv'd to prove his force no more,
Orlando with such speed doth him pursue,
As doth an arrow from a bow of Yuc.

73
And what he could not riding erst atchieve,
He doth the same and more upon his feet,
And runs so swift as few men would believe,
Except themselves had present bin to see it,
Vntill at last so hard he him did drive,
He overtooke him in a narrow street,
And with his sword he cleft his head in twaine,
The senselesse corpes doth on the ground remaine.

74
Now as *Orlando* did this feare contrive,
There grew new broiles from thence a little distance,
For then *Byrenos* cosin did arrive,
With men on horse and foot for his assistance,
And finding none that durst against him strive,
He entred had the gates without resistance,
So late a feare was in the people bred,
That none of them durst come to make a hed.

75
The silly Burgers knew not what to say,
Nor who these were, nor what was their desire;
Vntill the *Zelanders* themselves bewray,
Both by their speech and manner of attire:
Then made they peace, & promist them straightway,
To do what ere the captaine should require,
Against the men of *Friseland* them to aid,
Who yet in prison still *Byreno* staid.

76
For why, that people alwaies had in hate,
The King of *Friseland* and his men of warre,
Their Dukes late death, and altring their estate,
Had mov'd their minds, but that that all did marre,
Was overtaking them in such a rate,
As alwaies breeds a great dislike and jarre.
Orlando twixt these men made such conclusion,
As turn'd unto the *Friseland* mens confusion.

77
For straight to ground they threw the prison gate,
They fetch the prisoners out without a key,
Byreno to the Earle is not ungrate,
With thanks a part of his due debt to pay:
And then they go to shew *Byrenos* state,
To faire *Olympia* that at anchor lay,
For so they call the Lady chaste and faire,
That of that Country was undoubted haire.

She

Simile.

Morall.

Historic.

Sentence.

Allegory.

Allusion.

78
She that was thither by Orlando brought,
Without all hope of any such successe,
Who lately (filly creature) onely sought,
Her death might bring her lover from distresse:
Now was her safety and Byrenos wrought,
When she suppos'd and lookt for nothing lesse:
The joy cannot with many words be told,
Wherewith the tone the tother did behold.

79
The people do the damsell faire restore,
Vnto the state that unto her was due:
But she that vowd her selfe for evermore,
To be unto Byreno lover true,
Persisting now as faithfull as before,
Nor fearing any harme that might ensue,
Doth grant to him for love and meere affection
Of her and her estate the full protection.

80
Byreno leaves his cosin in his place,
To guide that Country with sufficient gard,
His loving wife in Zeland he will place,
That done, with forces marchto Friseland ward:
And hopes to conquer it in little space,
If that his fortune were not over hard,
And that which most assur'd him of this thing,
He had in hold the daughter of their King.

81
Whom he did meane to marry (as men say)
Vnto a younger brother of his name:
Orlando shipt himselfe that present day,
Byreno with him to his shipping came,
And offer'd him a large part of the pray,
Because his valcours cheefly won the same,
Who nothing tooke but that same engin rare,
Which we before to lightning did compare.

82
Ne took he this away because he ment,
To prove the force therof upon his foe,
Or use the same when he to battell went,
His courage would not suffer him do so:
To hurle away the same was his intent,
Where it mankind might never damage mee:
He lets nor powder nor the shot remaine,
Norought that did unto the same pertaine.

Morall. In Orlando that at the first motion entertained the enterprize of Ebuda, we may learne to be prone and ready to all honorable exploits: In his coming to succour the distressed Olimpia, we may note how God sends unexpected reliefe to the honest afflicted: In Olimpia we may see a rare mirror of constancy, which I doubt too few of her sex will imitate. By Cymoscus tyranny and death, all Princes may take a warning, that no engins nor stratagems can keepe a tyrant safe in his estate, but only clemency and bounty, that to lawfull Princes breeds evermore love and loyalty in the subjects.

Historic. Concerning the invention of gunnes, he seemeth to insinuate that they have been invented long before the time that our Writers speake of in Germany, which was about Richard the second his time: Virgil hath a verse in the 6. of the Aeneidos, that sounds much to this effect, and my selfe have wondered at it many times, to see how plainly it expresth the quality of a peece of Ordenance. He te's that one Salomoneus a Gyant had an engin of war with which he imitated Jupiters thunder and lightning: and surely this he would not have fained, but that he heard of some such things: the verse is this, Dum flammis lovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi. Some of our farre travelled men tell us that they of Chyna had use of peeces some thousands of yeeres, which I could be willing to credit, save that they also tell of the records there since before Adams creation many yeeres.

Allegory. Allegory I find none but of the Ile of Ebuda where women be given to monsters to be devoured, of which I will speake in another of the Cantoes that followes of that matter.

Allusion. In the monstrous effects of gun-powder, he alludes perhaps to that huge damage done at Venice when their Arsenal or storehouse was blown up: as a like mishap though not so terrible, happened in the Tower, my grandfather Sir Iohn Markham being Lieutenant of the Tower.

83
And when that now the shelves and shallow shore,
Some twenty leagues or there about was left,
No land discern'd behind nor yet before,
Vpon the right hand or upon the left,
Because (said he) hereafter never more,
May any Knight of life and limb be rest
By thee, or coward vaunt him with the stout,
Lye there alow untill I fetch thee out.

84
O curst device found out by some foule fend,
And fram'd below by Belzebub in hell,
Who by thy meane did purpose and intend,
To ruine all that on the earth do dwell,
From whence thou camst, I thither thee do send:
(This said) the peece unto the bottom fell:
Orlando maketh all the speed he may,
Himselfe unto Ebuda to convey.

85
I say the noble Earle in hast him hide,
Vnto that cruell Ile to find that wight,
Whom he more lov'd then all the world beside,
On whom his thoughts were running day and night
Nor would he by the way one whit abide,
Lest of new stay might new occasion light,
And cause him when he had his purpose mist,
To cry with late repentance, had I wist.

86
His course he meanes of neither side to bend,
Nor South nor North, such hast he meanes to make,
But goes as that blind archer doth him send,
That deepe with dart of golden head him strake.
And here a while to leave him I intend,
Returning to the match of which I spake:
For you may thinke I lost it in the carriage,
If you should heare no more newes of the marriage.

He returns
to Orlando in
the 12. Booke
lib. 35.

87
Great feasts were made in Holland, and great sporr,
Because of this new match and copulation;
But greater shall in Zeland by report,
For which there was great care and preparation:
Yet would I not you thither should resort,
Except you knew Byrenos inclination,
For chaunces fell that spoiled all the cheare,
As in the book ensuing you shall heare.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Wicked Byreno fals in love of new,
And in an Ile his kind Olympia leaves:
Roger bids Alcynas realme adom,
But Logestilla gently him receaves:
She shewes him how to rule the horse that flew:
He flying in the aire, from thence perceaves
Renaldos musters: after which he found
Angelica unto the rocke fast bound.*



*A*mong the mirrors rare of loy-
all love,
That present are, or have bin
in time past,
Whose faith no force of for-
tune could remove
With fauning cheare, nor yet
with frowning blast:
Olympia faire all others farre
above,

By just desert requireth to be plait:
Whose stedfast love (to say I dare be bold)
Doth passe the patterns of the new or old.

How could she signes more evident impart,
Vnto Byreno of her loving mind?

No, though she should have open laid her hart,
Yet could she not have prov'd her selfe more kind:
And if such love and duty, by desert
May looke of duellike love again to find,
Her faith requires unto Byreno showne,
That he should seeke her safety as his owne.

Nor onely not to leave her in annoy,

Or her reject for any other dame,
No not for her that bred the bane of Troy,
Or any other of more worthy name,
But her preferre before all wordly joy,
Before his senses five, before his fame,
Or any other thing of greater price,
To be exprest by word or by device.

Now if Byreno did her well requite,

If that he shew'd to her the like good will,
If he regarded as he ought of right,
To bend unto her liking all his skill,
Nay if forgetting all her merits quite,
Vngrate, unkind, he sought her life to spill:
Behold I shall a tale to you recite,
Would make a man his lip for anger bite.

And when that I shall have declared plaine,
His cruelty, her loves unkind reward,
I thinke you Ladies never will againe
Beleeve mens words, your hearts with wax so hard;
For lovers loved Ladies loves to gaine,
Do promise, vow and sweare without regard,
That God doth see and know their falshood still,
And can and shall revenge it at his will.

Their othes but words, their words are all but wind,
Vtter'd in hast, and with like hast forgotten,
With which their faiths they do as firmly bind,
As buntels are trust up with cords all rotten:
Coynesse is naught, but worse to be too kind,
Men care not for the good that soone is gotten:
But women of their wits may justly boast,
That are made wiser by an others cost.

Wherefore I wish you lovely dames beware,
These beardless youths, whose faces shine so neate,
Whose fancies soone like strawe fire kindled are,
And sooner quencht amid their flaming heate:
The hunter chaseth still the flying hare,
By hill, by dale, with labour and with sweate,
But when at last the wished prey is taken,
They seeke new game, the old is quite forsaken.

Sentence.

"Casull. Ni-
metuant ju-
rare, nihil
promittere
parcunt.
Ovid. Iupiter
ex alio per-
juria rides a-
maximum.
Tibullus. Ve-
stra perjuria
venit irrita
per terras &
freta summa
ferunt.

Callimachus:
Iuravit qui-
dem, sed a-
matoria iura-
menta deoris
non subeunt
aures.

Sentence.

Falsx quem
faciunt alie-
na pericula
caution.

Ovid. Flamma
magis de sti-
pula nostra
brevis fuit.

Ovi. Venator
sequitur su-
gemia capta
relinquit.
Simile.

8

G 2

Ovi. Succes-
sura novo
tollitur omnis
curas.

Sentence.

Simile.

Simile.

Simile.

Ovid. Hic a-
mor est odio
magis sceleris.
Of Mirra.

8
Even so these youths, the while you say them nay,
In humble sort they seeke, they sue, they serve,
They like, they love, they honor, and obey,
They wait, they watch your favours to deserve:
A part they plaine, in presence of they pray,
For love of you they mourne, they pine and starve:
But having got that erst they sought so sore,
They turne their sailes unto another shore.

9
Though this be true, I not perswade you tho,
To leave to love, for that were open wrong,
To cause you like a vine undrest to grow,
Uncared for the briers and thornes among:
But least on youths you should your selves bestow,
That never in one fancy tarry long:
The meane is best, young fruits the stomach gripe,
The elder cloy when they be over ripe.

10
I shew'd you in the tale I told you last,
How that Byreno had Cymoscus daughter,
To marry whom a motion late was past,
Because his brother lov'd and greatly sought her,
But his owne mouth was of too lickrish tast,
To leave so sweet a morsell, having caught her:
He thought it were a point of foolish kindnesse,
To part withall, a peece of so rare finenesse.

11
The damsell little passed fourteene yeare,
Most tender, sweet and lovely, fresh and faire,
As when the budding rose doth first appeare,
When sunny beames in May make temperate aire,
Byreno likes her face, her sober cheare,
And us'd to her to make so oft repaire,
That ev'n as Brimstone quickly taketh flame,
So love tooke him to his perpetuall shame.

12
The streame of teares that for her fire she shed,
A flaming fornice bred within his brest,
The plaints she made, and dolefull words she sed,
Doth breed his hope of getting his request,
Thus foule desires with hopes as foule are fed,
As water hore from boiling straight doth rest,
When liquor cold is powred in the pot,
So with new love his old was quite forgot.

13
From flow to ebbe thus turned was the tide,
His late belov'd Olympia lothsome grew,
To looke on her his heart could scant abide,
His thoughts were all so setled on the new,
Yet till the time might serve he thinks to hide,
His filthy hate with faire and painted hew,
And though in fancy he did her detest,
Yet still great kindnesse he in shew profest.

14
And if he shew'd the other signes of love,
(Although such love was worse then any hate)
Yet none there was herein did him reprove,
But tooke his meaning in another rate,
They thought som good remorse his mind did move,
In gracious sort to pitty her estate,
And that to her he charitably ment,
Because she was so yong and innocent.

15
O mighty God, how much are men mistane?
How oft with fained shewes they are deceived?
Byrenos wicked meaning and prophane,
For good and godly was of men received:
The marriners their oares in hand had tane,
And from the shore the ship was quickly heaved,
To Zeland ward the Duke with all his traine,
With helpe of oares and sailes doth passe amaine.

16
Now had they lost the sight of Holland shore,
And marcht with gentle gale in comely ranke,
And (for the wind was westerly) they bore
To come within the lue of Scottish banke,
When as a sodain tempest rose so sore,
The force thereof their ships had well nie sanke,
Three dayes they bare it out, the fourth at night
A barren lland hapned in their sight.

17
Here faire Olympia from her ship to sand,
From sands she passeth to the higher ground,
Byreno kindly led her by the hand,
(Although his heart another harbour found)
They sup in their pavillion pitcht on land,
Environ'd with a tent about them round:
The supper done, to bed do go they twaine,
The rest unto their ships returne againe.

18
The travell great she lately did endure,
And had three dayes before her waking kept,
And being now upon the shore secure,
(Now glad of that for which ere long she wept)
And taking her amid his armes secure,
All this did cause that she the sounder slept,
(Ah silly soule) when she was least afraid,
Of her false husband thus to be betraid.

19
The trecherous Byreno, whom deceit
And thought of leud intent doth waking keepe,
Now having time for which he long did wait,
Supposing faire Olympia sound asleepe,
Vnto his ships he hies with short retrain,
And makes them all lanch forth into the deepe:
And thus with wicked practise and unjust,
He her forsooke that chiefly him did trust.

20
Now were the sailes well charged with the wind,
And beare him lighter then the wind away,
The poore Olympia now was left behind,
Who never waked till that breake of day,
To lightsomnesse had chang'd the darknesse blind,
And sunny beames had driv'n the mist away,
She stretcht her armes betwixt asleepe and wake,
And thinks Byreno in her armes to take.

21
She findeth none, and drawing back againe,
Again she reacht them out, but findeth none,
Her leg likewise she reached out in vaine,
In vaine, for he for whom she feesles is gone,
Feare sleep expels, her eies she opens plaine,
Nor yet she heares, she sees, nor feesles not one,
With which amaz'd, the clothes away she cast,
And to the shore she runneth in great hast.

Ovi. Of Tenu
Metamorph.
Quamvis
mortalia po
Flora caca
mollu habent
ipso sceleris
mollimina Te
rens credens
esse pium.

22
With heart dismayd, and seeing her before
Her fatall hap, unto the sea she hies,
She smote her brest, her haire she rent and tore,
Now looking (for all lightsome were the skies)
If ought she could discern, but even the shore;
But even the shore, no other thing she spies:
Then once or twise she cald *Byrenos* name,
Then once or twise the caves resound the same.

23
And boldly then she mounted on the rocks,
All rough and steepe, such courage sorrow brought,
Her wofull words might move the stones and stocks,
But when she saw, or at the least she thought,
She saw the ships, her guiltlesse brest she knocks,
By signes and cries to bring them backe she fought,
But signes and cries but little now availes,
That wind bare them away that fild their sailes.

24
What meanest thou (thus poore *Olympia* spake)
So cruelly without me to depart?
Bend back thy course, and cease such speed to make,
Thy vessell of her lading lacks a part:
It little is the carkas poore to take,
Since that it doth already beare the harts:
Thus having by the shore end long in vaine,
Vnto the tent she backe returnes againe.

25
And lying groveling on her restless bed,
Moustring the same with water of her eyes,
Sith two on thee did couch last night (she sed)
Why did not two from thee together rise?
Accurst the wombe that false *Byrens* bred,
Accurst the day that first I saw the skies.
What shall I do? what can I here alone,
Or who (wo me) can mitigate my moene?

26
I see no man, nor any signe I see,
That any man within this Ile doth dwell:
I see no ship that hence may carry me,
With (at the least) some hope of being well:
I here shall starve, it cannot other be,
And buried how to be I cannot tell;
Ah how if wolves that wander in this wood,
Devoure my flesh, or drinke my guiltlesse blood?

27
Alas I doubt, and stand ev'n now in feare,
Lest that some rav'nous wolfe that here abides,
Some Lion, Tyger, or some vgly Beare,
With teeth and clawes shall pierce my tender sides,
Yet what beast could with greater torment teare,
Then thou more fiercer then any beast besides?
For they contented are but once to kill,
But thou my life a thousand times dost spill.

28
But presuppose some vessell here arrive,
And take me from this place for pittie sake,
And so perchance I may be left alive,
The Beares nor Lions never shall me take,
Yet will it be in vaine for me to strive,
Againe to *Holland* my repaire to make:
Thou keep'st by force the place where I was borne,
Whence by deceit thou broughtst me (false forsworn)

29
Thou took'st from me my living, by pretence
And colour of thy friendship and alliance,
Thy men of armes were paid by my expence,
I gave thee all, such was my fond affiance:
Or shall I turne to *Flanders*? sith from thence
I sold my selfe, and am at flat defiance
With all the nation, whom to set thee free
I quite forsooke, that now ah wo is me?

30
Is there for me in *Friseland* any place?
Where I refus'd for thee to be a Queene,
The which refusall ruin'd all my race,
As by the sequell was too plainly scene?
O cruell hap, ô strange and monstrous case,
The righteous God judge thee and me betweene.
Was ever Tyger carried heart so hard,
For so firme love to pay so foule reward?

31
But what and if some pyrat wanting feare
Of God and man, shall take me as a slave?
Thou God forbid, let Tyger, Wolfe and Beare,
First carry me a prey into their cave,
And there my flesh in peeces all to teare,
That dying, I my chastite may save.
This said, her raging grieve her hands addresses,
To offer force unto her golden tresses.

32
And even as *Hecuba* fell raging mad,
With grieve of mind and sorrow sore oppress'd,
To see her *Polydorus* little lad,
By kinsmans fraud and crueltie distressed:
So saw'd *Olympia* faire, as though she had
With twentie thousand divels bene possessed:
At last she sitteth on the rocks alone,
And seemes as senselesse as the senselesse stone.

33
And in this state I meane to let her stay,
Till of *Rogero* I have talkt a while,
Who travel'd in the hot and sandy way,
Full many weary and unpleasant mile:
And now it was the middle of the day,
When as upon the South side of the Ile,
He saw three Ladies neere a little towre,
Did sport themselves within a pleasant bowre.

34
These Ladies faire were of *Alcynas* crew,
And there refresht themselves a little space,
They had great store of wines both old and new,
And sundry kind of junkets in like case:
A pretty barke there lay within their view,
That did attend their pleasures in the place,
And wait when any little gale should blow,
(For now was none) that they might homeward go.

35
Then one of these that had espide the Knight,
At such a time, and in such way to ride,
With courteous speech invites him to alight:
The second brings him wine on th' other side,
And makes him fane more thirstie with the sight.
But these enticements could not cause him bide,
He feares *Alcyna* prisoner so might take him,
If by this stay she hapt to overtake him.

G 3

Even

Simila.

He follows
the of Olym-
pia where Or-
lando found
her naked in
the woods, book
2d. staffe 43.
Rogero.

Simile.

36
Even as sale peeter mixt with brimstone pure,
Inflameth straight when once it feelles the fire,
Or as the sea with winds and aire obscure,
Doth worke and swell, and ever riseth hier,
So they that saw their words could not allure,
His noble mind to follow their desier,
Tooke high disdain that they were so contemned,
And him of great discourtesie condemned.

Simile.

Looke in the
Moorall.

37
And straight the third as in a raging mood
Said thus, O creature void of all gentilitie,
And borne (no doubt) of base unworthy blood,
And bred where never used was civilitie,
Ay during life fro thee depart all good,
Nor maist thou die in quiet and tranquillitie,
But burned maist thou be, or cut in quarters,
Or driven to hang thy selfe in thine owne garters.

38
With these and many bitter speeches mo,
They raile on him, and then they take their barke,
And coast along upon the Southerne shore,
That they his passage and his course might marke.
But he that new was gotten farre before,
Did little to their threats or curses harken:
And notwithstanding all that they contrived,
Yet to his ship in safetie he arrived.

39
The Pilot doth *Rogero* much commend,
That from *Alcyna* so himselfe did save,
And as a wife and well experienc'd friend,
Sound counsell and good precepts him he gave,
And wisht that he his time would better spend,
And leave fond toyes, embracing wisedome grave,
And from the good the evill to discerne,
As *Logestilla* used men to learne.

40
There is the food that fills and never cloyeth,
There is the love, the beauty and the grace,
That maketh him most blest that them enjoyeth,
To which compar'd, all other joyes are base:
There hope, nor feare, nor care the mind annoyeth,
Respect of persons, nor regard of place:
The mind still finding perfit contentation,
That rests it selfe in vertuous contemplation.

41
There are (said he) some better lessons taught,
Then dancings, dallings, or daintie diet,
There shal you learne to frame your mind & thought
From will to wit, to temperance from riot:
There is the path by which you may be brought
Into the perfect paradise of quiet.
This tale the Pilot to *Rogero* told,
And all the while their course they forward hold.

42
But so they see a navie under saile,
Of ships that toward them in hast did bend,
Alcyna wrathfull striving tooth and naile,
Doth thinke to fetch againe her fleeting friend:
But all her diligence could not availe,
Rogero to returne doth not intend,
And of her forces he was not afraid,
Because that *Logestilla* sent him aid.

43
For straight a watchman standing in a towre,
So high that all the hills and shore was under,
Did ring the larum bell that present houre,
He saw her fleet, though distant farre asunder:
And when that now approached was their powre,
With cannon shot they made them such a thunder,
That though *Alcyna* threatned much and braved,
Yet was *Rogero* from her malice saved.

44
Then at his first arrivall to the shore,
Foure damfels met him sent by *Logestilla*,
Andronica that wisely sees before,
And *Fronesis* the just, and chaste *Drusilla*,
And she that boldly fights for vertues lore,
Descending from the Romanerace *Camilla*:
And straight rusht out of men a worthy band,
Ay piest to meet their foes on sea and land.

45
Within a large and very quiet bay,
A navie was of vessels big and tall,
That readie at an howers warning lay,
To go to fight at any little call:
And now there was begun a great affray,
By land and sea the conflict was not small,
Which did the realme in hurly burly set,
Alcyna late did from her sister get.

46
This strange to see of wars the strange successe,
She that of late was counted of such might,
Is now so driv'n in danger and distresse,
That scant she could preserve her selfe by flight,
Rogeros parting brought her grieve no lesse,
Then did the foile, which both bred such despite,
And such despaire, to die she had intended,
(If so she might) to have her torments ended.

47
And as her selfe the dame of *Carthage* kild,
When as the *Trojan* Duke did her forsake:
Or as her blood the *Queene* of *Egypt* spild,
For that so famous *Romane* captaines sake:
Even so *Alcyna* with like sorrowes fild,
Wisht of her selfe with like death end to make,
But (either auncient folke beleeve'd a lie,
Or this is true) a fairy cannot die.

48
But leave we now *Alcyna* in this paine,
That from her elder sister fled apace,
And to *Rogero* let us turne againe,
That was conducted to a better place,
Where finding now that he did safe remaine,
He thanked God that gave him so much grace,
To see his foes of forces all deprived,
Himselfe within the castle safe arrived.

49
And such a castle that in stately show
And costly substance others all surmounted,
The value of the wals can no man know,
Except he first upon the same had mounted:
Men have not jewels of such price below,
For Di'monds are to these but drosse accounted,
And Pearles but pelfe, and Rubies all are rotten,
Where stones of such rare vertue can be gotten.

Here ends all
of *Alcyna*.The praise of
Logestilla
house.

These

30
These wals are built of stones of so great price,
All other unto these come farre behind:
In these men see the vertue and the vice,
That cleaveth to the inward scule and mind.
Who looks in such a glasse, may grow so wise,
As neither flattering praises shall him blind
With tickling words, nor undeserved blame,
With forged faults shall worke him any shame.

*Horat. Fal-
su honor in-
uat, & men-
dex infamia
terret, Quis
quis menda-
cum & men-
daci.*

*Ovid. Ma-
teriam supera-
bat opus.*

31
From hence doth come the everlasting light,
That may with *Phœbus* beames so cleare compare,
That when the Sunne is downe there is no night,
With those that of these jewels stored are:
These gems do teach us to discern aright,
These gems are wrought with workmanship so rare,
That hard it were to make true estimation,
Which is more worth the substance or the fashion.

32
On arches rais'd of prophirye passing hie,
So hie that to ascend them seem'd a paine,
Were gardens faire and pleasant to the eie,
Few found so faire below upon a plaine:
Sweet smelling trees in order standing by,
With fountaines watering them in steed of raine,
Which do the same so naturally nourish,
As all the yeare both flowres and fruites do flourish,

33
No weeds or fruitlesse trees are in this place,
But herbs whose vertues are of highest price,
As soveraigne sage, and thrift, and herbe of grace,
And time, which well bestowed maketh wise,
And lowly patience, proud thoughts to abase,
And hearts ease, that can never grow with vice,
These are the herbs that in this garden grew,
Whose vertues do their beauties still renew.

34
The Ladie of the castle greatly joyed,
To see the fate arrivall of this Knight,
And all her care and travell she employed,
That honor might be done him in her sight.
Asolo (in his passage lesse annoyed)
Doth take in his acquaintance great delight,
And all the other his good favour sought,
That by *Melyssa* to themselves were brought,

35
Now having all themselves some dayes reposed
In *Logestilla*'s house, and taken rest,
And finding all themselves right well disposed,
To make returne againe into the West,
The good *Melyssa* for them all proposed,
Vnto the mighty Ladie this request,
That by her leave without incurring blame,
They might returne them all from whence they came.

36
To whom dame *Logestilla* thus replide,
That after they a day or two had staid,
She would for them most carefully provide,
For all their journey furniture and aid:
And first she taught *Rogero* how to ride
The flying horse (of whom he was afraide)
To make him pace or passe a full careere,
As readily as other horses here.

37
When all was ready now for him to part,
Rogero bids this worthy dame farewell,
Whom all his life time after from his hart
He highly honored and loved well.
First I will shew how well he playd his part,
Then of the *English* Duke I meane to tell,
How in more time, and with far greater paine,
He did returne to *Charles* his court againe.

38
Rogero mounted on the winged steed,
Which he had learn'd obedient now to make,
Doth deeme it were a brave and noble deed,
About the world his voyage home to take.
Forthwith beginneth Eastward to proceed,
And though the thing were much to undertake,
Yet hope of praise makes men no travell shunne,
To say another day, we this have done.

39
And leaving first the *Indian* river *Tana*,
He guides his journey to the great *Catay*,
From thence he passeth unto *Mangiana*,
And came within the sight of huge *Quinsay*,
Vpon the right hand leaving *Sericana*,
And turning from the *Scythians* away,
Where *Asia* from *Europa* first doth draw,
Pomeria, *Russia*, *Prutina* he saw.

40
His horse that hath the use of wings and feet,
Did helpe with greater haste home to retire,
And tho with speed to turne he thought it meet,
Because his *Bradamant* did so desire,
Yet having now of travell felt the sweet,
(Most sweet to those to knowledge that aspire)
When *Germany* and *Hungry* he had past,
He meanes to visit * *England* at the last,

41
Where in a meadow on a morning faire,
Fast by the *Tems* at *London* he did light,
Delighted with the water and the aire,
And that faire citie standing in his sight,
When straight he saw that souldiers did repaire,
To muster there, and asking of a Knight,
That in the meadow he had met by chance,
He understood that they were bound for *France*.

42
These be the succors (thus the Knight him told)
Renaldo sude for at his coming hither,
With *Irish* men and *Scots* of courage bold,
To joyne in hearts and hands and purse together.
The muster'stane, and each mans name enroll,
Their onely stay is but for wind and wether,
But as they passe I meane to you to shew them,
Their names and armes, that you may better know

43
You see the standerd, that so great doth show,
That joynes the *Leopard* and the *Flouredeluce*,
That chiefest is, the rest do come below,
And reverence this according to our use:
Duke *Leonell* Lord generall doth it ow,
A famous man in time of warre and truce,
And nephew deare unto the King my master,
Who gave to him the Dukedome of *Lancaster*.

Sentences

Sentences
* *Ariosto*
calls us *ulci-*
ma *Ingleser-*
ra, the *inter-*
most *country*
So in *time*
past the *old*
Romanes
wrote.
Et *primitus*
toto *divisus*
orbe *Britannos*

(them. *Ariosto* doth
but rove at
these noble
mens names,
and if any of
us should
write of the
noble men of
that time, we
should do the
like.

THE TENTH BOOKE

64
This banner that stands next unto the Kings,
With glittering shew that shakes the rest among,
And beares in azure field three argent wings,
To Richard Earle of Warwick doth belong,
This man the Duke of Glousters banner brings,
A lions head, except my guesse be wrong,
The fierbrand the Duke of Clarence is,
The tree the Duke of Yorke doth claime for his.

65
The lance into three sundry peeces rent,
Belongs unto the worthy Duke of Norfolk;
The lightning longs unto the Earle of Kent,
The Griphie longs unto the Earle of Pembroke;
The ballanceer, a by which just doome is ment,
Belongs unto the noble Duke of Suffolke;
The Dragon to the valiant Earle of Cumberland,
The garland is the brave Earls of Northumberland.

66
The Earle of Arundell a ship halfe drown'd,
The Marquess Barkly gives an argent hill;
The gallant Earle of Essex hath the hound,
The bay tree Darby that doth flourish still;
The wheele hath Dorset ever running round,
The Earle of March his banner all doth fill
With Cedar trees; the Duke of Somerset
A broken chaire doth in his ensigne set.

67
The Faulcon hovering upon her nest,
The Earle of Devonshire doth in banner beare;
And brings a sludy crew from out the West,
The Earle of Oxford doth give the Beare;
The banner all with blacke and yellow drest,
Belongs unto the Earle of Winchester;
He that the cristall crosse in banner hath,
Is sent from the rich Bishop of the Barb.

68
The archers on horse, with other armed men,
Are two and forty thousand more or lesse,
The other footmen number doubles them,
Or wants thereof but little as I guesse;
The banners shew their captains noble stem,
A crosse, a wreath, an azure bar, a fesse,
Geffray and Erment, Edward bold and Harry,
Vnder their guide the footmen all do carry.

69
The Duke of Buckingham that first appeares,
The next to him the Earle of Salisbury;
Burgany next, a man well stricke in yeares,
And Edward next the Earle of Shrewsbury;
Now turne about, and lo the Scottish peares,
Brave men, and well appointed you shall see,
Where Zerbis sonne unto the Scottish King,
Vnto the field doth thirtie thousand bring.

70
All chosen men from many a shire and towne,
All ready to resist, assaile, invade,
Their standerd is the beast of most renowe,
That in his paw doth hold a glittering blade,
This is the heire apparant to the crowne,
This is the goodly impe whom nature made,
To show her chiefest workmanship and skill,
And after brake the mould against her will.

71
The Earle of Ormon commeth after him,
That in his banner beares the golden barre;
The spotted Leopard that looks so grim,
That is the ensigne of the Duke of Marche;
Not far from him there commeth Alcubrin,
A man of mighty strength and fierce in warre,
No Duke, nor Earle, nor Marquess as men say,
But of the savages he beares the sway.

72
The Duke of Trafford beares in ensigne bright,
The bird whose yong ones stare in Phabus face;
Lutanie Lord of Angus, valiant Knight,
Doth give a Bull, whom two dogs hold in chase;
The Duke of Albanie gives blue and white,
(Since he obtained faire Genevras grace)
Earle Bohune in his stately banner beares
A Vulture that with clawes a Dragon teares.

73
Their horsemen are with jacks for most part clad,
Their horses are both swift of course and strong;
They run on horseback with a slender gad,
And like a speare, but that it is more long;
Their people are of warre then peace more glad,
More apt to offer then to suffer wrong;
These are the succors out of Scotland sent,
That with the noble Prince Zerbino went.

74
Then come the Irish men of valiant harts,
And active limbs, in personages tall,
They naked use to go in many parts,
But with a mantle yet they cover all;
Short swords they use to carry and long darts,
To fight both neare and farre aloofe with hall,
And of these bands the Lords and leaders are,
The noble Earles of Ormond and Kildare.

75
Some sixteene thousand men or thereabout,
Out of the Irish Ile at this time went,
Beside the other Islands thereabout,
Sweveland and Island other succors sent,
To good King Charles, for why they stood in doubt,
If he were conque'd they should all repent,
And still their numbers daily did increase,
Of those that better like of warre then peace.

76
Now while Rogers learns the armes and name
Of every British Lord, behold a rout
Of citizens and folke of all sorts came,
Some with delight, and some with dread and doubt,
To see a beast so strange, so strong, so tame,
And wondring much, they compass him about:
They thought it was a strange and monstrous thing,
To see a horse that had a Griffons wing.

77
Wherefore to make the people marvell more,
And as it were to sport himselfe and play,
He spun'd his beast, who straight aloft did soare,
And bare his master Westward quite away;
And straight he was beyond our English shore,
And meanes to passe the Irish seas that day,
Saint George his channell in a little while,
He past, and after saw the Irish Ile.

Where

78
Where men do tell strange tales, that long ago
Saint Patrick built a solitary cave,
Into the which they that devoutly go,
By purging of their sins their soules may save:
Now whether this report be true or no,
I not affirme, and yet I not deprave.
But crossing from hence to Island ward he found
Angelica unto the rock fast bound.

79
Both nak'd and bound at this same Ile of wo,
For Ile of wo it may be justly call'd,
Where peerlesse peeces are abused so,
By monster vile to be devour'd and thrall'd,
Where pyrats still by land and sea do go,
Assaulting forts that are but weakly walled:
And whom they take by flattery or by force,
They give a monster quite without remorse.

80
I did declare not many books before,
If you the same in memory do keepe,
How certaine pyrats tooke her at a shore,
Where that chaste Hermit lay by her asleepe,
And how at last for want of other store,
Although their hearts did melt, and eyes did weepe,
Moor'd with a helplesse and a vaine compassion,
Perforce they bound her on this wofull fashion.

81
And thus the caitives left her all forlorne,
With nothing but the rocks and seas in sight,
As naked as of nature she was borne,
And void of succour, and all comfort quite.
No vaile of lawne as then by her was worne,
To shade the damask rose and lillies white,
Whose colours were so mixt in every member,
Like fragrant both in Iuly and December.

82
Rogero at the first had surely thought,
She was some image made of alabaster,
Or of white marble curiously wrought,
To shew the skilfull hand of some great master.
But viewing neerer he was quickly taught,
She had some parts that were not made of plaster:
Both that her eyes did shed such wofull teares,
And that the wind did wave her golden heares.

83
To see her bound to heare her mourne and plaine,
Not onely made that he his journey staid,
But caus'd that he from teares could scant abstaine,
Both love and pity so his heart assail'd,
At last with words to mitigate her paine,
Thus much to her in louing sort he said,
O Lady worthy onely of those bands,
Wherewith love binds the hearts and not the hands.

84
And farre unfit for these or any such,
what wight was found so cruell and unkind,
To banish all humanity so much,
Those polish't Ivory hands in chaines to bind,
About that corps whom none can worthely touch
With hurtfull hands, unworthy bands to wind?
This said, she blusht, seeing those parts were spide,
The which (though faire) yet nature strives to hide.

85
Faine would she with her hand have hid her eyes,
But that her hands were bound unto the stone,
Which made her oft to breake to wofull cries,
(Sole remedy where remedy is none)
At last with sobbing voice she doth devise
To tell the Knight the cause of all her mone:
But from the sea a sodaine noise was heard,
That this her speech and all the matter mard.

86
Behold there now appear'd the monster great,
Halfe underneath and halfe above the wave,
As when a ship with wind and weather beat,
Doth hasten to the hav'n it selfe to save:
So doth the monster hast, in hope to eate
The dainty morsell he was wont to have:
Which sight so sore the damsell did appall,
Rogero could not comfort her at all.

87
Yet with his speare in hand, though not in rest,
The ugly Orke upon the brow he strake,
(I call him Orke, because I know no beast,
Nor fish from whence comparison to take)
His head and teeth werelike a bore, the rest
A masse, of which I know not what to make,
He gave him on the brow a mighty knocke,
But pierst no more then if it were a rocke.

88
And finding that his blow so small hurt brings,
He turnes again on fresh him to assay,
The Orke that saw the shadow of great wings,
Upon the water up and down to play,
With fury great and rage away he flings,
And on the shore doth leave the certaine pray,
The shadow vaine he up and downe doth chase,
The while Rogero layth him on apace.

89
Even as an Eagle that espies from hie,
Among the herbs a party colour'd snake,
Or on a bank sunning her selfe to lie,
To cast the eld skin, a new to make,
Lies hovering warily till she may spie
A vantage sure the venom'd worme to take,
Then takes him by the back, and beates her wings,
Mauger the poison of his forked stings.

90
So doth Rogero both with sword and speare,
The cruell monster warily assaile,
Not where he fenced is with grizly heare,
So hard as that no weapon could prevaile,
But sometime pricks him neere unto his eare,
Sometime his sides, sometimes his ugly taile:
But nature had with such strong fences arm'd him,
As all his blowes but small or nothing harm'd him.

91
So have I scene ere this a silly flie,
With mastive dog in sommers heate to play,
Sometime to sting him in his nose or eie,
Sometime about his grizly jawes to stay,
And buzzing round about his eares to flie,
He snaps in vaine, for still she whies away,
And oft so long she dallies in this sort,
Till one inap comes and marreth all her sport.

But now Rogero doth this sleight devise,
 Sith that by force he cannot make him yeeld,
 He means to dazle both the monsters eyes,
 By hidden force of his enchanted sheeld,
 And being thus resolv'd to land he flies,
 And from all harme the Lady faire to shield,
 He puts the precious Ring upon her hand,
 Whose vertue was enchantments to withstand.

That ring that worthy Bradamant him sent,
 When she from false Brunello had it tane,
 With which Melissa into India went,
 And wrought his freedome and Alcyon's bane,
 That ring he lends the damsell, with intent
 To save her eyes by vertue of the same,
 Then takes he forth the shield, whose light so dazled
 The lookers on, they fall down all amazed.

The monster now approaching to the shore,
 Amaz'd at this resistance none did make,
 Rogero hewes upon him more and more,
 But his hard scales no harme thereby did take,
 Oh sir (saith she) unloose me before
 Out of this maze the monster do awake,
 And let your sword slay me this present houre,
 So as this monster may not me devour.

These wofull words mov'd so Rogeros mind,
 That straight he did unloose the Lady faire,
 And caus'd her by and by to get behind
 Vpon his horse, then mounting in the aire,
 He leaves his Spanish journey first assign'd,
 And unto little Brittain doth repaire,
 But by the way be sure he did not misse,
 To give her many a sweet and friendly kisse.

And having found a solitary place,
 A pleasant grove well water'd with a spring,
 Which never herd nor herdman did deface,
 Where Philomela used still to sing,
 Here he alights, minding to stay a space,
 And hither to the Lady faire did bring,
 But sure it seem'd he made his full account,
 Ere long upon a better beast to mount.

His armour made him yet a while to bide,
 Which forced stay a more desire did breed,
 But now in him it was most truly tride,
 Oft times the greater hast, the worse the speed,
 He knits with hast two knots, while one untide:
 But soft 'tis best no further to proceed,
 I now cut off abruptly here my time,
 And keepe my tale unto another time.

Morall.

In Byrons that abandoned his kind Olympia in a desolate Iland, and fell in love with another, we may note an example of ingratitude, the monstrous fault of all faults, and most odious before God and man: and herein learne to abhorre and detest this vice in him and in all others, that having received preferment or advancement, either by men or women, when they have done, take them off like horses that be lame, or garments that be old, preferring one to the mill, the other to the dung-hill, or as our Stukley saith, make as much of his wife as he could, or if any could make more of her, they might take her, after he had gotten many thousand pounds by making much of her. In the spitefull words that one of Alcynas women spoke of Rogero, we may observe the manner of many worldlings, that if they see a young man live temperately, or go plainly, or speake devoutly, straight they say he is a base fellow, and one that knowes not what belongs to a Gentleman: which foolish manner of phrase, by Rogeros example we must learne to contemne, and know that such men are indeed base as thinke temperance, and sobriety, and devotion base qualities. Finally in Rogeros travell about the world, we may see how commendable it is for a young Gentleman to travell abroad into foraine nations, but yet we may note withall an inconvenience that comes many times with it, to see some Angelicas naked, that will tempt men of very strict government and staid yeeres to that which they shall after repent, as Rogero did this his wantonnesse, as appeares more plainly in the next Booke, where you shall find he lost both his horse and the ring by the ingratitude of Angelica.

Historic.

For the matter historell of this tenth Booke, there is litle to be said, and nothing to be affirmed: for the succors sent to France from England, Scotland, Ireland and many places thereabouts, though I cannot affirme precisely of the time yet sure it is that many have bene sent hence against the Turke to France and elsewhere. And whereas he speaks of Saint Patrick the Irish Saint, I would have them that would know the story of him to looke in Surius de vitis Sanctorum, and there they may see it at large: for mine own part, at my being in Ireland, where I taried a few months, I was inquisitive of their opinion of this Saint, and I could learne nothing, other then a reverent conceit that they had of him, as he comes all Christians to have of devout men and chiefly of those by whom they are first instructed in the Christian Faith:

Allegorie.

but for his Rhetoricke, I found neither any that affirmed it or beleev'd it. Logestillas Castle, the ornaments therof, the herbs of the garden, all these figure the true magnificence, glory, comfort, and utility of vertue. The foure Ladies sent to rescue Rogero, are the foure Cardinal vertues, which being well united together, are able to overthrow whole navies of vicious pleasures: And for what soever else is spoken of Logestilla in Allegory is taken for vertue.

Allusion.

In Angelica tied to the rock, and delivered by Rogero, he alludes manifestly to the tale in Ovid of Andromeda and Perseus, who with his shield turned the beholders into stones.



This was the first time the white men had brought

And for the first time the white men had brought
The first time the white men had brought

THE ARGUMENT.

Angelica doth hide her selfe away,
By vertue of the Ring Rogero lent her:
Rogero sees a Gyant beare away
His spouse halfe dead, and greatly doth lament her:
Orlando at the Ile of wee doth stay,
Where many women meete but hard aduenter:
Here be the Monster kild, Olympia freed,
To marry whom Oberto soone agreed.

He gallant courser in his full
carriere,
Is made by man to stop with
tender raine:
But man himselfe his lust
and fond desire,
Is feldome drawne by rea-
son to refraine:
Tis hard to stop, but harder
to retire,

When youthfull course ensueth pleasure vaine,
As Beare do breake the hives and weake defences,
When smell of hony cometh to their fences,

No marvell if Rogero could not hold,
But that he would now take a little sport,
That naked did Angelica behold,
Within a grove alone from all resort:
His love to Bradamant now waxeth cold,
Or in the least is temper'd in such sort,
He means therewith at this time to dispence,
And not to let this be a maiden hence.

*A small
But,* When Rogero was so rare as well it might
Have made Zenostrates an Epicure,
No marvell then if this same gentle Knight,
Could not so great temptation well endure:
But while he hasten'd to his hope's delight,
Of which he thought himselfe possession sure,
There fell a strange and unexpected thing,
By which Angelica did know the ring.

This was the ring that she with her had brought

To France, the very first time she was there,
What time by aid thereof so well she wrought,
She help her brother to th' enchanted speare,
By vertue of this ring she set at nought
Those magike arts, that men so greatly feare:
With this Orlando Countie Palladine,
She did release from wicked Dragonine,

By helpe of this invisible she went,
Out of the towre where Atlant had her set:
For this same Ring Brunelesse false was sent
By Agramant, who long'd the same to get.
To tell that story is not my intent,
For feare it might my other matter let,
But certaine tis, that when this Ring was lost,
In fortunes waves she had been ever tost.

Now when she saw this Ring was on her hand,
She was so strooke with marvell and with joy,
That scarce she could discern and understand,
If she were wake or if she dream'd some toy:
But to make tryall how the case doth stand,
And know if she this treasure doth enjoy,
Into her mouth she Ring she doth convey,
And straight invisible she goeth away.

Rogero that each minute thought an howre,
(His armour off, and ready for the play)
Expecting now the damsell in a bowre,
Where he had posited her for him to stay,
Found all too late, that by the Rings strange power,
She had unscene convey'd her selfe away
He lent it her to save her eyes from blindness,
And for reward she quits him with unkindnesse.

With

*All this
spoken of
before
Orlando
was.*

With which her aſt displeas'd and ill apaid,
He curſt himſelfe, and chafed in his mind:
O cruell and unthankfull wench (he ſaid)
Is this the love that I deſerv'd to find?
Doſt thou reward him thus that brought thee aid?
To thy preſerver art thou ſo unkind?
Takering and ſhield, and flying horſe and me,
This onely barre me not thy face to ſee.

This ſaid, he go'th about where ſhe had beene,
Still groping as the weather had bin darke,
Embracing of the aire his armes betweene,
In ſteed of her, then heedfull he doth harke,
To find her by the ſound that was not ſcene,
And whence the ſame doth come he wel doth mark.
But on went ſhe untill it was her lote
To come into a ſilly ſhepheards cote.

And though this ſame were far from any towne,
Yet there ſhe quickly did herſelfe provide
Of meate and drinke, and of a ſimple gowne,
Sufficient for the time her bare to hide,
Not ſuting for a Ladie of renowne,
That had bin ever clad in pompe and pride,
Had gownes of crimſon, purple and carnation,
Of ev'ry colour, and of ev'ry faſhion.

But yet no kind of weed ſo baſe or ill is,
Her of her princely beauty to bereave,
They that ſo much extoll faire *Amarillis*,
Or *Galate*, do but themſelves deceave:
Ceafe *Tyrtus* to praife thy golden *Phyllis*,
Peace *Melebe*, this paſſes by your leave,
Ye ſouldiers all that ſerve in *Cupids* garrifon,
May not preſume with this to make comparifon.

Now here the damſell faire a palfrey hired,
With other things moſt needfull for her way,
And meanes to her owne home to have retired,
From whence ſhe had bin abſent many a day.
The while *Rogero* now with travell tired,
Lamenting he had loſt ſo faire a pray,
Doth ſeeke his horſe who had not long bin idle,
But in his maſters abſence brake his bridle.

Which when he ſeend, the raines in peeces torne,
The horſe ſoar'd far away with mighty wing,
How could ſuch haps with patientneſſe be borne,
Of one great loſſe to find a greater ſpring?
He ſtutth in a dumpe, like one ſorlorne,
For loſſe of her, his horſe, and of his ring,
Whoſe vertue great did make him much repent it,
But yet nyeli more her vertue that had ſent it.

And in this rage he puts his armor on,
And on his ſhoulder carrieth his ſhield,
Purſuing that firſt path he lights upon,
He ſound it brought him to a goodly field,
One ſide whereof when he a while had gone,
It ſeem'd the wood adjoynd ſome ſound did yeeld,
And ſtill the neare and nearer that he goes,
The plainer ſound he heard of ſturdy bloes.

A combat twixt a Giant and a Knight,
He ſees hard by moſt furioſly begunne,
The Giant with a club doth think by might,
The battell of the tother to have wonne,
The tother with his ſword and nimble fight,
His furious blowes with watchfull eye doth ſhunne,
Rogero ſeeing this great inequalitye,
Yet ſtandeth ſtill and ſhewes no partialitie.

But in his mind he wiſht the Knight to win,
When lo the Giant with new fury ſed,
To lay on lode with both hands doth begin,
And with one blow he layes him downe for dead,
And ſtraight in cruell ſort he ſteppeth in,
For to diſarme him, and cut off his head:
But when the Giant had the face diſarmed,
Rogero knew the partie he had harmed.

He ſaw it was his *Bradament* moſt deare,
Whom this ſame Giant would have made to die,
Wherefore with courage ſtout he ſteppeth neare,
The Giant to new combat to deſie,
Who either heares him not, or would not heare,
Or meaneth not a conflict new to trie,
But tooke her up, and on his ſhoulders layd her,
And ſo in haſt away from thence convey'd her.

So have I ſcene a wolfe to beare away
A lambe from ſhepheards fold, ſo have I ſcene
An Eagle on a ſilly Dove to pray,
And ſoare aloft the ſkie and earth betweene:
Rogero hies him after as he may,
Untill he came unto a goodly greene,
But th'other ev'ry ſtep ſo much out ſtept him,
That in his view *Rogero* ſcantly kept him.

But now a while of him I ſpeake no more,
And to *Orlando* I returne againe,
Who having loſt the ſight of Holland ſhore,
Did haſten to *Ebuda* with much paine:
I did declare not many books before,
How he *Cymoſcos* engin ſtrange did gaine,
And to the bottome of the ſea did throw it,
That none might find it out againe or know it.

And though his meaning and intent was ſo,
Yet vaine it was, as after was perceived,
For why, that ſerpent vile our auncient ſo,
That *Eva* firſt in *Paradiſe* deceived,
Not much above two hundred yeares ago,
(As we from our forefathers have received)
From out the ſea by necromancie brought it,
And then in *Almanie* afreſh they wrought it.

They wrought it both in iron and in braſſe,
The cunning and the art increaſing ſtill,
As oft by prooſe we find it comes to paſſe,
The worſe the worke, the greater grows the ſkill,
And to each kind a name aſſign'd there was,
According to the firſt inventers will,
To tell the names of all were but a trouble,
Some demicanons, ſome are called double.

He comes to
Rogero againe
in the 12.
book ſlaſſe 14

Sentence.

H

The

22
The Culverings to shoot a bullet farre,
The Falcon, Saker, Minion and the Sling,
Not armed men, but walled townes to marre,
Such diu'lish force is in this bellish thing.
Ye souldiers brave, and valiant men of warre,
Now cease to field your manly darts to bring,
And get a hargubush upon your shoulder,
Or else in vaine you sue to be a souldier.

23
How didst thou find (oh filthy foule invention)
A harbor safe in any humane hart?
Thou mak'st a coward get the souldiers pension,
And souldiers brave thou rob'st of due desert,
Whole millions have bin slaine, as stories mention,
Since first devised was this wicked art,
France, Italy and England chiefe may rewe it,
Since first they us'd this art, and first they knew it.

24
The English bowmen may go burne their boes,
And breake their shafts, and cut in two the string,
That weapon now may keepe the corne from croes,
That did the French at Agincourt so sting:
But to that wight I wish a world of woes,
That did to light device so diu'lish bring,
Let him be giv'n into the hands of Sathan,
To be tormented ay with Core and Dathan.

25
Now good Orlando though he greatly strived,
With speed to get him to the Ile of wo,
Yet first the Irish King was there arrived,
By chance, or else that God would have it so,
Because it might the better be contrived,
On wrongfull wights his judgements just to show.
But when Ebusa once in sight appeared,
Orlando all the company straight cheered.

26
And putting off his armes of colour fable,
He bids the master out to launch his boate,
And in the same an anker strong and cable,
With which he meanes unto this Ile to floate,
Not doubting (if lucke serve) he will be able,
To put the anker in the monsters throate.
And thus alone the noble Knight doth venter,
Into the Ile Ebusa then to enter.

27
Now was the time when as Aurora faire,
Began to shew the world her golden head,
And looke abroad to take the coole fresh aire,
Tythons lying still in jealous bed,
When as Orlando hither did repaire,
By two blind guides, Cupid and Fortune led,
When lo unto the shore his shipboate turning,
He seem'd to heare a noise as one were mourning.

28
At which strange sound casting his eye aside,
He might discerne a goodly damsell naked,
With armes abroad unto the rocke fast tide,
That what with cold and what with terror shaken,
Eftsoones the hideous monster he espide,
Whose sight might well have made stout harts have
Orlando's mind therewith is not amated, (quaked,
Nor his high courage any whit abated.

29
He gets betweene the monster and his pray,
That pray that he so hotly doth pursue,
And (for before he was resolv'd what way
He would attempt the monster to subdue)
Vpon his shoulder doth the anker lay,
And when he came within his ugly view,
Even mauger all his malice, might and rancor,
Into his open jawes he beares the ancor.

30
As they that dig in mine of cole or stone,
The same in sundry places underprop,
Lest it should fall when least they thinke thereon,
And so their breath or else their passage stop:
So is this anker fastend in the bone,
Both in the bottome of his mouth and top,
That though he would againe he could not close it,
Nor wider open it for to unlose it.

31
Now having gagd his hideous chaps so sure,
That out and in he can with safetie go,
He enters with his sword the place obscure,
And there best oweth many a thrust and blow,
And as that citie cannot be secure,
That hath within her wals receiv'd her fo,
No safer could this Orke be now from danger,
That in his entrals hath receiv'd a stranger.

32
But griped now with pangs of inward paine,
Sometime he plungeth up unto the skie,
Sometime he diveth to the deepe againe,
And makes the troubled sands to mount on hie:
Orlando feels the sea come in amaine,
That forced him at last his swimming trie.
He swims to shore with body strong and able,
And beares upon his neck the ankers cable.

33
And as a savage Bull that unaware
About his hornes hath now a cord fast bound,
Doth strive in vaine to breake the hunters snare,
And skips and leaps, and flings, and runneth round,
So though Orlando with his strength so rare,
Assaid to draw him nearer to the ground,
Yet doth he fetch an hundred frisks and more,
Ere he could draw him up upon the shore.

34
His wounded bowels shed such store of blood,
They call that sea the red sea to this howre,
Sometime he breathed such a sudden flood,
As made the clearest weather seeme to lowre,
The hideous noise filld ev'ry cave and wood,
So that god Proteus doubting his owne powre,
Fled straight fro thence, himselfe in corners hiding,
Not daring longer here to make abiding.

35
And all the gods that dwell in surging waves,
With this same tumult grew in such a feare,
They hid themselves in rocks and hollow caves,
Lest that Orlando should have found them there:
Neptune with triple mace by flight him saves,
His charret drawne with dolphins doth him beare,
Nor yet behind Glaucus or Triton taried,
For feare in these new broiles to have miscaried.

Simile,

Simile,

The red sea
is indeed cal-
led the red
sea, because
the sand is
red as the
some as the
makes it red

Those

Olympia.

36
Those Ilanders that all this while attended,
And saw the monster drawne to land and tane,
With superstition moved much, condemned
This godly worke for wicked and profane,
As though that *Proteus* would be new offended,
That had before, and now might worke their bane.
They doubt he wold (thus fools their good haps con-
Send to their land his flock of ugly monsters. (fers)

37
And therefore *Proteus* anger to appease,
They meane to drowne *Orlando* if they can.
Whose deed they deemd his godhead did displease:
And ev'n as fire doth creepe from bran to bran,
Vntill the pile of wood it wholly cease,
So doth this fury grow from man to man,
That they concluded all upon the matter,
To throw *Orlando* bound into the water.

38
One takes a sling, another takes a bowe,
This with a sword is arm'd, he with a speare,
And some afore, and some behind him go,
Some neare approach, some stand aloofe for feare:
He museth much what his ungratefull fo
Should meane, for benefits such mind to beare:
And inwardly he was displeas'd and sory,
To find such wrong where he deserved glory.

39
As little currets that barke at greatest Beare,
Yet cannot cause him once his way to shunne,
No more doth he these curlike creatures feare,
That like a sort of mad men on him runne.
And (for they saw he did no armor weare)
They thought the feat would have bin easily done,
They knew not that his skin from head to foote,
Was such to strike on it it was no boote.

40
But when that he his *Durindana* drew,
He layd therewith about him in such sort,
That straight their faintnes and his force they knew,
They found to fight with him it was no sport.
Thrice ten of them at blowes but ten he slew,
Their fellows fled that saw them cut so short,
Which foes thus foild, *Orlando* now intended
T' unloose the Ladie whom he had defended.

41
But now this while, behold the *Irish* band
Arrived neare unto their chiefest citie,
Who had no sooner set their foote on land,
But that forthwith they put apart all pittie,
And sue all sorts that came unto their hand,
The fierce, the faint, the foolish and the wittie,
Thus were't just doome, or were it cruell rage,
They spar'd of neither sexe nor neither age.

42
Thus th' Ile of wo is made a wofull Ile,
And for the peoples sake they plague the place,
Orlando sets the Lady free the while,
That there was bound in that unseemly case,
To have bin given unto the monster vile:
And viewing well, he cald to mind her face,
And that it should *Olympia* be he guessed,
But twas *Olympia* that had thus bin dressed.

43
Distrest *Olympia* thus unkindly seived,
Whom love and fortune made a double scorner:
For first of him, of whom she best deserved,
She was forsaken quite and left forlorne,
And next by pyratts taken and reserved,
Of monster vile to be in peeces torne.
And in this case the good *Orlando* found her,
And then with great compassion he unbound her.

44
And thus he said, now tell what strange annoy,
Or evill hap hath hurt thy happy raigne?
Whom late I left in solace and in joy,
Why do I find in danger and in paine?
How is the blisse that thou didst then enjoy,
So chang'd and turn'd to misery againe?
And she in wofull manner thus replied,
When shame her cheeks with crimson first had died.

45
I know not if my chance or else my choice,
If fortune or my folly be in blame.
Shall I lament, or shall I now rejoyce,
That live in wo, and should have dide in shame?
And as she spake, the teares did stop her voice:
But when againe unto her selfe she came,
She told him all the wofull story weeping,
How false *Byreno* had betrayd her sleeping.

46
And how from that same Ile where he betray'd her,
A crew of cursed pyratts did her take,
And to this wicked Iland had convey'd her,
For that same foule and ugly monsters sake,
Where now it was *Orlando*'s hap to ayd her
She walked naked when these words she spake.
Looke how *Diana* painted is in tables,
Among the rest of *Ovids* pleasant fables.

47
Of whose sharpe doome the Poet there doth tell,
How she with hornes *Affron* did invest,
Because he saw her naked at the well:
So stands *Olympia* faire, with face and brest,
And sides, and thighes to be discerned well,
And legs and feet, but yet she hides the rest.
And as they two were talking thus together,
Oberto King of *Irish* Ile came thither.

Ovid Me-
tam. 3.

48
Who being moved at the strange report,
That one alone the monster should assaile,
And gag him with an anker in such sort,
To make his strength, and life, and all to faile,
Then draw him to the shore as ship to port
Is tow'd with ropes, without oares or saile.
This made him go to find *Orlando* out,
The while his souldiers spoiled all about.

49
Now when the King this worthy Knight did see,
Though all with bloud and water foule distaind,
Yet straight he guest it should *Orlando* be,
For in his youth in *France* he had remained,
And knew the Lords and Knights of best degree,
In *Charles* his court a page of honor trained:
Their old acquaintance caus'd at this new meeting,
They had a loving and a friendly greeting.

H 2

And

30
And then Orlando told the Irish King,
How and by whom *Olympia* was abused,
By one whom out of danger great to bring,
She had no paine nor death it selfe refused,
How he himselfe was witness of the thing.
While they thus talke, *Oberto* her perused,
Whose sorrowes past, renew'd with present feares,
Did fill her lovely eyes with watry teares.

*Ovid. 3. Me-
sam. Qui co-
lor infestis
adversis solis
ab illis, ubi
bus esse solis
aut purpurea
aurora.*

31
Such colour had her face, as when the Sunne
Doth shine on watry cloud in pleasant spring,
And ev'n as when the sommer is begunne,
The Nightingales in boughes do sit and sing,
So that blind god, whose force can no man shunne,
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth fling,
And bathes his wings in her cleare cristall streames,
And sunneth them in her rare beauties beames.

32
In these he heates his golden headed dart,
In those he cooleth it, and temper'd so,
He levels thence at good *Obertos* hart,
And to the head he drawth it in his bow.
Thus is he wounded deepe and feels no smart,
His armor cannot fend so fierce a blow:
For while on her faire eyes and limbs he gaped,
The arrow came that could not be escaped.

*The descrip-
tion of Olym-
pia beautie.*

33
And sure *Olympia's* beauties were so rare,
As might well move a man the same to note,
Her haire, her eyes, her cheeks most amorous are,
Her nose, her mouth, her shoulders and her throte,
As for her other parts that then were bare,
Which she was wont to cover with her cote,
Were made in such a mould as might have moved
The chaste *Hipolytus* her to have loved.

34
A man would thinke them fram'd by *Phydias* arts,
Their colour and proportion good was such,
And unto them her shamefastnesse imparts
A greater grace to that before was much:
I cease to praise those other secret parts,
As not so fit to talke of as to touch,
In generall all was as white as milke,
As smooth as ivory, and as soft as silke.

35
Had she in valley of *Idea* beene,
When *Pastor Paris* hap did so befall,
To be a judge three goddesses betweene,
She should have got, and they forgone the ball:
Had she but once of him bene naked seene,
For *Helena* he had not car'd at all,
Nor broke the bonds of sacred hospitalitie,
That bred his country warres and great mortalitie.

*Zeuxis, look
in the Table.*

36
Had she but then bene in *Crora's* towne,
When *Zeuxis* for the goddesse *Janos* sake,
To paint a picture of most rare renowne,
Did many of the fairest damfels make
To stand before him bare from foote to crowne,
A patterne of their perfect parts to take,
No doubt he would have all the rest refused,
And her alone in steed of all have chused.

37
I doubtlesse deeme *Byreno* never viewd,
Her naked corps, for certaine if he had,
He could not so all humane sence exclude,
To leave her thus alone in state so bad:
But briefly all this matter to conclude,
It seem'd *Oberto* would have bin full glad,
In this her wo, her misery and need,
To comfort her by either word or deed.

38
And straight he promist that he would attend her,
And set her in her country if he may,
And mauger all her enemies defend her,
And take revenge on him did her betray.
And that he might both men and money lend her,
He would to pawne his realme of *Ireland* lay,
Nor till she were restor'd aske no repayment,
And straight he sought about to get her raiment.

39
They need not travell farre to find a gowne,
For why immediatly they found good store,
By sending to the next adjoyning towne,
The which his men of warre had spoild before,
Where many a worthy Ladie of renowne,
That had bene naked ride unto the shore,
And many a tender virgin and unfoiled,
Were of their raiment and their lives despoiled.

40
And yet for all they were so richly gownd,
Oberto could not cloath her as he wold,
No not in *Florence* (though it doth abound
With rich embroderies of pearle and gold)
Could any peece of precious stufte be found,
Of worth to serve to keepe her from the cold,
Whose shape was so exact in every part,
Even hard to match by nature or by art.

41
Orlando with this love was well content,
As one that hither came with other end,
For sith he mist *Angelica*, he ment
His journey backe to *France* againe to bend,
With them by ship to *Ireland* first he went,
As in his way, and with the King his friend,
Not hearing, had his love bin here or no,
For all were dead that could have told him so.

42
At both their sutes he scant staid there one day,
His passing love such passions in him bred,
But ere he went he doth *Oberto* pray
To do for her as much as he had sed,
And parting so from thence he tooke his way,
Ev'n as his fortune and his fancie led,
But good *Oberto* need not be desired,
To do as much or more then he required.

43
For few dayes past but that with her he went
To *Holland*, where he raised such commotion,
That straight *Byreno* taken was and shent,
Receiving on three trees a just promotion:
And all those countries did forthwith consent,
To sweare them faith and be at their devotion,
Thus of a countesse she is made a Prince,
And lives in joy and solace ever since.

Orlando

The end of
the tale of
Olympia.

64

Orlando bends his course to Brittain shore,
Whence he not long before to ship did mount,
Where he had left his famous *Brilliadore*,
A goodly courser and of good account,
No doubt of valiant acts he did good store,
Though what they were I cannot here recount,
For such a minde he carrie still unto them,
He cared not to tell them, but to do them.

65

But in what fashion he did passe therest
Of that unfortunate and fatall yeare,
I say by me it cannot be exprest,
Because thereof no record doth appeare,

But when the spring did ground with green invest,
And sunne in *Gemini* made weather cleare,
Then did he acts both worthie of reciting,
And to be kept in everlasting writing.

66

From hills to dales, from woods to pastures wide,
From waters fresh unto the salt sea shore,
To seeke his love he up and downe doth ride,
The lesse he finds he seeketh still the more,
At last he heard a voice for helpe that cride,
He drawes his sword and spurs his *Brilliadore*.
But to refresh the reader now tis reason,
And stay my storie to a better season.

In the beginning of this eleventh booke is a notable morall of temperance, with two comparisons, one of the horse, and another of the Beare, which I judge fit for this place rather to be repeated then expounded. If (saith he) a horse, with a little snaffle, may be stopt in his full carriere, what a shame is it for a man not to bridle his disordinate affections with reason, but to be like a Beare so greedy of bonie, that he breakes downe the hives, and devoureth the combs, till his tongue, eyes and jawes be stong, ready to make him runne mad: so do young men devoure with extreme greedinesse, these sensuall pleasures, of venerie, surjetting, drinking, pride in apparrell, and all intemperance, till in the end they are plagued with sicknesse, povertie, and many other inconveniences to their utter ruine and confusion. Wherefore in the person of *Rogero* young men may weigh the losses he had by following his present fancie to *Angelica*, namely his ring and his horse: by the one is understood reason, by the other courage. In *Angelica* whose beauty so exceedingly shined in her poore apparel, you great Ladies may see, that your true naturall beauties become you best, beside that it hath ever bene counted a great signe of modestie, and chaste disposition in women, to be rather cleanly then sumptuous in apparrell, for the vaine expence therein hath bene often occasion both to corrupt the minds and manners of many not ill disposed. And therefore that excellent verse of Sir Philip Sidney in his first *Arcadia* (which I know not by what mishap is left out in the printed booke) is in mine opinion worthy to be praised and followed, to make a good and vertuous wife.

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should bee,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve,
Then be he such as she his worth may see,
And alwayes one credit with her preserve:
Not toying kind, nor causlesly unkind,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,
Never hard hand, nor ever rayns too light:
As far from want, as far from vaine expence,
Tone doth enforce, the other doth entice.
Allow good company, but drive fro thence,
All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.
This done, thou hast no more but leave the rest,
To nature, fortune, time, and womans brest.

In which you see his opinion of the two extremities of want and vaine expence.

Of the invention of gunnes, as I somewhat touched two books before, so here you see how he affirmeth in a manner that Historie. they were invented in Germany. And so I have read, that the first time they were used was in the yeare 1391. in the Venetians war against the Genoas, but it is marvell that the inventors name of so monstrous a thing is not knowne.

Baken the great English necromancer wrote many yeares before that time, that he knew how to make an engine, that with salt peter and brimstone well tempered together, should prove notable for battery, but he said he would not discover it, for feare it would be a meane to destroy all mankinde.

In the destruction of the Ile of *Ebuda*, and all that hath bene said of it before, with the monsters that are said to devoure women naked and forsaken, this Allegoricall sence is to be picked out (though to some perhaps it will seeme greatly strayned.) By the Island is signified pride, and loosnesse of li'e, that they are brought to (by pirats) which signifie flatterers, that goe roving about to rise them hither, robbing them indeed of all their comely garments of modestie, and sobrietie, and at last leave them naked upon the shore, despised and forsaken, to bee devoured of most ugly and misshapen monsters signified by the Orke, as filthy diseases, deformities, and all kinde of contemptible things, which monsters, a good plaine friend, with an anker of fidelity will kill, as Orlando did this, and so cloth againe the nakednesse, that before pride and flatterie made us lay open to the world.

And whereas it is said that *Neptune* and *Proteus* fled from Orlando, it is meant that a true Christian drives away all superstitious idolatry, where soever be commeth.

I finde no Allusion worth the noting.

H;



Orl:
duob
mifer
manib
pendi
Eun
And
Intere
mida
quam
mani
huin
ami
profu
Cerr
to de
rach
fuper

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando doth pursue with great disdain,
 One that did seeme his love by force to carrie:
 Rogero led by such another traine,
 With him doth in the charmed pallace tarrie:
 Orlando parting from the place againe,
 He sees indeed her whom he saine would marrie,
 Fights with Ferraw, and foiles two Turkish bands,
 And findes faire Isabell in outlawes hands.



Faire Ceres when she hast-
 ned backe againe,
 From great Idea homeward
 to returne,
 There where Enceladus
 with endles paine,
 Doth beare mount Aetna
 that doth ever burne,
 When she had sought her
 daughter long in vaine,

Whose losse so strange did make the mother mourne,
 She spoiles for spite her brest, cheeks, eyes and heare,
 At last two boughs from Pyne tree she doth teare.

In Vulcans forge she sets on fire the brands,
 And gives them powre for ever to be light,
 And taking one a peece in both her hands,
 And drawne in coach by yoaked serpents might,
 She searcheth woods and fields and seas and lands,
 And brooks and streames and dens devoyd of light,
 And hearing here on earth no newes to like her,
 At last she went to hell it selfe to seeke her.

Were good Orlandos powre to be compared,
 As well with Ceres as his loving minde,
 He would no paine, no place, nor time have spared,
 His deare belov'd Angelyca to finde,
 To go to rocks and caves he would have dared,
 And place to fairs, and place to fends assign'd,
 He onely wanted one of Ceres waggons,
 In which she carried was with flying draggons.

How he did search all France before he told,
 Now Italy to search is his intent,

And Germany and Castill new and old,
 And then to Affrica to passe he ment,
 And as he thus determined, behold
 He heard a voice that seemed to lament,
 And drawing nye, to understand what tyding,
 On a great horse he saw a horse man ryding.

Perforce he bare upon his saddle bow,
 A Lady sorrowfull and sore afrayd,
 That cryde aloud still making open show,
 Of inward griefe, and thus to him she said,
 O worthy wight (Lord of Anglante) know
 I dye, I dye without you bring me ayd,
 And then he thought comming more nie to vew her,
 It was Angelyca, and that he knew her.

I say not that it was, but that it seem'd,
 To be Angelyca that thus was cary'd,
 But he that justly great disgrace it deen'd,
 Thus in his sight, to have his mistresse hary'd,
 Whose love above all treasures he esteem'd,
 To take revenge hereof he nothing tary'd,
 But put his spurs to Brilliadores sides,
 And in great hast to that same horseman rydes.

With many bloodie words and cruell threats,
 He bids that horseman to come backe againe,
 But he at naught his words and speeches sets,
 Rejoycing in so rich a gotten gayne,
 The vilen still ground of Orlando gets,
 Vntill they came into a faire large plaine,
 Wherein a house of great estate was built,
 The gate hereof in gorgeous sort was gilt.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE

8
The building all of marble faire was wrought,
Most costly carv'd and cunningly contrived;
To this faire house, his pray the foule thiefe brought,
Straight after him *Orlando* there arrived:
Then he alights and all about he sought,
For him that had him of his joy deprived,
He maketh search in chambers all about,
And galleries and halls to finde them out.

9
Each roome he finds set forth with rich aray,
With beds of silke, and gold of curious art,
But yet he finds not that desired pray,
The want whereof did sore torment his heart.
There might he finde with like affliction stray,
Gradaſſo, *Sacrapant* and *Brandimart*,
And fierce *Ferraw* posselt with strange confusion,
Procured in that place by strong illusion.

10
They all complaine in anger and in rage,
Hew of this house the master them hath used;
One lost his horse, another lost his page,
Another doubts his mistresse is abused:
Thus are they kept like birds within a cage,
And stand with sense and wits and words confused
And manie with this strange deception carried,
Within this place both weeks & months had tarrid.

11
Orlando when he saw he could not learne,
Where this same thiefe his mistresse had convoid,
Though she was carride out at some posterne;
Wherefore within no longer time he staid,
But walkes about the castle to discerne,
If that were true of which he was afraid:
But as he walked up and downe the plaine,
He thought he heard her call him backe againe.

12
And to a window casting up his eye,
He thought he saw her face full of divinity,
And that he heard her plainly thus to crie,
O noble wight of proved magnanimitie,
Helpe now, or never helpe, alas shall I
In mine *Orlandos* sight leese my virginie?
Kill me, or let a thousand deaths befall me;
Rather then let a villaine so to thrall me.

13
These wofull speeches once or twise repeted,
Caus'd him returne into the house againe,
And searching once againe he chafte and freted,
(Hope still asswaging somewhat of his paine)
And oft he heard the voice that counterfeted
The speech of his *Angelica* most plaine,
From side to side he follow'd still the sound,
But of *Angelica* no signe he found.

14
Now while *Orlando* tarrid in this trance,
In hope for to avenge his mistresse harmes,
Rogero (who I told you had this chaunce)
To see his *Bradaman* in gyants armes,
(Drawne to this place with such another daunce)
Namely by force of some unusuall charmes,
Saw first the gyant in this castle enter,
And after him he boldly doth advenir.

15
But when he came within the castle walls,
And made much narrow search, as in such case,
In garrets, towrs, in parlors and in halls,
And under staires and many a homely place,
Oft casting doubts what hurt his love befalls,
Or lest the thiefe were gone in this meane space,
Forthwith he walketh out into the plaine,
And heares a voice recall him backe againe.

16
That voice that lately did *Orlando* make
Returne in hope *Angelica* to finde,
Rogero now for *Bradaman* doth take,
Whose love no lesse posselt his carefull minde:
And when the voice unto *Gradaſſo* spake,
Or *Sacrapant*, or *Brandimart* most kinde,
To every one of these it plainly seemed,
To be her voice whom each one best esteemed.

17
Atlanta had procur'd this strange invention,
Thereby to keepe *Rogero* from mischance,
Because he saw it was the heavens intention,
That he by treason should be kil'd in *France*,
Ferraw and those of whom I last made mention,
Whith all whom vallew highest did advance,
To keepe him companie he here detained,
With good provision while they here remained.

18
And while these knights with strange enchantments
Do here abide, behold the *Indian* queene (bound
Angelica that late her ring had found,
(Whose vertue can her cause to go unscene,
And also frustrate magick still profound)
Now longing home, where long she had not been,
And being now of needfull things provided,
Yet wants she one that her might home have guided.

19
Orlandos company she would have had,
Or *Sacrapant*, she car'd not which of twaine,
Not that of eithers love she would be glad,
For them and all the world she did disdain,
But (for the way was dangerous and bad,
In time of warre to travell *France* and *Spaine*)
She wisht for her owne safetic and her ease,
To have the company of one of these.

20
Wherefore a while she travels up and downe,
To seeke for them that long in vaine had sought her,
And passing many woods and many a towne,
Vnto this place at last good fortune brought her,
Where whē she saw these knights of great renowne,
Thus seek for her, she scant abstaines from laughter,
To see *Atlanta* cunning and dissembling,
Her person and her voice so right resembling.

21
Her selfe unscene sees them and all the rest,
Now meanes she sure to take one of them two,
But yet she knowes not which (her doubtfull brest
Did stay as unresolved what to do)
Orlandos valour could defend her best,
But then this doubt is added thereunto,
That when she once so highly had prefard him;
She shall not know againe how to discard him.

But

22
But *Sacrapant* although she should him lift
High up to heaven, yet maketh she no doubt,
But she will find some sleight and pretie shift,
With her accustom'd coyneffe him to lout:
To him she goes, resolved of this drift,
And straight the precious ring she taketh out
From of her mouth, which made her go concealed,
With mind to him alone to be revealed.

23
But straight came in *Orlando* and *Ferraw*,
That both desired, her to have enjoy'd,
Thus all of them at once their goddesse saw,
Not being now by magick art annoyd,
For when the ring on finger she did draw,
She made unwares all their enchantments voyd,
These three were all in complete armor, save
Ferraw no headpeece had, nor none would have.

24
The cause was this, he solemnely had sworne,
Vpon his head no helmet should be set,
But that that was by stout *Orlando* worne,
Which he did erst from *Trajans* brother get,
Ferraw to weare a helmet had forborne,
Since with the ghost of *Argall* he had met:
Thus in this sort they came together armed,
By vertue of her ring now all uncharmed.

25
All three at once do now the damsell view,
All three at once on her would straight have seased,
All three her faithfull lovers were she knew,
Yet with all three at once she is displeased,
And from all three she straight her selfe withdrew,
Who (haply) one at once would her have pleased,
From henceforth none of them she thinks to need,
But that the ring shall serue in all their need.

26
She hastens hence and will no longer stay,
Disdaine and feare together make her swift,
Into a wood she leades them all the way,
But when she saw there was none other shift,
Into her mouth the ring she doth convey,
That ever holpe her at the deadeft lift,
And out of all their sights forthwith she vanish'd,
And leaves them all with wonder halfe astonish'd.

27
Onely one path there was, and that not wide,
In this they follow'd her with no small hast,
But she first caus'd her horse to step aside,
And standerth still a while till they were past,
And then at better leisure she doth ride,
A farre more easie pace, and not so fast,
Vntill they three continuing still their riding,
Came to a way in sundry parts dividing.

28
And comming where they found no further tracke,
Ferraw, that was before the tother two,
In choler and in fury great turn'd backe,
And askt the other what they meant to do,
And (as his manner was to brag and cracke)
Demaunded how they durst presume to wo,
Or follow her, whose propertie he claimed,
Except they would of him be slaine or maimed.

29
Orlando straight replide, thou foolish beast,
Save that I see thou doest an helmet want,
I would ere this have taught thee at the least,
Hereafter with thy betters not to vant:
Ferraw doth thanke him for his care (in jeast)
And said it shew'd his wits were very scant,
For as he was he would not be afraid,
To prove against them both that he had said.

30
Sir, said *Orlando* to the Pagan King,
Lend him your headpeece, and ere we go hence,
I will this beast in better order bring,
Or sharply punish him for his offence.
Nay soft (said *Sacrapant*) that were a thing,
The which to grant might shew I had no sence,
Lend you him yours, for Ile not go to schoole,
To know as well as you to bob a foole.

31
Tush (quoth *Ferraw*) fooles to your faces both,
As though if I had bin dispos'd to weare one,
I would have suffer'd (were you leive or loth)
The best and proudest of you both to beare one,
The truth is this, that I by solemne oth
Vpon a certaine chance did once forswear one,
That on my head no helmet should be donne,
Vntill I had *Orlandos* helmet wonne.

32
What (quoth the Earle) then seems it unto thee,
Thy force so much *Orlandos* doth surmount,
That thou couldst do the same to him, that he
Vnto *Almonta* did in *Aspramount*?
Rather I thinke, if thou his face should see,
Thou wouldst so farre be wide of thine account,
That thou wouldst tremble over all thy body,
And yeeld thy selfe and armour like a noddy.

33
The *Spanish* vaunter (like to all the nation)
Said he had often with *Orlando* met,
And had him at advantage in such fashion,
That had he list he might his helmet get,
But thus (quoth he) the time brings alteration,
That now I seeke, I then at naught did set,
To take his helmet from him then I spared,
Because as then for it I little cared.

34
Then straight *Orlando* mov'd in rightfull anger,
Made answer thus, thou foole and murren lier,
I cannot now forbear thee any longer,
I am whom thou to find do'st so desire,
When met we two that thou didst part the stronger?
Thou thought'st me farder, thou shalt feele me nigher,
Try now if thou beest able me to foyle,
Or I can thee of all thy armour spoyle.

35
Nor do I seeke to take this ods of thee,
This said, forthwith his helmet he untide,
And hung the same fast by upon a tree,
Then drew his *Durindana* from his side,
And in like sort you might the *Spaniard* see,
That was no whit abated of his pride,
How he his sword and target straight prepar'd,
And lay most manfully unto his ward.

And

36
And thus these champions do the fight begin
Vpon their coursers fierce, themselves more fierce,
And where the armour joyne, and is most thin,
There still they strive with sturdy strokes to pierce:
Search all the world, and two such men therein
Could not be found, for as old books rehearse,
Their skins were such, as they had bin unarmed,
Yet could they not with weapons have bin harmed.

37
Ferraw had in his youth enchantment such,
That but his navell, hard was all the rest,
Vnto *Orlando* there was done as much,
By prayer of some saint (as may be guest)
Save in his feet, which he let no man tuch,
Take it for truth, or take it for a jest,
Thus I have found it wrote, that they indeed
Ware armor more for shew then any need.

38
Thus twist them two the fight continues still,
Yet not so sharpe in substance as in show,
Ferraw imploying all his art and skill,
Sharpe thrusts upon the tother to bestow:
Orlando that hath ever strength at will,
Layth on the Spaniard many a lustic blow:
Angelica doth stand fast by unscene,
And sees alone the battell them betwene.

39
For why the Pagan Prince was gone the while,
To find her out, when they together fought,
And by their strife, that he might both beguile,
He hopes, and had conceived in his thought:
He rides away, and travels many a mile,
And still his deare beloved mist is sought:
And thus it came to passe that she that day,
Was onely present at so great a fray.

40
Which when she saw continue in such sort,
Nor yet could guesse by ought that she did see,
Which was most like to cut the others short,
She takes away the helmet from the tree,
And thinks by this to make her selfe some sport,
Or they by this might sooner sundred be,
Not meaning in such sort away to set it,
But that the worthy Earle againe may get it.

41
And with the same away from hence she goes,
The while they two with paine and travell tired,
In giving and in taking deadly bloes,
Ferraw (that mist the headpeece first) retired,
And for he did most certainly suppose,
That *Sacrapant* had tane it undesired,
Good Lord (said he) what meane we here to do?
This other Knight hath consumed us two.

42
And unawares the helmet tane away,
Orlando hearing this, doth looke aside,
And missing it, he doth beleve straight way,
As did *Ferraw*, and after him they ride:
They came at last into a parted way,
That in two parts it selfe doth there divide,
Fresh tracke in both of them was to be scene,
This of the Knight, that of the *Indian* Queene,

43
Orlando hap was to pursue the Knight,
Ferraw, that was more luckie of the twaine,
Happen'd upon *Angelica* to light,
Who to refresh her former taken paine,
Fast by a fountaine did before alight,
And seeing sodainly the knight of Spaine,
Straight like a shadow from his sight she past,
And on the ground the helmet left with hast.

44
But as the sight of her did make him glad,
In hope by this good fortune her to get,
So thus againe to loose her made him sad,
And shew'd that she did him at nothing set:
Then curst he as he had bin raging mad,
Blaspheming *Trivigant* and *Mahomet*,
And all the Gods ador'd in *Turks* profession,
The griefe in him did make so deepe impression.

45
Yet when he had *Orlando*'s helmet spide,
And knew it was by letters writ thereon,
The same for which *Trajan*'s brother dide,
He takes it quickly up and puts it on,
And then in hast he after her doth ride,
That was out of his sight so strangely gone,
He takes the helmet, thinking little shame,
Although he came not truly by the same.

46
But seeing she away from him was fled,
Nor where she was he knew nor could not guesse,
Himselfe from hence to *Paris* ward he sped,
His hope to find her waxing lesse and lesse:
And yet the sorrow that her losse had bred,
Was part asswag'd, the helmet to possesse,
Though afterward when as *Orlando* knew it,
He swaie great othes that he would make him rewe it.

47
But how *Orlando* did againe it get,
And how *Ferraw* was plagued for that crime,
And how they two betwene two bridges met,
Whereas *Ferraw* was killed at that time,
My purpose is not to declare as yet,
But to another story turne my time:
Now I must tell you of that *Indian* Queene,
By vertue of her ring that goeth unscene.

48
Who parted thence all sad and discontented,
That by her meanes *Ferraw* his will had got,
That she (with this unlookt for hap prevented)
Left him the helmet, though she meant it not,
And in her heart her aft she sore repented,
And with her selfe she said, alas God wot,
I silly foole tooke it with good intention,
Thereby to breake their strife and sharpe contention.

49
Not that thereby this filthy *Spaniard* might
By helpe of my deceit and doing wrong,
Keepe that by fraud he could not win by might,
Alas to thy true love and service long,
A better recompence then this of right,
From me (my good *Orlando*) should belong:
And thus in this most kind and dolefull fashion,
She doth continue long her lamentation.

Now

You shall
heare of Sa-
crapant a-
gaine, 27.
booke, 15. staff

30
Now meaneth she to travell to the East,
Vnto her native soile and country ground,
Her journey doth her other griefes digest,
Her ring doth in her journey keepe her sound;
Yet chanced she, ere she forsooke the West,
To travell neare a wood, whereas she found
A fine yong man betweene two dead men lying,
With wound in bleeding brest even then a dying.

31
But here a while I cease of her to treat,
Or *Sacrapant*, or of the Knight of *Spaine*,
First I must tell of many a hardy feate,
Before I can returne to them againe;
Orlandos actions I will now repeate,
That still endur'd such travell and such paine,
Nor time it selfe, that sorrowes doth appease,
Could grant to this his griefe an end or ease.

32
And first the noble Earle an headpeece bought,
By late ill fortune having lost his owne,
For temper or the strength he never sought,
So it did keepe him but from being knowne.
Now *Phæbus* charret had the daylight brought,
And hid the starres that late before were showne,
And faire *Aurora* was new risen when
Orlando met two bands of armed men.

33
One band was led by worthy *Manilard*,
A man though stout, yet hoary haire for age,
Who with his men did make to *Paris* ward,
He not for warre, but fit for counsell sage:
Alfyrd of the other had the guard,
Then in the prime and chiefe floure of his age,
And one that passed all the *Turkish* warriors,
To fight at tilt, at turney or at barriers.

34
These men with other of the *Pagan* host,
Had layne the winter past not far fro thence,
When *Agramant* did see his men were lost,
By vaine assaults unto his great expence,
And therefore now he sweares and maketh boast,
That he will never raise his siege fro thence,
Till they within that now had left the field,
Were forst by famine all their goods to yeeld.

35
And for that cause, now sommer comes againe,
He gets together all the men he may,
With new supplies of *Affrike* and of *Spaine*,
And some of *France* that did accept his pay,
But that in order due they may remaine,
He points them all to meet him in one day,
Who by commandement hither came in clusters,
To make appearance at the pointed musters.

36
Now when *Alfyrd* saw *Orlando* there,
Inflam'd with pride and glory of his mind,
He longed straight with him to breake a speare,
And spurs his horse, but quickly he doth find
Himselfe too weake so sturdy blowes to beare,
And wisheth now that he had staid behind,
He falleth from the horses back downe dead,
The fearfull horse without his master fled.

37
Straight there was rais'd a mighty cry and shout,
By all the souldiers of *Alfyrdos* band,
When as they see their captaine (late so stout)
Throwne downe and killed by *Orlandos* hand:
Then out of ray they compass him about
On ev'ry side in number as the sand,
They that are nie, with blowes do him assaile,
And those aloofe throw darts as thicke as haile.

38
Looke what a noise an herd of savage swine
Do make when as the wolfe a pig hath caught,
That doth in all their hearings cry and whine,
They flocke about as nature hath them taught:
So do these souldiers murmure and repine,
To see their captaine thus to mischief brought,
And with great fury they do set upon him,
All with one voice, still crying, on him, on him.

39
I say the nearer fight with sword and speare,
And those aloofe send shafts and many a dart,
But he that never yet admitted feare
To lodge in any harbour of his hart,
Vpon his shield a thousand darts doth beare,
And thousands more on every other part,
Yet of them all makes no more care nor keepe,
Then doth a Lion of a flocke of sheepe.

40
For when at once his farall blade he drew,
That blade so often bath'd in *Pagans* blood,
No Steele there was of temper old or new,
Nor folded cloths the edge thereof withstood,
About the field, heads, legs, armes, shoulders flew;
The furrowes all did flow with crimson flood,
Death goeth about the field rejoycing mickle,
To see a sword that so surpass his sickle.

41
This made the *Pagan* rout so sore agast,
He that could swiftest runne was best apald,
And as they came, so fled they now as fast,
One brother for another never staid:
No memory of love or friendship past,
Could make one stay to give another aid,
He that could gallop fastest was most glad,
Not asking if the wayes were good or bad.

42
Onely one man there was in all the field,
That had so long in vertues schoole bin bred,
That rather then to turne his backe or yeeld,
He meaneth there to leave his carke as dead:
Old *Manilard*, who taking up his sheeld,
Even as his valiant heart and courage led,
Sets spurs to horse, and in his rest a lance,
And runs against the *Palladine* of *France*.

43
Vpon *Orlandos* shield his speare he brake,
Who never fird for all the manly blow,
But with his naked sword againe he strake,
And made him tumble ore the saddle bow:
Fortune on vertue did some pitie take,
For why, *Orlandos* sword fell flathing thro,
That though it quite amaz'd and overthrew him,
Yet by good hap it maim'd him not nor slew him.

With

64

With great confusion all the other fled,
And now of armed men the field was voyd,
Save such as were or seemed to be dead,
So as Orlando now no more annoy'd,
Went on his journey as his fancie led,
To seeke her, in whose sight he onely joy'd,
Through plains and woods, through sandy ways and
He travels making still of her enquiry.

65

Untill it was his fortune toward night
To come fast by a mountaine, in whose side
Forth of a cave he saw a glims of light,
And towards it he presently doth ride:
Then at the mouth thereof he doth alight,
And to a bush fast by his horse he tide,
He douts, as ever love is full of feare,
That his beloved Angelica was there.

Here you
should begin
to read the
tale of Jfa-
bella.

66

Even as the hunters that desirous are,
Some present pastime for their hounds to see,
In stubble fields do seeke the fearfull hare,
By ev'ry bush, and under ev'ry tree:
So he with like desire and greater care,
Seeks her that sole of sorrow can him free,
He enters boldly in the hollow cave,
And thinks of her some tidings there to have.

Simile.

67

The entrance straight and narrow was to passe,
Descending steps into a place profound,
Whereas a certaine faire yong Ladie was,
Kept by some outlawes prisoner under ground,

Morall.

In this Angelica would have chosen Sacrapant before Orlando; we may note how women for the most part in their choice follow rather some private respect, then the inward worth of the man that offer themselves at their devotion. In that she took away the helmet, with purpose to make sport with it, though at last Orlando by that means lost it against her will, we may see that things done in jest, oft turne to earnest: and therefore that excellent rule of civility is ever more to be kept:

Play with me and hurt me not,
Lest with me and sharme me not.

Historic.

In the quarrell betwene Orlando and Ferraw, we may see the common originall of all quarrels, namely Honor and women. Of Ferraw I have in the first booke of his strength and stature, but whether it be true, or might be true, that his body should be made impenetrable by sorcery and witchcraft, I can neither affirme it was so, nor maintaine that it could possible be so, yet I have some it at believe the contrary, and (as they thinke) upon good grounds: and some say it is a great practise in Ireland to charme good men, and the like, perswading men that while they weare them they cannot be hurt with any weapon, and who can tell whether the devil may not sometime protect some of his servants? but one notable example I have heard tending much to this effect: Roric Oge (a notable rebell of Ireland) having taken in a ryle and treacherous Parlee, my valiant cousin Sir Henrie Harington prisoner, had one night his cabin or little house where he lay beset with one hundred soldiers of the said Sir Henrie his band, meaning to rescue their captaine by force, first the rebels demands for his delivery were such as Sir Henrie himselfe (being his prisoner) would not condescend unto, but would rather hazard his life as he knew he should: I say these hundred men well appointed beset the house strongly, being made of nothing but barrells, and durst yet the villain ere they could get in, gat up in his shirt, and gave the knight xiiij wounds very deadly, and after gat thorow them all without hurt, where a mouse almost could not have got betwene them: and I have heard it affirmed in Ireland, that it was with more witchcraft.

Allegoric.

In the passage where every one hath that he liketh best presented unto him, yet no man can enjoy it, is to be understood that he that follows his owne vaine desires without the rule of reason shall ever run astray, and never attaine to the true contentment he desires.

Allusion

In Orlando and Ferraw, he alludes to the fight of Cygnus and Achilles, who were both in like sort fained to have bin invulnerable.

Her beautie did the common sort surpasse,
So farre as scant her match was to be found,
So as that darke and solitary den,
Might seeme to be a Paradise as then.

68

On her an aged woman there did wait,
The which (as oft with women doth befall)
About some matter of but little waight,
Did happen at that time to chide and brall,
But when they saw a stranger comming, straight
They held their peaces, and were quiet all,
Orlando doth salute them with good grace,
And they do bid him welcome to the place.

This old
man was
Cerberus
whom you
have but a
bad tale in
the XIIII.

69

Then after common words of salutation,
Although at first of him they were afraid,
Yet straight he enter'd in examination,
By whom in that same cave they had bin staid
And who they were in so unseemly fashion,
That kept a comely and a noble maid?
And said, he saw it written in her face,
Her nurture and her linage were not base.

70

She told him straight how long she there had beene,
And by what hap she had bin thither brought,
Amid her words the sighs do passe betwene,
The corall and the pearle by nature wrought,
Sweet teares upon her tender cheeks were seene,
That came from fountaine of her bitter thought:
But soft, lest I should do the Reader wrong,
I end this booke, that else would be too long.



THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando beares Zerbyno's love to tell,
 Her strange misfortune and her hard aduenter:
 These outlawes that in that vast cave did dwell,
 Orlando hang'd, that had in prison pent her.
 Bradamant though Melissa did her tell
 Atlantas frauds, yet doth his Pallace enter,
 Where she is staid by force of Atlant's charmes,
 While Agramant musters his men of armes.



¶ Vll venturous were the noble
 knights of old,
 And worthy that their fame
 should aye endure,
 That durst with valiant heart
 and courage bold
 Find out in dens and places
 all obscure,
 Such as in courts we now but
 seeld behold,

Faire dames, of beauty, mind, and manners pure:
 As erst I told you how Orlando found
 A brave young Lady hidden under ground.

Now in my former matter to proceed,
 I say when he had view'd her person well,
 And mark'd her face and haviour with great heed,
 He doth request the damsell faire to tell,
 Who was the author of so foul a deed,
 To force her in so unfit place to dwell:
 And she as plaine and briefly as she can,
 In this sweet sort her wofull speech began.

Most worthy knight (she said) although I know,
 That I shall buy my speech to you full deare,
 (For sure I am, this woman here will show
 My words to him that first did place me here)
 Truth I will tell, though truth increase my woe,
 And make him look on me with angry cheare:
 Despaire hath ever danger all contemn'd,
 What should she feare that is ev'n now condemn'd?

I am that *Isabel* that sometime was
 A daughter deare unto the king of *Spaine*

Well did I say I was, for now alas,
 I am the child of anguish and of paine:
 Love, onely love this great change brought to passe,
 I love, only love, of thee I may complaine,
 That flattering alwaies in thy first beginnings,
 Yeeld'st certaine losse in stead of hoped winnings:

Sententia

Then in good state I spent my happy daies,
 Noble and young, honest and rich, and faire,
 Now base, despised, poore, and wanting praise:
 Drown'd in a dungeon of most deep despaire,
 Thus love throwes down whom fortune high doth raise,
 And marrs the sport in which he is a player:
 He that in art of love did shew his skill,
 Saith, love and majestie agrees but ill.

*Ovid.
 Seneca.*

But that I plainly may declare my mind,
 Thus it fell out, my father twelve moneths since,
 To make a famous triumph had assign'd,
 Vnto the which came many a Lord and Prince:
 Now whether liking did my eys so blind,
 Or that his vertue did it selfe convince:
 Zerbin (me thought) the king of *Scotlands* son
 In this same triumph honour chief had won.

The passing feats of armes I saw him do,
 In which he was compared with the best,
 His person and his beauty joyn'd thereto,
 In which he far surpassed all the rest,
 Did cause that he no sooner did me wo,
 But I as quickly granted his request:
 Interpreters nor other means none wanted,
 To make the seeds to grow that love had planted.

*Gratior est
 pulchra ve-
 niens in car-
 pore virtus.*

When

8
When as these feasts and solemne shewes were ended,
My Zerbina back againe to Scotland hasted,
Wherewith how grievously I was offended,
Well may you guesse, if ever love you tasted:
But he that cannot be too much commended,
Whose love to me no lesse in absence lasted,
With purpose and with promise firm to marry me,
Studi'd all means away from hence to carry me.

9
T were vaine he thought to ask me of my fire,
(Zerbin a Christen, I a Sarazine)
Our country law contrari'd that desire,
To which our loves so wholly did incline:
This feat doth some new stratagem require,
More heedfull, secret, circumspect and fine:
When love hath knit two hearts in perfit unity,
They seldome faile to finde their opportunity.

10
An house of great estate in Bayon towne,
My father had with gardens sweet and faire,
In which with large descents still going down
Vnto a river comes the garden staire,
Here (if ill fortune on us do not frown)
He means when I shall walk to take the aire,
Soon to surprise me walking in an ally,
And so convey me to his armed gally.

11
But sith with him the case did then so stand,
Not to be present at this enterprise,
He sent me letters written with his hand,
By Oderike of Byshie stout and wise,
Expert in service both of sea and land,
And wils me do as he should me advise,
Whose faith he nothing doubte to be found,
As one to him by benefits much bound.

12
This firm and fast, and sure obliged friend,
Of proved courage, value and of skill,
Against the time appointed he doth send:
And I that for their coming looked still,
Against the time appointed did descend,
To give him scope to work his masters will;
And he accordingly came unespied,
With armed men under the garden side.

13
I seeing them, my selfe most fearfull faine,
They seeing me soon of their purpose sped,
Those that resistance made, forthwith were slaine,
And some afraid and faint, like cowards fled,
The rest with me as prisoners do remaine;
Then straight we were unto the gally led,
And gone so faine, we could not be recovered,
Before my father had the fact discovered.

14
Of this departure I my selfe was glad,
In hope ere long my Zerbina to have found,
But lo a sudden tempest made us sad,
And neare to Rochell almost had us drown'd,
The master of the ship no cunning had,
To keep the keel from striking on the ground:
It booted not against the waves to strive,
Vpon sharp rocks the tempest doth us drive.

15
In vaine it was to pull down all our sailes,
And on the foreboord close to couch the mast,
No paine against the raging sea prevails,
On land we look each minute to be cast:
Divine help oft doth come, when humane failes,
And when in reason all reliefe is past,
For doubtesse I do deem by power divine,
We were preserved in this dang'rous time.

16
The Byskin that the danger well doth note,
Doth meane a desperate remedy to trie,
He straightway launcheth out the little bote,
He and two more go down therein, and I,
This done, he cuts the rope and lets her flete,
Threatning with naked sword that he should die,
That durst presume to give so bold aduenter,
Against our wils into the boat to enter.

17
The rope now cut, away the boat was carried
By force of waves unto the shallow shore,
And by great fortune none of us miscarried,
So great a plunge I never scap'd before,
But they (poore soules) that in the gally tarried,
Were drown'd, the vessell quite in peeces tore,
Where though my losse of stufte and jewels griev'd
My hope to see my Zerbina still reliev'd me. (me,

18
Now being come to land (in lucklesse houre)
And trusting onely Oderikes direction,
Love (that doth ever love to shew his power,
In tempring or distempring our affection)
My good to ill, my sweet doth turn to sower,
My hope to hurt, my health into infection:
He in whose trust Zerbina so much relieth,
Freezeth in faith, and in new fancie frieth.

19
Now whether first at sea this humour grew,
Or els he moved was with new occasion,
To have me here alone with so small crew,
As from his will I could not make evasion,
He bids all faith and honesty adieu,
And yeelds himselfe unto this foul perswasion,
And that he may his pleasure surely warrant,
He sends the servants of a sleevelesse airant.

20
Two men there were that had so lucky lot,
With us into the ship-boat to descend,
One hight Almonio, by birth a Scot,
A valiant man, and Zerbina trusty friend,
Oderike tells him, that it beseemed not,
So few upon a Princesse to attend,
And that the daughter of the King of Spaine
Should go on foot, and with so small a traine.

21
Wherefore he wissheth him to go before
To Rochell, there a palfrey to provide,
And hire some men, a dozen or a score,
Me to my lodging manerly to guide:
Almonio went, then was there left no more,
But Corob, one of wit and courage tri'd,
In whom the Byskin put the more affiance,
Because that he was one of his alliance.

Yet long he seem'd in doubtfull minde to hover,
Faine (if he could) he would have rid him thence,
At last he thinks so fast a friend and lover
Will with his friends Iniquity dispence:
Wherefore he doth to him his minde discover,
In hope that he would further his offence,
And do as friends in our dayes have a fashion,
Advante their pleasure more then reputation.

Sensere.

But he whose honest minde could not suppose,
That *Oderike* had had so little grace,
The fact not only threatens to disclose,
But calls him false and traitor to his face:
From bitter words unto more bitter blowes,
They came and fought together in the place,
And I in this prospect no whit delighting,
Fled to the wood while they two were a fighting.

Between them two the combat was not long,
But so the worser cause the better sped,
Whether he were more skilfull or more strong,
Oderike doth lay *Corebo* there for dead:
That done, he runs the woods and fern among,
And followes fast the way that I had fled,
I think that he god *Cupids* wings did borrow,
He made such hast to hasten on my sorrow.

Ovid. Meta.
Quis tam in
insequitur
peris adju-
vis amoris
color is, &c
Hic spe color,
illa timore.

Ovid. de fast.
Inst. a amant
hostis pretio
precibus
minis;
Nec precis,
nec pretio,
nec moris
illa minis.

Feare made me swift, for I was sore afraid,
Love made him swifter run to overtake me,
Then sore against my will my course he staid,
Then sundrily both foul and faire he spake me,
Somtime he promised, somtime he praid,
Somtime he threatned he by force would make me:
With suit, with gifts with threats he oft did prove me,
With suit, with gifts, with threats he nought did move

26

But when he could not with his words prevaile,
He doth resolve no further time to stay,
With open force he then did me assaile,
As doth a hungry Beare cease on his pray,
And I defended me with tooth and naile,
And cries, and skreeks, and all the wayes I may,
Nor was I in mine own defence afraid,
To scratch his eyes, and pull away his beard.

27

I know not if it were my skreetch and crie,
That might have well bin heard a league and more,
Or if it were their use that dwell thereby,
To come to seek some shipwracks on the shore,
But straight upon the hill we might descry,
Come toward us of company good store,
Which makes my *Byskie* man away to run,
And to surcease his enterprife begun.

28

Thus this unlook'd for crew preserv'd me then,
And hindred him of his unjust desire:
But I was sav'd, as is the flounder, when
He leapeth from the dish into the fire.
For though these barbarous and savage men
To touch my person did not once aspire,
No venomous thought did breed this moderation,
But hope of gaine and greedy inclination.

The Leader of this miserable band
Did think his market will be raised much,
In selling me, when men shall understand,
He sels a maid whom none did ever touch,
And now I heare a merchant is in hand
Of him to buy me, if his luck be such,
From whom into the East I shall be sent,
Where to the *Souldan* they will me present.

29

And in this sort her wofull tale she told,
And mingled sighs with tears in a full fashion,
Expressed with such dolefull words as would
Have mov'd a stony heart to take compassion:
It eas'd in part her mind, thus to unfold
The bitter cause of her unpleasant passion.
Now while *Orlando* to this tale attended,
The crew of captives to the cave descended.

30

A barbarous and foul misshapen crew,
Armed, one with a spit, one with a prong,
Mouthes, eyes and face most ugly were to view,
One had no nose, an others was too long:
But when their leader somewhat nearer drew,
And saw *Orlando* standing there among,
Turning to his companion, he said,
Lo here a bird for whom no net we laid.

31

Then to the Earle he said, I am right glad
To find one so well armed in my cave,
For long for such an armour long'd I had,
And surely now this I suppose to have:
How think you, when my person shall be clad
With this your coat, shall not I then be brave?
Wherefore good sir, think not your welcome scant,
That come so fildy to supply my want.

32

Orlando turning with a sower smile,
Answer'd, his armour was of price too high,
And that he greatly did himselfe beguile,
That thought of him his armour there to buy:
And as they nearer came, he stoopt the while,
And took a brand that in the fire did lie,
And straight he threw it at the captives head,
And laid him there along the floor for dead.

33

A short thick plank stood on a scrubby post,
That serv'd them for a boord to drink and eat,
This like a coight at them *Orlando* tost,
And (for the same full heavy was and great)
It fell down there among them to their cost,
They never saw before so strange a feat:
By which scarce one of them escaped harm,
In head, in leg, in brest, in side or arm.

34

So shall you see a country man that takes
In time of spring a brickbat or a stone,
And throwes the same upon a knot of snakes,
That lie together cluster'd all in one,
How great a spoile the stone among them makes,
And those that scape, how quickly they be gone:
So did *Orlando* with these peasants play,
That glad were they that scap'd to run away.

Those

36
Those that could scape the heavy tables fall,
Vnto their feet commended their defence,
Which were (as *Turpin* writes) but seven in all,
Which seven were glad to run away from thence:
But yet their flying brought them help but small,
Orlando means to punish their offence,
Their feet, nor yet their fence could them so guard,
But that he brought them to the hanging ward.

37
Now when the foresaid aged woman sayd,
In how bad sort these friends of hers were serv'd,
She was affear'd, for well she knew by law,
That no lesse punishment she had deserv'd.
Forthwith from thence she stole away for aw,
And up and down the desert wood she swerv'd,
Vntill at last a warriour stout her met,
But who it was I may not tell as yet.

38
The tender damsell doth *Orlando* pray,
Her chastity and honour to protect,
Who made her go with him, and from that day
Had unto her a fatherly respect:
Now as they went, a prisoner by the way
They saw, whose name I may not now detect.
Now should I speak of *Bradamant* by right,
Whom erst I left in such a dolefull plight.

39
The valourous Lady looking long in vaine,
When her *Rogero* would to her return,
Lay in *Marsilia* to the Pagans paine,
Where ev'ry day she did them some shrewd turn;
For some of them in *Provence* did remaine,
And *Languedock* where they did spoile and burn,
Till with her value she did them rebuke,
Supplying place of captaine and of duke.

40
Now on a day as she sat still and mused,
The time of his appointment long expir'd,
Doubting lest she by him might be abus'd,
Or that her company he not desir'd,
And often when she blam'd, she straight excus'd:
Thus while with carefull thought her self she tir'd,
Melissa whom she thought not to be neare her,
Came suddenly of purpose for to cheare her.

41
With pleasant countenance *Melissa* sage,
Much like to those that carie welcome newes,
Wills her, her causlesse sorrow to assuage,
And good *Rogero's* absence doth excuse,
Swearing that she durst lay her life to gage,
He would not absent be, if he might chuse,
And that he did now in his promise hault,
Was not by his but by anothers fault.

42
Wherefore (quoth she) get you to horseback straight
If you would set your faithfull lover free,
And I my self intend on you to wait,
Till you his prison with your eye shall see,
Whereas *Atlanta* with a strange deceit
Detaineth men, of base and high degree,
And shoves by strange illusion distress,
Each one the party whom he loveth best.

43
Each one doth deeme he sees in great distresse,
His love, his friend, his fellow or his page,
According as mens reasons more or lesse,
Are weak or strong such passion so assuage:
Thus do they follow this their foolish guesse,
Vntill they come like birds into a cage,
Searching the pallace with a pensive heart,
The great desire not suffering them to part.

44
Now then (said she) when you shall once draw nigh,
Where this same *Necromancer* strange doth dwell,
He will your coming and the cause descry,
And to delude you (mark me what I tell)
He straight will offer there unto your eye
(By help of some inhabitants of hell)
Rogero's person, all in wofull plight,
As though he had been conquered in fight.

45
And if you follow, thinking him to aid,
Then will he stay you as he doth the rest,
But kill him therefore, and be not afraid,
For so you shall your friend deliver best:
So shall your foe *Atlanta* be betraid
In his own trap when as he looketh left,
And feare not when he cometh by to strike him,
Though he your deare resemble, and look like him.

46
I know full well how hard 'twill be to try,
And how your heart will faile, and hand will tremble
When you shall go about to make one dy,
That shall *Rogero's* shape so right resemble:
But in this case you may not trust your ey,
But all your sprites and forces all assemble:
For this assure you, if you let him go,
You work your own and your *Rogero's* wo.

47
The Proverb saith, one that is warn'd is arm'd,
The which old saw, doth prove by due construction,
That they that after warning had are harm'd,
Did ill regard or follow good instruction.
Now *Bradamant* rides to the place so charm'd,
And vow'd that old *Magicians* destruction,
And that they may the tedious way beguile,
They spend the time in pleasant talk the while.

48
And oft *Melissa* doth to her repeat
The names of those that should be her posterity,
That should in force and deeds of armes be great,
But greater in Religion and sincenty,
Atchieving many a strange and worthy feat,
And use both head and hand with great dexterity,
In ruling just, and bountifull in giving,
Cesars in fight, and *Saints* in godly living.

49
Now when *Melissa* sage such things did show,
The noble Lady modestly repli'd,
Sith God (quoth she) doth give you skill to know,
The things that shall in future times betide,
And means on me (unworthy) to bestow
An issue such as few shall have beside,
Tell me, among so many men of name,
Shall there no woman be of worthy fame?

50
 Yes many a one (said she) both chaste and wife,
 Mothers to such as beare imperiall crownes,
 Pillars and stayes of royall families,
 Owners of realmes, of countries and of townes,
 Out of thy blessed off-spring must arise,
 Such as shall be ev'n in their sober gownes,
 For chastity and modesty as glorious,
 As shall their husbands be in warre victorious.

51
 Nor can I well, or do I now intend,
 To take upon me all their names to tell,
 For then my speech would never have an end,
 I find so many that deserve so well,
 Onely I mean a word or two to spend,
 Of one or two that do the rest excell:
 Had you but talk'd herof in *Merlins* cave,
 You should have seen the shapes that they shall have.

For there she
 saw all the
 men of that
 flock, book 2.

52
 Shall I begin with her whose vertue rare
 Shall with her husband live in happy strife,
 Whether his valiant actions may compare,
 Or be prefer'd before her honest life?
 He fights abroad against king *Charles* at *Tare*,
 She staid at home a chaste and sober wife:
Penelope in spending chaste her dayes,
 As worthy as *Ulysses* was of praise.

Seemeth.

53
 Then next dame *Beatrice* the wife sometime
 Of *Lodwike* *Sforze*, surnamed eke the *More*:
 Wise and discreet, and known without all crime,
 Of fortunes gifts, and vertues having store:
 Her husband liv'd most happy all her time,
 And in such state as few have liv'd before:
 But after fell from being Duke of *Millen*,
 To be a captive fetter'd like a villen.

He calls her
 queen be-
 cause she was
 a kings
 daughter.

54
 To passe the famous house I should be sorie,
 Of *Aragon*, and that most worthy queen,
 Whose match in neither greek nor latine storie,
 Or any writer els hath ever been:
 And full to perfect her most worthy glory,
 Three worthy children shall of her be seen:
 Of whom the heavens have pointed her the mother,
Isbell by name, *Alfonso* and his brother.

55
 As silver is to tin, as gold to brasse,
 As roses are to flowers and herbs more base,
 As diamonds and rubyes are to glasse,
 As cedars are to fallowes: in like case
 Shall famous *Leonora* others passe,
 In vertue, beauty, modesty and grace:
 But above all, in this she shall excell,
 In bringing up her children passing well.

56
 For as the vessell ever beares a taste
 Of that same juyce wherewith it first was fill'd,
 And as in fruitfull ground the seed growes fast,
 That first is sowne when as the same is til'd:
 So look what lore in youthfull yeares is plac'd,
 By that they grow the worse or better will'd,
 When as they come to manly age and stature,
 Sith education is another nature.

Smile.

Smile.

Spoken.

57
 Then next her neece, a faire and famous dame,
 That hight *Renata* I may not forget,
 Daughter to *Lewys* the xij king of that name,
 Whom of the *Britten* Dutches he did get:
 Whose vertue great shall merit lasting fame,
 While fier shall be warm or water wet,
 While wind shall blow, and earth stand firm & sound,
 And heav'nly sphears shall run their courses round.

58
 I passe all those that passe all these some deale,
 Whose soules aspiring to an higher praise,
 Despising pomp and ease, and worldly weale,
 In sacred rites shall spend their blessed dayes:
 Whose hearts and holy love and godly zeale,
 To heav'nly joyes from earthly thoughts shall raise,
 That to good works, to prayer and pure divinitie,
 Shall consecrate their lives and their virginite.

59
 Thus doth *Melyssa* unto her discourse,
 Of those should come hereafter of her seed,
 And while they talked oft by entercourse,
 They in their journey onward do proceed,
 And oftentimes *Melyssa* hath recourse,
 To will her of *Atlanta* take great heed,
 And least she should with faint and foolish kindnes
 Be led unwares in errour and in blindness.

60
 Now when they neare approached to the place,
 Then *Bradamant* departed from her guide,
 And after she had rode a little space,
 She saw one brought with hands together ti'd,
 Exceeding like *Rogero* in the face,
 In voice, in stature, haire and all beside:
 Bound fast with chaines betweene two gyants led,
 That threatned him ere long he should be dead.

61
 But when the damsell saw within her view,
 The lamentable state and hard condision,
 Of him whose face she certaine thought she knew,
 She chaungeth straight her trust into suspicion,
 Doubting *Melyssa* of some malice new,
 Or hidden hate had giv'n her such commission,
 To make *Rogero* for a greater spite,
 Be slaine by her in whom he doth delight.

62
 Is not this he (thus to her self she spake)
 Whom still mine heart and now mine eyes do see?
 If my *Rogero* I can so mistake,
 I never shall have knowledge which is he:
 I either dream and am not now awake,
 Or els no doubt it can none other be,
Melyssa? what, may not *Melyssa* lye?
 Shall I believe her tale, and not mine eye?

63
 Now while that thus she thought and thus she said,
 And in this unwise thought did thus persevere:
 She thought she heard him speak and ask for aid,
 Saying (my love) assist me now or never,
 What shall I in thy fight be so betraid?
 Dost thou forsake me then farewell for ever:
 These unkind words her heart so greatly daunted,
 She followes him into the house enchanted.

No

64

No sooner was she enter'd in the gate,
But that the common error her posselt,
Wandering about the house betimes and late,
Nor night nor day she taketh any rest;
The strange enchantment brought her in that state,
That though she saw the man that lov'd her best,
And spake with him, and met him every houre,
To know the tone the tother had no power.

65

But let not now the reader be displeas'd,
Although I leave her in this charmed place,
I mean ere long her travell shall be eas'd,
And she shall see and know Rogero's face,
Ev'n as the tast with diverse meats is pleas'd,
So think I by this story in like case;
The friendly reader shall be lesse annoy'd,
If with one matter long he be not cloy'd.

66

With sundry threds a man had need to weave,
To make so large a web as I intend,
Wherefore all other matters I must leave,
Of Agramant a little time to spend:
Who sorely at the flower de luce did heave,
And all his might to mar the same did bend,
Sending for men to Affricke and to Spaine,
Those to supply that in the field were slaine.

67

Thus all on war his heart was wholly fixt,
His new supplies with sundry captains led
Were come, with men of sundry nations mixt,
With whom that no disorder may be bred,
A day for viewes and musters was prefixt,
That ev'ry one might know his guide and head:
Then fell they to their mustering and their viewing,
As shall be shew'd you in the book ensuing.

In this tragicall discourse of Isabella (for it is in conclusion an excellent tragedie) young Ladies might take this good Morall. lesson, that though they make choice of most worthy men (as Isabella did) yet if it be without their parents good will, it feldome prospers, but is full of diverse misadventures and hazards, that many times be the cause of their utter ruine. In that Oderike giveth place to his disordinate lust, forgetting all faith and loyalty, we may note the frailty of young men, and what unfit tutors they are for such charges, who when they have broken all the bands of faith and honesty, they think notwithstanding they have made a sufficient excuse for the matter, if they may lay the fault upon (saving your reverence) Cupid. In Corebo, that would not be won to consent to his friends desire in so soule a matter, we may take good example of faith and loyalty, that must neither for friendship nor kindred yeeld to any dishonourable act. In the execution of the thieves, we may learne, that such an end is fit for men that live by robbery and spoile, and will take no honest travell for their living, as fit (to use the old Proverbe) as a rope is for a theefe.

The notable women that are so commended by Melissa in this booke, were of the house of Ferrara, and many of them worthy this exquisite praise that is here given them. The first he speaks of is the Duchesse of Mantua, whose husband had a great victory at Tare a river of Italy, against Charles the eight of France. Ariosto therefore compares her chastity with his victory, according to that excellent wise saying, it is a greater vertue to conquer ones own affections, than to win cities. Historie.

Beatrice wife to Lodwick Sforze, of whom in the three and thirtieth book there is more said, only here benotes (which was true indeed) that during his wives life he lived more happy then he did after: for at her death began his misery.

Hercules of Este married Alfonso's daughter, of whom he had Alfonso Hippolito and Isabella.

Concerning Renata, Lewis the xij. king of France married the Duchesse of Brittain, and had by her issue this Renata, one of whose offspring was after matched into the house of Austria, so as that Du'edome is in great danger to be gotten by the Spaniards, now that line of France that came of the elder sister is extinguished. But this is beside the book, only I thought good to touch the particular stock of some of these famous women that my Author so much extollet, as I have my selfe read of some of them in Guicciardin and Frances Vlloa that wrote the life of Charles the first in Italian: and this I will note withall, that my author doth with great discretion commend three speciall vertues in the women of the house of Este. First devotion, for he alledgeth that many of them entered into religion, and lived all their time devoutly, which he praiseth chiefly, though in the last place, saying, I passe all those that passe all these some deale. Next chastity: Penelope in spending chaft her dayes, as worthy as Vllisses was of praise. Thirdly, education of children, as is likewise touched before in another place.

The vertues that in women merit praise,
Are sober shewes without, chaft thoughts within.

True faith and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honest care to take

Bradamant, that after Melissa's warning given unto her of Arlanta's illusion, yet is caried away with the sight of Rogero falsly represented unto her: signifies by allegory, that a Christian having received ghostly counsell for the health of his soule, and is instructed in true beliefe, yet after, when the world and his owne grosse sense represents unto him some contrary imaginations, he thinks Melissa (that is, the preacher or instructer) doth but abuse him, and tell him a tale of Robinhood, and so they are caried into the devils pallace, where they find nothing but shadowes and illusions. Allegoric.

Where Orlando takes up a firebrand, and killed one of the outlawes therewith, it alludes to two like matters in Ovid. 12. Met. Allusion.

Ecce rapit medijs flagrantem Rhetus ab aris,
Primum torrem dextraque à parte Charaxi,
Tempora perfringit. — And in the xij. of Virgil.
Obvius ambustum torrem Corineus ab ara
Corripit, & venienti ebuso plagamque ferenti,
Occupat os flammis. Illi ingens barba reluxit
Nidoremque ambusta dedit. —



THE ARGUMENT.

Agramant mustering of his men, doth misse
Two bands that by Orlando late were slaine:
Mandricard vows to be reveng'd of this,
But by the way he hap to entertaine
Dame Doralice, whose beauty was his blisse.
An Angell brings Renaldo and his traine
Unseene, there where the Pagan did encampe,
And sendeth discord to the Turkish campe.



AMong the fierce assaults, and
and cruell blowes,
That France hath felt from
Affrick and from Spaine,
In which so many men fed
Wolves and Crowes,
That were on both sides in
the battell slaine:
Although the French were
foiled by their foes,

That long they came not to the field againe,
Yet was this foile fore to the Pagans cost,
For diverse Lords and Princes that they lost.

So bloody was the victory they gate,
That scant this joy did countervail that wo,
And if we may compare things done of late,
(Renown'd *Alfons*) to things done long ago,
Ravenna's fall by fortune or by fate,
In which your verue great did flourish so,
To win the * field so bloody and so hard,
With this of theirs may justly be compar'd.

For when the souldiers of the Spanish band
Whom then the Pope retained in his pay,
Had almost got the victory in hand,
The Frenchmen ready now to run away,
Thou cam'st to succour with that noble band
Of valiant youths, that merited that day
The honour of the gilded spurre and hilt,
In recompence of bloud so bravely spilt.

So didst thou bruise the * Akornes richest gold,
So didst thou break the * yellow staffe and red,

So didst thou then the *Flower de luce* uphold,
When as the captaine was in battell dead,
For which the Lawrell crown they ware of old,
By just desert belongeth to thy head,
And Civill crown, no lesse in honour precious,
For saving unto Rome her own *Fabricius*.

Colonna nam'd a collum true indeed,
Vnto the state of Rome and Romane name,
Whom you by value took, and say'd by meed,
By which more honour true and worthy same,
Vnto your self you did procure and breed:
Then in the overcoming all that came,
From Aragon, from Castill and Navar,
For all their speares and new devised ear.

Now though we all our lives and safeties ow,
To you that this great conquest did atchieve,
Yet our side did receive so great a blow,
As scarce that joy this sorrow did relieve:
And that the dames of France most plainly show,
Whom this so bloody triumph still doth grieve,
Witnesse their widowes in their mourning gownes,
And watry eyes in villages and townes.

King Lewis of France had need in time prepare,
For captains new to these unruly bands,
That wickedly without all feare or care,
Of lawes of God, of nature, or of lands,
No sort, nor sex, nor age, nor order spare,
From force of their unchast and bloody hands.
Christ's body in the Sacrament they rare it,
To beare away the silver plate that bare it.

The Lawrell
by the anci-
ent Romans
was given to
him that had
slaine or ta-
ken above
5000 in bat-
tall.
Civica coro-
na was his
that saved a
cittie of
Rome.

In this battell
the Spani-
ards devised
to have men
placed in
carts, & dri-
ving them
violently on
their ene-
mies, disor-
dered them.

For you
slaine at this
battell.

In the 1 book
it is mentio-
ned how
Charlemaine
left the field
at Burdetz,
from which
time they
kept the
towne, and
durst not
come: for
battel.
The Alfons
was Duke of
Portugal,
whom he
slew in the
3. book, in
the battell
of Hipo-
lita.
* Of this bat-
tall look
Guinecardie
By the honour
of gilded
spur and hilt
is understood
hightness.
* Pope Iulio
gave for his
armes, shewe
with akornes
of gold.
* Thinking of
Aragon co-
lours were
yellow and
red.

*Guicciardin
sets down
the disorders
of the souldi-
ers at the sack
of Ravenna.*

Wretched Ravenna better had it been,
That thou the French shouldst not at all resist,
Thou mightst by *Brescy* have been warn'd I ween,
Now thou a warning art for such as list
To shun like losse, by thy mishaps fore-seen,
Not stubbornly in folly to persist;
So *Rimini* and *Faens* were preserv'd,
By marking in what sort thou hadst been serv'd.

As now king *Lewis* (I say) had need to send
New captains to supply their rooms were dead,
So then the *Pagan* Princes did intend
To see their men from sundry countries led,
And all disorders and defects to mend,
To point them captains that do lack a head;
First then *Marsilio* all his souldiers view'd,
And *Agramant* next after him insew'd.

*The States of
Spaine are
here set down
in these mu-
sters.*

The chief of those are of *Marsilio's* traine,
Are first the *Catalins*, men of great land,
And of the best and noblest blood of *Spaine*:
The next that do to them in order stand,
Are of *Navar*, whose King was lately slaine
At *Burdels* by *Renaldos* valiant hand,
Marsilio sore laments the sorie case,
And pointeth *Isolir* supply his place.

*If any be de-
sirous to un-
derstand
these names,
I refer him
to the Table.*

Bulligant governeth those of *Lion*,
Grandonius for th' *Algarlys* doth provide,
Marsilio's brother called *Falsiron*,
Doth those of lesser *Castile* rule and guide:
Those of *Mallaga* do attend upon
Madrasse, so doth *Civill* all beside,
There where as *Betis* water so abounds,
As all about it makes them fruitfull grounds.

Tessyra, *Barricond* and *Stordilan*,
Vnto the field do bring their forces in,
Granado this, *Majorick* he hath tane,
The first to rule in *Lisbon* doth begin,
Where *Larbin* late was brought unto his bane,
Tessyra unto *Larbyn* next of kin,
Those of *Gallicia* *Serpentine* doth guide,
Since valiant *Maricold* in battell di'd.

Those of *Toledo* and of *Galatrave*,
Whom *Synagon* did lead not long ago,
Now *Matalist* their government must have,
Because that he was slaine by *Christen* so:
Then *Pisardina* a man in battell brave,
With all the band of *Salamance* doth go.
With many other souldiers of *Pagenza*,
Of *Avila*, *Zamorra* and *Palenza*.

Ferran.

Those of the court and of *Marsilio's* waine,
With those of *Saragase*, *Ferran* doth guide,
The chiefest flour, and the chief host of *Spaine*,
Well arm'd, well hors'd, well furnished beside,
With whom two kings that late had lost their raigne,
Morgan and *Malsarise* did there abide,
And in the state of private men remain'd,
And were by him most friendly entertain'd.

The name of many a Duke, and Lord, and Knight,
For brevity I purpose to omit,
Such as were stout and hardy men in fight,
Such as were wise and politike in wit,
With th' Earle of *Sagunt* *Arubidant* that hight,
Langiran, *Ammirant*, and *Malagit*:
There was great *Fulliron*, *Marsilio's* bastard,
That in that fight did shew himself no dastard.

After the *Spanish* hoast was view'd and past,
Before king *Agramant*, the next that came,
Was one that all the rest in stature past,
The governour and king of great *Orane*,
Then came a band whose leader small time past,
At *Burdels* field was brought unto his bane,
Lamenting that the king of *Garamant*
Was conquer'd by the Lady *Bradamant*.

Then came the third, and that a headlesse crew,
Whose captaine *Argust* was in battell slaine,
To this the second and the fourth, anew
King *Agramant* doth leaders fresh ordaine.
But few there were that for these roomes did sew,
So few sufficient men there did remaine:
Burardo and *Argonio* for the best,
And *Oruida* he chose among the rest.

Then came *Brunello* with a chearlesse face,
And look for shame still fixed on the ground,
For late he fell in *Agramants* disgrace,
Who doubted that his faith had not been found,
Ere since he went unto th' enchanted place,
Where to a tree dame *Bradamant* him bound,
Because he lost his ring, whose losse so griev'd him,
That though he told him true, he not believ'd him.

But *Isolir* the brother of *Ferran*,
That was the first that found him and untid him,
Avouch'd to *Agramant* the thing he saw,
How that by force some enemy had tid him,
So as the King his anger did with-draw,
Although he never after well could bide him,
But swore the next offence that he committed,
An halter should unto his neck be fitted.

With those of *Esperie* came *Soridano*,
And *Doribon* did come with those of *Ser*,
With those of *Nasomanie* *Prusiano*,
King *Agricault* *Amonios* charge did get,
Malabusers came with them of *Fisano*,
The rest doth *Finadure* in order set,
Ballaistro those that follow'd erst *Tardocco*,
Those of *Canaria* and of *Morocco*.

From *Mulga* and *Arzilla* others came,
The first their former captaine still doth hold,
Vnto the next the King a new doth name,
One *Corineus* a trusty man and bold,
Then *Balivresse* a man of evill fame,
Clarindo next of whom great deeds are told,
Sobriano next a man of elder age,
In all the camp was none more wise and sage.

Those

*Agramant
miller of
Africans.
Note that
this word
Past, is
used in
three soun-
dences, as I
have set
down in the
Apologue.*

Brunello.

*Of this last
before in the
beginning
of the fourth
book.*

Sobriano.

22

Those of *Getulia* came with *Rimond*,
 With *Maribaldo* those of *Bolga* went,
 And those of *Cosca* came with *Balnifront*,
 Their former Lord his life in battell spent:
 Then came the king of *Algier* * *Rodomont*,
 That lately into *Turkie* had been sent,
 To bring some new supplies of horse and men,
 And back againe was new return'd as then.

23

In all the camp was not a man more stout,
 In all the camp was not a man more strong,
 Nor one of whom the *French* stood more in doubt,
 Was there the *Turkish* army all among,
 In *Agramants* nor in *Marfilio's* rout,
 Nor all the followers did to them belong.
 Beside he was (which made them dread him chief)
 The greatest enemy to our belief.

24

Then *Puliano* came, a gallant king,
 And *Agramantes* cousin *Dardane*,
 Whether some Owle did at their window sing,
 Or other lucklesse bird, I cannot tell,
 As oft we see it is an usuall thing,
 That some priefage ones mischief shall foretell;
 But sure it was prefixt in heav'n on high,
 What time and hour next day they both should die.

25

Now all their bands were muster'd saving two,
 Those of *Noritia* and of *Tremisen*,
 King *Agramant* doth marvell what they do,
 He knowes not where to heare of them nor when:
 Now as he was dispatching hereunto
 Some messenger, behold one of the men
 That serv'd the king of *Tremisen*, in hast
 Came and discover'd all that had been past.

26

Sir king (quoth he) by fortune and ill chance,
 The noble kings *Alfred* and *Manilard*,
 Happen'd to meet a cruell knight of *France*,
 While with their bands they travell'd thitherward,
 He overthrew them both, (oh hard mischance)
 And kild and spoil'd, and drave away their guard,
 And sure (quoth he) I think his force is such,
 To all your camp he would have done as much.

27

Among the rest that to this tale gave care,
 There was a Prince that late from *Affricke* came,
 To whom king *Agramant* great love did beare,
 And *Mandricard* was the Princes name,
 His heart was stout, and far from any feare,
 His body strong and able to the same:
 And that which greatest glory did him yeeld,
 He had in *Sorie* conquer'd *Hectors* field.

28

Now that the messenger his tale had done,
 Which made the hearers hearts for sorrow cold,
 This valiant Prince king *Agricans* son,
 Straight was resolv'd with heart and courage bold,
 That to win praise no paine did ever shun:
 Although his purpose secret he did hold,
 To be revenged on this bloody knight,
 That had so many slaine and put to flight.

29

He ask'd the messenger what clothes he ware,
 And in what colour'd garments he was clad?
 Black (quoth the messenger) his raiments are,
 No plume nor bravery his helmet had:
 And true it was, *Orlando's* inward care
 That made his heart so sorrowfull and sad,
 Caus'd that his armour and his open shoes
 Had like resemblance of his inward woes.

30

Marfilio had before a day or twaine,
 Giv'n unto *Mandricard* a gallant steed,
 His colour bay, but black his taile and maine,
 Of *Frisland* was the dam that did him breed,
 The Sier was a villan brave of *Spaine*:
 On this brave beast this brave man mounts with
 Swearing he will not to the camp turn back,
 Till he had found the champion all in black.

31

He meets the silly people in the way,
 Halting, or main'd, or weeping for their friends,
 Their wofull looks their fearfull hearts bewray,
 (Weeping in such a losse but small amends)
 But when he came where the dead bodies lay,
 In viewing of their wounds some time he spends,
 As witnesses of his strong hand that gave them,
 Him he envies, and pities them that have them.

32

Ev'n as a Wolfe by pinching famine led,
 That in the field a carren beast doth find,
 On which before the dogs and rav'ns have fed,
 And nothing left but hornes and bones behind,
 Stands still, and gazeth on the carkasse dead:
 So at this sight the *Pagan* Prince repin'd,
 And curseth oft, and calshimself a beast,
 For coming tardy to so rich a feast.

33

But when the mourning knight not here he found,
 From thence he travel'd many a weay mile,
 Untill he found a meadow compass round,
 With running streames that almost made an Ile,
 Save one small entrance left of solid ground,
 Which guarded was with armed men that while,
 Of whom the *Pagan* asketh why they stand
 To guard the place with weapons in their hand.

34

Their captaine viewing well his brave attire,
 Doth think he was a man of great regard,
 And said king *Stordilano* did then hire,
 Into these parts his daughter deare to guard,
 Espous'd to king of *Sarza* by her Sire,
 Who shortly for the marriage prepar'd:
 And here (quoth he) we do this passage keep,
 That none may trouble her while she doth sleep.

35

To morrow to the camp we mind to go,
 Where she unto her father shall be brought,
 Who means on *Rodomont* her to bestow,
 By whom this noble match is greatly sought.
 Now when the captaine had him answer'd so,
 This Prince that setteth all the world at nought,
 Why then (quoth he) this maid belike is faire,
 I pray thee cause her hither to repaire.

Looke heretof
 in the *Alm-*
sion.

(speed, A race of
 horses in
 Spaine, cal-
 led villan di
 Spagne infe-
 rior to the
 Gomer.

Simile.

Darabys.

My

* *Rodomont*
 a notable
 Turke, of
 whom much
 is said in
 the booke.
 He was king
 of *Algier*,
 and was called
 sometime *Al-*
ger, or the
Saracen king.

Before *Cervio*
 12. in the la-
 sty end.

Mandricard

36
My haft is great, but were it greater far,
Yet would I stay to see a prettie maid:
Alas you misse your mark your aime doth art,
(Gentle fir foole) to him the captaine said:
Thus first they gan with bitter words to jar,
And then from blowes but little time they staid,
For straight the Prince did set his speare in rest,
And smote therewith the captaine through the brest.

37
And straightwayes he recovered his speare,
And at the next that came therewith doth run,
For why none other weapon he did weare,
Since he the *Trojan Hectors* armor won,
At what time he most solemnly did sweare,
To win the sword worn by *Trajano's* son,
Cal'd *Durindan*, a blade of temper rare,
That *Hector* erst, and now *Orlando* bare.

38
Great was the force of this *Tartarian* knight,
That with his speare and weapon none beside,
Durst with so many joyn'd together fight:
Yet sets he spurs to horse, and stoutly cri'd,
Where is a man that dare withstand my might,
Who dares forbid me where I list to ride?
And with that speare him selfe he so bestir'd,
That small prevail'd against him bill or sword.

39
But when his speare in peeces burst he saw,
The truncheon huge he takes in both his hands,
His blowes were such, not bloud but life to draw,
All dead or fled, not one his force withstands:
Simile. As *Ebrew Samson* with the *Asses* jaw,
Did heap on heaps the proud *Philisten* bands,
So *Mandricard* smote oft with so great force,
As one stroke kil'd both horsman and his horse.

40
Now though they took this thing in high disdain,
To be thus conquer'd with a broken stick,
Yet when they learned had unto their paine,
It was in vaine against the wall to kick,
Though unrevenge'd lie their fellowes slaine,
They leave the dead, rather then loose the quick:
But he so eager was to kill and slay,
That scant he suffer'd one to scape away.

41
Simile. And as the reeds in marishes and lakes,
Dri'd with the Sun, or stubble in the field,
When as by hap the fire among it takes,
May not it selfe against that fury shield:
Ovid. Virg. Ev'n so this crew but small resistance makes,
lover stipula. And ev'n of force is driv'n at last to yeeld,
dampis ad- And leave her undefended to their shame,
lentur arista. For whose defence they from *Granata* came.

42
Now when the passage open did appeare,
He hastens in the Lady faire to see,
Whom he doth finde in sad and mourning cheare,
And leaning of her head against a tree,
All down her cheeks ran streames of cristall cleare,
She makes such mone, as greater could not be,
And in her countenance was plainly shown
Great grief for others harms, feare of her own.

43
Her feare increast when as he nearer drew,
With visage stern and all with bloud distain'd,
The cries were great of her and of her crew,
That to their gods of their ill haps complain'd:
For why, beside the guard whom late he slew,
She had (that privately with her remain'd)
Laund'ers and nurses, playfellowes and teachers,
With learn'd Physicians, and heatbush Preachers.

44
Now when the *Pagan* Prince saw that faire face
Whose fairer was not to be found in *Spaine*,
He thinks if weeping give her such a grace,
What will she prove when she shall smile againe?
He deemeth *Paradise* not like this place,
And of his victory he seeks this gaine,
To have his prisoner suffer him to wo her,
And yeeld himself a prisoner unto her.

45
Howbeit he maketh her against her minde,
Vpon her ambling nag with him to ride,
Her masters, maids, and servants left behinde,
And promis'd them he will for her provide,
He will be servitor, and nurse, and hinde,
And playfellow, and governour, and guide,
Adieu my friends (quoth he) I you enlarge,
For of your Mistress I will take the charge.

46
The wofull folk all mourning part away,
With scalding sighs, cold hearts, and watry eyes,
And one unto another thus they say,
How deep revenge will her stout spouse devise,
How will he rage to leese so faire a pray?
Oh that he had been at this enterprise,
No doubt but he would quickly wreak this slaughter,
And bring againe king *Stordilano's* daughter.

47
Of this faire prey the Prince was well afraid,
Which fortune gate him joyned to his might,
And now it seem'd his haft was well alaid,
That late he made to meet the mourning knight,
Before he rode in post, but now he staid,
Bethinking where to rest himself that night,
To finde a place was now his whole desire,
Where he might quench his lately kindled fire.

48
And first to comfort and assuage the paine,
Of Lady *Doralice* (so was her name)
He frames a tale, and most thereof doth faine,
He swears that he allured by her fame,
Had purposely forsook his home and raigne,
And for her love into these quarters came,
Not that he ought to *France* and *Spaine* that duty,
But only to the beams of her rare beauty.

49
If love deserveth love (quoth he) then I
Deserve your liking, that have lov'd you long;
If stock you do esteem, my stock is high,
Sith I am sonne to *African* the strong:
If state may stand in stead, who can denie,
To God alone our homage doth belong?
If value in your choise be of behoof,
I think this day thereof I have show'd proof.

These

50

These words and such as love had then him taught,
Who lent him eloquence to serve his turne,
So sweetly in her tender fancie wrought,
That in a little while she ceast to mourne,
And first her feare asswag'd, and then her thought,
A pleasing looke doth to her eye returne,
By which the Prince (in love no novice) guest,
That she ere long would grant him his request.

51

Now doth the night approach, and *Phœbus* face
In *Ocean* sea begins it selfe to hide,
The which did cause them somewhat mend their pace
And on their way with greater speed to ride:
And now they travel'd had but little space,
When first a smoke and then a light they spide,
Then came they where they heard the bandogs bark
When as the aire was now obscure and dark.

52

A few poore cotages where heardmen dwell,
They find, and there together they alight,
The houses poore, but such as very well
Might serve them to repose them for a night,
Their fare was meane, fit hunger to expell,
To which the heardmen friendly them invite,
As curtesie oft times in simple bowres
Is found as great as in the stately towres.

53

But after supper what did passe betweene
Dame *Doralyce* and *Agricanes* haire,
May not be told, because it was not seene,
But they may guesse, that have with Ladies faire
By night alone in place convenient beene,
Where to disturbe them no man did repaire,
I doubt he did not so his passion bridle,
To let so faire a dame lie by him idle.

54

But sure I am when day light did appeare,
They both arose well pleas'd and well content,
And thank't the heardmen for their friendly cheare,
And so from thence they both together went,
Vntill they came unto a river cleare,
Before the forenoone of the day was spent,
And riding downe along the river side,
Two horsemen with a damsell they espide.

55

But let them go, for why my high conceit
Forbiddeth me long in one path to tread,
And calls me back of *Agramant* to treat,
Who being newly troubled in his head,
To heare there were from *England* succors great,
Vnder the conduct of *Rinaldo* led,
To counsell cald the Princes sage and wise,
Some remedie for mischiefs to devise.

56

They all conclude the next ensuing day,
With scaling ladders on the wale to mount,
Lest dangers new be bred by long delay,
And succors fresh hinder their first account:
Thus *Agramant*, thus doth *Marfilio* say,
Sobrino sage, and cruell *Rodamont*,
Who to destroy *Parà* alone doth threate,
And to pull downe the sacred *Romane* seate.

57

And to this end they straight provide in hast,
Innumerable ladders apt to scale,
With timber towres upon great wheelles so plast,
As that they may approach the citie wall,
From whence they may broade bridges safely cast,
And passe without all jeopardie to fall,
And throw their balls compact of firy matter,
Then have they rams, the walls to bruse and batter.

58

But *Charles*, the day that went before that day,
The *Painims* meant to do their worst and best,
Did cause the Priests and Friers masse to say,
Did cause the people all to be confest,
And humbly prostrate unto God to pray,
To save and pittie them that were oppress'd,
And then they all receiv'd in Christen union,
The blessed Sacrament, that high communion.

59

Himselfe with Lords and Barons of great fame,
(An humble feare of God in him so wrought)
In person publikly performes the same,
And by example others duties taught,
And calling on our Saviours blessed name,
O Lord (said he) though I my selfe be nought,
Let not my sinne, my wickednesse and ill,
Move thee thy faithfull peoples blood to spill.

The example
of the Prince
doth much
with the peo-
ple.
Charles his
prayer.

60

And if it be thy sacred will (O God)
To punish us for our so great transgression,
And make us feeble thy hand and heavy rod,
At least defer this plague and just oppression,
That by thy foes we be not overtrod,
We that of thy true faith do make profession,
Lest they blasphemethy name (we overthrowne)
And say thou couldest not defend thine owne.

61

So shall our fall make them thy law despise,
So shall their wicked number still increase,
So shall the powre of *Babylon* arise,
So shall thy Sacraments and Gospell cease,
Looke on this people Lord with gracious eyes,
Turne foiles and warres to victories and peace,
That when these dogs and runnegates be daunted,
Thy tombe and temple may be daily haunted.

62

Alas our merits are of none effect,
To pay a portion of our grievous debt,
Except thy grace our weaknesse so protect,
That our misdeeds out of thy sight be set,
Lord heale our soules with grievous vice infect,
Forgive our faults, our errors all forget,
And though our sinnes the sands in number passe,
Yet let thy mercies grearnesse them surpasse.

63

Thus praid the Prince most sorrowfull and sad,
With humblenesse of heart and great contrition,
And to this prayre he then a vow doth ad,
Well suting to his state and high condition,
Nor small effect these voves and prayers had,
For presently without all intermission,
His Angell good up to our Saviour mounted,
And there his voves and prayers all recounted.

K

And

64

And thousand pray'rs alike at that same time,
By messengers alike to God were brought,
When to the goodnesse, and the powre divine,
That never shall, nor never vaine was sought,
His gracious eare doth to their prayre incline,
Those whom he made, & who he deare had bought:
Then to the Angell Michael straight he beckned,
Who not a little of his calling reckned.

65

And thus he said, go thither straight in post,
Where now in Picardie the Christensland,
And so to Paris guide that English host,
Let not their foes their coming understand,
In this attempt shall Silence helpe you most,
Will him this enterprize to take in hand,
This done, then see you find dame *Discord* out,
And will her hast unto the Pagan rout.

66

And charge her there according to her skill,
Among the best to sow such foule dissention,
That they may one the other wound and kill,
And fill their camp with brauls and with contention:
Let some men like their entertainment ill,
And grudge because they have no bigger pension,
And let them all so vary out of measure,
That they may do their Prince but little pleasure.

67

The blessed Angell not a word replies,
But doth his makers holy will obey,
Forthwith ev'n in a moment downe he flies,
And where he goes the clouds do fleet away:
But by the way he thinks and doth devise,
Of ev'ry place where *Silence* find he may,
Though he an Angell were he could not tell,
Where this same enemy of speech doth dwell.

68

At last he fully doth himselfe perswade,
To find him in some houses of devotion,
That first for life monastieall were made,
Where godly men, despisers of promotion,
Dwell farre from all this worldly wicked trade,
With minds abhorring flesh and fleshy motion,
Where idle words should counted be a shame,
And where on ev'ry wall they write his name.

69

Wherefore into an Abbey hedoth go,
And makes no question, *Silence* there to find,
And Peace and Charitie, and Love also,
And lowly thoughts, and well contented mind:
But soone he was aware it was not so,
All contrary their humors were inclin'd,
For *Silence* in that Abbey doth not host,
His name was onely writ upon a post.

70

*This reproofe
is too true in
most of them,
and hath bin
steeplly puni-
shed in our
Realme.*

Nor *Quiennesse*, nor *Humblenesse*, nor *Peace*,
Nor *Charitie*, nor godly love was here,
They were sometimes, but now those times do cease,
Now *Covetise*, and *Ease*, and *Belly cheare*,
Pride, *Envy*, *Sloth*, and *Anger*, so increase,
That *Silence* banisht is and comes not neare.
With wonder great the Angell them doth view,
And findeth *Discord* in this cursed crew.

71

Her whom the heav'nly King did will him find,
Next after *Silence*, her he findeth furst,
To seeke her out in hell he had assign'd,
Among the spirits damned and accurst,
It sore did grieve his pure unspotted mind,
Where he expected best, to find them worst,
It seem'd to him a thing uncouth and strange,
In sacred place to find so great a change.

72

He knew her by her weed of sundry hew,
All patcht with infinite unequal lists,
Her skin in sundry places naked vew
At divers renis and cuts, he may that lists:
Her haire was gray, and red, and blacke and blew,
And hard, and soft, in laces some she twists,
Some hangeth downe, upright some standeth staring,
As if each haire with other had bene squaring.

Discord,

*Discord: of
porel and
description.
Virg. E.
scilla gon.
dens vada
discordia
palla.*

73

Her lap was full of writs and of citations,
Of processe, of actions and arrests,
Of bills, of answers, and of replications,
In courts of Delegates and of Requests,
To grieve the simple sort with great vexations:
She had resorting to her as her guests,
Attending on her circuits and her journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys.

74

The Angell calleth her, and bids her go,
Vnto the *Turks* as fast as she can hie,
Among their Kings such seeds of strife to sow,
As one of them may cause the other die.
Then he demaundeth her if she do know,
Within what place *Silence* doth use to lie,
He thought that she that travel'd much about,
In stirring strife might hap to find him out.

75

I cannot call to mind (quoth she) as yet,
That I have talkt with *Silence* any time,
I heare them talke of him, and praise his wit,
And secretnesse to cover any crime,
But my companion *Fraud* can serve you fit,
For she hath kept him companie sometime,
And which was *Fraud* she pointeth with her finger,
Then hence she hies and doth no longer linger.

Fraud.

76

Fraud shev'd in comely clothes a lovely looke,
An humble cast of eye, a sober pace,
And so sweet speech, a man might her have tooke,
For him that said, hallo *Marie* full of grace,
But all the rest deformedly did looke,
Full of all filthinesse, and foule disgrace,
Hid under those large garments that she ware,
Close under which a poison'd knife she bare.

*Description
of Fraud.*

77

The Angell asketh her if she do know
The place where *Silence* makes his habitation.
Forsooth (quoth *Fraud*) he dwelled long ago
With the wise sages of the Greekish nation,
Archytas and *Pythagoras* (I trow)
That chiefe to vertue had their inclination,
And afterward he spent these latter yeers
With *Carmelit* and with *Saint Bennet* friers.

But

78

But since these old Philosophers did faile,
And these new saints their samlike life did change,
He sought new places for his most availe,
And secret and uncertaine he doth range:
Sometime with theeves that true men do assaile,
Sometime with lovers that delight in change,
Sometime with traitors he doth bide, and furer,
I saw him late with one that did a murder.

79

With clippers and with coyners he doth stay,
Sometime in secret dens and caves obscure,
And oft he changeth places day by day,
For long he cannot in a place endure.
But I can tell you one most ready way,
Where you to find him out shall be most sure,
Go where as *Sleepe* doth dwell, and out of doubt,
At midnight you shall find him thereabout.

80

Though *Fraud* by custome use to lie and faine,
Yet was this tale so evidently trew,
The Angell now no longer doth remaine,
But with his golden wings away he flew
To *Arabie*, where in a country plaine,
Far from all villages and cities vew,
There lieth a vale with woods so overgrowne,
As scarce at noone the day light there is showne.

81

The host of Amid this darke thicke wood, there is a cave,
sleep. Whose entrance is with Ivie overspread,
They have no light within, nor none they crave,
stich. Here *Sleepe* doth couch his ever drowsie head,
illness. And *Stoth* lies by, that seems the gout to have,
forgetfulness. And *Idleneffe*, nor so well taught as fed,
They point *Forgetfulness* the gate to keepe,
That none come in nor out to hinder *Sleepe*.

82

Silence. She knowes no names of men, nor none will learne,
Their messages she list not understand,
She knowes no businesse doth her concerne,
Silence is sentinell unto this band,
And unto those he comming doth disceine,
To come no neare he beckens with his hand,
He treadeth soft, his shoes are made of felt,
His garment short, and girded with a belt.

83

To him the Angell go'th, and in his eare
He tels him thus, *Jeboah* bids you guide
Renaldo, with the succors he doth beare,
To *Paris* walls, so as they be not spide,
Nor let the *Pagans* once suspect or feare
Their comming, nor for it at all provide,
And let them heare no incling of these foes.
Vntill they find their force and feele their bloes.

84

No answer *Silence* made, but with his head
He made a signe, as who should say he would,
And with the Angell straight himselfe he sped,
In greater hast then can be thought or told,
To *Picardie*, from whence the Angell led,
That present day the bands of souldiers bold,
To *Paris* walls, an hundred miles asunder,
Yet no man was aware it was a wonder.

85

And *Silence* still surveyeth all the rout,
Before, beside, behind, with great regard,
And with a cloud doth compasse them about,
No man of them was seene, no noise was heard,
Then walketh he among the *Pagans* scout,
And unto them that kept their watch and ward,
And brought them somewhat (what I do not find)
That made them for the time both deafe and blind.

86

Now while *Renaldo* came with so great hast,
As well it seem'd an Angell did him guide,
And as he went, with so great silence past,
As by his feces his comming was not spide:
King *Agramant* had now his footmen plait
By *Paris* walls, fast by the ditches side,
He meanes the citie to assaile that day,
On ev'ry side by all the meanes he may.

*He returns
to Renaldo in
the 16 Canto,
24 stasse.*

87

He that would take upon him to declare,
Of *Agramant* as host the certaine number,
That to destroy this Citie did prepare,
Shall seeme himselfe as frutelessly to cumber,
As if he told what flowres in *Hyble* are,
What fish in sea, what water drops in *Humber*,
What starres in skie at midnight when it covers
The unchast acts of close and secret lovers.

88

The larum bell in ev'ry place doth ring,
About the towne with strange disorderd sound,
In Churches Mattens they do say and sing,
Some kneeling down, some groveling in the ground,
If gold were unto God so gratefull thing,
As fond men think, no doubt there would be found,
Enough in this extremity, that would
Make all the saints new images of gold.

89

There might you see godly old men and just,
Lamenting that their lives so long did last,
And call them happie that were laid in dust,
And buried many yeares and ages past;
But gallant youths, devoid of all mistrust,
Not with these perils any whit agast,
Whom enemies nor engines none appalls,
Go to defend right manfully the walls.

*Virgil.
Oterque qua-
terque beati.*

90

Bold Barons, Earles and Dukes of great degree,
With souldiers, forciners, and of the towne,
Did come to *Charles*, and praid him to agree,
To let them out, and let the drawbridge downe:
Glad was King *Charles* their forward minds to see,
To fight for *Christs* religion and his crowne,
But yet as then he doth nor thinke it best,
In this one point to grant them their request.

91

He rather thinks it better them to place,
The forces of the fierce assault to breake,
With distant bands a great or little space,
According as the wall was strong or weake:
Himselfe with chearfull vigor in his face,
Vnto them all most curteously doth speake,
These he doth comfort, them he doth encourage,
And fill the stout with hope, the faint with courage.

K 2

Faire

The situation
of Paris.

92
Faire Paris lieth in a pleasant plaine,
Ev'n in the navell, rather in the hart
Of France, the river cuts the same in twaine,
And makes an Iland of the better part,
The rest that doth in greatnesse more containe,
A ditch and wall doth from the plaine depart,
King Agramant assaults the Western side,
As having Westward gotten all beside.

93
Marsilio with the warlike bands of Spaine,
He points to keepe the field in armed ranks,
Sobrino sage and those with him remaine,
Are placed upon Sequans fruitfull banks,
Himselfe with an innumerable traine,
With ladders, bridges, fagots, barres and planks,
Doth thinke to fill the ditch and make it levell,
And at the walles do keepe unruly revell.

94
What should I speake of Rodomont most fell,
Blaspheming God, not onely scorning men,
That knew to use a glittering blade so well,
As I so well know not to use my pen:
His deeds alone would aske a day to tell,
That in few houres he did performe as then:
As for the rest they came like swarms of flies,
And filld the aire with shouts and hideous cries.

A description
of the
assault of a
towne well
defended.

95
And they no lesse provided are within,
With rampers, bulwarks, and with double dikes,
And where their foes to climbe do once begin,
They push them down with bills, with staves & pikes,
If one be kild, another steppeth in,
Ho man his place for feare of hurt mislikes, (water,
Some throw down bricks, some stones, some scalding
And grieve them much with all, most with the later.

96
Some throw among them newly slaked lime,
That burneth most when most it seems to quench,
With pots of brimstone, pitch and turpentine,
Annoying them with heate, and smoke, and stench,
The rest are still employ'd, and leese no time,
With wreathed flakes to fortifie the trench:
Thus all within were busie, all without,
On both sides fortune standing still in doubt.

Rodomonts
device.

97
The while the king of Sarza brought about
His owne and men of divers other lands,
Himselfe to shew his might and courage stout,
That made him counted valiant of his hands,
From Cupids campe was not excluded out,
But rather soly subject to such bands,
A Lion geuls he gives in lostie banner,
A Ladie bridling him in lowly manner.

98
So by the beast he meant his owne fierce mind,
And by the dame his mistress faire was ment,
The bridle was to shew how love could bind
His lostie heart, and bow it to her bent.
He little knew, that shew'd himselfe so kind,
How of his purchase others tooke the rent:
He knew not Mandricard did pleade possession,
Of her to whom he makes this kind profession.

99
Straight to the wals are thousand ladders plast,
With double ranks that two may climbe at once,
And up the souldiers get on them in hast,
One shoulders up another for the nonce:
He that goes slow, and he that climbs too fast,
Are each in perill of a broken sconce.
Their enemies assailing still the hier,
Their captains those that linger or retier.

100
Thus ev'ry one do clammer up the wall,
For value some, and other some for feate,
And some are flaine, and some are made to fall,
Repenting late that ever they came there:
Fierce Rodomont alone (contemning all)
No paine, no place for perill doth forbeare,
But rusheth on, more desprately then stoutly,
Blaspheming God while others pray devoutly.

101
A paire of curats passing hard he ware,
Made of an ugly Dragons scaly skin,
This armour his great auncestor first bare,
He that to build Babel did first begin:
(A towre whose height shold with the clouds compare)
And thought from God the rule of heav'n to win:
And to the same effect likewise he made,
Of passing prooffe an helmet, shield and blade.

102
Thus Rodomont that came of Nimrods kind,
As proud and irreligious as was he,
Regardeth not a passage safe to find,
Or where the wall might weakest guarded be,
But with a heart to mischief all inclin'd,
Where he the same defended best doth see,
(Protected with his shield) he makes no bones,
To go through fire and water, darts and stones.

103
When once upon the battlement he was,
Where all the wall was broade and largely paved,
How did he slay the Christians then alas,
How fierce he unto them himselfe behaved?
His blade doth pierce their plates of Steele and bras,
All were not priests whose crownes that day were
He kild alone so many as their blood (shaved,
Did cause the ditch to fill with crimson flood.

104
Beside the baser fort, these men of name,
At this same first conflict by him were flaine,
Orgetto Duke, that late from Flanders came,
Arnold and Hugo, two of Charles his traine,
And Lewis that governd Provence with great fame,
Walter and Denis, Hawnce of Satalline,
Some were thrust through, some had (past all reliefe)
Their helmets and their heads clov'n to the teeth.

105
And some by force from off the wall he cast,
Among the which was one Moschino hight,
That by his will would never water tast,
But still in wine did put his whole delight:
But lo his lucke was to be drown'd at last,
Within this dirtie ditch for further spite,
And he that never water could abide
In all his life, now here in water dide.

Now

106

Thus while that Rodomont did kill and slay,
All that he found upon the utmost wall,
His band of men the while had found the way,
To passe the ditch and so the wall to scale.
But now within another dike there lay,
The sight whereof their courage did appall,
For why the Christens sent such store of shot,
As this same place did seeme to them too hot.

107

The dike was drie, the bottome ev'n and plaine,
Both sides were steep, but steepest next the towne,
At this the souldiers curtesie do straine,
Which of them first shall venter to go downe,
Within the citizens had made a traine,
With labour great and cost of many a crowne,
That when the ditch with armed men was filled,
With heat and smother they should all be killed.

108

It cubits had in bredth thrise ten and more,
And in the bottome there were closely plast,
Barrels of pitch, brimstone, and oyle good store,
All matter quick to kindle, long to last.
The captaine led them all the way before,
And thousand souldiers follow'd them as fast,
But Rodomont as though he had had wings,
Quite ore the dike like to a greyhound springs.

109

And being placed on the inner side,
Arm'd and unarmed men to him are like,
No Steele there was his forces could abide,
Death follow' th ev'ie blow that he doth strike:
Which when a while to their great cost they tride,
They do of force abandon quite the dike,
He follows slaying without all remorse,
So sharpe his sword, so furious is his force;

110

But when the souldiers thought the banke to mount,
With scaling ladders, as they did the wall,
They found themselves deceiv'd of their account,
For straight the fier works were kindled all,
Whose sudden flames the clouds themselves surmount:
Which sight the Pagans greatly did appall,
And to increase their terror and their wonder,
It made a noise like to continuall thunder.

111

The Christens do rejoyce at this reliefe,
To see their practise had succeeded well:
The Pagans plagu'd, with heat, and smother chiefe,
In great dispaire do rore alowd and yell:
Thus twixt the noise of fier and cries of griefe,
They make an harmony most meete for hell.
And here I meane to leave them in the fie,
For to repose my selfe I now desire.

In Mandricardo that after his great exploits atchieved in other countries, is still ready to hazard his person for Morall. more honour, may be obser'd, that ambition is as unsatiable as any other humour of man. In his naming of Doralice, we may see how love makes men many times, not onely valiant, but eloquent. In the assaulting and defending of Paris, is set downe what sundry accidents happen when such populous cities come to so great extremitie. In Charles that first makes his prayers to God, and after makes all provident preparation for defence of the towne, we see a lively patterne of an excellent and worthy Prince, both for devotion and policie.

Concerning the history, I have quoted many things in the margin, as the straightnesse of roome would permit, that the simplest reader may understand what is meant by the fourth staffe: here only I will ad a word of Ravenna, re erring the reader that is desirous to be better informed hereof, to Guicciardin, who sets it downe at large. Ravenna was besieged by the French under the conduct of one Foix, a notable captaine of so young a man. The Spaniards and Pope Iulio took upon them to defend it, but in the heat of that assault Foix was slaine: yet the souldiers either by force or by parlee gat in to the towne, and being within, they committed the notablest outrages that have beene heard of, neither abstaining from rapes nor sacriledge. Concerning the Catalyns, whom he nameith for most in the musters, they are the chiefe house in all Spaine: and it is to be noted, that Spaine is divided into five kingdomes, Navar, Castill, Catalogna (which is now called Aragon) Portugall, and Granata. For Galicia is counted none, because it had a king but a while. The rest of the strange names you may find in the table.

Historie.

In the description of Discord and Fraud, and finding Silence in the house of sleep, being long since banished from philosophers and divines; the allegory is so plain, as it were time lost to spend time to expound it, because it expounds it self so plainly: only I will observe one thing, in which mine Author is thought to keep an excellent decorum. For making Discord and Fraud of the feminine gender, he still makes Silence the masculine; as the like pretie conceit is in our Cambridge Comedie Pedantius, (at which I remember the noble Earle of Essex that now is, was present) where the Pedantius himselfe, examining the Grammaticall instruction of this verse: Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ upon speciall consileration of the two last words, taught his scoller Parillus, that laurea, lingua sunt utraque scemininae generis, sed lingua potissimum, and so consequently silence might not by any meanes have bene of the feminine gender.

Allegory.

In Mandricardos rape of Doralice, he alludes evidently to a notable villany in the like kind, done by Cæsar Borgia Allusion. son to Pope Alexander the sixt. For one Caraccio a captaine of Venice, having bene lately contracted to a gentlewoman of good account she came with an honorable train neare to a city called Cesenna in Romagna: here Borgia with a band of men, set upon her company, and took her away by force, and neither by threats nor intreaty of the Venetian Ambassador would restore her again: the allusion holds in many parts, as first where he saith in the 29. staff. That Marsilio had given Mandricardo an horse.

Of colour bay, but blacke the taile and maine,
Of Frizland was the mare that did him breed,
The fier was a villan brave of Spaine.

This notes Borgia, whose father was a Spaniard, his mother a Flemming, and he a mungrel bastard. In the one and thirtieth staffe, in the simile of the Wolfe, he noteth his cruelty: in the eight and fortieth staffe where he saith,

If state may stand instead, who can denie, Onely to God our homage doth belong?

In that he alludes plainly to the Pope that is reputed Christ's Vicar on earth.

K 3

A stratagem
which is no o
practised
with gun-
powder.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Paris is assail'd on ev'rie part,
By those of Affricke, and by those of Spaine:
From Logestill Astolfo doth depart,
And takes Calligorant in his owne traine,
Then slew Orillo, that by Mayicke art
Reviv'd, when by the brothers he was slaine:
Stout Sansonet Astolfo kind doth use,
But Gryphin of his mistres beares ill newes.*



I winne the field against
our armed foes,
Is counted honourable any
waies,
Although it be with policie
or blowes,
Yet bloody conquests staine
the Captaines praise,
But chiefest honour doth
belong to those,
Whom Fortune to such height of hap doth raise,
To have their foe suppress and overthrowne,
With little losse and damage of their owne.

*This he spoke
of before in
the third
booke, you
shall find it in
Cypriard's
in large.*

Such was the victorie that you then gain'd,
O stout Hyppolito you conquer'd so,
When the Venetian Navie had obtain'd,
With armed vessels all the streame of Poe,
Your policie and vallue them constrain'd,
With losse inestimable thence to go:
Their marriners and souldiers all destroying,
Our marriners and souldiers not annoying.

The Pagan Rodomont did want this skill,
That forst ten thousand men the trench to enter,
By his commandment sore against their will,
Vpon so perillous a place to venter,
Where straight the smother doth their bodies kill,
And send their sinfull soules beneath the center,
Himselfe in safetie sees them there a dying,
Still swearing, cursing, heav'n it selfe defying.

Now Agramant an hot assault and scarce,
Gave where he thought the same was lest expected

He strives the wals to batter, break and pearce
With engines strong, and rams thereto erected:
Those Kings whose names I did before rehearse,
Brought men some stout, & some with fear infected,
And such as rather wish to stand aloofe,
Then weare a corslet of the surest prooffe.

But Agramant herein was much deceived,
For where he thought them weake and unprepar'd,
He found that manfully he was received,
And that the King himselfe the place did guard,
With thousands more readie to be bereaved
Of life and limbe, and such as nought regard,
Before that they would take so great disgrace,
As in their masters sight to leese their place.

Charles

But here I cease untill another time,
To tell of these assaults the hard successe,
Of damage like to both sides: now my rime
Vnto the English Duke I must addresse,
Astol's sonne of Oton whom sometime
Alcynas witchcraft held in great distresse,
Who like another Cyrce men transformed,
To trees, to beasts, and foules of shapers deformed.

*In the xvi.
booke in the
xvi. staffe.*

You heard before how all her strange deceits,
Melyssa sage did with the ring discover,
And how she gave them also good receipts,
As made them all their former shapers recover,
How after having scaped all their sleights,
They did no longer in such fancies hover,
But to be surely able to resist her,
They fled unto her vertuous elder sister.

K 4

Where

Where when they had with comfort great remained,
Desirous to their countries to retire,
They asked leave of her, and leave obtained,
Of her that never hinders just desire:
But ere they went she friendly them constrained,
With precious gifts to be endowed by her,
Such gifts as were of precious price indeed,
And all their lives should stand them all in steed.

Altogether

But chiefly to this English Duke she gave,
Of secret skill a little written booke,
Containing many a precept wise and grave,
The which of her most thankfully he tooke,
These teach a man from charmes himselfe to save,
That in the same advisedly doth looke,
And that to find them out he may be able,
The booke had in the end a perfit table.

10

Beside this booke on him she doth bestow,
Another gift of as great price and more,
A horne in which if he do once but blow,
The noise thereof shall trouble men so sore,
That all both stout and faint shall flie therefore,
So strange a noise was never heard before;
When to the Duke these rare gifts were imparted,
He humble tooke his leave and thence departed.

11

Tooke in the Allegory.

And least *Alcyns* should by force attempt,
To bring him backe or worke him some disease,
Andronica was with a navie sent,
To waite him safe till he were past those seas,
And vertuous *Sophrosina* with him went,
To see him passe with safety and with ease,
So good a conduct and so sure a guide,
As was not found in all the world beside.

12

And thus she sail'd along that *Indian* shore,
And sees and leeseith sight of sundry Iles,
Those called *fortunate* and others more,
That distant are, some few, some many miles,
And (for he never heard of them before)
He askt his guide some questions other whiles,
As whether from those *Indian* seas perchance,
A ship may saile to *England*, *Spain*, and *France*.

13

There is a
promontorie
beyond Poffe,
called Cape
di no, as one
would say
that he that
went beyond
could never
returne.* Sir Francis
Drake fol-
lowed the
foote till hee
gained a day
in account
from sun ri-
sing to sun
setting.

She answer'd thus, to put you out of doubt,
First know the earth it selfe is like an Iland,
Invironed with waters round about,
That compasse in on ev'ry side their drie land,
And though to this day no man hath found out,
Nor thinks there can be any way but by land,
Because they judge the lands length there is such,
That it the other *Hemisphere* doth touch.

14

Yet I foresee, ere many ages passe,
New mariners and masters new shall rise,
That shall find out that erst so hidden was,
And shall discover where the passagelies;
And all the men that went before surpasse,
To find new lands, new states, new seas, new skies,
And passe about the earth as doth the Sunne,
To search what with *Antipodes* is done.

Behold I see the signe of holy crosse,
A signe within these quarters seene but seeld,
I see where ten a thousand put to losse,
And to th' imperiall banner all do yeeld,
I see in spite of ev'ry thwart and crosse,
The house of *Aragon* still wins the seeld,
I see that fortune is dispos'd to life
Vp unto heav'n the name of *Charles* the fift.

15

It pleaseth God to keepe the waies unknowne,
Vnto these parts as they have bene and are,
Vntill seven hundred yeares be overblowne,
What time he meanes to raise an Emp'r rare,
That shall both find and make them all his owne,
And one that shall most worthily compare;
In warre for courage, and in peace for justice,
With *Trajan*, with *Aurelius* or *Augustus*.

16

I see the will of heav'n doth so incline,
The house of *Austria* and of *Arragon*,
Shall linke together in a happie line,
And be by match united both in one:
I see a branch grow by the banke of *Ryne*,
Out of this house, as like there hath bene none,
Whose match (thus much to say I dare be bold)
May nor be found in writers new or old.

17

By him againe *Astrea* shall be brought,
And be restored from her long exile,
And vertues that have long bene set at nought,
Shall raigne and banish fraud deceit and guile:
For which great works by him so nobly wrought,
God meanes to grant him all this earthly Ile,
And under this wise Prince his deare annointed,
One shepherd and one flocke he hath appointed.

18

Which that it may the better be effected,
He gives them Captaines both by sea and land,
That shall win places never yet detected
And none shall dare their forces to withstand;
Cortese first, by whom shall be erected,
The Emp'rors banner in the *Indian* land,
Who by his valiant hand and wise direction,
Shall win and keepe those *Indies* in subjection.

19

Loe, with the noble Marques of *Pescare*,
Prosper Colonna prosperous in fight,
Loe him that may with both of them compare,
Or be preferred if you do him right,
I meane the Marques *Vast*, whose vallew rare,
In tender youthfull yeares shall shine most bright,
Like to a horse that running swiftest pace,
Doth last set out, and first doth win the race.

20

In him shall faith and courage be so mixt,
That when his years shall seeme but young & tender
As passing not the twenty yeare and sixt,
Yet shall his fame and forces not be slender;
On him shall eyes and hearts of men be fixt,
To him shall towncs and forts, and castles render,
As to a Captaine with such worth endewed,
As he alone the world might have subdued.

21

What

Charles the
fift, borne in
the citie of
Gaunt.It was
thought that
Charles was
to conquer
the world, &
then he came
into religion
and became
Pope & Em-
peror both, in
which the
verse seems
to tend, but
was but a
waime ex-
cess of sim-
ile head.

Simile.

32

What should I speake of famous *Andrew D'Orie*,
That to the pyrats so much terror breeds,
As *Pompey* so much prais'd in *Latin* storie?
This *Andrew* either matches or exceeds:
What nobler name can be, what greater glorie,
Then to roote out such hurtfull cursed weeds?
So as men may with safetie and with ease,
From *Italy* to *Nylus* passe the seas.

33

By his assistance, furtherance and his aide,
In *Italy* *Cesar* a crowne obtaines,
For which good service though he be well paid,
Yet for himselfe thereby he nothing gaines:
The paine is his (o noble mind well staid)
The profit to his country sole remaines:
And whereas some to rule their country sought,
By him his countries freedome shall be wrought.

34

This love by him unto his country showne,
In honor true shall more his name advance,
Then both the *Cesars* victories well knowne,
In *England*, *Spaine*, in *Italy* and *France*:
For though their enemies were overthrowne,
By valour oft, and oftentimes by chance,
Yet this did blot their praise and make it lesse,
That both their countries freedome did oppresse.

35

Wherefore let them and others all beside,
That tyrannize their countries be ashamed,
And hanging downe their heads, their faces hide,
When they shall heare this noble *Andrew* named,
By whose rare temperate and happie guide,
His countries peace and freedome shall be framed:
And thus *Andronica* the Duke foretold,
What men in future ages come there shold.

36

The while with prosperous winds the vessels drived,
Came first within the view of *Persian* shore,
And then from thence their way they so contrived,
They past the gulf (so called long before)
And there to land so happily arrived,
Misdoubting of *Alcynas* might no more,
He thanks these guides that all the way defend him,
And humbly to their Ladie recommend him.

37

More woods then one, more fields then one he past,
More then one valley, more then one high hill:
He meeteth theeves by night, by dayes as fast,
That lie in wait poore travellers to kill:
Of beasts, of serpents huge he was agast,
That with their terror those wild deserts fill,
But when he blew his horne they fled away,
No man nor beast durst in the hearing stay.

38

He travels through the happie *Arabie*,
So called for the store of spices sweet,
There where the bird that burnes and doth not die,
To dwell of all the world hath thought most meet:
Thence went he to the sea, that once was drie,
Which *Jacobs* sons went through upon their feet,
Proud *Pharao* following them unto his coast,
Himselfe and all his charets drown'd and lost.

39

Fast by the banks of *Trajan's* streame he tides,
There where as *Nylus* doth receive the same;
An horse of passing swiftnesse he bestrides,
That was ingendred twixt the wind and flame;
Not such a beast in all the world besides,
And *Rabycano* is this horses name:
Now as along the rivers banke he past,
He saw a boate make toward him in hast.

30

A simple hermit did the vessell steare,
Whose beard with age was overgrowne and gray,
And when he came so nie that he might heare,
These words to him he fatherly doth say,
My sonne if you do hold your safetie deare,
Except you meane to die this present day,
Proceed no farther in the way you ride,
But ferre over to the other side.

31

For if you do that fatall way proceed,
You shall within a mile a giant meet,
Whose stature other men doth farre exceed,
For why his height is counted foureteen feet,
He makes a sport of ev'ry cruell deed,
The flesh of man unto his tast is sweet,
He eateth some alive, and some he slayeth,
He quarters some, and other some he slayeth.

32

Amid this crueltie he hath great sport,
To use the service of a certaine net,
Which in the common way in secret sort,
With dust and gravell cover'd he doth set,
And then when strangers do that way resort,
First if he may, behind them he doth get:
And then with hideous outcries he them scares,
Vntill they fall into his net unwares.

33

But having caught them once in such a cage,
Of birth or merit he hath no respect,
Of wealth nor sex, of country nor of age,
No priviledge from him can them protect,
Their carcases his hunger must asswage,
Their sculs like monuments he doth erect,
In posts and windowes hanging them on pins,
His chambers all are hang'd with their skins.

34

Take then (my sonne) take then this other way,
Where with more ease and safetie you may go:
Thanks (gentle Frier) the *English* Duke doth say,
Yet can I not your counsell follow tho,
Though danger bids go safest way one may,
Yet what saith honor? honor saith not so,
Let none retire with shame, thus honor seath,
The worst that can befall one is but death.

35

But contrary, if I may him intrap,
As he to do to others doth devise,
And take himselfe in his prepared trap,
The good is great that hereof may arise:
Well, quoth the hermit, God grant blessed hap,
And send his Angell *Michael* from the skies,
That may deliver him into thy hand,
Or give thee strength his forces to withstand.

Rabicanus
Alfalus
horse of ex-
cellent swift-
nes.

Caligornus.

Looks in the
Alfalus.

Severus.

On

36
On goes the Duke blest by the simple Frier,
Much trusting in his sword, more in his sound:
And being now approch a little nigher,
The cruell giants gracelesse house he found,
Environ'd all with marish ground and mier,
His chambers all within were furnisht round
With skins and skuls of many a wofull hed,
Of such as evill chance had thither led.

37
As hunters that by forrest wild do dwell,
Naile by on post the heads and pawes of Beares,
And of their dangers do delight to tell,
And call to mind their hardly scaped feares:
So looke who did in strength the rest excell,
The giant kept some speciall limbs of theirs,
The rest in ditches carelesly he throwes,
To rot and be devour'd by dogs or crows.

38
Calygorant (so is this giants name)
Stands looking at his gate with watchfull eie,
Rejoycing much when any stranger came,
And namely now the Duke he doth espie,
Not doubting but by him to do the same,
He had to others done, and make him die,
But first he seekes behind the Duke to get,
And thinks hereby to drive him to the net.

39
When as the Duke the Giant fierce espide,
He staid his horse and would not forward go,
For feare lest in the net he might be tide,
Of which the hermit had forwarn'd him tho:
Then bloweth he his horne of vertue tride,
That in the hearers terror breeds and wo,
Which so posselt his senses altogether,
As straight he fled, and saw not where nor whether.

40
It seemed with his heart he lost his eies,
And still he fled, and cares not how nor where,
Right to the place where that most strange net lies,
Which he to take the Duke had placed there,
The net his armes and all his members ties,
Which then *Astolfo* saw (now out of feare)
He lights and drawes his sword, intending then
To venge the death of thousand guiltlesse men.

41
But finding him so sure and strongly bound,
He thought it were a base ungentle part,
To slay a prifner whom in bands he found,
So as he could not stir, nor no way start:
God *Vulcan* wrought this net in caves profound,
Of flaming *Etna*, with such skill and art,
That though the wites did seem but smal and weak,
Yet could no force the same consume nor breake.

42
I say this curious net then *Vulcane* wrought,
When certaine jealous thoughts his heart inflamed,
His spouse therewith in *Mars* his armes he caught,
And openly then made them both ashamed,
At which prospect though many gods then laught,
Yet many wisht in like sort to be shamed:
Slie *Mercury* did after steale this net,
His lovely *Cloris* therewithall to get.

*Asque ali
qui de diu
non trift
optat sic fieri
curat.*

43
Fairst *Cloris* who flies out before the mome,
And sprinkleth aire with smell of fragrant flowres,
That in her lovely lap about are borne,
From whence do fall the pleasant Aprill showres:
But *Mercury*, sith she his love did scorne,
Lay with his net in waite not many houres,
Till at the last by *Nylus* banks he caught her,
And there to daunce *la volta* then he taught her.

44
The net in *Anubis* temple he did leave,
Where many yeares in safetie it did bide,
Vntill *Calygorant* not asking leave,
And caring not what should thereof betide,
Of this great relique did the Church bereave,
With all the plate and ornaments beside:
And to this wicked use the net employed,
By which the passengers were sore annoyed.

45
Now of this net *Astolfo* tocke a wire,
And (like a theefe) behind him tide his hands,
Who now was meeke as any could desire,
And like a lambe by him most gently stands:
At least the waight thereof him selfe might tire,
First having bound his prifner sure in bands,
He makes him carry that upon his backe,
And usde him like a mule to beare a packe.

46
And thus he parteth thence triumphing so,
And led the giant prifner in a string,
And all about the country him doth show,
(A sight that to them all great joy did bring)
To *Memphis* Pyramids he then doth go,
Most famous for the tombe of many a King,
More hie in height then fiftie times *Pauls* steeple,
Then saw he *Cayr* so huge and full of peple.

47
But not so peopled as they now report,
That thousands in the streets by night do lie
For want of roome, yet builded in such sort,
That ev'ry house is made three stories hie,
Where runnegates do dwell, that make a sport,
Their faith and their salvation to denie:
Of which the *Sowdan* for his owne behoofe,
Keepes fiftene thousand lodging in one rooffe.

48
Thence went *Astolfo* to the banks of *Nyle*,
To *Damiat* a citie thereabout,
And here he heard within a dozen myle
Orillo dwelt, a hardy theefe and stout,
That rob'd poore men, and kild them other while,
As travellers of him stood sore in doubt,
And (that which him with greater wonder filled)
The common voice was he could not be killed.

49
Full many a thrust, full many a cruell blow,
Of many men in fight he had endured,
And unto many men great care and wo.
And death it selfe he often had procured:
But his owne body was enchanted so,
As ev'ry wound he had forthwith was cured,
I thinke some *Fayry* was his dame, or rather
I thinke some *Incubus* had bene his father.

*Peter Ma
proverbia
the greatly
ramid wa
150 furl
hie, and
fore this
broken for
within co
passe, for
Pauls wa
little man
then a fu
long, if
was found*

Orillo.

The

50

The worthy Knight this wicked creature fought,
Vnill at last he came unto the place,
Where then *Orillo* with two champions fought,
The combat having held no little space,
Yet at his hands they both had gained nought,
Though both of them gave sundry blowes apace,
Their names were these that held this mongrell tack,
Griffin the white and *Aquilant* the black.

Griffin and Aquilant.

51

The Necromancer fought with vantage great,
He rode upon a cruell hideous beast,
A *Crocodile* that flesh of men doth eat,
And birds and beasts, and doth them all digest,
Yet had the brethren throwne him from his seat,
And further had the *Crocodile* distressed:
But him to wound and kill in vaine they strived,
For still his wounds did heale, and he revived.

52

Sometime they cleft his head by force in twaine,
As butchers cleave a bullocks with an axe,
But straight he joyne both the parts againe,
As if they had bene made of melting waxe.
Who so hath seene the *Alchimists* most vaine,
That work with *Mercurie* their cunning knacks,
Which quite disperst, rejoyne ev'ry member,
Would soone by this be made that to remember.

53

Fierce *Aquilant* among so many bloes,
With one, his head from off his shoulders strake,
About he seekes and gropeth as he goes,
And in the dust to find his head doth rake,
And finding it, he takes it by the nose,
Or by the locks, nor more ado doth make,
But sets it on as if it were but glewed,
And fights as if his forces were renewed.

54

Stout *Griffin* at a blow cuts off his arme,
And takes it up and flings it in the brooke,
But he like one that had receiv'd no harme,
Doth dive the same within the streame to looke,
Which found, he joyne (I know not with what
Vnto the place it late before forsooke:
Two dames stood by in white and blacke attire,
The combat being fought at their desire.

55

These were the courteous dames that with great care
Had brought them up ev'n from their swathing bands,
For these two brothers did by fortune rare
In their first childhood chance into their hands:
These two to *Oliver*, *Gysmonda* bare,
Though straight they were convoid to forerlands,
Where these two Ladies kept them as their owne,
I need not tell at large a tale so knowne.

56

Now was the time that neare approacht the night,
That makes each thing with shadow shew obscure,
So that not want of force, but want of light,
Did cause the combat could no longer dure:
The Ladies clad in garments blacke and bright,
That (as I said) this conflict did procure,
On this condition did them all dismiss,
That to retorne next day they do not misse.

And

57

But when that *English* Duke both saw and knew,
The valiant youths *Griffin* and *Aquilant*,
Not onely by their armes he saw in vew,
But by their blowes, of which they were not scant,
He doth acquaintance old with them renew,
And they no point of courtesie do want,
For straightway by the Ladies he was led,
To take with them a supper and a bed.

58

Then in a garden sweet they did provide
Great store of daintie meats and costly wine,
Fast by a coole and pleasant fountaines side,
As best agreeth with the sommer time,
The while the giant with strong chaines they tide
Vnto the body of an auncient Pine,
Lest he might hap to trouble and molest them,
While they determin'd to refresh and rest them.

59

The boord with rich and costly fare was filled,
And yet their smallest pleasure was their meat,
The Knights in languages and learning skilled,
Tolke of *Orillo* and the wonder great,
To see one wounded so, and yet not killed,
It seem'd to them a dreame and strange conceat,
And ev'n the wisest and most learn'd did wonder,
How he rejoynd his members cut in sunder.

60

Astolfo onely in his booke had read,
(That booke that taught all charmes to overthrow)
How this *Orillo* never could be dead,
While in his head one fatall haire did grow,
But having puld this haire from off his head,
He should be subject unto ev'ry blow,
Thus said the booke, but precept there was none,
Among so many haire to find that one.

61

Astolfo joyfull of this good instruction,
Not doubting but by this to make him die,
First makes some circumstance of introduction,
And prayes the brothers give him leave to trie,
If he could bring *Orillo* to destruction,
And they this friendly sute do not denie,
Not doubting he alone would strive in vaine,
With him that late resisted had them twaine.

62

Now had the Sunne remov'd the nights darke vaile,
When as *Orillo* turned to the field,
And then the *English* Duke did him assaile,
Both fought on horseback, both with spear & shield,
Ev'n then *Orillo* felt his heart to faile,
(A hap to him that hapned had but feild)
Ev'n then some strange presage did him offend,
That shew'd his dayes drew shortly to their end.

63

Their speares now broke their naked swords they drew,
Astolfo layes on blowes on him a maine,
About the field *Orillo*'s members flew,
But he together gathers them againe,
And straight his fight and forces doth renew,
The *English* Duke dismemb'ring him in vaine,
Vntill at length one blow so luckie sped,
That by his shoulders he cut off his hed.

And

Sentence.
For in deede
at a wise man
boord the
smallest plea-
sure the
guest have,
in their
cheare, in
comparison
of the plea-
sing talke
that happens
either in
mirth or gra-
vity.

64
And having headed him so ev'n and just,
Straight with his head on horsebacke he doth mount
And rides away, *Orllo* in the dust
Doth grope to find the same as he was wont,
But missing it and full of new mistrust
To overtake him yet he makes account,
He rides, and would have cride ho tarric tarric,
But in his hand the Duke his tongue doth carrie,

65
But though his head were lost, he finds his heeles,
To spurre and pricke he never doth forbear,
The headlesse body never stirs nor reeles,
But sits as sure as if the head were there,
The while the skull *Affollo* puls and peeles,
Among such store to find th' enchanted haire,
For in the haire no difference was in sight,
To know if he did take the wrong or right,

66
But sith to make sure worke he thought it best,
He makes his sword serve for a barbers knife,
To shave the skull therewith he doth nor rest,
Vntill he finisht had the bloody strife:
He cuts that haire by chance among the test,
That haire that held *Orllo* in his life,
The face looks pale, devoid of lively heate,
The body backward falls out of the seat,

67
This done, the Duke brought in his hand the head,
Returning to the company againe,
And shew'd them where he left the cark as dead,
Which when they saw with certain signes and plaine
A kind of envious joy in them it bred,
For glad they were their enemie was slaine,
But inwardly they were displeas'd and sorie,
That this same Duke had got from them the glorie,

68
The women also were not well content,
That he had slaine *Orllo* in the fight,
Because it hindred had their first intent,
Which was to stay these youths al means they might,
In hope thereby some mischiefs to prevent,
Which they foresaw should unto them alight:
Straight all that country was with rumor filled,
How th' *English Duke Orllo* fierce had killed,

69
This I have heard some affirm for a truth.
For as in all those cities they do use,
The keeper of the next adjoining fort,
Sent by a Dove a letter of the newes,
From *Danist* unto the nearest port,
By which device most rare they cannot chuse
But heare and send with speed each true report
And thus in ev'ry country and in towne,
They do extoll this *English Duke* renowned.

70
The worthy Duke the brothers doth perswade,
From thence their courses into France to bend,
To do the dutie for which man was made,
Gods honour and their countries to defend,
Which now the *Turks* and *Paisians* did invade,
And neare had brought the same to wofull end:
Which counsell from so great a Prince proceeding,
They follow straight with forwardnes exceeding.

but

71
The women now with teares in watry eyes,
Bid them farewell, and so they parted thence:
And for they heard the holy ciue lies
Not passing fixe or sev'n dayes journey thence,
To take it in their way they do devise,
To see the place, where for humane offence,
True God, true man descending from above,
Did die for us unworthy of such love.

72
And sith the way betwene was large and wide,
And void of fruits for sustenance of man,
They do good store of bread and wine provide,
With needfull things, as for the time they can,
And on the giants shoulders them they tide,
Who like a sumpter horse them after ran,
And on this sort with most devout intent,
Like pilgrims to *Jerusalem* they went.

73
Sixe dayes they travel'd in their weary way,
Nor seeing man, nor beast, nor bird alive,
The seventh immediat after breake of day,
In that most blessed city they arrive:
Then visit they the tombe where *Jesus* lay,
When with his death he did us dead revive,
And brought hell, sinne and death into subjection,
With suffering, dying, and his resurrection.

74
Now while the tombe with great heed they behold,
Bare head and feet in shew of meek submission,
And with more inward joy then can be told,
Yet joynd with a deepe and sad contrition,
That strake their hearts in awe and made them cold,
With true remorse devoid of superstition,
And with themselves they still continued musing,
Each one himselfe in such like words accusing.

75
Why then, where thou deare Lord didst for our sake,
With water and with blood the ground distaine,
Shall not mine eyes some small amends to make,
Shed teares in memory of so great paine?
Oh drow sic heart that dost not now awake,
Oh frozen heart that meltest not in raine,
Oh stony heart that dost not now relent,
Lament thee now, or else for ay lament.

76
Thus with an humble and repentant sprite,
They tarride at the tombe no little space,
When lo the priest appeared in their sight,
Whose office was to keepe the holy place,
Who seeing them so lowly and contrite,
He doth impart to them this speciall grace,
(Sith to amendment they were now resolv'd)
Them of their sinnes forpast he absolved.

77
This done, they went about and view'd the towne,
Held in those happy dayes by Christen hands,
Who striving now to keepe each other downe,
With causlesse wastes do trouble sea and lands,
Or letting or neglecting that renowne,
In which Gods honour and their safetie stand:
But letting this great enemy increase,
By their field making, never keeping peace.

A gallant

*And
proofs of
Christen
Princes*

78

A gallant knight whom *Sanfoner* they call,
This city govern'd under *Charles* the great,
Who then intended to repara the wall,
And make the town a strong and stately seat:
Astolfo gave to him the *Giant* tall,
For strength and stature fit for such a feat,
To serve his present purpose for the nonce,
Unto the wals to carie heavy stones.

79

And *Sanfoner* doth eke on him bestow
A curious belt and hangers for a blade,
And spurs of gold, in substance rich and show,
That for that knight were thought to have bin made
That slue the *Dragon* with a deadly blow,
Which did the Lady chaste and faire invade:
Thus gifts both giv'n and tane on either part,
Each from the other friendly doth depart.

80

Now going from *Ierusalem*, behold
They met a Greekish pilgrim by the way,
That such ill newes to good *Griffino* told,
As made him out of temper all the day:
It was his evill fortune, deare to hold,
And give his heart unto her for a prey,
That had a pleasing hue, and faire smooth skin,
But false, unchast, and trecherous within.

81

Her name was *Origilla*, whom of late
He left at *Constans* of an ague sick,
And hoping now to find her in good state,
He heares she hath him serv'd a fluttish trick,
As namely she had got a new-found mate,
Not caring if that he were dead or quick:
She thought that for her yong yeares 'twas no reason
To lie alone in that sweet pleasant season.

82

This newes his mind doth gripe, his heart doth bite,
He mournes by day, by night he takes no rest,
That breeds him paine, that others breeds delight,
And this torments him more than all the rest,
He shames, and shuns to have it come to light,
What was his griefe that did him so molest.
And this to keep it close the rather made him,
Because from her his brother did dissuade him.

83

But all in vaine, for he was wholly bent
To follow her, although he knew her nought,
Yet to himselfe he keepeth his intent,
That secretly his going may be wrought:
He vowes to make th' adulterer repent,
Who now to *Antiochia* her had brought:
But in another book I will expresse,
Of his departure what was the successe.

In the beginning of this booke was an excellent morall (if you observed it) shewing how hurtfull it is for a captaine to be prodigall of his men, and rash or headlong in his attempts: the former of which faults (that worthy and valiant gentleman) sir Iohn Smith hath very gravely and justly reprov'd in some captaines of our time, in that treatise that he wrote in defence of the use of long bowes: and indeed it cannot be denied but bloody conquests are no praise to the conquerour: In token whereof the Lacedemonians appointed, that he that won a bloody victory should sacrifice a cocke; but he that overcame by policy; without blood-shed, an ox: so much they preferred wisdom that is peculiar to man, before strength that is common to beasts. In *Charles* is to be noted the providence of a wise and valiant Prince: In *Astolfo*, that by the power of his horne ride the country of thieves and malefactors, we may learne to apply the talents are given us to good uses: In *Griffin*, that after all his devotion at *Ierusalem*, comes againe to *Origilla*, we may note the frailty of flesh, and withall, that outward holinesse without inward zeale is aileth nothing.

The history (set down here in manner of a prophecy) of the prosperous raigne of *Charles* the first, is too long to st and up-
on in this place, but *Iovius*, *Guyccardin*, *Villoa*, *Surius*, and *Sleydan* himselfe (though his enemy) doe witness his great
conquests, his happy discovery of the Indies, his notable captaines, and the great felicity of his whole life: of which au-
thors, because two are already in English, I imagine there be few that are like to read this, but have read the one of them,
and consequently know as much to be true as I do here set down. And for the Indian voyages, we need not so much admire
the captaines of forreine nations, having two of our own nation that have both as forwardly adventured, and as fortu-
nately performed them, namely, sir Francis Drake, whom I touched before, and young Master Candish.

In that *Logestilla* giveth *Astolfo* at his departing a book to instruct him, and a horn to breed terror to his enemies;
by the book is signified wisdom, whereby all charmes and toys are discovered: and by the horn is understood justice,
that indeed brings terror to all misdoers, and drives them out of the country. Further, whereas *Logestilla* sends *An-
dronica* and *Sophrosina* to safe conduct *Astolfo*, lest *Alcyna* should attempt any new matter against him, it is to be
understood allegorically, that fortitude and temperance are the two most notable guides that we can have in this world
to keep us from pleasures, shares, or violent assaults. Also whereas *Astolfo* looks first in his booke ere he take upon him the
enterprise to fight with *Orillus*, it is to be understood, that good advice is to be taken before men undertake dangerous
exploits. The house of *Callygorant* alludeth unto the den of *Cacus* in the vij. of the *Aeneads* of *Virgill*,

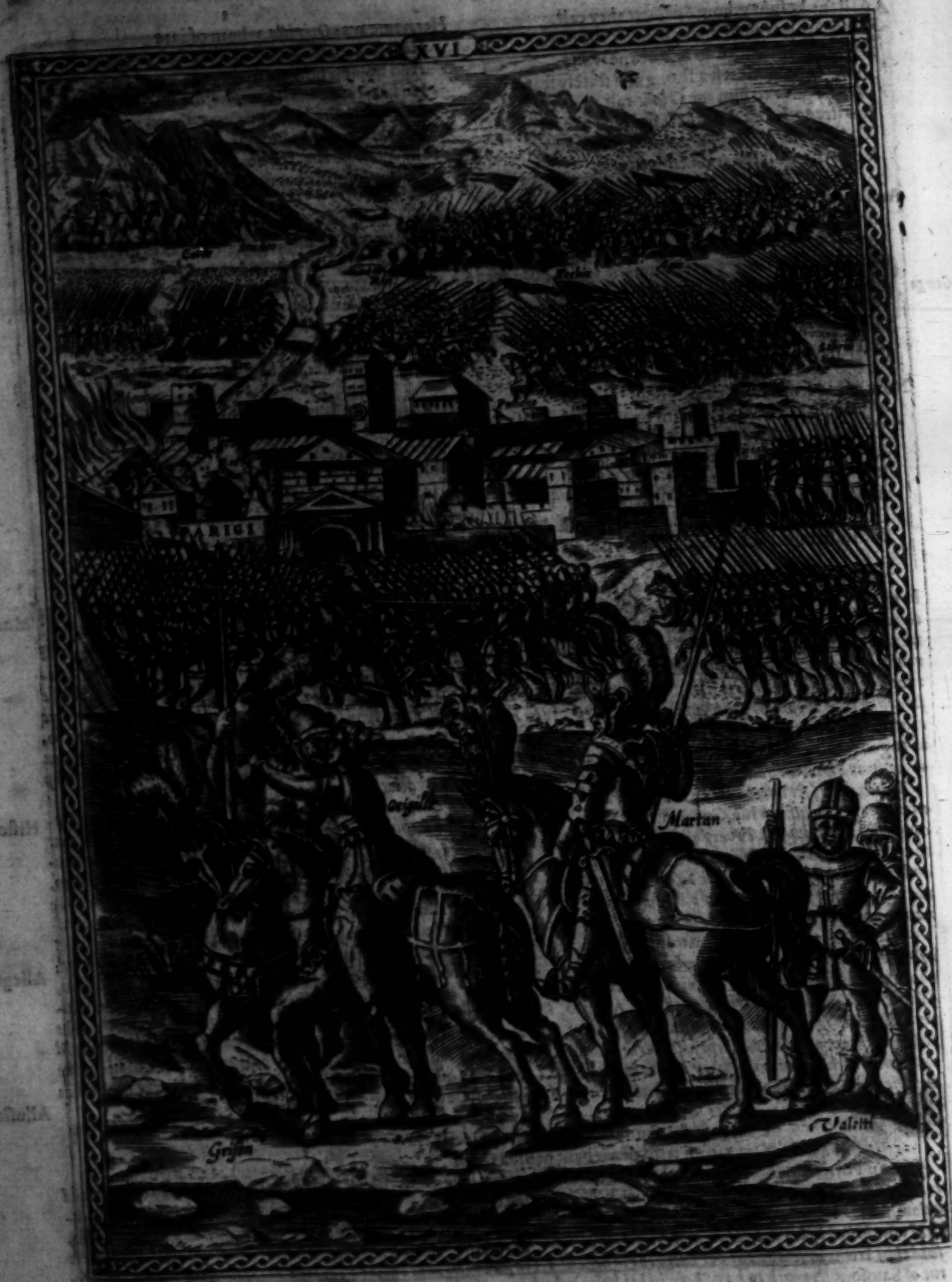
—Semperq; recenti

Cæde tenebat humus, foribus affixa superbis,
Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.

Simon Fornarius thinks that in the person of *Callygorant*, he meant a subtil sophister that became an heretike, and
corrupted many, but after recanting, did good service in the Church. The satall haire of *Orillus*, though it be meerly fa-
bulous, yet it hath allusion to some truth: for besides that, divers Poets have written of some, whose life lay in their haire,
as *Nysus* killed by his daughter; and *Alcest*, that could not die till *Mercury* cut off one haire: and of *Dido* likewise is
said that *Iris* was sent to cut her haire to rid her out of her paine: Besides these (I say) the Scripture testifies of the ver-
tie of *Samsons* strength to have been in his haire, which is as strange for reason as any of the rest.

Here end the notes of the xv. Booke.

L.



THE ARGUMENT.

Stout Griffin finds his subtil mistress straying,
 With vile Martano, but is pacifi'd:
 The Turks and Christians all their force displaying,
 Do fight, on both sides many thousands di'd:
 Both man and house by sword and fire decaying,
 Do make a wofull sight on either side:
 Without the towne the Christians plague the Turks,
 Within fierce Rodomont much mischief works.



Great paines in love full many
 men have found,
 Of which my self have prov'd
 to great a part,
 As by my skill some good
 may hap redound,
 To such as are lesse skillfull in
 this art:

Wherefore what I affirme
 with judgement sound,
 To breed just cause of lesse or greater smart,
 Believe what I set downe for your behoofe,
Probatum est, I know 'tis true by prooffe.

I do affirm, and have, and ever shall,
 That he that binds himselfe in worthy bands,
 Although his mistress shew him grace but small,
 Although he find no favour at her hands,
 Sharp words, coy looks, smal thanks, hope none at all,
 Though more and more aloofe from him she stands,
 Yet so his heart and thoughts be highly plac'd,
 He must not mourn, no though he die disgrac'd.

Let him lament, let him mourn, pine, and die,
 Whom wanton wandring eyes, whom flaring haire
 Have made a slave when under them doth lie
 A heart corrupt, a tongue that false will sweare,
 Like wounded Dece in vaine he seekes to flie,
 And in his thigh he shaft about doth beare;
 And this above the rest torment him chiefe,
 He is a sham'd and dares not shew his grieve.

Such was the hap, such was the wofull state
 Of Griffin now posselt with foolish love,

He knew her mind and manners worthy hate,
 Yet could not he this fancy fond remove:
 His reason faine his passion would abate,
 But appetite is placed her above:
 That be she ne'r so false, ingrate or nought,
 Yet needs of him she must be lov'd and sought.

Away he steales from hence in secret sort,
 Nor to his brother once adieu doth say,
 For feare lest that his brother would dehort
 Him from her love, as oft he did assay:
 And that his journey may be cut more short,
 He coasts the country for the nearest way,
 He travels all the day and half the night,
 Vntill *Damasco* came within his sight.

Fast by this towne this trull he overtooke,
 That lovingly with her new love did ride,
 And all old friends and lovers all forooke,
 He was her Champion, he her onely guide:
 A man might boldly sweare it on a book,
 He were a husband fit for such a bride,
 He false, unconstant, trecherous, so was she:
 She had a modest look, and so had he.

He rode all arm'd upon a stamping steed,
 With gilded barb that cost full many a crown;
 She ware no lesse magnificent a weed,
 A rich embroidered purple velvet gown;
 Thus to *Damasco* ward they do proceed,
 Where late there was proclaimed in the towne,
 A solemne feast that should endure some dayes,
 For iusts, for tilts, for turneyes, and for playes.

L 2

Now

*Dignus pa-
 gilla opercu-
 lum.
 Or as the En-
 glish Pra-
 yer saith,
 Like will as
 like, quib-
 the Divell
 as the civill*

Now when the queen good *Griffin* had esp'd,
 (For whom she knew her squire would be too weak)
 Though sore appal'd, as scant she could it hide,
 Lest he his wrath on both as once should wreak,
 Yet as the time permits she doth provide,
 Consulting with her guide before she speak:
 And when they had agreed how to deceive him,
 With open armes she runneth to receive him.

And framing then her speech with great regard,
 To answer fit unto her gestures kind,
 Deare sir (quoth she) is this the due reward,
 My loyall love to you deserves to find:
 That from your sight I should a yeare be bard,
 Your sight that wholly can content my mind:
 You left me griev'd with a burning fever,
 But burning more in love of you for ever.

Where I your comming look'd for long in vaine,
 Each houre a day, each moneth did seem a yeare,
 And of your absence long I did complaine,
 Enquining oft, if I of you could heare:
 Alas how full is carefull love of paine?
 So sad mine heart, so heavy was my cheare,
 As being in despair which way to mend it,
 I loath'd my life, and did desire to end it.

But lo how fortune when I looked least,
 Hath now provided me of double aid,
 And sent my brother, this most welcome guest,
 With whom I have without dishonour staid,
 And now your selfe whose presence makes me blest,
 For had your comming longer been delaid,
 So was my heart and soule to you inclin'd,
 That sure for grief I should have di'd and pin'd.

Thus flattering words wherewith her tongue abounds,
 Help her in so good sort her tale to frame,
 That now on him the greater fault redounds,
 As glad he was to scuse himselfe from blame,
 And her strong reasons founded on weak grounds,
 Do cleare both her, and him that with her came,
 And makes him deem'd a kinsman and a brother,
 That did his best to make this maid a mother.

So that he did not onely not reprove
 Her that so trech'rously had him betraid,
 So that he did not wreak as did behove,
 Th'adulterer that false with her had plaid;
 But thinks it well if he the blame remove,
 Which to his charge so probably she laid:
 And as for him (love makes him see so blindly)
 He calls him kinsman, and salutes him kindly.

Thus *Griffin* of his love no whit abates,
 But keeps her company as with his own,
 Vntill they came within *Damascus* gates,
 Where none of them were seen before or known.
 The town was full of Lords and great estates,
 The rumor of the feast so far was blown,
 Which that they might have more securely haunted,
 The king to all that came safe conduct graunted.

But here I cease to talk of *Origill*,
 And of her mate with her as fitly met,
 As knavish Jack could be for whorish gill,
 Vnchast and false, as ever water wet:
 To flatter and dissemble passing skill,
 And all was fish that came into her net:
 Now here I leave good *Griffin* in her armes,
 And turne me to the *Turkish* men of armes.

I left where *Agramant* assaulted hard,
 A gate which he had hoped to have found,
 But weak and feeble, naked, unprepar'd,
 And easie to be beaten to the ground:
 I told you how king *Charles* the place did guard,
 Invirion'd with selected souldiers round:
 As namely *Guydon* strong, and *Angilero*,
 With *Oron* stout *Ovolyo* *Berlingero*.

Thus either band in sight of either king,
 Doth fight in hope of great reward and praise,
 And thinks such honour back that day to bring,
 As should themselves and all their of-spring raise.
 But such great store of darts the *Christens* sling,
 As still the *Turks* are foiled many wayes,
 They die, and by their deaths do others teach,
 How hurtfull 'tis to rove beyond their reach.

But *Rodomet* whose men consum'd with fire,
 Do fill their masters mind with double rage,
 Yet to avenge their deaths doth so desire,
 As nought but blood his thirst of blood can swage:
 He spares nor in the passion of his ire,
 Nor men nor women, order, sex nor age,
 Away do run the silly people crying,
 And leave their children, friends, and wives a dying.

They happy were whose feet did serve them best,
 The fury of this cruell *Turke* to shun,
 For some were killed in the flight, the rest
 Vnto the Churches or strong houses run,
 And lock the gates against so fierce a guest,
 That in the streets had so great mischief done:
 And of them all that had been slaine in chase,
 Not one of them was wounded in the face.

But as the *Tyger* kills the fearfull *Doe*,
 That but by flight cannot it self defend,
 Or as the *Wolves* do spoile the sheep: ev'n so
 This cruell *Turke* their guiltlesse blood doth spend:
 They neither know to strike nor ward a blow,
 To hurt their foe nor yet to help their friend:
 Thus past the *Pagan* to *S. Michels* bridge,
 And none there was his passage to a bridge.

He kills alike the sinner and the good,
 The reverend father and the harmlesse child,
 He spils alike the yong and aged blood,
 With widowes, wives, and virgins undefil'd,
 And though that all did yeeld, and none withstood,
 Yet mercy from his mind was so exil'd,
 He shew'd no such as things can truly value,
 Great signes of cruelty, but none of value.

He followe
 this matter in
 the 17 booke
 of the first.

Sigill

Not

22
Nor doth the cruell rage and fury cease,
With seeing of so many people slaine,
But rather still it growes and doth increase,
Against those other that alive remaine:
Nor grants he to the Churches any peace,
But ev'n as though the walls could suffer paine,
He maketh furious warres against the walls,
And flings against them store of fiery balls.

23
Their houses all were built in *Paris* then,
Of timber (and I judge this present houre
Of brick and stone there are not six of ten)
Which made the *Pagan* then to bend his power,
To burn the houses, having kil'd the men:
And though that fire do of itself devoure,
Yet he doth help the fire and overthrow them,
And those that lurk'd within he spoil'd and slue them.

24
Had *Agramant* had like successe without,
As had within this wicked *Kodomount*,
The wals of *Paris* had not kept him out,
On which so oft he did assay to mount:
But now this while the Angell brought about
Renaldo stout the flower of *Clarimount*,
Both with the *English* and the *Scots* supplies,
As secretly as *Silence* could devise.

25
And that they might them more unware assaile,
They cast a bridge a league above the towne,
And passe the river to their best availe,
And so in battell order coming downe,
Not doubting if their footing do not faile,
To get that day great glory and renowne:
And still among the ranks *Renaldo* rides,
And for things needfull evermore provides.

26
Two thousand horse in good Duke *Edmonds* guide,
And thrice two thousand archers he doth send,
To get to *Paris* on the tother side,
To help within the city to defend:
(The cariages and other lets beside,
To leave behind a while he doth intend)
These succours greatly help the towne within,
And at Saint *Dennis* gate they let them in.

27
Renaldo takes the conduct of the rest,
Appointing each his office and his place,
As in his skill and judgement seemeth best,
Sev'ring each band from others with a space:
And seeing ev'ry one was prone and prest,
As was to be required in such case,
He calleth all the Lords and Leaders chiefe,
And us'd to them this pithy speech and brieve.

28
My Lords (quoth he) I need not to repeat
Your weighty business unto you at large,
I onely say, you have just cause and great,
To give God thanks your duties to discharge:
That here hath sent you, where with little sweat,
But giving on your foes one valiant charge,
You may obtaine true fame and glory more,
Than all your ancestors obtain'd before.

29
God, onely God that gives and guides good chance,
Hath offer'd unto you this good occasion,
Your names and glories highly to advance,
Which is in noble minds a strong perswasion:
Behold the kings of *England* and of *France*,
Endanger'd greatly by the *Turks* invasion,
Shut up in trenches and in wals with shame,
You may set free to your immortall fame.

30
The very law of nature and humanity
Wils noble hearts to help the weak distress'd,
But more the lawes of state and Christianity,
Without your help now like to be oppres'd,
And right Religion turn'd to Turkish vanity,
Of which what harms will grow, may soon be guess'd,
Our temples faire with their foule idols fill'd,
Our virgins (chast by vow) deflow'd and kil'd.

31
No mean, no stay, no end will be of slaughter,
Of rapes and rapines wicked and unjust,
No man shall keep his sister, wife, or daughter,
From out the reach of their unruly lust:
But now if you these sorrowes turn to laughter,
And raise your honour troden in the dust,
They must owe you the freedoms and the lives
Of them, their friends, their children, and their wives.

32
In ancient times a lawrell Civick crown
To him that sav'd one citizen they gave,
If then they had such honour and renown,
How many crownes shall you deserve to have,
If (not a townsman, but) a noble towne,
And thousand innocents therein you save?
In you it lies them to preserve and cherish,
That (but for you) in wo should pine and perish.

33
Which if they should (as God forbid they should)
By these vile *Saracens* be over-run,
Then were the *Romane* Empire bought and sold,
The holy Church were spoil'd and quite undone:
In you it is these huge harms to with-hold,
By you alone must this exploit be done,
Tread then this path of praise so large and ample,
Ile lead the way, follow but mine example.

34
This speech by him pronounc'd with so good spright,
With voice so audible, with comely grace,
Incens'd them with such desire to fight,
That tedious seem'd to them each little space.
And as we see in riding men delight
To spurre a horse, although he run apace:
So stir'd *Renaldo* with this exhortation
Those of the *English* and the *Scottish* nation.

35
And having thus confirm'd their forward hearts,
And promis'd largely in his masters name,
Great recompence to ev'ry mans desert,
Vnto the river walls he closely came,
His army he divides in sundry parts,
Left breach of order bring them out of frame,
And with the *Irish* band he first indents,
To spoile their lodgings, and to rob their tents.

36
The rest he thus in prudent sort divides,
The wayard *Zerbin* hath in government,
The Duke of *Lancaster* the battell guides,
The Duke of *Clarence* with the reeward went,
Renaldo with some chosen men besides,
Gives first the charge by generall consent:
Then on a sodaine they do raise a shout,
And sit'd our side with courage, theirs with doubt.

37
Renaldo riding out afore the rest,
(With mind to do as much as he had said)
Puts spurs to horse and sets his speare in rest,
His onely fight the *Pagans* greatly fraid,
With fainting hearts, pale looks, and panting brest,
They shew most certaine signes of minds dismayd,
Yet stout king *Puliano* shewes no token
Of heart astonished or courage broken.

38
But trusting to his strength, and void of feare,
And ranging out in sight of all his band,
He met him man to man and speare to speare,
He met him horse to horse, and hand to hand:
But straight it plainly was discerned there,
Sleight without force in little steed doth stand:
This kind of fight was of a rougher sort,
Then running of a course at tilt in sport.

39
Thus was king *Pulian* overthrown and tane,
To no small terrour of the *Pagan* host,
Next came the king (that giant) of *Oran*,
That of his goodly stature much doth boast,
But soon *Renaldo* brought him to his bane,
His horse, his weapon, and his life he lost:
The horse was glad to find himselfe enlarg'd,
And of his heavy burden so discharg'd.

40
Nor was *Renaldo* of his sword more spare,
Then of his speare before himselfe he show'd,
His blade *Fusberta* pierced to the bare,
When he his thrusts or deadly blowes bestow'd:
No shields, no coats of so good temper are,
Nor cloth in hundred folds together sow'd,
That this same fatall blade of his withstood,
But that at ev'ry blow it fetcht the blood.

41
Nor did *Zerbin* merit common praise,
That of his value shewd that day good proof,
He met the stoutest *Turks* at all assaies,
On horse, on foot, at hand, and farre aloof,
Attempting and performing sundry waies,
That might be for their harm and his behoof:
And all his band in fight was fierce and hot,
As is the nature of the valiant *Scot*.

42
And thus their fiery heat and courage bold,
Well shew'd by blowes they to the *Pagans* gave,
Did make their stomacks faint, their courage cold,
And glad in th' end by flight themselves to save:
For *Sobrin* one in yeares and judgement old,
(Though no lesse stout thē those lesse age that have)
Doth now a little with his band retire,
To shun the fury of the *Scottish* fire.

43
The worthy Dukes of *Albanie* and *Mar*,
Ensu'd in valiant sort the good successe,
And with the same prevailed had so far,
As they had brought the *Turks* to great distresse,
Till *Isolir* the new king of *Navar*,
Came with his band their fury to repress,
And on that side the battell did restore,
Almost now lost, at least declin'd before.

44
Then grew the fight on both sides firm and stable,
Both sides defend, both sides alike invade,
They cast on both sides darts innumerable,
And make therewith a dark unpleasing shade:
An endlesse work it were to write the rable,
The *Christens* kil'd with bow, with bill, with blade,
Sometime the sway goeth hither, sometime thither,
Like waters driv'n with doubtfull tides and weather.

45
When one is slaine, his room another fills,
When one is hurt, another takes his place,
And he that now another smites and kills,
Falls dead himself within a little space,
Great heaps of bodies dead make little hills,
The earth it selfe doth look with bloody face,
The green wherewith it erst was overspread,
Is turn'd to sanguine and vermilion red.

46
My pen would faile, and skill would be too scant,
To tell the famous acts that *Zerbin* wrought,
How his new brother noble *Ariodant*,
A fresh supply against the *Pagans* brought,
And how still one supplying tothers want,
Against the *Turks* with mutuall forces fought,
Then namely when the Prince was almost slaine,
By bastards two of *Aragon* in *Spaine*.

47
Chelindo one, the other *Mosco* hight,
These two at once on *Zerbin* bent their force,
In hope that if their hands could hit aright,
To wound him fore, or at the least unhorse,
They wound him not, yet forc'd him to alight,
For under him so fore they hurt his horse,
To serve his Lord he was no longer able,
But made the field his everlasting stable.

48
This foile and fall his courage more doth whet,
To lose the service of his trusty steed,
But from the saddle quickly he doth get,
His losse his wrath, his wrath revenge doth breed:
He means not long to tarry in their debt,
That to his horse did this unworthy deed:
And first he gave to *Mosco* such a thrust,
As made him tumble senselesse in the dust.

49
But when *Chelindo* saw his brother dead,
Revenge and feare in him together strave,
His inward feare provok'd him to have fled,
Himselfe from danger imminent to save,
But straight revenge another humour bred,
Expelling feare, and makes him bold and brave,
He spurs his horse in hope to over-run him,
But *Zerbin* slightly steps aside to shun him.

Leonida a
captain, jo-
ing told the
the enemy
shot came fi-
shock as an
could not su-
the sun for
them, answer-
red in 1719,
that we had
fight in the
shade.
Hic quoque
qui dederat
letum, non
longius ille
vixit, et ex-
spirat modo
quas accepit
rat aura.
Ovid 3. Met.

And

50
And such a blow he lent him as he past,
Vpon his shoulders from the reedemaine,
That horse and man unto the ground were cast,
Whence neither of them rose alive againe:
And now the *Spanish* band came in so fast,
As noble *Zerbin* had almost been slaine;
But *Ariodante* then himselfe bestir'd,
And makes an open lane by dint of sword.

51
The while the Duke of *Clarence* doth assaile
Their reere that was by *Baricondo* led,
The *English* archers shoot as thick as haile,
Which to their horsemen great annoyance bred:
On ev'ry side the *Christens* do prevaile,
On ev'ry side the fearfull *Pagans* fled,
Great store were slaine, and many prisoners taken,
Their battell now declined fore and shaken.

52
And had been lost, had not *Ferraw* by chance
Come to their aid as yong *Olimpio* fell,
Slaine by a knight of *Scotland* or of *France*;
A cruell knight, whose name I cannot tell:
Ferraw was sore aggriev'd at this mischance,
He knew this youth and lov'd him passing well,
Because his skill in musick was so choise,
Both for sweet stroke, and for his pleasing voice.

53
Had not the humour of ambition vaine
With crotchets new his foolish fancy fil'd,
He might have better staid at home in *Spaine*,
Than come abroad to be in battell kil'd:
But thus we see they get but losse and paine,
That deale in that in which they be not skil'd,
I wish multitudes meddle with their songs,
And pray the souldiers to revenge their wrongs.

54
Ferraw that saw ten thousand slaine before,
Without or fetching sigh or shedding teare:
With this his minions death was griev'd so fore,
As scarce he could ev'n then to weep forbear,
But he that kil'd him shall abuy therefore,
By *Macon* and *Lansusa* he doth sweare,
And straight perform'd it to the knights great paine,
For with his polax out he dasht his braine.

55
Nor so content, he runs among the presse,
And in his rage so many *Scots* he slew,
That their late forwardnesse he did repress,
And caus'd that they in hast themselves withdrew:
Then to the tents was sent the king of *Fesse*,
To make resistance to the *Irish* crew,
That spoil'd their lodgings having rob'd the best,
And went about to set on fire the rest.

56
Then when the stout king *Agramant* esp'd,
The danger great he and his men were in,
And how these new supplies on ev'ry side,
Made his retire, and ground of them did win:
To save his own in time he doth provide,
And lets alone the wals, and them within,
Himselfe with Lords and other Princes store
Came where *Ferraw* was entred late before.

57
And in such strength they do their forces link,
And with such fury they restore the fight,
That now the *Scots* began to faile and shrink,
Save that *Renaldo* came ev'n then in sight,
And cri'd, O worthy *Scots*, and do you think
To save yourselves by so unworthy flight?
Will you so leese the honour late you wonne?
Care you no more to save your masters sonne?

*Renaldo's
encourage-
ment of the
Scots.*

58
Do you no more regard your reputation,
By you in sundry bloody battels got,
To leave the flower and jewell of your nation,
Amid his foes as if you lov'd him not?
Ye shame your selves and all your generation,
If you distaine you with so foule a blot,
Turn, turn I say, and take some heart of grace,
And meet and smite these *Panims* in the face.

59
They that before were sore with feare possesst,
Were now so heartned, that with honest shame,
Each one doth seem his safety to detest,
Each one his mind with anger doth inflame,
And where they left their captaine halfe distressed,
With this so forward guide as fast they came:
So *Zerbin* rescu'd was from *Turkish* forces,
And mounted straight one of the empty horses.

60
Renaldo that did ever take delight
To set on those that were most strong and stout,
When once king *Agramant* was come in sight,
Him from the rest forthwith he singles out:
But when between them was begun the fight,
They sundred were by those that stood about,
I meane the *Turks*, who their chief Prince defended,
Who els perhap his raigne ev'n then had ended.

61
Now while without the wals the battell so,
On either side with fury was renew'd,
Fierce *Rodomont* within did work such wo,
More rufull sight with eye was never view'd:
To wrack profane the holy temples go,
He setteth fire on all, and to conclude,
He did alone so spoile the goodly citie,
As might have mov'd a stony heart to pitie.

62
And (while king *Charles* that was farre off from thence,
Did entertaine the new-come *English* host,
The which *Renaldo* sent for their defence)
Behold there came a messenger in post,
That look'd like one bestraught of wit and sence,
His voice with hast and feare was welnigh lost,
And when his broken words were plainly heard,
Ah well away (he cries) we all are mar'd.

63
Some fiend of hell (for sure a fiend of hell
It is that doth our city so destroy)
Is sent from *Belzebub* with us to dwell,
To work our utter ruine and annoy:
This day we must bid all good dayes farewell,
This day must be the last day of our joy,
Lo yonder how our sacred temples smoke,
Nor one in their defence dares strike a stroke.

Simile.

Look how a man would be amaz'd to heare
A noise confus'd of backward ringing bells,
And after find, when he approacheth neare,
New set on fire his house wherein he dwells;
In such amazement and in such a feare
Was *Charles* to heare the tale this poore man tells,
And as he thither nearer came and nearer,
He sees the buildings clearer burn and clearer.

Of hardy Squires he culls a gallant crew,
And means to drive away this wicked wight,
If man it be, or sprite with humane hue,
That doth unto the town this fowle despight:
Now came he where he plaine might see in view
Men murder'd, houses burn'd, a wofull sight.
But now, although perhaps my story please you,
To pause a little may refresh and ease you.

Morall.

In the person of *Griffino* is described a young man besotted with love and affection of a vile strumpet, so as she easily persuades him, that he that indeed kept her so openly, as at the world spake of it, was her brother, or her cousin-german, or some such matter as easily blinded his eyes being bleared afore with affection: and in this kind, though I mean to touch none by name, yet I doubt not but many will feele themselves touched of both sorts; such as *Griffino*, that place their love in unworthy persons: and such as *Martano*, that under the name of kindred are most vile and filthy adulterers, which how common it is now a dayes, this saying shewes, turned now almost to a proverb, The nearer of kin, the sooner in: and that verse of *Ovid*, translated, or prettily turned by a pleasant Gentleman to this purpose.

Tuta frequensq; via est sub amici fallere nomen,

Tuta frequensq; licet sit via, crimen habet.

A safe and common way it is by kindred to deceive,

But safe and common though it be, 'tis knar'ry by your leave.

Master Ed-
ward Dier a
Somerſetshire
man.

The great aphorisme or maxime set downe in the two last verses of the second staffe of this booke, was imitated by a Gentleman of our country in his younger dayes, though a man ever of great wit and worth: his verse was this,

He that hath plac'd his heart on high,

Must not lament although he die

To which purpose, all that have written of this common place of love, and chiefly *Petrarke* in his infinite sonets, in the middest of all his lamentations, still had this comfort that his love was placed on a worthy Ladie: and our English *Petrarke*, *Sir Philip Sidney*, or (as *Sir Walter Rawleigh* in his Epitaph worthily calleth him) the *Scipio* and the *Petrarke* of our time, often comforting himselfe in the sonets of *Stella*, though despairing to attaine his desire, and (though that tyrant honour still refused) yet the nobility, the beauty, the worth, the graciousnesse, and those her other perfections, as in *Stella* both count her and call her inestimable rich: makes him in the midst of those his moanes, rejoyce even in his own greatest losses, as in his eighteenth sonnet, which many I am sure have read:

With what sharp checks I in my selfe am shent,

When into reasons recknings I do go,

And by such counts, my selfe a bankrout know,

Of all those goods which heav'n to me hath lent,

Vnable quite to pay ev'n a natures rent,

Which unto it by birthright I did ow,

And which is worse, no good excuse can show,

But that my wealth I have most idly spent:

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys,

My wit doth strive those passions to defend,

With my reward (spoiled with vaine annoyes)

I find my course to lose it selfe doth bend:

I see, yet do no greater sorrow take,

Then that I feele no more for *Stella's* sake.

And thus much of this matter of love. In the conflict at *Paris* gate, in presence of both Princes we may note how the Generals eye is a great encouragement to the soldier. In *Renaldo's* oration, we may observe that eloquence and learning is not onely a great ornament, but sometime a great aid to a Captaine. And for the speech it selfe, it is both pithy and methodicall. For being (as they terme it) of the deliberative kind, it tyes downe though briefly, yet plainly (you marke it) the faculty, the commendation, the utility, and the necessity of that to which he persuades them.

History.

For historicall matter, there is little in this booke, onely where he touches the weak buildings of *Paris*, being built so high and so sleight, it is evident they are so at this day, and doubtlesse it is a great blot in a magnificent city to see brown paper houses, which were a matter easily redressed in one age: as *Augustus Caesar* did at *Rome* for bidding them to build but with stone, and making great provision for stufte and carriage for such as would build, at a reasonable price, as *Suetonius* setteth downe at large: but this is not much to the purpose.

Allegoric.

Whereas *Silence* is said to be sent by God, with an Angell to conduct the Christian succours to *Paris*: by the Angell is meant allegorically Gods assistance and grace without which no victories can be obtained: and by *Silence* is understood wise secretnesse, to conceale our intents from our enemies, which is a great furtherance in warre.

Allusion.

For the allusion of *Martano*, I referre it to the next booke, where his cowardise is more largely touched.

The end of the Annotations of the sixteenth booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Fierce Rodomont leave Paris is constrain'd,
Martano at Damasco tilts most vily,
Stout Griffin thinks his running thereby stain'd,
And goes from thence, the while Martano sly
Doth steale his coat and horse, and so obtain'd
Great gifts, and of the king is graced highly:
But Griffin taken in Martano's clothing,
Receives disgrace, each one his presence loathing.*

*Of Sylla and
Marinus cru-
ellie, read
Plutarch in
their lives.
Heliogabalus
framed Pao-
lin, for his
monstrous
lecherie, and
his variety
therein.*

*Antonius
Bassianus
staine for his
beastlinesse
and cruelty,
for which his
name grew
so odious, that
none was e-
uer after him
so called.
Of Ezzelin I
spoke before
in the note of
the third booke.
He means
heavily
Lodwick
Sforza, that
called in
Charles the 8
out of France
into Italie.*

THe most just God, when
once mans sins do grow
Beyond the bounds of par-
don and of grace,
Because that men his judge-
ments just may know,
No lesse then love, to rule on
earth doth place,
Vile monsters, such as tyran-
nize us so,
With wrong the right, with lust they lawes deface:
For this same cause were Sylla sent and Marins,
The Nerons both, and filthy minded Varius.

For this Domitian held in Rome the raigne,
And Antonius of that name the last,
And Massimin a base unworthy swaine,
To plague mankind in Princely throne was plac'd:
For this in Thebes did cruell Creon raigne,
With other tyrants more in ages past,
For this of late hath Italie been wonne,
By men of Lombardie, of Goth, and Hunne.

What should I of unjust Artyle speak?
Of Ezzelin, and of an hundred more?
Whom God doth send his anger just to wreak,
On us that still neglect his sacred lore.
The times forepast long since, the present eke,
Of such examples yeelds us wofull store,
How we unthankfull and unfruitfull sheep
Are giv'n to hungry rav'ning Wolves to keep.

* Such Wolves as would not onely by their wils,
Seaxe all our goods and substance as their pray,

But also send beyond the Alps high hills,
For other wolves more hunger-sterv'd than they:
The bones of men that Thrasimeno fils,
The fights of Treb and Cannas are but play,
If with our bloody slaughters they compare,
Of Adda, Mela, Ronco, and of Tare.

No doubt but God in heav'nly throne that sits,
And thence our deeds and thoughts doth plainly see,
Vs to be spoild and conquer'd thus permits,
By those that are perhaps as ill as we:
But if to please him we would bend our wits,
Then from these foes he soone would set us free,
And we shall see their punishment ere long,
That us oppresse by villany and wrong.

But now to turn from whence I did digresse,
I told you how when Charles the newes had heard,
Of houses burn'd, and men in great distresse,
By him that doth nor God nor man regard:
Vnto their aid he doth himself addresse,
And chuse some speciall men to be his guard,
And meeting such as fled, their course he staid,
And these or such like words to them he said.

O simple fooles, what mean you hence to run?
Turn back for shame, turn back, and do not flie,
You chuse the greater ill the lesse to shun,
To live with shame, and may with honour die;
What city have you left when this is won?
What hope is left a fortune new to trie?
Shall one vile Pagan boast another day,
That he alone hath driv'n you all away?

*Thrasimene
Trebis and
Cannas were
the places
where the
Romans
many of the
Romans,
which is
compar'd
some battles
fought in
 Italie, which
Guicciardini
writes of.*

Sentance

This

8
This said, he came unto the pallace gate,
Where now the Pagan Prince triumphant stood,
Most like a Serpent fierce that bath of late,
His old skin cast and left it in the wood,
Rejoycing now of his renewed state,
Of his fresh strength, of young and lusty blood,
He shewes his forked tongue and comes apace,
And ev'ry beast that sees him gives him place.

9
Thus scornfull and thus proud the Pagan stands,
With threats to spoile the Pallace and deface,
And not a man that once his force withstands,
Vntill King Charles appeared in the place,
Who looking on his old victorious hands,
Said thus; and is now alter'd so the case,
That these my hands that wonted were to win,
To yeeld and to be faint should now begin?

10
Why should the strength, the vigour and the might,
That I was wont in you to feel now faile?
Shall this same Pagan dog ev'n in my sight,
My people slay, my dwelling house assaile?
No, first on me a thousand deaths alight,
No death can make a princely heart to quail;
And with that word with couched speare in rest,
He runs and smites the Pagan on the breast.

11
And straight the other of the chosen crew,
On ev'ry side the Pagan do beset,
But how he scap'd, and what did then ensue,
Another time I'll tell, but not as yet:
For first some matters past I must renew,
And namely Griffin I may not forget,
And crafty Origilla with the tother,
That was her bed fellow and not her brother.

12
These three unto Damasco came together,
The fair'st and richest town of all the East,
What time great lords and knights repaired thither,
Allured by the fame of such a feast.
I told you from the holy city hither,
Was five or six dayes journey at the least:
But all the townes about both small and great,
Are not like this for state and fruitfull seat.

13
For first, beside the cleare and temp'rate aire,
Not noid with sommers heat nor winters cold,
There are great store of buildings large and faire,
Of carved stone most stately to behold,
The streets all pav'd where is their most repaire,
And all the ground is of so fruitfull mold,
That all the yeare their spring doth seem to last,
And brings them store of fruits of dainty tast.

14
Above the City lies a little hill,
That shades the morning sun in early houres,
Of waters sweet (which here we use to still)
They make such store with spice and juyce of flowrs,
As for the quantity might drive a mill,
Their gardens have faire walks and shady bowrs:
But (that which chief maintaineth all the sweets)
Two christall streams do run amid the streets.

15
Such was the native beauty of the town:
But now because they look for great resort,
Of Princes and of Lords of great renown,
They deck their city in another sort:
Each Lady putteth on her richest gown,
Each house with Arras hang'd in stately port:
The noble youths do stand upon companson,
Whose horse doth best, who wears the best caparison.

16
Thus Griffin and his mates come to this place,
And first they view these shewes with great delight,
And after they had rode a little space,
A courteous squire perswades them to alight,
And prayeth them to do his house that grace,
To eat and take their lodgings there that night:
They thank him for his kind and friendly offer,
And straight accept the courtie he doth profer.

17
They had set down before them costly meat,
Of sundry wines there was no little store,
Of precious fruits the plenty was so great,
As they had seldome seen the like before:
The while their host doth unto them repeat,
The cause of all this feasting, and wherefore
The king appointed all these solemne sports,
To draw together knights of sundry sorts.

18
But Griffin (though he came not for this end,
For praise and bravery at tilt to run,
But came to find his fleeing female friend)
Yet was his courage such he would not shun,
In these brave sports some little time to spend,
Where of well doing honour might be won.
He promis'd straight (though little were his leisure)
Before he go, to see and shew some pleasure.

19
And first he asketh farther of the feast,
If it were new ordain'd, or els of old?
His host replieth thus (my worthy guest)
I shall in brieft to you this thing unfold:
Our Prince the greatest Prince in all the East,
Hath newly pointed this great feast to hold;
This is the first, but all of his retinue
Mind each fourth month this custome to continue.

20
In token of great gladnesse and great joy,
By all the city is the feast begun,
In token of the danger and annoy
That Norandin (our king) did lately shun,
Lock'd up foure months, where he could not enjoy
The use of earth, of water, aire, nor sun:
Yet at the foure months end by hap he scap'd
The death with yawning mouth that on him gap'd

21
(But plaine to shew you whence did come the seed,
Of which this danger seemed first to grow)
Love did to Norandin this danger breed,
The king of Cypres daughter pleas'd him so,
Because her beauty did the rest exceed,
To see her, needs (in person) he would go:
He saw he lik'd, he woo'd, he won, he married her,
And homeward then by ship he would have caried her

But

*Norandine.
Here begins
with the tale
of Lucina at
the 20. fl.
and ends at
the 30.*

*Casari word
was, vntil,
vidi, vich.*

But lo a wind and tempest rose so sore,
As threedayes space they looked to be drownd,
And made them land upon an unknown shore,
Where straight we pitcht our tents upon the ground,
And (for of trees and grasse there was good store)
The King in hope some venison to have found,
Into the next adjoyning wood doth go,
Two pages beare his quiver and his bow.

*Virgilike
first. A. uad.
Arcum
manu celo-
ref. segitae
accepta fidu
quanta go-
robas. Acha-
tes.*

His meaning was some stag or buck to kill,
We wait his comming in the tent at ease,
When suddenly such noise our eares doth fill,
As wind in woods, and waves do make in seas,
And aye more nigh us it approached, till
We plaine might see unto our fore diseafe,
A monster huge that ran along the sand,
Destroying all that in the way did stand.

This Orke (for so men do the monster call)
Directed straight his course upon our tent,
His eyes were out, how ere it did befall,
But yet he was so quick and sharp of sent,
As all his blindnesse help not us at all,
He hunterh like a spannell by the ven,
His sent is such as none can hope to shun him,
His pace is such as no man can outrun him.

*Ork. Ma. 3.
Sine illula
parabam:
five fugam,
five ipse me-
am pr. libe-
five armum.*

Thus whether they prepar'd to fight or fly,
Or whether feare both fight and flight did les,
He takes them as his prisoners by and by,
Of forty, ten scarce to the ship could get,
Among the other prisoners tane was I,
Whilst I our Queene in safety would have set,
But all in vaine to flie, it did not boot,
He was so quick of sent, and swift of foot.

As shepheards hang a wallet at their wast,
So at his girdle hangs a mighty sack,
In which the better sort of us he plac'd,
The rest he bound together in a pack,
And to his cave that was most huge and vast,
He beares us (hopelesse ever to come back)
A comely matron in this den he had,
Maids faire and foule, some poore, some richly clad.

Beside this female family of his,
He hath a cave wherein he keeps his flock,
That cave in length and largenesse passeth this,
Made all by hand out of the stony rock:
And (for mans flesh his chiefest dainty is)
Into the cave he safely doth us lock,
The while he leads abroad his goats and sheep,
Which in the fields adjoyning he doth keep.

The king not knowing this, returned back,
The silence that he found some feare did breed:
But when he found his wife and men were lack,
He then to sea did hast him with great speed:
He sees plaine signes of hast, of spoile, of wrack,
Yet knowes he not the author of this deed,
Vntill he had his ship by hap recover'd,
Then by his men the fact was plain discover'd.

When he had heard at last the wofull newes,
How greatly was his heart surpris'd with griefe?
What gods, what fortune did he not accuse
For all his losses, but Lucyna chiefe?
But dangers all and death he first will chuse,
Ere he then leave his love without reliefe,
He either will her libertie procure,
Or els he will like chance with her endure.

He leaves his ship, and goes by land apace,
There where the monster had his love convoid,
And often wailes her hard and wofull case,
Desiring and despairing of her aid.
Now came he in the kenning of the place,
And stands twixt halfe amaz'd and halfe afraid:
At last he enters (love expelling feare)
When by good hap the monster was not there.

His wife was there, who with compassion mov'd,
Admonish'd him to make but little stay,
But hasten thence, if so his life he lov'd,
Lest that her husband find him in the way:
Yet from his purpose this him not remov'd,
But to the sober matron he doth say,
In vaine you seek to drive me hence by terror,
Desire hath hither brought me, and not error.

By my ill hap while I abroad was riding,
The Orke bare away my dearest wife,
I hither come of her to heare some tiding,
Or having lost my love to leese my life,
I care not I, if she in life be biding,
If she be dead, my death shall end this strife,
Love in this point so resolute hath made me,
You should but leese your labour to disswade me.

The gentle matron in this sort replies,
Know this, thy wife in safety doth remaine,
But hard it is to compasse or devise,
Which way to get her from his hand againe,
His want of sight, his passing sent supplies,
To strive with him by force if were but vaine,
He spoileth men, but women do not die,
Save onely such as strive away to flie.

But those he finds his company to shun,
With hatred great he doth for aye pursue,
Some he doth hang all naked in the sun,
And day by day their torments doth renew,
And some immediately to death are done,
Both yong and old, both foule or faire of hew,
So that to seek to set Lucyna free,
May harm her much, and little profit thee.

Wherefore my sonne depart the while thou may,
(The matron saith) Lucyna shall not die,
For hither shortly he will her convey,
Where she shall fare no worse than these and I,
Depart? (quoth he) nay here I mind to stay,
And fall what shall, I will my fortune trie,
And if my hap be such I cannot free her,
At least I meane before I die to see her.

The

35
The matrons mind with much compassion moved,
To see his loving and most constant mind,
That from his purpose would not be removed,
To bring him aid and comfort was inclin'd:
And then she told him how it him behoved,
If so to see his wife he had assign'd,
To use some such device as she would tell him, (him.
That when the *Orke* should come he might not smell

37
She had that hanged in the houses rooffe,
The hairie skins of many a bearded goate,
And knowing best what was for his behoofe,
Of one of them she makes him make a coate,
And with goates suet for a further prooffe,
To noint his body from the foote to throate:
And in this sort his shape and favour hiding,
He commeth to the place where we were biding.

38
Now night drew neare, his horne the *Orke* doth blow,
And all his heards came backe unto his fold,
And *Norandino* among the goates doth go,
And enters in, love maketh him so bold,
The *Orke* shuts the doore, and leaves us so,
Shut up as safe as in a rowre or hold,
Then doth the King at large unto his lover,
His comming and the meanes thereof discover.

39
Lucina doth not onely not rejoyce,
To see her husband come thus strangely clad,
But with most lamentable mournfull voyce,
She blam'd him that such perill ventred had,
And swears that if she might have had her choyce,
She would alone have felt this fortune bad,
And that before it somewhat eas'd her paine,
To thinke that he in safetie did remaine.

40
Thus said *Lucina* faire with watred eies,
As seeming now more dolefull then before;
But *Norandino* in this sort replies,
Think'st thou my deare I loved thee no more?
Yes sure, and will ev'n now a meane devise
Both thee and these to freedome to restore,
And to deliver from this servile slavery,
By helpe of this same skin and grease unfavory.

41
And straight he taught us as himselfe had tride,
Each one to kill a goate and take the skin,
And outwardly to weare the hairy hide,
And to be nointed with the grease within,
Thus ev'ry one doth for himselfe provide,
Before the sunne did yet to shine begin,
Then came the *Orke* and mov'd away the stone,
And out the bearded goates came one and one.

42
The smelling *Orke* at the doore doth stand,
We past like goates and make no noise nor speech,
Yet oft he groped with his hideous hand,
But poore *Lucina* could not chuse but skreech,
Or that he hapt to touch her with his wand,
Or else too roughly paw'd her by the breech,
So back he puts her straight, and locks her up,
And swears that she should drinke a sory cup.

43
Himselfe drives out his flocke (as wont he was)
And we like goates among the goates do keepe;
And when as they were feeding on the grasse,
The monstrous heardman laid him downe to sleepe.
Thus we escapt, but our good King alas,
(That mist his love) doth nought but waile and weep
And save that still he hop't of her reliefe,
He would no doubt have dide of very griefe.

44
At night he turneth back with like desire,
As he before had come to set her free,
And he conceales himselfe with like attire,
From him that wants his instrument to see.
The *Orke* in flam'd with cruell rage and ire,
And finds himselfe deceived thus to be,
This recompence he points her for her paines,
Vpon that hill to hang each day in chaines.

45
A cruell doome, but who could it resist?
Away went we, each for himselfe afraid,
But *Norandino* ever doth persist
In his first purpose of procuring aid,
Lamenting that so narrowly he mist
To bring her out, among the goates he staid,
And like a goate (forgetting his estate)
He go'th out early, and returneth late.

46
She sees him go and come, but all in vaine,
She maketh signes to him to have him part,
He constantly resolveth to remaine,
The love of her possesseth so his hart,
Despising danger and enduring paine,
He hopeth hopelesse still to ease her smart,
At foure months end (good fortune so prepar'd)
Gradasso thither came and *Mandricard*.

47
And (for her father was their loving friend)
They gave this bold attempt to set her free,
And to her father straight they do her send,
Who was full glad and joyfull her to see,
And that her dangers had this happie end:
But *Norandino* was more glad then he,
Who with the goats no longer now did stay,
But while the *Orke* slept he stole away.

48
And now for joy of this great perill past,
In which he stay'd so wofull and forlorne,
And that the memorie thereof may last,
To those that shall be, and are yet unborne,
(For never Prince before such wo did tast,
Nor stay'd so long in misery and scorne,
And it shall be just sixteene weeks to morow,
That he remained in this wo and sorow.)

49
Therefore I say the King prepares this sport,
With very great magnificence and bost,
Inviting hither men of ev'ry sort,
Such as in chivalrie excell the most,
That far and neare may carie the report,
Of these great triumphs unto ev'ry cost.
This tale the courteous host did tell his guest,
Of him that first ordain'd the sumptuous feast.

50

In this and such like talke they spend the night,
And then they sleepe upon their beds of downe,
But when that once it shined cleare and light,
The trumpets sounded over all the towne,
And Griffin straight puts on his armor bright,
Aspiring after fame and high renowne;
His leud companion likewise doth the same,
To shew a hope as well as he of fame.

51

All armed thus they came unto the field,
And view the warlike troupes as they did passe,
Where some had painted on their crest and shield,
Or some device that there described was,
What hope or doubt his love to him did yeeld;
They all were *Christens* then, but now alas,
They all are *Turks* unto the endlesse shame,
Of those that may and do not mend the same.

52

For where they should employ their sword and lance,
Against the Infidels our publike foes,
Gods Word and true Religion to advance,
They to poore *Christens* worke perpetuall woes:
To you I write, ye Kings of Spaine and France,
Let these alone, and turne your force on those:
And unto you also I write as much,
Ye nations fierce, *Zwizgers* I meane and *Dutch*.

53

Lo, tone of *Christen* Kings usurps a name,
Another *Catholike* will needs be called:
Why do not both your deeds declare the same?
Why are *Christis* people slaine by you and thralld?
Get backe againe *Jerusalem* for shame,
That now the *Turke* hath tane from you and walled
Constantinople get that famous towne,
That erst belonged to th' *Imperiall* crowne.

54

Dost not thou Spaine confiont with *Affrike* shore,
That more then *Italy* hath thee offended?
Yet to her hart thou leavest that before,
Against the Infidels thou hadst intended:
O *Italy* a slave for evermore,
In such sort mard, as never can be mended,
A slave to slaves, and made of sinne a sinke,
And sotted sleepe like men overcome with drinke.

55

Ye *Zwizgers* fierce, if feare of famine drive you,
To come to *Lombardie* to seeke some food,
Are not the *Turks* as neare? why should it grieve you
To spill your foes, and spare your brothers blood?
They have the gold and riches to relieve you,
Enrich your selves with lawfull gotten good,
So shall all *Europe* be to you beholding,
For driving them from these parts, and withholding.

56

Thou Lion stout that boldst of heav'n the keyes,
(A waighie charge) see that from drowfie sleepe
Thou wake our realme, and bring her joyfull dayes,
And from these forren wolves it safely keepe,
God doth thee to this height of honoraife,
That thou mayst feed and well defend thy sheepe,
That with a roting voice and mighty arme,
Thou mayst withhold thy flock from ev'ry harme.

57

But whither roves my rudely-rolling pen,
That waxe so sawcie to reprove such peeres?
I said before that in *Damasco* then
They *Christend* were (as in records appeares)
So that the armor of their horse and men
Was like to ours (though chang'd of later yeares)
And Ladies fill their galleries and towers,
To see the justs as they did here in ours.

58

Each strives in shew his fellow to exceed,
And to be gallant in his mistris sight,
To see each one manage his stately steed,
Was to the standers by a great delight:
Some praise unto themselves, some shame do breed,
By shewing horses doings wrong or right,
The chiefest prize that should be of this tilt,
An armor was rich, set with stone and gilt.

59

By hap a merchant of *Armenia* found
This armour, and to *Norandin* it sold,
Who, had he knowne how good it was and sound,
Would not have left it sure for any gold,
(The circumstance I cannot now expound,
I meane ere long it shall to you be told)
Now must I tell of *Griffin* that came in,
Just when the sport and tilting did begin.

60

Eight valiant Knights the challenge did sustaine,
Against all commers that would runne that day,
These eight were of the Princes private traine,
Of noble blood, and noble ev'ry way,
They fight in sport, but some in sport were slaine,
For why as hotly they did fight in play,
As deadly foes do fight in battell ray,
Save that the King may when he list them slay.

61

Now *Griffins* fellow was *Martano* named,
Who (though he were a coward and a beast)
Like bold blind Bayard he was not ashamed,
To enter like a Knight among the rest,
His countenance likewise in shew he framed,
As though he were as forward as the best,
And thus he stood and view'd a bitter fight,
Between a Baron and another Knight.

62

Lord of *Seleucia* the tone they call,
And one of eight that did maintaine the just,
The Knight *Omburno* hight of person tall,
Who in his vizer tooke so great a thrust,
That from his horse astonied he did fall,
And with his lively blood distain'd the dust:
This sight amaz'd *Martano* in such sort,
He was afraid to leese his life in sport.

63

Soone after this so fierce conflikt was done,
Another challenger straight steppeth out,
With whom *Martano* was requir'd to runne,
But he (whose heart was ever full of doubt)
With fond excuses sought the same to shunne,
And shew'd himselfe a faint and dastard lout,
Till *Griffin* egd him on, and blam'd his feare,
As men do set a mastive on a Beare.

Then

Charles the
great was the
first that was
called the
most Christi-
an King, for
defending the
Church of
Rome.
Ferdinando
was the first
that was cal-
led Catho-
like, for dri-
ving the
Moors out
of Granada.

This was Leo
the tenth,

Provok

Many times
the people
have shoke
when the
prince was
thus
provok'd.

64
Then tooke he heart of grace, and on did ride,
And makes a little flourish with his speare,
But in the middle way he stept aside,
For feare the blow would be too big to beare;
Yet one that would seeke this disgrace to hide,
Might in this point impute it not to feare,
But rather that his horse not good and redie,
Did shun the tilt, and ranne not ev'n nor stedie.

65
But after with his sword he dealt so ill,
Demosthenes him could not have defended,
He shew'd both want of courage and of skill,
So as the lookers on were all offended,
And straight with hissing and with voices shrill,
The conflict cowardly begun was ended;
In his behalfe was Griffin sore ashamed,
His heart thereto with double heate inflamed.

66
For now he sees how much on him it stands,
With double value to wipe out the blot,
And shew himselfe the more stout of his hands,
Sith his companion shew'd himselfe a sot,
His fame or shame must flie to forren lands,
And if he now should faile one little jot,
The same wold seem a foule and huge transgression,
His mate had filld their minds with such impression.

67
The first he met Lord of Sidona hight,
And towards him he runs with massie speare,
And gave a blow that did so heavie light,
As to the ground it did him backward beare;
Then came of Laodice another Knight,
On him the staffe in peeces three did teare,
Yet was the counterbuffe thereof so great,
The Knight had much ado to keepe his seate.

68
But when they came with naked swords to trie,
Which should the honor and the prise obtaine,
So Griffin did with deadly strokes him plie,
At last he left him stomi'd on the plaine.
Straightway two valiant brothers standing by,
That at Griffin took no small disdaine,
The one Corimbo, tother Tirse hight,
These two forthwith do challenge him to fight.

69
Successively them both he overthrew,
And now men thought that he the prise would win,
But Salinterna that saw them downe in vew,
To envie good Griffin doth begin,
This man the stoutst of all the courtly crew,
Doth take a speare in hand, and enters in,
And to the combat Griffin straight defies,
And scornes to have a stranger win the prize.

70
But Griffin chose one staffe among the rest,
The biggest and the strongest of a score,
And with the same he pierceth backe and brest,
That downe he fell and never stirred more;
The King that loved and esteem'd him best,
Laments his death, and maketh mone therefore,
But yet the common sort were faine and glad,
That knew his mind and manners were but bad.

71
Next after him two others he doth meet,
Ermofila the captaine of his guard,
And Carmond Admirall of all his fleet,
With these a while he had a conflict hard,
The first unhors'd was left upon his feet,
The other with a blow was almost mard,
Thus of eight challengers remain'd but one,
The rest were quite subdude by him alone.

72
This one was he of whom at first I spake,
Lord of Seleucia a valiant man,
This one to Griffin did resistance make,
And long it was ere ought of him he wan,
But one blow on his head so fierce he strake,
As he likewise to stagger now began,
Had not the King made them to have bene parted,
Sure Griffin had him kild ere he had parted.

73
Thus all those eight, that all the world deside,
By one alone were vanquished and slaine,
So as the King was forced to provide,
An order new for those that do remaine,
(By parting runners some on either side)
For yet was spent not past an houre or twaine,
Lest this his triumph should have end too soone,
He makes them spend therein the afternoone.

74
But Griffin full of wrath and discontent,
Backe to his host with his companion came,
The praise he wan did him not so content,
As he was griev'd at his companions shame;
Wherefore to leave the towne they do consent,
While men were busie looking on the game,
And to a little towne fast by he goes,
And meanes himselfe a while for to repose.

75
The travell sore he had before endured,
So great a wearinesse in him had bred,
And such desire of sleepe withall procured,
As straight he gat him to his naked bed.
The while Martano to all fraud inured,
And using aid of her mischievous head,
(As he did soundly sleepe) devis'd the while
A stratageme most strange, him to beguile.

76
They do conclude to take Griffins steed,
And cote, and ev'ry warlike implement,
And that Martano in Griffins steed,
Himselfe to Norandino shall present.
This they devis'd, this they perform'd in deed,
And boldly backe againe Martano went,
In Griffins armor stoudly stepping in,
As did the Assle that wore the Lions skin.

77
He rusheth in among the thickest presse,
An houre before the setting of the sunne,
The King and all the rest straightway do guesse,
That this was he that had such honor wonne;
And straight great honour they to him addresse,
And cause the like by others to be done,
And his base name, not worthy to be named,
About the towne with honor was proclaimed.

Fast by the King herideilcheeke bycheeke,
And in his praise they songs and verses make,
In Hebrew tongue; in Latin and in Greeke,
And now this while did Griffin hap to wake;
And seeing that his armour was to seeke,
He first begins some small mistrust to take;
Yet hardly could it sinke into his reason,
That she had giu'n consent to such a reason.

In feare and doubt no little time he hovered;
But when his host the truth had plaine declar'd,
And that he saw the falshood plaine discovered;
By which she had in follies hands him snar'd,
Then truth shew'd plain, that love before had covered,
And to revenge this wrong he straight prepar'd;
But wanting other furniture (perforce)
He tooke Martinas armor and his horse.

And backe unto Damasce he doth ride,
Arriving there within an houre of night,
And entring at the gate upon the side,
The pallace of the King stood plaine in sight,
Where then the Kings banquet did provide,
For many a Duke and Lord, and valiant Knight;
And Griffin boldly sat among the rest,
Forgetting that he ware the scorned crest.

And taken for the man whose coare he ware,
His presence did the better sort offend,
Of which when vile Marrano was aware,
That of the table fare at h'upper end,
And sees that to disgrace him they forbare,
And thinks him his companion and his friend:
His friendship and acquaintance he renounted,
And this hard doom of him he straight pronounced.

Sir King (quoth he) it seems that for my sake,
You graciously forbear to do him shame,
That of his basenesse shamefull prooffe did make
This day, and now againe confirms the same:
But you the matter and the man mistake,
I know not him, his nation, nor his name,
By chance I met him onely on the way,
I never saw him I, till yesterday.

Wherefore might I herein your grace advise,
You should a sample make him for the rest,
That here presents unto your princely eyes,
Himselfe unworthy, and unwelcome guest,
Let him tormented be in cruell wise,
(This is my doome) let him be hang'd at least,
And unreuenged let him not be borne,
That Knighthood should receive so great a scorne.

*A fit coun-
seller for a
Prince.*

Morall.

In the beginning of this booke, he shewes how God doth plague people oftentimes, by sending tyrants and most wicked and cruell Princes to rule over them; which as it is indeed the greatest punishment a country can have, so of the contrary side, may be in like sort concluded, that countries cannot have a more ample blessing of God, nor a greater testimonie of his favour; then to have a mercifull Prince, that loveth the people, and is carefull of their peace and profit: and as mine author complainer of the misery of Italie, oppressed by tyrants, so contrariwise I might take occasion to magnifie the felicitie of our realme of England, for the gracions and mild government of our Sovereigne, save that so high and plentiful a matter, requires an entire treatise, and not so broken a discourse as I use in these brieve notes, and therefore I reserve it wholly for another worke of mine owne, if God give me ability to performe it: but now to the matter of this booke.

In

Thus much the vile and base Marrano seeth,
And Origilla sooth'd it with as much,
And wisht an halter stop the villains breath.
Nay (quoth the King) the sinne is nothing such,
As is in law or reason worthy death,
His life or yet his liberty to such:
This, for examples sake I thinke it meet,
To do him some disgrace in open street.

And straight he rounds a Sergeant in his care,
And secretly appoints him what to do,
Who came forthwith unto the table where
Griffin sate, and made no more ado,
But leadeih him, that no such thing did feare,
A secret prison and a sure unto,
And for that night he clapt him up in fetters,
Where theeves do use to lie and evill debtors.

Next day Martano that did greatly dread,
Lest this his foule device would come to light,
If Griffin should be heard his cause to pleade,
Therefore as soone as Phobus shined bright,
(Pretending businesse) away he sped,
And leaves Griffin in this wofull pligher:
But ere he goes, the King to him imparts
No small rewards for his, not his delects.

But let him go his wayes, and do not doubt,
That this unknowne and unreueng'd shall be:
Straight was Griffin from the jayle put out,
And carted so as all men might him see,
Tide hand and foot, and people all about,
Of which the most were but of meane degree,
Also the armor whence this error came,
Was hald about unto his farder shame.

With many filthy words they him revile,
From filthy tongues, that hard it is to stop,
And shew'd him round about the towne the while;
At ev'ry crosse, and house, and stall and shop:
Then thinking him for ever to exile,
They led him of that hill unto the top,
And there his bonds they loose with great disgrace,
And then they will him packe him thence apace.

With scornfull sound of bason, pot and pan,
They thought to drive him thence like Bees in
But when he was untide, then he began (swarmes,
To make them know their error to their harmes,
Then he did lay about, and play the man,
Now having use of both his warlike armes,
But in what sort he them dismayd and scared,
Within another booke shall be declared.

In that Rodomont kills and massacres the people, without resistance, or without any man to make head against him, we may marke how fitly and properly the multitude may be likened to sheepe, not onely in that they be shorne, and fleeced every yeare for their wooll, and sometime pinched to the quicke by the greedie shearers, but also that when they should come to defend themselves, their houses, and children, from invading of the enemy, they runne away like sheepe, from the noise of the barking of a little curre, untill their shepheard come and defend them.

In the tale of Norandine, that for his jaire Lucinas sake did hazard his life so manifestly, and after was contented to lap himselfe up in a goates skin, and to noynt himselfe over with goates suet, we may note how hartie love and affection will make a man disdaine nothing, be it never so base. In Martanos cowardise, and craftie undermining of Griffino, we may marke how cowardly fellows bee commonly trecherous, and privie underminers. And in that Norandine (a good natured and affable Prince) did condemne Griffino to prison, without once calling him to answer for himselfe, wee may take an excellent good note (as my author hath done upon this matter in the next booke) how hurtfull a thing it is in a common wealth when a magistrate (and specially a Prince) shall beare such a Martanist as Martano, or such a Gil as Origilla was, whisper them in their eares, and give malicious and untrue (though probable) informations against well deserving men: And sure, though some hold opinion that these kinde of people (called informers) be to be cherished, as necessary servants of the state, though defamed otherwise, and even confessing themselves, that it is no honest mans office; yet for my part, I have heard wise men say, that such men are hurtfull to the state in pollicie, and make more malcontents, then they discover; and I am sure it is far from the rules of Christen charity, and to be controld even by heathenish civility. Tully speaking of the like men saith, *Anseribus cibaria publicè locantur, & canes aluntur in Capitolio.* Likening them, to be as necessary to keepe in the common wealth, as geese and doggs in the Capitoll: yet as Tully there noted, if the doggs barkt without cause, at such as came of devotion to worship the Gods, then their legs ought to be broken: And even so these doggs, these blood-bounds, nay bloody-bounds, that bite in their barking, if they shall at any time snap at such as come to honor and serve their Prince, it were pittie their leggs should be broken, for though they sal lame, yet they can be carried in coaches and horstitters; marrie if their neckes were broken, the Realme should (I think) have a faire riddance of them. But I wil end this note with a verse of that pleasant Poet Martiall, written above 1500 yeares since to Cæsar, who had then banished promoters out of Rome: the which verse (I confesse) concurs with my opinion

*Turba gravis paci, placidæque inimica quieti,
Quam semper miseris sollicitabat opes,
Tradita Getulis, nec cepit arena nocentes,
Et delator habet quod dabat exilium,
Exulat Ausonia profugus delator ab urbe,
Impensis vitam, Cæsaris annumeres.*

To this effect in English, after my plaine manner of versifying.

*The vile Promoters, foes to peace and enemies to rest,
That with false tales, do never cease, mens goods from them to wrest,
Are banisht hence full many a mile, to barren place and wast,
And he that others did exile, that selfe same cup doth tast;
O happie Rome, that such hath lost, as mischeefe still contrive,
But Cæsar was at too much cost, to let them scape alive.*

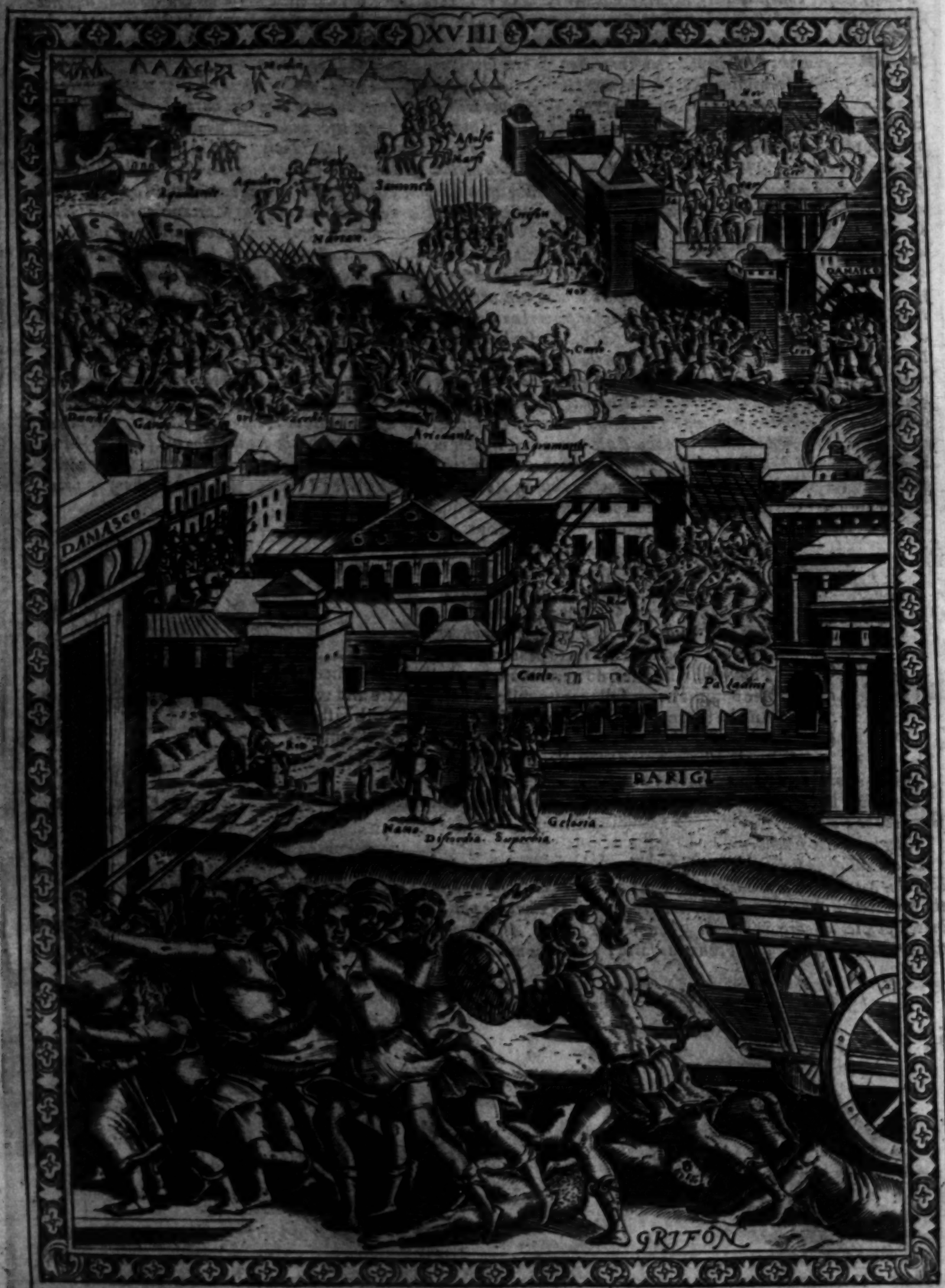
And thus much for the morall.

Mistake. Historie I have none to stand upon in this booke, save such as either are already touched in the margent, or else to be found in the Table.

Allegorie there is none.

Allusion. But the allusion is noted by one Simon Fornarius at very great length, and the substance of all is this, that in describing this notable triumph and feast of Norandino, he covertly describeth the notable tilting and turneing of certaine of the Medices in Florence, and how one Gentleman of Florence plaid such a part as Martano, shunning the tilt, and did indeed vomit for feare, and was laught at for his labour. Also the number of the challengers agreed of Norandinos and this; so as it is evident that Fornarius saith right of the matter.

Here end the notes of the xvij. Canto.



THE ARGUMENT.

Now Griffin's knowne and felt: Algyre doth threaten
 The Tartar Prince: Charles fighteth and prevaileth,
 Martano like a coward is well beaten,
 Marfisas force Damasco warriors quailles:
 From thence with tempest tost, and weather beaten,
 Both she and Griffin and Astolfo sailes:
 Medor and Cloridan with care and paine,
 Seeke for the carkas of their master slaine.



Oft worthe Prince your
 vertues high and rare,
 With tongue and penne I
 praise, and ever shall,
 Although my words and
 verse inferiour are,
 In number and in worth to
 match them all:
 But all above this one I do
 compare,
 And far prefer, and pure divinest call,
 That giving gracious eare to those are greeved,
 Yet ev'ry tale is not by you beleev'd.

Oft have I heard your highnesse hath refused,
 Although the same most earnestly were sought
 To heare the guiltlesse absent man accused,
 (And when a great complaint to you was brought)
 You have the matter and the man excused:
 Suspending still your judgement and your thought,
 And keeping till the truth were truly tri'de,
 Ever one eare for the contrarie side.

Had Norandino had so great a grace,
 As not to credite tales so lightly told,
 He had not offerd Griffin this disgrace,
 No though thereby he might have gained gold:
 But so doth rashnes verue oft deface,
 As here was proved that was said of old;
 The silly people beare the scourge and blame,
 Oft when their Princes do deserve the same.

For Griffin (as in part I told before)
 When as his hands and feete were once untide,

Did deale about of blowes and thrusts such store,
 As well was he could for himselfe provide,
 His wraith was such as none he then forbore,
 The old, the young, the strong, the feeble dide:
 And they that laught before to see him carted,
 Now for their labor whinde as much and smarted.

The people faint and mazed fled away,
 From him whom late they did deride and scorne,
 He follow'd them and kild them by the way,
 Dastards more meet to die, then to be borne.
 But in this chase a while I let him stay,
 Triumphant now that lately was forlorne:
 Of Rodomont now somewhat must be spoken,
 On whom at once I said eight speares were broken.

He comes to
 Griffin the
 25. staff of
 the booke.

Eight speares at once upon the scaly skin,
 Did light, and divers darts were throwne aloofe,
 For speares and darts he passeth not a pin,
 Such was his strength, so sure his armors proofe:
 But when he saw that more and more came in,
 To part from thence he thinks his best behoofe,
 For why on ev'ry side they do assaile him,
 That needs at length his breath and strength must
 (faile him).

Ev'n as the Lions whelps that see a Bull,
 Are at the first of his great strength affraid,
 But when they see their sire to teare or pull
 His throte and sides, they runne their sire to aid,
 And fite upon his face and horned scull,
 Till prostrate on the ground they have him laid:
 So now when Charles himselfe was in the place,
 Each one tooke armes, each one took hart of grace.

Simile.

M 4

Who

An excel-
 lence is in
 a prince.

8

Who so hath seene a huge well baited Beare,
With many dogs, men standing close about,
When he by hap the stake or cord doth teare,
And rusheth in among the thickest rout,
How suddenly they runne away with feare,
And make a lane to let the Beare go out:
He might (I say) compare by such a sight,
The manner of this *Pagans* fight and flight.

9

He rusheth out, and with his two hand blade,
He foriseth about in so fierce sort,
That soone a way for him to passe was made,
To hinder him his way it was no sport,
And those that by the way did him invade,
Except they shifted better, were cut short:
Thus in despite of *Charles* and all his realme,
He came unto the banks of *Sequans* streame.

10

And standing from the banke a little distance,
That few or none behind could him enclose,
An howers space and more he made resistance,
Against King *Charles*, whose powre still greater grows
Till in the end in hope of no assistance,
Displeas'd, but not disgrast away he goes:
He takes the river fretting in his minde,
That he had left a man alive behinde.

11

And so he swell'd in anger and in pride,
That he had thought to turne him backe againe,
And to have mounted on the other side,
And all that should withstand him to have slaine:
But lo a messenger he then espie,
That made him from that rash attempt refraine,
But who did send him, and what word he bare,
I meane to you another time declare.

Is followed in
the 15. stoffe
of this booke.

12

But first what *Discord* did I meane to show,
Who as you heard was by the Angell sent
Among the *Pagans*, seeds of strife to sow,
And as she was commanded thither went:
Yet leaving *Fraud* behind the coales to blow,
Least all the fire of strife should quite be spent,
And to augment his strength, as much as may be,
He carrid *Pride* with him out of the Abby.

13

Good depu-
ties.

Pride leaves *Hypocrisie* to keepe his place,
And thus these jarring friends together go,
And when they traveld had a little space,
They found by hap dame *Jelousie* also,
That met a dwarfe that run a trudging pace,
Ev'n as she wanderd idly to and fro:
And learning unto whom this page was sent,
To go with him she quickly did consent.

14

You call to mind (for sure you cannot chuse,
But call to mind so late a written storie)
How *Mandricardo Doralice* did use,
And kept with joy whom he did win with glorie:
She secretly sent notice of this newes,
(Though afterward her selfe perhap was sorie)
To *Rodamont*, and sharply him incited,
To venge her rape as I before recited.

15

The messenger arrived then by hap,
When from the streame the *Pagan* did ascend,
And told him all the tale of her mishap,
And how another did possesse his friend:
Cold *jelousie* straight enterd in his lap,
And *Pride* with *Discord* do the matter mend,
Alledging if he put up this disgrace,
Then let him nere looke Ladie in the face.

16

Like as a Tyger that her young hath lost,
Suppris'd by hunters hand and borne away,
Doth follow on the foote through ev'ry cost,
No dikes nor waters wide can make her stay:
So *Rodamont* with love (and anger most)
Enflamed, could endure no more delay,
And though he want his horse, that did not boote,
To cause him stay, he rather goes on foote.

Similar

17

He meanes what ever horseman next he spide,
To take his horse of friend or else of foe,
At this is *Discord* pleas'd, and said to *Pride*,
That she was glad their bus'nes cotned so:
I will (quoth she) a horse for him provide,
An horse shall cost him deare enough I trow,
But what of him and of that horse besel,
Another time not now I meane to tell.

Is followed in
the 21. booke
23. stoffe.

18

This while the most renowned *Christen* King,
That had expuls'd the *Pagan* from the towne,
His valiant men of armes about doth bring,
And on the sodaine lets the draw bridge downe,
And with a fresh assault their foes so sting,
While fortune smild on him, on them did frowne,
That they had runne away like men dismaid,
Had not *Ferraw* couragiously them staid.

19

My mates in armes (quoth he) brethren and friends,
Prov'd valiant heretofore, now hold your place:
More happie far is he his life that spends,
In honour, then that keeps it in disgrace;
Loe me your generall that here intends,
No way to staine the blood of *Spanisb* race,
The patterne follow that I shew you furst,
And then I care not, let them do their worst.

Ferraw's
short oration.

20

Thus in that part *Ferraw* the fight renewd,
And draws with him the chosen *Spanisb* band,
That oft in *Christen* blood their hands imbrowd,
And none almost but they did now withstand:
But destinie can never be eschewd,
As may by their successe be rightly scand,
Behold *Renaldo* comes, and as he came,
It seem'd he carrid lightning fierce or flame.

Ovid Met.
Hellas ad
secunqu
des, in pr
lia dunt.

21

Not long before *Almones* valiant sonne,
Hight *Darnade*, had slaine a *Christian* Knight,
And proud of that his glorie lately wonne,
And of this good successe he had in fight,
About the field he carelessly did runne,
Vntill he hapt to see a wofull sight,
He saw *Alfeo* yeelding up the ghost,
A youth whom he esteem'd and loved most.

Lurcanio

22
Lurcanio was the man that did the deed,
And Dardanell to venge it doth intend,
Lurcanio follow'd on and tooke no heed,
The other all on him his force doth bend,
And with a waightie speare, him and his steed,
Vnto the earth together he doth send,
And pierst his thigh, and put him in such paine,
As scant he able was to rise againe.

23
But Ariodant (that deare his brother loved)
And sees him in such paine and danger lie,
Was therewithall in wrath so greatly moved,
He meaneth to avenge his hurt or die:
But though that he attempted oft and proved,
Yet could he not to Dardanell come nie,
For still of other men, the throng and number,
Did him in this attempt molest and cumber.

24
No doubt the heav'ns had Dardanell ordained,
To perish by a more victorious hand,
Renaldos blade must with his blood be stained,
And was, as after you shall understand:
By him this praise and glory must be gained,
The fame whereof must fill both sea and lands:
But let these westerne warres a while remaine,
And of Griffino talke we now againe.

25
Who taught those of Damasco to their harmes,
What wrong they did to cart him in such sort;
They fill the towne with uprores and alarmes,
Mens mouthes and cares were full of this report:
The King brings forth five hundred men in armes,
And sends five more to fortifie the fort:
For why this tumult brought him in perswasion,
That sure some host of men did make invasion.

26
But when he saw no men, no host, no band,
No troupes of horse the citie to invade,
Onely one man (well knowne) that there did stand,
And of his people such a slaughter made,
(Mov'd with remorse) he stretcht forth his hand
Naked, in shew of peace, as is the trade,
And openly his rashnesse he lamented,
That such a Knight to harme he had consented.

27
And Griffin when to find he now begunne,
The King was of so good an inclination,
And that the wrong to him before was done,
Not of his owne, but others instigation:
To make a friendly concord doth not shunne,
Because hereby he lost no reputation:
And there he tarid at the Kings request,
To cure his wounds and take a little rest.

28
This while his brother Aquilant the blacke,
That with Astolfo still in Jewrie staid,
And sees his brother now so long did lacke,
Was in his mind all sad and ill apaid:
They heard no newes of him, they found no tracke,
Though wait about in ev'ry place was laid,
Vntill the Greekish pilgrim they had met,
By whom of him some inkling they did get.

29
He told them how a certaine winton dame,
Hight Origilla, with a ruffian knave,
That kept her openly without all shame,
Yet going in apparell fine and brave,
These two (the pilgrim said) together came,
From Antioch (as forth in speech they gave)
And to Damasco then they meant to go,
But what became of them he did not know.

30
And further unto Aquilant he told,
How he Griffino met this other day,
And did to him the matter all unfold,
And how forthwith Griffino went his way,
With chafe enough, and swearing that he would
Kill this same vile adulter if he may:
No sooner had his speech the pilgrim ended,
In post to follow, Aquilant intended.

31
In post he follow'd to Damasco ward,
And when he travel'd had a day or twaine,
(Behold that God that ever doth reward
The good with blessings and the bad with paine)
That gracelesse couple that before you heard,
Betraid Griffino with that divellish traine,
Into the hands of Aquilant did give,
While they in pleasure most securely live.

32
I say that Aquilant by Gods permission,
Doth meet the vile Martano on the way,
His horse, his coate, and outward apparition,
So like unto Griffino ev'ry way,
That Aquilant at first without suspicion,
Went to embrace him, and began to say,
Brother well met, I joy of your welfare,
Your absence bred in me much feare and care.

33
But when he saw the tother not replide,
But shrunke away like one that were afraid,
Ah traitor villain, yeeld thy selfe, he cride,
Thou hast my brother spoiled and betraid,
Tell me (thou wretch) doth he in life abide?
To whom in humble sort Martano said,
(With fainting hart, with quaking voice & trembling
Yet in the midst of all his feare dissembling.)

34
Oh pardon sir, your brother is alive,
And like to live, and hath no hurt, nor shall,
The truth is this, I being loth to strive
With him, because I found him stout and tall,
Did with no ill intent this drift contrive,
To save my selfe and do him hurt but small,
For this same womans sake that is my sister,
With open force not daring to assist her.

35
It grieved me to see how he by lust
Did her abuse whom nature made me love,
And for I thought it was both meet and just,
Her from this wicked custome to remove,
And sith I did his valew great mistrust,
I thought it best by pollicie to prove:
I stole his horse and coate while he was sleeping,
And so convaid her quite out of his keeping.

Well

36
Well might *Martano* beare away the bell,
Or else a whetstone challenge for his dew,
That on the sodaine such a tale could tell,
And not a word of all his tale was trew,
But yet in shew it all agreed well,
Save one which *Aquilant* most certaine knew,
Was false, and he in vaine did seeke to smother,
He was her bedfellow, and not her brother.

37
With hand and tongue at once he doth replic,
And in one instant he both strake and spake,
I know (quoth he) vile villaine thou dost lie,
And on the face so fiercely him he strake,
He makes two teeth into his throate to flie,
Then with great violence he doth him take,
And him and her he binds in bitter bands,
Like captives carrid into forren lands.

38
And thus in hast unto *Damasco* riding,
He swears that he these bands would not unbind,
Till of his brother he do heare some tiding,
Whom in *Damasco* after he did find;
Who now with cunning *Phisicke* and good guiding,
Was almost heald in body and in mind,
And when he saw his unexpected brother,
They both saluted and embrac'd each other.

39
And after they had made in speech some sport,
About full many a foolish accident,
(For *Aquilant* had heard a large report
Of *Griffin* carting, and his punishment)
At last he asketh *Griffin* in what sort
They should thus couple worthily torment,
To hang and draw, and burne their privie parts,
Was not too much for their too foule defaults.

40
The King and all his Councell thought it good,
Because their fault was such so open knowne,
That they should publikely dispill their blood,
And their defaults might publikely be showne:
But yet that motion *Griffin* straight withstood,
Pretending private causes of his owne,
Onely he wisht *Martano* should be stript,
And at a cart drawne through the street and whipt.

41
And as for her, although she had deserved
A punishment as great as he, or more,
Yet was the sentence of her doome reserved
Vntill *Lucina* came, and not before:
So that by *Griffin*'s meane she was preserved,
So great a sway love in his fancie bore:
Here *Aquilant* by *Griffin* was procured,
To bide with him untill his wounds were cured.

42
Now *Norandin* that all his powre still bends,
To honor *Griffin* all the meanes he may,
And with great courtesie to make amends,
For that disgrace he did him th'other day,
To make another triumph he intends,
Set forth with pompe and state, and rich array:
And that the same may flie to forraine nations,
He notifies it straight by proclamations.

43
At foure weekes end the triumph should begin,
The same whereof about so farre was blowne,
Without the land of *Jewrie* and within,
At last unto *Astolfo* it was knowne,
Who asking *Sanfonets* advice herein,
Whose wisdome he preferd before his owne,
At last for company they both agree,
To go together these same iusts to see.

44
Now as they went upon their way, behold
They met a gallant and a stately dame,
With whom this Duke acquainted was of old,
Marfisa was this noble Ladies name:
She travel'd like a Knight, her heart was bold,
Her body passing strong unto the same,
And when she knew both why and where they went,
To go with them she quickly did consent.

45
And thus these three their journey so contrive,
As just against the day and solemne feast,
Together at *Damasco* they arrive,
Each one well mounted on a stately beast,
The King that specially did care and strive,
To honor *Griffin* more then all the rest,
By all the meanes and wayes he could devise,
Augmented much the valew of the prise.

46
And where it was, as I before declar'd,
A single armor rich and finely wrought,
Now *Norandin* at this time prepar'd,
To set it out with things not lightly bought,
To this he adds a horse most richly barb'd,
By riders skill to great perfection brought,
Wel shapt, wel markt, strong limb'd, & passing swift,
The beast alone, fit for a Princes gift.

47
All this he did, because great hope he saw,
That *Griffin* once againe the prise would win,
But then was verifide the old said saw,
Much falls betweene the Challice and the chine:
For when *Marfisa* (void of feare or aw)
Without had view'd this armor and within,
And finds it had bene hers by marks well knowne,
She seizeth straight upon it as her owne.

48
The King that ill so great disgrace could brooke,
Did shew himselfe therewith much discontent,
And with a princely frowne and angry looke,
His silence threatned that she should repent,
And in so great despite the thing he tooke,
That straight some sergeants unto her he sent,
With souldiers, some on foote and some on horse,
Deceiv'd much in her sex, more in her force.

49
For never did a child take more delight,
With gawdie flowies in time of spring to play,
Nor never did yong Ladie brave and bright,
Like dauncing better on a solemne day,
Then did *Marfisa* in the sound and sight
Of glittering blades and speares delight to stay:
And this did cause her take therein more pleasure,
Because her strength was great beyond all measure.

Those

Marfisa

Proverbia
Ovid Met.
Multa cadit
inter celsi
supremis
labris.

Similia.
Simile.
The first of
these similes
is in Clau-
dianus a
Poet.
Non sic vi-
ginibus flo-
res, non fru-
gibus imbrat
ore.

50

Those few that were to apprehend her sen,
And punish her for this unlawfull deed,
Were caus'd their comming quickly to repent,
And others by their harmes tooke better heed:
The armed Knights most diversly were bent,
Some standing still to mark what this would breed,
Some to the sergeants thought to bring reliefe,
Of whom were *Griffin* and his brother chiefe.

51

The *English* Duke doth deeme it were a shame,
To leave *Marfisa* in this dangerous case,
Sich chiefly for his company she came,
And *Sanfonet* doth deeme it like disgrace,
Wherefore they meane how ere the matter frame,
Not leave her unassisted in the place,
Astolfo had a charmed speare all gilt,
With which he used oft to runne at tilt.

Gallelance

52

The vertue of this charmed speare was such,
Besides the gilding bright and faire of hew,
That whom so ere the head thereof did tuch,
Straight him from off his horse it overthrew,
Griffin first although disdaining much,
He quite unhors'd, nor who it was he knew:
Then *Aquilant* that to revenge it ment,
Vnto the ground in manner like was sent.

53

Thus did these warriors three themselves behave,
But chiefe *Marfisa*, who would never rest,
But would in spite of all, the armor have,
Nor once vouchsafe to aske it or request,
She doth the King and all his nobles brave,
And when the best of them had done his best,
On ev'ry side she beat the people downe,
And from them all made way out of the towne.

54

Sanfonet and *Astolfo* did the like,
King *Norandinos* men of armes pursew,
The foolish people crie stop, kill and strike,
But none comes neare, but stand aloofe to vew:
A narrow bridge there was, this place they pike,
And to defend it against all the crew,
Till *Griffin* came, having his horse recovered,
And by some markes the *English* Duke discovered.

55

And straight his brother *Aquilante* came,
And of *Astolfo* both acquaintance take,
And then in civill termes they somewhat blame
Her little count she of the King did make,
Astolfo friendly told to them her name,
And in defence of her some words he spake,
The rest that came marvell to what it tends,
To heare them talke together now like friends.

56

But when that *Norandinos* souldiers hard
Her name, so dreaded over all the East,
They surely thought that they should all be mard,
And that the citie would be tane at least,
Therefore they pray the King to have regard,
But now *Marfisa* (moved by request
Of those two brothers) friendly doth consent,
Her selfe before the Prince for to present.

57

And thus without much reverence she spake,
Sir King, I marvell what your highnesse ment,
A prise and gift of such a thing to make,
As is not yours without I give consent:
The Armes this armor hath plaine prooffe do make,
Namely a crowne into three peeces rent:
Once I put off this armor in a way,
To chase a theefe that stole from me a pray.

58

Then said the King, faire dame the truth is so,
Of one *Armenian* merchant I them bought,
I make no question be they yours or no,
Nor needs for prooffe more witness to be brought,
For though they were not, I would them bestow
On you, if so the same by you were sought:
As for *Griffin* unto whom I gave them,
He shall be pleas'd I hope, and not to have them.

That theefe
was Brunel-
lo, as is at
large for
downe in
Byardes
booke.

59

I will him recompence some other way,
And give him gifts of as great worth or more;
Thanks to your highnesse *Griffin* straight doth say,
Preserve me in your grace, I aske no more:
But when *Marfisa* saw that ev'ry way
They honor'd her, she chang'd her mind before,
To shew magnificence she us'd this drift,
That he must take this armor as her gift.

60

And thus good friends all turned back againe,
And then with double joy the feast they hold,
In which chiefe praise did *Sanfonet* obtaine,
The other foure did then themselves withhold,
Wishing the praise should unto him remaine,
And then with greater cheare then can be told,
By *Norandino* they were nobly feasted,
And there themselves they well repos'd and rested.

61

Sev'n dayes or eight the King them entertained,
And those once past, of him their leave they take,
The which with gifts and honor great obtained,
Vnto the towne of Tripoly they make,
And in one company these five remained,
And mind not one the other to forsake,
As long as one of them was left alive,
Vntill in *France* they safely should arrive.

62

And straight they get a vessell for their hire,
A merchants ship new laden from the West,
The master of the ship an auncient sire,
Consented to their wils with small request,
The wind as then serv'd fit for their desire,
And blowes a gentle gale all from the East,
So that with filled sailes in little while,
They came as farre as *Cypres*, *Venus* Ile.

63

Here ev'ry place was full of odours sweet,
Of gardens faire, of spice of pleasant tast,
The people lustfull (for dame *Venus* meet)
From tender yeares to doting age do last,
With wanton damfels walking in each street,
Inviting men to pleasure and repast,
From hence againe they loosed, at what time,
Don Phabus charret unto the East did cleave.

Cypres an
Ile conse-
crated to
Venus.

The

64

The weather still was temperat and cleare,
A pleasant gale their swelling sailes did fill,
No signe of storme or tempest did appeare,
To such as in the weather had best skill:
But loe the weather oft doth charge her cheare,
Ev'n as a woman oft doth change her will,
For sodainly they had such stormes of wether,
As if that heav'n and earth would come together.

Simile

65

The aire doth on the sodaine grow obscure,
But lightned oft with lightnings dreadfull light,
And save their houreglasse kept them reckning sure
Twas hard for to discern the day from night:
The desprat marriners do all endure,
As men inured to the waters spight,
The heav'n above, the waves beneath do rore,
Yet are not they dismayd one whit therefore.

66

One with a whistle hang'd about his necke,
Shewes by the sound which cord must be undone,
And straight the shipboy ready at a becke,
Vnto the tops with nimble sleight doth runne,
The other marriners upon the decke,
Or at the steere the comming waves do shunne,
And then by turnes they pump the water out,
By paine and care preventing ev'ry doubt.

67

He returns
to them in the
xix. booke. 34.
last.

Now while this noble crew with tempest tost,
Went in the sea as wind and weather dave,
And looke each minute to be drown'd and lost,
The Christians with a fresh assault and brave,
Set on the Pagans sorely to their cost:
Who now began the worser side to have,
But chiefly then their courage gan to quaille,
When noble Dardanellos life did faile.

68

Renaldo.

Renaldo him had noted from the rest,
Full proud of slaughter of so many foes,
And to himselfe he said tis surely best,
To crop this weed before it higher growes,
Therewith he sets his fatall speare in rest,
And cries to Dardanello as he goes,
Alas poore boy, much wo to thee they bred,
That left to thee that sheild of white and red.

69

Ile trie if you defend those colours well,
(He saith) which if with me you cannot do,
Against Orlando fierce, I can you tell,
For to defend them will be great adoe.
Thus said Renaldo, and noble Dardanell,
In valiant wise thus answer'd therunto,
Know this (quoth he) that these my colours I
Will bravely here defend, or bravely die.

70

Dardanello
slaine.
For the last
Jofelix pour
aque impar
congressus
Achilli.

With that he spurr'd his horse (as this he spake)
And with great force Renaldo did assaile,
But loe the staffe upon his armor brake,
So as his blow but little did availe,
But straight Renaldos speare a way did make,
And pierce the double folds of plate and maile,
And went so deepe into the tender skin,
The life went out there where the staffe went in.

71

Looke how a purple flowre doth fade and drie,
That painefull plow man cutteth up with sheare,
Or as the Poppeys heads aside do lie,
When it the bodie cannot longer beare,
So did the noble Dardanello die,
And with his death fild all his men with feare,
As waters runne abroad that breake their bay,
So fled his souldiers breaking their array.

Simile.
Homer tab
thn of a
Poppy.

Simile.

72

They fle unto their tents with full perswasion,
That of the field the masterie was lost,
Wherefore to fortifie against invasion,
They spare no time, no travell, nor no cost,
Now Charles by forehead meanes to take Occasion,
And follows them full close with all his host,
And comming to their tents so bravely venterd,
That he with them themselves almost had enterd.

Sentence.
Fronte cap.
lata est post
tergum Oc-
casio calva.

73

Had not his valiant attempt bene staide,
By over hastie comming of the night,
So that of force as then it was deaide,
And either side was driv'n to leave the fight,
But with this difference, all the Turks dismayd,
And newly gather'd from their fearfull flight,
The Christians on the tother side pursewing,
And day by day their hope and powre renewing.

74

The number of the Turks that day were slaine,
Was more then fourscore thousand (as they say)
Their blood did fat the ground of all that plaine,
And makes the ground more fertile to this day:
Among the dead some men halfe dead remaine,
Left there for theeves and robbers as a pray,
Within the Pagan campe great mone they make,
Some for their friends, some for their kinsfolks sake.

75

Two youths there were among so many more,
Whose friendship fast and firme, whose faithful harts
Deserved to be plait the rest before,
And to be praised for their good desarts,
Their names were Cloridano and Medoro,
Both borne farre hence, about the Eastern parts,
Their parents poore, and not of our beleeve,
Yet for true love they may be praised chiefe.

Cloridano.
Medoro.

An Alima
was killed.

76

The elder of the two high Cloridan,
An hunter wilde in all his life had beene,
Of active limbs, and eke an hardie man,
As in a thousand men might well be scene:
Medoro was but yong, and now began
To enter too, of youth the pleasant Greene,
Faire skind, black eyd, and yellow curled heare,
That hang'd in lovely locks by either eare.

Statius de
scribeth the
brassie of
Achilles
in such sort.
Dulcis alibi
visu nixon
ni: et igni n
oro
Purpureis
fulvis, et
coma graui
auro.

A Drunkard

Two game
men.

Lawyer,
bracket.

77

These two among the rest kept watch that night,
And while the time in sundry speech they spent,
Medoro oftentime most sadly sight,
His masters death did cause him to lament,
Oh (said Medoro) what a wofull spight!
What cruell scourge to me hath fortune sent?
That Dardanel Almontes worthy sonne,
So sodainly should unto death be done?

Behold

78

Behold his noble corse is left a prey,
To be devoured by the wolfe and crow,
A food too fine to be so borne away,
But I shall remedy that hap I throw,
He find the meane his corse thence to convey,
I am resolv'd my selfe will thither go,
That for the good he did me when he liv'd,
At least his corse by me may be reliev'd.

79

When *Cloridano* heard this saying out,
He stood amaz'd, and musing in his mind,
In tender yeares to find a heart so stout,
Vnto so dangerous attempt inclin'd,
And straight dissuades him, casting many a doubt,
To make him change the thing he had assign'd;
But still *Medoro* doth resolve to trie,
To bury *Dardanell*, or els to die.

80

When *Cloridan* so resolute him found,
Of his own frank accord he vow doth make
To follow him in broken state and sound,
And never him to leave or to forsake;
And straight they two do leave this fenced ground,
And pointing new supplies their roomes to take,
They find the *Christen* camp lie all neglected,
As those that feare no harm, nor none suspected.

81

I say those *Christens* that the watch should keep,
Lay as they cared not for foe nor friend,
Their senses so possess'd with wine and sleep,
That none of them their office did attend:
But *Cloridan* that saw them drown'd so deep,
(Said thus) *Medoro*, now I do intend
To get for our great losse this small amends,
To kill some foes, that killed all our friends.

82

Stand thou and watch, and harken ev'ry way,
And for the rest let me alone to trie,
This said, he goes where one *Alteo* lay,
That took upon him knowledge in the skie,
By which he dream'd he should live many a day,
And in his wives beloved bosome die:
But all was false, his cunning him deceiv'd,
For now this *Pagan* him of life bereav'd.

83

And many more whom here I do not name,
That sleep on boards, or making straw their bed:
At last where wretched *Grillo* lay he came,
That on an empty barrell couch'd his head,
Himselfe had emptied late before the same,
A deadly sleep the wine in him had bred,
The *Turke* his sword within his bowels fix'd,
Out came the blood and wine together mix'd.

84

Neare *Grillo* slept a *Dutchman* and a *Greeke*,
That all the night had pl'd the dice and drink,
To both of them at once he did the like,
That dream'd perhaps of sev'n and of tyselfink:
They had been better watched all the week,
Then at so bad a time as this to wink:
Death certaine is to all, the Proverb saith,
Vncertaine is to all the houre of death.

85

Look how a Lion fierce with famine pin'd,
That comes unto a flock of silly sheep,
Where neither fence, nor people he doth find,
Doth spoile the flock the while the shepheards sleep,
So *Cloridano* with as bloody mind, (keep,
That found those husht that watch and ward should
Could not his cruell rage and malice biddle:
Nor was this while *Medoro's* weapon idle.

86

For he that did disdain to make to die,
Those of the common and the baser sort,
Came there where Duke *Labretto* then did lie,
Embracing of his Lady in such sort,
As yvie doth the wall, they lay so nie,
Now soundly sleeping after *Venus* sport,
So close, the aire could not have come betweene,
Medore their heads at one blow cuts off cleane.

87

Oh happy state, ô life, ô death most sweet,
For sure I think their soules embracing so,
In heav'nly seat do oft together meet,
And in good peace and love did thither go.
Then next a captaine of the *Flemish* fleet,
And th' Earle of *Flaunders* sonnes with other mo,
Medoro kil'd, and so far forward went,
He came but little from the Emp'rors tent.

88

But loe they both with shedding blood now tir'd,
And fearing lest at length some few might wake,
Ere long time past, both by accord retir'd,
And mind their first attempt in hand to take,
(As both, but as *Medoro* chiefe desir'd)
Most secretly unto the field they make,
They mean although they both were faint & weary,
The noble *Dardanellos* corse to burie.

89

The heaps of men that in the field remaine,
Some dead, and some between alive and dead,
Had made their labour to have been in vaine,
Had not the moone shew'd out her horned head,
So bright, as cleare discover'd all the plaine,
That then was cover'd with Vermillion red,
Were it a chance or els his earnest prayer,
That made the moon at that time shine so faire.

90

Now after search by *Phobes* friendly light,
The good *Medore* esp'd him on the ground,
Who when he saw that grievous wofull sight,
He was for sorrow ready there to found;
And out he cries, alas ô wo thy wight,
Not worthy, in this sort to have been found;
Now my last duty do I mean to pay,
And then to say, farewell to you for ay.

91

Thus spake *Medoro* shedding many a teare,
And minding now no longer time to tarrie,
The loved corse doth on his shoulders beare,
And *Cloridano* help the same to carrie,
And they that erst were stout and void of feare,
Were waxen now so timorous and warie,
Nor for their own, but this deare burdens sake,
That ev'ry little noise did cause them quake.

N

This

Boccacio
has the like
conceit to
this.

Phobos the
name of the
Moone.

⁹²
This while the noble Zerbis, having chaff
His fearfull foes while others were asleep,
That had his heart on vertues lore so plac'd,
As did to noble deeds him waking keep, (hast
Came with his troope where these two made great
By hills, by dales, by stony waies and steep,
The carkas of their Lord to beare away,
When much it wanted not of break of day.

⁹³
The Scots that were of noble Zerbis band,
And saw two men go loden down the plaine,
Make after them a gallop out of hand,
In hope to light upon some prey or gaine:
When Cloridano spying ore the land,
Did say 'twas best to let the corse remaine,
Alledging that it was a foolish trick,
In saving one dead man to lose two quick.

⁹⁴
And herewithall his hold he letteth slide
And thinks Medoro would the same have done,
He means himselfe in the next wood to hide,
And toward it in great hast he doth run,
But good Medoro that could not abide,
To leave the office he so late begun,
Although with double paine and duller pace,
With all the burthen fled away in chace.

⁹⁵
And to the wood the nearest way he went,
In hope to get it ere the horsemen came,
But now his breath and strength were so farre spent,
As they had very neare him overtane,
Yet in his deed he doth no whit relent,
To leave his Lord he counts it such a shame.
But they that think this story worth the reading,
Must take a litde respite in proceeding.

Morall. In this eighteenth booke, we may note first how hurtfull a thing it is to a Prince or great Magistrate to judge without hearing both sides: and contrary how great a praise it is in them to do (as Alexander is noted to have used) to keep one care for the adverse party, or (as we terme it) for the defendant. In the punishment of Martano, we may note how false accusers ever come to some filthy end, as their vile and filthy lives deserve. In Norandine, that finding he had done Griffino wrong, is willing to make amends for it, and to be friends with him, we may see a notable example of princely clemency, which I could wish all Christian Princes to follow, though indeed commonly they do quite contrary, and rather where they do one wrong, make amends with a greater, according to that beathnish (nay diuelliish) saying of Machiavell, that whom you have done a great injury to, him you must never pardon, but still persecute. (Tempora tempora quod monstrum aluistis?) Ob times what a monster have ye bred? how far is this doctrine from his, that taught to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven times?

Lastly, in Medoro, we may note a notable example of gratitude towards his masters dead corse, in hazarding his own life to burie it, which is indeed (though he were a beathen) a most Christian act, and one of the works of charity commended in the Scripture, as namely in Tobia, who was greatly rewarded and blessed for it: And further we may note in all ages, buriall hath been thought a most necessary thing, and religious: but of Medoro's gratitude I shall speak more in the next booke.

Historic. Concerning the description of the Ile of Cypres, set downe in 63 stasse, where it is praised for the pleasantness of it, as all that write of it do testifie, and Horace proves it was called Venus Ile, in this verse to Venus:

—Regina Gnidi Paphique
Sperne dilectam Cipron, &c—

Allegory. We may observe a good Allegoricall sense, in that Rodomont is first assail'd by Zealousie, then how Zealousie breeds Discord, and how Pride increaseth, still edging it forward: saying what a shame is it to put up such an injurie? and what will the world say of it? and who could beare it? these be the whetstones to sharpen revenge, and to kindle the coales of strife. Also we note how mine Author pretily noted, that Discord and Pride, when they went from the Abbey, lest Fraud and Hypocrisie for their sufficient deputies in their places; for where Fraud works, there never wanteth seed of strife: and where Hypocrisie is, there wants no pride, though it be not plainly discovered.

Allusion. In Dardanello's meeting with Renaldo and encountering him, and after being slaine by him, he altogether alludes to the conflict between Troilus and Achilles.

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli.

The end of the annotations of the 18. Booke.



91

This while the noble Zerbini, having chaff
His fearfull foes while others were asleep,
That had his heart on vertues lore so plac'd,
As did to noble deeds him waking keep, (hast
Came with his troope where these two made great
By hills, by dales, by stony waies and steep,
The carkas of their Lord to beare away,
When much it wanted not of break of day.

93

The Scots that were of noble Zerbini's band,
And saw two men go loden down the plaine,
Make after them a gallop out of hand,
In hope to light upon some prey or gaine:
When Cloridano spying ore the land,
Did say 'twas best to let the corse remaine,
Alledging that it was a foolish trick,
In saving one dead man to lose two quick.

94

And herewithall his hold he letteth slide
And thinks Medoro would the same have done,
He means himselfe in the next wood to hide,
And toward it in great hast he doth run,
But good Medoro that could not abide,
To leave the office he so late begun,
Although with double paine and duller pace,
With all the burthen fled away in chace.

95

And to the wood the nearest way he went,
In hope to get it ere the horsemen came,
But now his breath and strength were so farre spent,
As they had very neare him overtane,
Yet in his deed he doth no whit relent,
To leave his Lord he counts it such a shame.
But they that think this story worth the reading,
Must take a litle respite in proceeding.

Morall. In this eighteenth booke, we may note first how hurtfull a thing it is to a Prince or great Magistrate to judge without hearing both sides: and contrary how great a praise it is in them to do (as Alexander is noted to have used) to keep one care for the adverse party, or (as we terme it) for the defendant. In the punishment of Martano, we may note how false accusers ever come to some filthy end, as their vile and filthy lives deserve. In Norandine, that finding he had done Griffino wrong, is willing to make amends for it, and to be friends with him, we may see a notable example of princely clemency, which I could wish all Christian Princes to follow, though indeed commonly they do quite contrary, and rather where they do one wrong, make amends with a greater, according to that beathnish (nay diuelliish) saying of Machiavell, that whom you have done a great injury to, him you must never pardon, but still persecute. (*Tempora tempora quod monstrum aluistis?*) Oh times what a monster have ye bred? how far is this doctrine from his, that taught to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven times?

Lastly, in Medoro, we may note a notable example of gratitude towards his masters dead corse, in hazzarding his own life to burie it, which is indeed (though he were a heathen) a most Christian act, and one of the works of charity commended in the Scripture, as namely in Tobia, who was greatly rewarded and blessed for it: And further we may note in all ages, buriall hath been thought a most necessary thing, and religious: but of Medoro's gratitude I shall speak more in the next booke.

Historic. Concerning the description of the Ile of Cypres, set downe in 63 stasse, where it is praised for the pleasantnesse of it, as all that write of it do testifie, and Horace proves it was called Venus Ile, in this verse to Venus:

—Regina Gnidi Paphique
Spem dilectam Cipron, &c—

Allegory. We may observe a good Allegoricall sense, in that Rodomont is first assail'd by Zealousie, then how Zealousie breeds Discord, and how Pride increaseth, still edging it forward: saying what a shame is it to put up such an injurie? and what will the world say of it? and who could beare it? these be the whetstones to sharpen revenge, and to kindle the coales of strife. Also we note how mine Author pretily noted, that Discord and Pride, when they went from the ribbey, lest Fraud and Hypocrisie for their sufficient deputies in their places, for where Fraud works, there never wanteth seed of strife: and where Hypocrisie is, there wants no pride, though it be not plainly discovered.

Allusion. In Dardanello's meeting with Renaldo and encountering him, and after being slaine by him, he altogether alludes to the conflict between Troilus and Achilles.

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli.

The end of the annotations of the 18. Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Angelica doth beale, and wed Medore :
 Marfisa, with that other worthy crew,
 Lands (after travell long) upon the shore
 Of Amazons : where when the law they knew,
 Stout Guydon, that came thither late before,
 Fought with Marfisa, who his nine men slue ;
 But when the combat ceas'd for want of light,
 Then Guydon prayth them lodge with him that night.

Divers have
 written to the
 effect of the
 sickness of
 friends: but
 specially
 Ovid.
 Dives erit
 felix muneribus
 numerosis a-
 micis :
 Tempora si
 fuerint nobi-
 la, solus erit.

Horace.
 Vulgus ius-
 tum ac more-
 trix retro per-
 jura cedit.

NOne can deeme right who
 faithfull friends do rest,
 While they beare sway and
 rule in great degree,
 For then both fast and fai-
 ned friends are prest,
 Whose faiths seeme both of
 one effect to be :
 But then revolts the faint
 and fained guest,
 When wealth unwindes, and fortune seems to flee,
 But he that loves indeed remaineth fast,
 And loves and serves when life and all is past.

If all mens thoughts were written in their face,
 Some one that now the rest doth overcrow,
 Some other eke 't wants his sovereigns grace, (know:
 When as their Prince their inward thoughts should
 The meaner man should take the better place,
 The greater man might sloop and sit below.
 But tell me now how poore Medore sped,
 That lov'd his master both alive and dead.

In vaine he sought to get him to the wood,
 By blind and narrow paths to him unknown,
 Their swift and his slow pace the same withstood,
 Forc'd by the burden that he bare alone.
 But now, when Cloridano understood
 Medore's case, he made for him great mone,
 And curs'd himselfe, and was full ill apaid,
 That he had left his friend devoid of aid.

Medore all about so straight beset,

To leave his loved load was then constrain'd,
 But all in vaine he sought from thence to get
 His masters carkas that behind remain'd,
 Was unto him so fierce and strong a let,
 It staid his weary steps, and him retain'd,
 Ev'n as a Beare that would defend her whelp,
 About doth hover though she cannot help.

So good Medore about the corse did hover,
 The while that Cloridano commeth back,
 And (for the day was dawn'd) he might discover,
 How greatly his Medore, his help did lack ;
 Wherefore to do his best him to recover,
 He takes his bow and quiver from his back,
 And at a Scot he took his aime so well,
 He strake him in the braine that down he fell.

The fall and death so sodaine of the Scot
 Abated much the courage of the rest,
 And much they marvel'd whence should come this
 And sore this accident did them molest : (shot,
 But Cloridan for this forbare them not,
 But shot another in about the brest,
 The which inflam'd Zerbino's mind so sore,
 That for revenge he would have slaine Medore.

And fastning in his golden curled haire,
 His warlike hand, thou shalt (said he) aby.
 Thou shalt the penance and the burthen beare
 Of him, that here hath made my men to die :
 Yet for all this, Zerbino did forbear
 To kill him, when he saw with gracious eye,
 His sweet sad look, and harkned to his speech,
 That in this sort for pardon did beseech.

Sir

Great as
was his
or some
made of heri-
al, and these
that would
fild it,
were ever
though not
doubtful ty-
sons, as Cre-
us of Thebes.

8
Sir knight (he said) for thy *Messias* sake,
I thee do pray and earnestly conjure,
So much compassion now on me to take,
To let me give my Lord his sepulture.
I little care what spoile of me ye make,
What paines or tortures I my selfe endure,
I onely sue, so long my life to save,
As I may lay my master in his grave.

9
Now while *Medoro* spake these words and such,
Whereby *Zerbino* was to mercy mov'd,
And to his favour was inclined much,
As one that gratefulnesse had ever lov'd,
A vile base swaine so rudely did him touch,
As him not onely from his place remov'd,
But with his staffe most rudely overthrew him,
That ev'ry one do deem him dead that view him.

10
This fact did so *Zerbino's* mind offend,
That presently the villain he did chafe,
And to have killed him he did intend,
And had, but that the other fled apace:
But when that *Cloridano* saw his friend,
With bleeding wound lie prostrate in the place,
He means himselfe no longer now to hide,
But ev'n to die by deare *Medoro's* side.

11
And as he purpos'd, so he did indeed,
For fighting manfully he there was slaine,
The *Scots* do onward on their way proceed,
Medoro halfe alive doth now remaine:
And still his brest in wofull sort doth bleed,
The staffe had cut therein so large a veine,
And sure he had bled out his life and all,
But for one rare good hap did him befall.

12
For lo, a damsell came, though meanly clad,
In shepherds weeds, yet fresh and faire of favour,
And such a one as in those base clothes had
A shew of princely birth and high behaviour,
She finding him lie there in case so bad,
Did think it charity to be his saviour:
This was (if you forget) the Lady faire,
That of *Cataya* was undoubted heire.

13
I shewd you by what hap she gat the ring,
And how the same had fil'd her with such pride,
And her into so high conceit did bring,
That all her suiters now she flat deni'd,
She careth not for Earle, nor Duke, nor King,
Orlando she and *Sacrapant* defi'd,
But chiefly she would blush and be asham'd,
If she but hapt to heare *Renaldo* nam'd.

14
So great her folly grew, so vaine her pride,
As she esteemed all the world at nought,
The which when once the blind boy had espi'd,
(Not blind when any mischief may be wrought)
He will no longer this presumption bide,
And for a fit occasion long he sought,
And finding this, he thought himselfe now sped,
And up he drawes his arrow to the head,

15
Now when this *Indian* Queene did there behold
A lovely youth lie dying in the place,
His body feeble in a mortall cold,
A deadly pale amid his lively face,
A kind of passion straight on her took hold,
That mov'd her mind to pitie this his case,
And much the rather when he did declare
The wofull cause that bred him all this care.

16
She having learn'd of *Surgerie* the art,
An art which still the *Indians* greatly prize,
Which fathers to their children do impart,
Whose knowledge in tradition chiefly lies,
Which without books the children learn by hart,
I say *Angelica* doth then devise,
By skill she had in juyce of herbs and flowers,
For to renew *Medoro's* lively powers.

17
And calling to her mind she late had seen,
An herb whose vertue was to stanch the blood,
As *Dittamie*, or some such herb I ween,
That for such purpose wholesome was and good,
Straightway she seeks this herb upon the green,
With all the hast and diligence she could,
And finding it, she takes thereof a branch,
Whose vertue was the course of blood to stanch.

18
Then coming back againe, she met by hap,
A silly shepheard seeking of his cow,
That brake out of his ground at some small gap,
And now was straid he knew not where nor how,
She prayes him take the herbs were in her lap,
(A servitor more fit to serve a sow)
And beare her company unto the place,
Where poore *Medoro* lay in dang'rous case.

19
Then from their horse she and the shepheard light,
And straights between two tiles those herbs she brus'd
And took the juyce between her fingers bright,
And so into the wound the same infus'd,
Whose vertue great reviv'd *Medoro's* spright,
To find himselfe so well and kindly us'd,
That doubt it was which most his wound did salve,
The precious surgeon or the precious salve.

20
And now he had recover'd so much force,
As what with hers, and with the shepherds aid,
He clamer'd up upon the shepherds hase,
Howbeit in the place so long he staid,
Vntill he saw his loved masters corse,
Into a grave with *Cloridano* laid,
And then, and not before he did agree,
To do as they by her should pointed be.

21
From thence unto the shepherds house she went,
And made her patient eke with her to go,
And there to bide with him she was content,
Till he were clearly rid of all his wo:
But in this while she felt her heart relent,
With sundry qualms that wonted not be so,
And when his comely personage she saw,
A secret heat she felt her heart to gnaw.

This art as Sir
P. Sidney no-
ted in his
Arcadia,
was in great
estimation in
time past,

Of *Dittamie*
Virgil speaks
in his
Eclogues
Dittamum
genetrix *Cro-*
ica carpi ad
Ida.

Ovid. Met.
Hui mihi
quod nullus
amor est me-
dicabilis her-
bi.

22
For while she heal'd his wound, another dart
Did wound her thoughts, and high conceits so deep,
As now therewith was ravish'd her proud heart,
Possessing it although she wake or sleep:
Her wound to heale, there was no herb nor art,
For more and more like flame the same doth creep,
Yet her chiefe care is him to help and cure,
That all this torment doth to her procure.

23
Thus while Medora better growes and better,
She feels her self tormented more and more,
And he that for his love to her was debter,
Is he alone that plagueth her so sore:
Wherefore though modesty a while did let her,
Yet now perforce no further she forbore,
But plainly to Medora told her grief,
And at his hands as plainly ask'd relief.

24
O stout Orlando, valiant Sacrapant,
O fierce Ferraro, to hundreds more beside,
Where are those valiant acts of which you vaunt?
Where is your pomp, your glory, and your pride?
One poore Medora all your desires doth daunt,
One poore Medora doth all your power deride,
And she whom all of you have woo'd in vaine,
To woo Medora doth not now disdain.

Ovid in Fe-
dras Epistle.
Est aliquid
primis pima-
ria carpo-
ramus, et se-
nus primam
diligere mu-
guosam.

25
She suffers poore Medora take the flowre,
Which many sought, but none had yet obtain'd
That fragrant rose, that to that present houre
Vngather'd was, behold Medora gain'd,
And over her to give him perfect power,
With sacred rites a marriage was ordain'd,
And with the veile of this so sacred order,
She covers this her folly and disorder.

26
Now when the solemne marriage was done,
Of which god Cupid ask'd the banes (I trow)
She going forward as she hath begun,
Continu'd there with him a month or mo,
From rising to the setting of the Sun,
With him she doth sit, talk, lie, stand and go,
Forgetting so all maidenly sobrietic,
That she of him could never have satietie.

27
If in the house she staid, then would she crave
Medora in the house with her to stay,
If in the field she walk, then must she have
Medora lead or guide her in the way:
And by a river in the shady cave,
They oft did use to spend the heat of day:
Like to that cave where (shunning stormy weather)
The Trojan Duke and Dido met together.

Virg. 4. En.
There is no
pleasure in
pleasure it
self, if one
may not utter
it, (as Tully
saith) If a
man went up
to heaven, &
were bound
to say nothing
of it as he
returneth, he
would be sorry
for it.

28
Amid these joyes (as great as joyes might be)
Their manner was on ev'ry wall within,
Without on ev'ry stone or shady tree,
To grave their names with bodkin, knife, or pin,
Angelica and Medora, you plaine might see,
(So great a glory had they both therein)
Angelica and Medora in ev'ry place,
With sundry knots and wreathes they enterlace.

29
Now when she thought in this well pleasing place,
She had already made sufficient stay,
And, for she long'd to do Medora that grace,
To give to him her kingdome of Catay,
From whence she had been absent so long space,
From this poore house she means to go away,
Yet minds she ere she go, her host to please,
With whom she found such pleasure and such ease.

30
Angelica had since she was a gerle,
Worn on her arm (as for Orlando's sake)
A bracelet rich, of precious stone and pearle,
Which as a token she of him did take,
And though she had it of this worthy Earle,
Yet did she thereof chieftest reckning make,
Not that the giver she did much esteem,
But for the gift was rich, and so did seem.

31
By her this bracelet many yeares was worn,
Not onely in her time of peace and joy,
But ev'n when she remained most forlorn,
And subject to each danger and annoy,
Ev'n then when nak'd as ever she was born,
The Orko came in hope her to enjoy:
This bracelet (wanting store of coine and pence),
She gives her host as for a recompence.

32
Next day betime she getteth on her way,
And makes Medora sole her Lord and guide,
He kept her company both night and day,
And none but he with her did go and ride;
Their meaning is at Berselon to stay,
A port in Spaine, untill they may provide
A vessell that with help of oare and wind
May them transport from Spanish seas to Inde.

33
But ere they were arrived at this port,
They met a mad man of his wit bestraught,
Besmear'd with dirt and mire in filthy sort,
His outward sense expel'd with inward thought:
This mad man made them but ill favour'd sport,
And had made worse, had he them rightly caught,
But as it was, he put them in great danger,
And flies at them as dogs do at a stranger.

34
But how she scaped and away did get
With her new love, hereafter I declare:
For why Marfisa I may not forget,
And those with her that in the tempest are,
With Griffin, Aquilant, and Sansoner,
And th' English Duke that hath the horn so rare,
Which five I left in danger and disease,
Toft terribly in the tempestuous seas.

35
Now while the wind continu'd blowing hard,
And of his rage did small or nothing bate,
The master sets his compasse and his card,
And calls to counsell first the masters mate,
And then the mariners of best regard
Consulting of the weather and their state,
And ev'ry one doth tell his guesse and thought,
Neare to what coast the tempest had them brought.

Some

Of this you
shall find
more in the
next bookish
passage.

Marfisa
Griffin
Aquilant
Sansoner
Astolfo

36
Some say *Lymisso*, *Tripoly* some say,
Some say *Satila*, full of rocks and sands,
And sweare that all of them were cast away,
Except they keep aloofe from off those lands,
This causeth some to curse and some to pray,
And lift to heav'n their wofull hearts and hands,
Their stuffe nor merchandize none care to save,
But hurle the same into the greedy wave.

37
Well might they boist of iron heart and breast,
That could at such a time be void of feare:
The stout *Marfisa* at that time confest,
She wisht with all her heart not to be there,
So fore the swelling seas did them molest,
As though it would the ship in peeces reare,
Nor was there any signet ne wind would cease,
And that the sea would grant them any peace.

38
One vowes a journey to the holy tombe,
Another to *Galicia* vowes to go,
Vnto *Saint James*, some others unto *Rome*,
Or other hallowed places that they know:
The mainers feare nought but want of roome,
Sea roome they wisht, then care they for no mo,
At foure daies end it clear'd and waxed faire,
Or were't the season, or their earnest praier.

39
And as the weather grew more cleare and cleare,
They did discover plaine a goodly coast,
And to the port as they drew neare and neare,
Born in by tide, their sailes and tackle lost,
Behold a goodly city did appeare,
With towres and stately buildings of great cost,
Of which when once the master was aware,
It bred in him no little feare and care.

40
To cast his anker straight he doth provide,
For vaine it was to labour to go back,
The vessels wanted sailes to stem the tide,
The tempest had put all things so to wrack,
And yet he feared on the other side,
They of the town would sure be on his jack;
In fine so full his mind was of confusion,
He knew not whereupon to make conclusion.

41
Now while he stood confused in this sort,
The *English* Duke demaunds what cause of doubt
Made him refuse so faire and safe a port,
And strive against the streame to keep still out?
Sir (quoth the master) briefly to report
To you the cause, know this, that hereabout
And namely in that city dwels a nation,
That use a barbarous and cruell fashion.

42
They call them *Amazons* that here do dwell,
Here women guide, and rule, and govern all,
The men from government they do expell,
Some they do kill, the rest keep bond and thrall;
He sole shall scape that runs at tilt so well,
As first to make ten men of theirs to fall,
And next in *Venery* and flesh delight,
Can satisfie ten women in one night.

43
And if a man performe the first of these,
And have such hap to overthrow the men,
And yet at night his force do faile to please
In a 9 of generation damfels ten,
He must be kild or drowned in the seas,
Or kept a prisner in some cave or den;
But they that both perform, shall have their lives,
And those ten damfels ever for their wives.

44
When as the pilot out his tale had told,
Of women that delight in spoile and murder,
The *English* Duke could hard his laughter hold,
To heare of so fantastical an order,
And all the five affirmed straight they would
Land at this place, and go by sea no further;
Each place to them was safe and out of feare,
Where they might have the use of sword and speare.

45
But all the shipmen carried other minds,
As men that better were to storme than d,
And would have thought their lives in waves & winds
More then in conflicts and in fights assur'd;
But wher reason leads or causes binds,
Or that the better part the same procur'd,
The ship with broken mast and tackle torn,
By force of tide into the hav'n was born.

46
No sooner was the vessel in the port,
But straight a gally ready for such need,
Stor'd with artillery of ev'ry sort,
And one that could both row and saile with speed,
Did board them, and (to make the matter short)
A woman clad in grave and ancient weed,
As old as *Sibyll*, or as *Hectors* mother,
Spake in effect these words, with many other.

*Sibylla and
Hecuba very
old women,*

47
My friends (quoth she) or yeeld or look to die,
For hope is none to scape away by flight,
But thus if any of you mean to trie,
If he alone can vanquish ten in fight,
And afterward with twice five maidens lie,
And of them maids make women in one night;
Then such a one shall rule among us chiefe,
And save his friends from punishment and griefe.

*Cornelius Agrippa in the
vanity of sci-
ences, writes
that Hecuba
made fifty
maid women
in one night,*

48
But if that any shall the fact attempt,
And faile but in the first or in the last,
Then he shall die because of his contempt,
And into prison ye shall all be cast.
They made her answer all, they were content,
Not one man there was therewithall agast
For in both kinds the knights had so been prov'd,
As with the danger they were nothing mov'd.

49
The *English* Duke with these three youths of *France*,
Straight for this enterprise themselves prepare,
But chiefe the Duke that doubted no mischance,
By vertue of his book and horn most rare:
Marfisa eke (though for the second daunce
She was not fit) so manly mind she bare,
As she would needs her force and fortune trie,
And swate her sword all weapons should supplie.

And straight they all agreed some lots to draw,
And to conclude, on her the hazard fell;
But she that quite was void of feare and aw,
Did promise to perform her office well;
This sword (quoth she) shall abrogate this law,
And plague them all that in this city dwell,
And to undo these doubts I will provide,
As *Alexander Gordius* knots untid.

Alexander
was the knots
in pieces that
he could not
untie, called
Gordius
knots.

No forreiner hereafter shall bewaile,
The wicked law of this ungodly land:
This said, she putterh on her coat of maile,
In hope alone against ten men to stand.
Then came the ten were pointed to assaile,
But he that was the foremost of the band,
As farre as by apparance might be guest,
Was one that farre surpassed all the rest.

His horse was black as pitch, or polisht jet,
Gave in one foot, and in his brow a staire,
A shining spot of white, not very great,
A lofty reine, an eye that threatned warre,
Such as the horse, such was his own conceit,
His sorrowes did exceed his joyes so farre,
And deadly care so drown'd his small delight,
As did the black the little spot of white.

This knight (that ever vantage did eschew)
Would not accompany those other nine,
But standeth still on horseback taking view,
Which way the victory did most incline:
Marfisa rode a horse of dainty hew,
Giv'n unto her of late by *Norandine*,
His colour pide, powder'd with many a spot,
Small head, fierce look, clean limb'd, and lofty trot.

Now when that giv'n of battell was the signe,
On her alone all nine at once did flie,
And she alone sustain'd the force of nine:
The tenth (I said) was quiet standing by,
As one that did against that use repine,
When more then one should seek to make one die:
And with the first encounter thus she sped,
She laid down foure of them on ground for dead.

The fift she justles, and by force unhorses,
And with a trunch the sixt she gave a blow,
That to the ground both man and horse inforces,
With mazed head, and foltring feet to go.
The standers by admire her passing forces,
And chiefe their wives that saw them killed so,
For as a chainshot sweeps all in the way,
So with those nine *Marfisa* then did play.

She bath'd her blade in blood up to the hilt,
And with the same their bodies all she mangled,
All that abode her blowes, their blood was spilt,
They scaped best that here and thither ranged,
Or those whose horses overthrowen at tilt,
Lay with their masters on the earth intangled.
Thus of nine enemies remained none,
For all were kil'd, or maim'd, or overthrowen.

Stallit

The knight that was arraid in black attire,
And stood aside, and saw this hardy fight,
To shew that he for feare did not retire,
But to make known his curthe shining bright,
Straight steppeth out, and first he doth desire
To speak with her whom he esteem'd a knight,
For he could not imagine nor suppose,
A woman could have giv'n such manly blowes.

And thus he saith, me seems the odds too great,
That I of you should take, to fight straightway,
Sith both your horse and you are in a sweat,
Mine offer is to respite you a day,
Till you may be refresh't with rest and meat,
That with mine honour fight with you I may:
For I should think my selfe disgraced sore,
To vanquish one wean'd and spent before.

Weari'd and spent (quoth she) alas the while,
Think you I am so weari'd and so spent?
Your courteous offer causeth me to smile,
To think how quickly you will it repent;
You do deceive your selfe, and much beguile,
To think that I to pause would be content,
I doubt not you shall find but little cause,
(When you have tri'd) to offer me to pause.

Well, said the knight, if you will trie it straight,
That you accept, I cannot well refuse:
Forthwith two speares of mighty strength & waight
Were brought, and he doth bid *Marfisa* chuse:
Now was the Sun foure houres past his haight,
When as these two began their speares to use;
The trumpets sound, they set their speares in rest,
And each determining to do their best,

A comba
between
Marfisa and
Gaidon.

The speares in spels and sundry peeces flew,
As if they had been little sticks or cane,
Yet of the blowes to both did hurt ensue,
Their steeds were welnigh brought unto their bane,
Quite overthrowen in all the peoples view,
As though their legs had quite from them been cane,
So both their horses tumbled on the ground,
Yet both themselves from hurt were safe and sound.

An hundred and an hundred knights and more,
Marfisa had subdu'd (it was well known)
Yet such a chance she never had before,
To have her horse so strangely overthrowen:
Also the knight that black apparell wore,
Doth marvell whence this great mishap was grown;
And not a little wondred at her force,
That had so stoutly overthrowen his horse.

Forthwith on foot the combat they apply,
In which the tone the tother doth not spare,
And either thinks to make the other die,
And either of the tother doth beware.
But all the while among the standers by,
Appeared great attentiveness and care,
For never could they guesse from the beginning,
Which of the two was in best hope of winning.

Now

64

Now gan Marfisa to her selfe to say,
It happy was that he before stood still,
For had he holp the tother nine to day,
No doubt with me it could have been but ill,
That now alone so hard doth hold me play,
As scant I save my selfe with all my skill,
Thus to her selfe the stout Marfisa thought,
And all the while couragiously she fought.

65

Contrary, to himselfe the knight thus saith,
'Twas well for me, that he before was spent,
For had he been but fresh in perfect breath,
I doubt me that ere this I had been shent,
Surely (thought he) I scant had scaped death,
If he to rest himselfe had giv'n consent,
No question I did great advantage take,
That he refus'd that offer I did make.

66

Thus did the combat long 'twixt them endure,
And neither party boasted of their gaine,
Vntill the nights dark shadow and obscure
Did cover city, wood, and vale, and plaine,
And that that rest to all things doth procure,
Did force them two to respite this their paine;
And first the knight thus said, what can we do?
Behold how night is come to part us two.

67

You may (said he) one night prolong your life,
And longer not, such is the cursed law,
Against my will (God knowes) I hold this strife,
And now I feare and have no little aw,
Lest ev'ry one that was to them a wife,
Whom late you kil'd, will from your beds you draw,
For ev'ry one of those unhappy men
Whom erst you slue, was husband unto ten.

68

So that for those same nine that you have slaine,
Nine times ten women seek revenge to take:
Wherefore I wish that you and all your traine
Within my rooffe this night abode do make,
For so perhap from wrong they will abstaine,
If not for right, at least for reverence sake,
He take your offer sir, Marfisa saith,
So that hereof to me you give your faith.

69

That as in fight you shew your value great,
As I have proved in this present place,
So I may find your words without deceit,
Lest falshood should your noble deeds deface:
I will accept your lodging and your meat,
And will perswade my fellowes in like case,
But rather then for feare you should it think,
Let's fight it out by light of torch and link.

70

And thus in fine they all of them agreed,
That unto him that night they would be guest:
Straight to a sumptuous pallace they proceed,
By torch-light brought to chambers richly drest:
But when that each put off their warlike weed,
Then each of them with wonder was possest:
She, that the knight did by his face appeare,
To be a boy, of age but eightene yeare.

71

And he, when by her haire her sex he knew,
Wonder'd to see a woman of such might,
As namely that in fight nine tall men slue,
And after had with him prolong'd the fight:
And either pleased in the others view,
Behold the one the other with delight,
Then each desir'd the others name to learn,
As in th' ensuing book you shall discern.

In the first staffe of this Canto is an excellent morall of the prooffe of friends, which my father many yeares since did Morall.
translate almost word for word as I have set it downe, applying it to his master, the worthy Lord Admirall Seymor:
and because the verse was my fathers, I count I may without usurpation claime it by inheritance. He applied it to that
noble peere (very aptly) diverse wayes: both for his life, and for his death, but specially (which I count worthy the no-
ting) for his servants, who loved him so dearly, that even in remembrance of his honourable kindnesse, they loved one a-
nother exceedingly: and my father (I remember) but a weeke before he died, which was in the yeare 1582. wrote with his
own hand the names of those were then living of the old Admiralty, (so he called them that had been my Lords men) and
there were then xxxiiij. of them living, of which many were knights, and men of more renown then himselfe, and some
were but meane men, as armours, artificers, keepers, and farmers; and yet the memory of his service was such a band a-
mong them all of kindnesse, as the best of them disdained not the poorest, and the meane had recourse to the greatest, for
their countenance and aid in their honest causes, and many of them are even now living, and yet it wants little of forty
yeares since that noble man was put to death. His picture my father gave after to the Queens Majestie that now is, with
a prettie verse written on it, and it hangs now in the gallerie at Somerset-house.

That there were Amazons, I think no man doubteth that hath read of Alexanders conquests.

In Angelicas wedding of Medore, I gather this Allegory, Angelica is taken for honour, which brave men hunt after,
by blood, and battels, and many hard scats, and misse it: but a good servant with faith and gratefulnesse to his Lord
gets it.

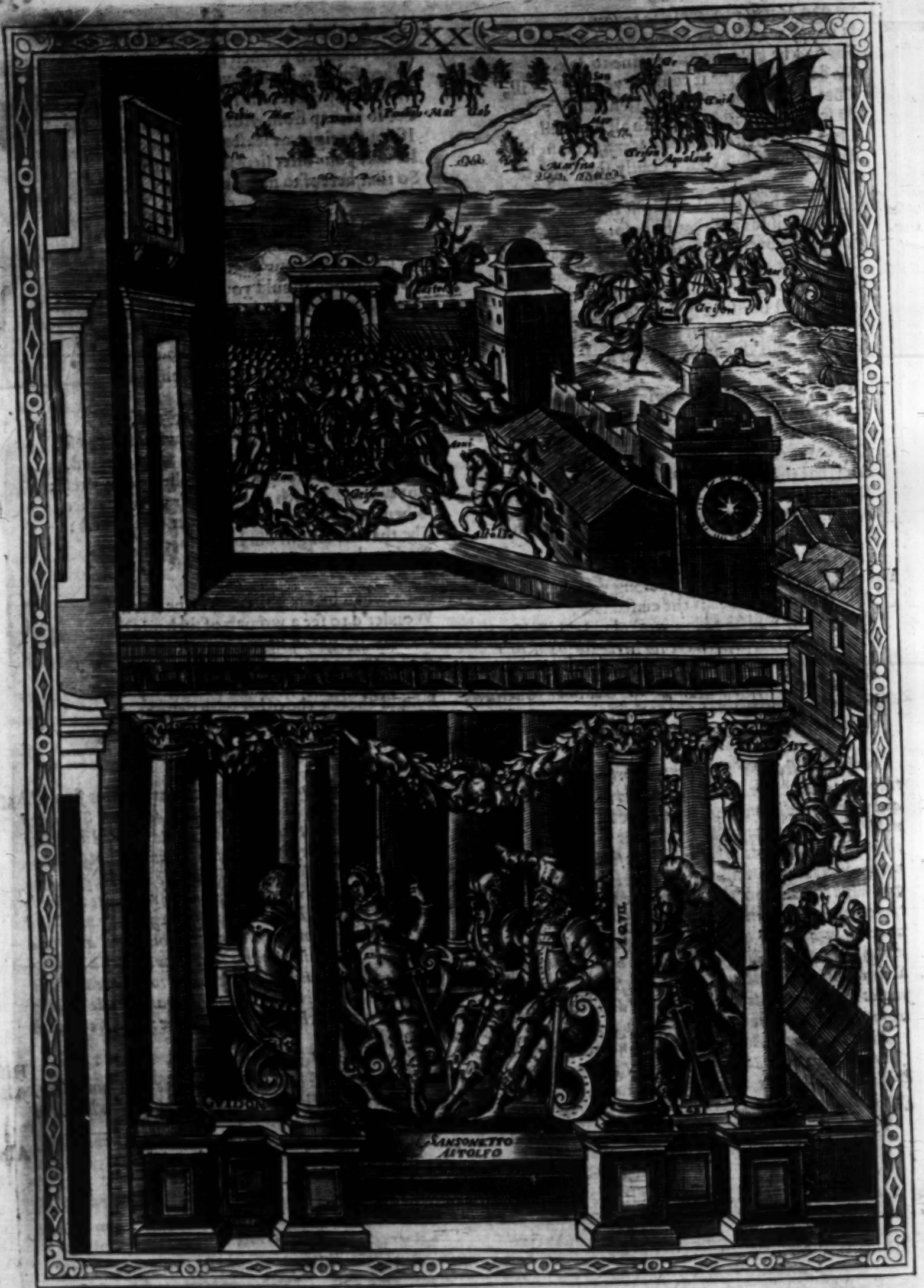
Cloridan and Medore allude to Eurialus and Nisus in Virgils Aeneads.

History.

Allegorie.

Allusion.

The end of the notes of the xix. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

With Guidon all his worthy guests agree,
 To breake from th' Amazons the morrow morne:
 Astolfo doubting lest it would not be,
 Doth drive them thence and scares them with his borne:
 Zerbino laughs Gabrina gay to see;
 Marfisa seemes to take it in great scorne,
 And 'gainst his will commits her to his guiding,
 By whom he heares of Isabella tiding.



Right wondrous deeds by di-
 verse dames were done,
 In times of old, as well by
 sword as pen,
 Whereby their glory shined
 like the sun,
 And famous was both farre
 and neare as then,
 The same Harpalice in bat-
 tell wonne,

Camillas worth is eke well known to men,
 Corinnas praise, and Sappos are discern'd,
 Above the rest, because they both were learn'd.

What art so deep? what science is so high,
 But worthy women have thereto attain'd?
 Who list in stories old to look, may trie,
 And find my speech herein not false nor fain'd,
 And though of late they seem not to come nigh,
 The praise their sexe in former times have gain'd,
 No doubt the fault is either in backbiters,
 Or want of skill and judgement in the writers.

For sure I see in this our present age,
 Such vertuous parts in their sweet sex to grow,
 The young so sober, and the rest so sage,
 And all so chaste, as writers shall (I know)
 Have work enough to fill full many a page,
 With their great praise that from their worth will
 To win the fame their ancestors did leese, (flow,
 And passe Marfisa not in few degrees.

But now to turn my speech to her againe,
 I say that when the knight did ask her name,

She made him answer, and did not disdain,
 To tell both what she was, and whence she came,
 Yet (as her fashion was) both brief and plaine,
 She saith thus to the knight, I called am
 Marfisa: and she need to say no more,
 For all the world had heard the rest before.

The tother, when his turn to speak came in,
 First making long and farther circumstance,
 In such like manner doth his tale begin,
 (And sighing deep) you all have heard perchance,
 Both of my fathers house, and of my kin,
 Of fame in Italie, in Spaine, and France:
 For sure I am the house of Clarimount,
 In all the world is known and of account.

He that Charello and Mambrino slew,
 And did their kingdomes ruine and deface,
 Out of one stock with me together grew,
 Although we were not all born in one place,
 For why at Isler flood (to tell you true)
 My father me begat, and in that case
 My mother great with child he left behind,
 And went to France by help of saile and wind.

Thus sev'nteen yeares I liv'd like one exil'd,
 Vntill I able was to break a lance,
 And for that place me seem'd too base and vild,
 I mean to seek my friends and kin in France:
 They name me Guidon savage of a child,
 As yet I could not much my name advance,
 For hither by a tempest I was born,
 As you were now, with ship and tackle torn.

Here begins
 with the tale
 of the Ama-
 zons.

Reas'ns, bro-
 ther to Guid-
 on, but not
 by the same
 winter.

Guidon Sa-
 uage, looks in
 the table.

Here

Harpalice
 and Camilla
 two notable
 warriors.
 Corinna, and
 Sappho, learn-
 ed writers.

8
Here first *Argillon* with nine men I kill'd,
Eleven months since, and that same day at night,
The office of an husband I fulfil'd,
Vnto ten *Amazons* in flesh delights:
This done, to take my choice then was I wil'd,
Of any ten that pleased best my sight,
And these remaine my wives, and must untill
One come that me with other nine can kill.

9
Vnto the knights this seem'd a marv'lous storie,
And much they wondred at this government,
They marvell that so great a territorie
For want of men was not consum'd and spent:
They thought to lesse the women would be sorie,
For want of men to live so continent:
'Twas strange one man sufficed ten of these,
Sith one with us can scant one woman please.

10
And straight they were inquisitive to know,
When first this foolish order there began,
And upon what occasion it did grow,
That women in that country ruled man?
Then *Guidon* answer'd thus, I shall you show
The whole discouise as briefly as I can,
According as my selfe have heard the same,
Since (by mishap) into this realme I came.

11
When as the *Greekes* had quite defaced *Troy*,
And after twice ten yeares returned home,
(For ten whole yeares in danger and annoy,
Of surging seas they up and down did royme)
They found their wives that had but little joy,
So long a time, to live and lie alone,
Each one a lusty lover to have chosen,
Lest with the cold they might be sterv'd and frozen.

12
Their houses full of bastard brats they see:
In fine, they purpose after consultation,
To pardon all their wives, and set them free,
But for these boyes that bred some alteration,
To drive them out a doore they do agree,
And make them seek a forraigne habitation,
It was contrary much to their desires,
That others brats should warm them at their fires.

13
Thus some throw'n out, some close their mothers keep
In corners, from their angry husbands sight,
And when as elder yeares on them do creep,
Each one betakes him to his most delight,
Some plow, some get them herds of goats and sheep,
Some sciences, and some do learn to fight,
Thus ev'ry one betook him to some trade,
As he assigns that all the world hath made.

14
Among the rest that art of war ensue,
Phalanto sonne of *Clytemnestra* Queene,
But eighteen yeares of age, and fresh of hue,
And in the flower of youths well pleasing greene,
This one to him an hundred gallants due,
And getting ships and things that needfull been,
With writs of *Mart* (a thing that breeds much sor-
He gets him to the sea, in mind to borrow.

Looke in the
history of this
booke.

15
Now while *Phalanto* with his curst fleet
Abode at sea with that more curst traine:
It fortun'd at that time that they of *Creet*,
Had *Jaxnes* driv'n out of his raigne:
Wherefore for better strength they thought it meet
Phalanto and his men to entertaine:
They give to him great hire, and great reward,
The city of *Ditea* for to guard.

16
Ditea was a town of great estate,
Rich, and frequented with no small resort,
And yeelds in plenty large, beemes and late,
Of sundry kinds of pleasures, and of sport,
And as they all men us'd, so in like rate,
They us'd their soldiers in so friendly sort,
As though they had agreed by sound accords,
To make them all their masters and their Lords.

17
But chief they found with women so great grace,
As they wan most of them unto their lure,
But when the warres were ended in short space,
And that their pay no longer did endure,
They all prepar'd to leave this pleasant place,
Which to the damfels did great grieve procure;
To seeke their husbands brother, or their father,
Then these new lovers ev'ry one had rather.

18
And when they saw they could not make them stay,
By no device of theirs, nor no request,
They do agree with them to steale away,
And take such things as were of value best;
Thus came these damfels laden with their prey,
And thence to sea, and were now gone at least
An hundred leagues, with these new lawlesse lovers,
Before *Ditea* this their flight discovers.

19
The wind so good then for their purpose blew,
Phalanto quickly landed in this coast,
And here the amorous and wanton crew
Vnto their loves of this their lewdnesse boast,
But now that saying was confirmed true,
That pleasant things, do often cloy the most:
And there can be a greater clog to no man,
Then to be weary of a wanton woman.

20
Wherefore like men that were, and had been ever
Of gaine most greedy, sparing of expence:
They secretly consulting, do endeavour
To take the goods, and then to steale from thence:
Thus while the women still in love persevere,
They that regard not pleasure more then pence,
Load with their wealth, of which there was good
Stale to the sea, and left them on the shore.

21
Sore were the damfels daunted and dismayd,
When once they saw their loves had them forsaken,
For what more spite can be, then be betraid
Of him to whom one hath her selfe betaken?
And sith they find that weeping doth not aid,
They meane betime some order shall be taken,
What they shall do, and how hereafter live,
And ev'ry one doth straight her verdit give.

One

22
One, home to turne againe doth thinke it best,
And to their kin and friends them to submit,
And with repentance pardon to request,
And vow the like fault never to commit;
Another that good motion doth detest,
And sweares it shew'd the mover had no wit,
And that with greater honestie or ease,
They might go drowne them headlong in the seas.

23
Among the rest one Orontea high,
That lineally of Mynos was descended,
And past the rest in beautie and good sprite,
And had lesse grievously then they offended,
For to Phalanto she her troth did plight,
And to have bene his honest spouse intended:
This one declareth thus her resolution,
And makes the rest put it in execution.

24
The common- She wishes them to tary in this land,
dine of a
gulf state of
a chieft.
That had both fruitfull earth and pleasant aire,
And fountaines sweet, and woods on ev'ry hand,
And medowes greene, and pastures fresh and faire,
Beside large hav'ns, where ships at ease might stand,
To which the merchants often made repaire,
By tempest driven, well laden with good trafficke,
Of things that came from *Egypt* and from *Affrick*.

25
Wherefore this place she minds not to forsake,
But that they may as chiefly they desire,
A sharpe revenge on men for ever take,
They vow to put to sacke, to sword and fire,
Such ships as to their hav'n repaire do make,
And kill the men, and this they all conspire:
And still when any come, this trade they use,
Nor left a man alive to carry newes.

26
But when this cruell law some yeares had lasted,
Which they had meant to have confirm'd for ay,
They find that they so fast consum'd and wasted,
That this their barren kingdome would decay,
Except to find some remedy they hasted,
And having long consulted on the way,
They meane of this their law to bate some rigor,
Yet leave the substance still in strength and viger.

27
And thus they do, they chuse among such men,
Astempests drive to this their wicked nation,
Some few as were so lustie, as with ten
They could performe the act of generation,
All in one night, the rest into a den
They cast, and kill them in most cruell fashion,
And build unto revenge a solemne altar,
And over this they make them stretch a halter.

28
The women
did as to
build, others
to all the af-
faires of
the mind, as
fame, hope,
and such like
Such men as live are to this order sworne,
To kill all such as hither shall repaire,
And all men children that to them are borne,
They sell or change as in an open faire,
So when some die with age and weaknesse worne,
Then other women do the want repaire,
Their powre and number thus doth still increase,
Their wealth and pomp augmented, with long peace.

29
But after many yeares it thus befell,
Elbanio, one of *Hercles* noble race,
A comely tall strong man, and favord well,
And in his speech and manners passing grace,
Arrived where these homicides do dwell,
And ere he knew the fashion of the place,
The cruell sergeants tooke him as they found him,
And like a fellow hand and foot they bound him.

30
It fortund as they carrid him to slaughter,
Among the rest that did the same behold,
Was *Alessandra*, *Orontea's* daughter,
A fine yong girle, about twise eight yeare old,
Elbanio humbly as he went besought her,
To be a meane this foule death to withhold,
That like a man he might be kild at least,
And not be drawne to slaughter like a beast.

31
To beg my life (quoth he) it were a vanitie,
(Which in your service I would gladly spend)
Where humane hearts be void of all humanitie,
But all the sute that I to make intend,
(Which to denie were too too much immanitie)
Is this, that thus my life I may not end,
But with my sword in hand to fight with men,
With sev'n at once, or eight, or nine or ten.

32
This he to her, thus she to him replies,
Though to mankind we all professe hostilitie,
Yet thinke not (this she spake with wat'rie eyes)
That all our hearts are void of all gentilitie,
What *Progne* or *Medea* could despise
Your passing beautie, courage and nobilitie!
And were my fellowes all so ill inclin'd,
Yet I my selfe would beare a better mind.

*Progne and
Medea two
cruell bloody
women.*

33
And though the rigor of our law be such,
That no man can obtaine a pardon free,
And ev'n this small you aske, to graunt is much,
If our law strictly should observed be,
Yet such remorse I feele my heart doth touch,
To grant thy sute if others will agree
Although I feare thou wilt in such a strife,
Prolong thy paine, and not preserve thy life.

34
Oh (said *Elbanio*) blest were such a day,
That in the field my manhood I might trie,
Could but your credit carry such a sway,
Not ten, but ten times ten I would desie.
This said, she caus'd the execution stay,
And to her mother goes she by and by,
With thousand stings of *Cupid* in her brest,
And unto her expoundeth his request.

35
Straight *Orontea* doth her counsell call,
And in such sort thereof to them she spake,
In guarding of our hav'n and citie wall,
Tis good that of the strongest men we take:
Therefore to know who be most stout and tall,
I thinke it very good some proove to make,
For else we shall unt o our selves do wrong,
To save the weaker men, and kill the strong.

*Orontea's
sister in Elba-
nio's behalf.*

And

36
And who can wish to make a better triall,
Then for one man to fight with five and five,
And if he vanquish them and make them die all,
Twere certes meet he should be kept alive;
Thus *Orestes* said, and they replied all,
That in this point with her they cannot strive,
Save old *Artemia* (carrion withered jade)
Mislike the motion, and this answer made.

*Artemia
writeth a
gainst El-
banio.*

37
The cause that first we did some men admire,
Was not to keepe our hav'ns or citie wall,
For we our selves have strength enough and wit,
To keepe our towne (I trust) and ever shall,
Were we as well for procreation fit,
Without mans helpe, not one should live at all,
Now for necessitie some few we spare,
Such as most able for that service are.

Seneca.

38
This motion quite gainsaith our aunient law,
To keepe one man as strong as halfe a score:
How many women would he keepe in a w?
Had we ten such we should beare rule no more.
And further, tis an old and certaine saw,
Both us'd and proved many yeares before,
That they that give a weapon to their stronger,
Are like themselves to carry rule no longer.

39
But put the case this one by our consent,
And his good hap ten of the others kill,
How shall an hundred widowes then lament,
That long must lie alone against their will?
If he an hundred women would content,
Then him to save I should not thinke it ill,
Then were he to be lov'd, admir'd, and wonderd,
If he alone could satisfie an hundred.

40
This cruell speech did all the rest displease,
And loth they were *Elbanio* should be slaine,
His comely shape their sharpnesse did appeale,
And chiefly she that over all did raigne,
Deth seeke herein her daughters mind to please,
With many reasons answring her againe,
And point by point did all her speech confute,
And in the end obtained her daughters sute.

41
Thus to *Elbanio* pardon they impart,
Provided if he overcome the men,
And after bravely play the husbands part,
Not with an hundred women, but with ten.
Elbanio thanketh them with chearfull hart,
Then was he freely loosed from the den:
In fine, when all things ready were ordained,
In both exploits the conquest he obtained.

42
Then *Alessandra*, in whose tender mind
Love had already made so deepe impression,
With other nine, were unto him assigned,
And princely mace was put in his possession.
But first by solemne vow they do him bind,
To hold this law for ever by succession,
To sacrifice all men, save such as trie,
To kill ten men, and with ten women lie.

EnA

43
And though that many have in ages past,
Attempted both, yet few have had successe,
To scape the first exploit, and trie the last,
In which to faile, the danger were no lesse,
But he that both performs, forthwith is plapt
In princely seate, and free from all distresse:
And thus their law (as by records appeares)
Alreadie lasted hath two thousand yeares.

44
The last but I, that held this cursed place,
Argillon hight, whom I in combat killed,
And him and his thereby I did displace,
And then their roomes with me and mine I filled,
Where we have tarried now a twelvemonths space,
Among these wights of goodnesse all unskilled,
And leade a life full of disdain and scorne,
As better had bene never to be borne.

45
For why these dallyings and wanton toyes,
That wonted are to please our foolish youth,
With costly fare, gay clothes, and *Venus* joyes,
Of which repentance is the frute enlewith,
Doth breed to me but anguish and annoyes,
And pensive cares, and ever during ruth,
And chiefly when unto my mind I call,
My liberty is lost, and I a thrall.

*Non bene pro
falsis liber-
tas venditur
auro.*

46
To loose my lustie time in this vile place,
Remov'd from kin and friends, and countrey faire,
A wofull and remedlesse disgrace,
Mov'd by some ill aspect of angry starre,
Ev'n as a stallion kept for breed and race,
Whom some mishap hath made unfit for warre,
By losse of sight and foundring of his feete,
For service quite unable and unmeet.

*Simile.
This Simile
Tasso hath
taken bene.*

47
The while this tale the savage *Guidon* told,
The *English* Duke that all this while stood by,
And heard his speech, and did his face behold,
And noted all his grace with watchfull eye,
And made by all these observations bold,
He runneth to embrace him by and by,
And said, deare cousin, I were much too blame,
Except I lov'd the house from whence you came.

*The end of
the *Amazons*
tale.*

48
Your mother could not tie a better lace
About your necke, to make your lineage knowne,
Then this your value in this present place,
Against *Marfisa* in the battell showne:
I am *Astolfo* one of *Ammons* race,
Friend to your house, and kinsman of your owne,
I much rejoyce to find by this mischance,
So neare a kinsman so far off from France.

49
But he that otherwise would have bene glad,
To meet a friend, a Prince of kin so neare,
Now on the other side he was full sad,
And shewd the same in countenance and cheare,
For ev'ry way the sequell must be bad,
For if he win they die, the case is cleare,
And if he do not win, he is but ded,
Thus by ones good the others harme is bred.

On

50
On th'other side his yeares and tender age,
Did all of them so farre with pittie move,
And did *Marfisa* heate so much affwage,
Her enmitie was welnigh turn'd to love:
At last she makes a motion wise and sage,
Which was, that all to scape by force should prove,
She sweares if he would take part with his cosen,
Not all the towne could vanquish that halfe dosen.

51
Most glad (said *Guidon*) I would take your part,
Though vaine it is against so great a number,
To enterprise by force hence to depart,
Their very multitude will us so cumber:
For often (to the terrors of mine hart)
Ten thousand armed women I do number
Here in the streets, and with as many more,
They do defend the port, the hav'n and shore.

52
Tush (quoth *Marfisa*) this I not regard,
Were they in number as the sands of seas,
To valiant hearts no enterprise is hard,
Take you but part, and joyne with me and these.
Yes, answer'd *Guidon*, be I made or mard,
Or bee't with paine, with danger or disease,
I will take part with you, but if I may,
I would advise you to a safer way.

53
If we this matter wisely take in hand,
This is the safest way that I do know,
They let no men to touch the salt sea sand,
Lest any should attempt from hence to go:
And sith tis hard their forces to withstand,
He trie a better way then that, I trow,
Among my ten I have one speciall wife,
Vpon whose trust I venter dare my life.

54
She shall a barke provide in secret sort,
And other needfull things for us prepare,
And when as to the tilt-yard they resort,
And of our fight in expectation are,
We suddenly will make unto the port,
And ship our selves ere any be aware:
To leade the way my selfe I am content,
So you and yours to follow will consent.

55
Marfisa straight, and all the rest agreed,
That *Guidon* for that time should be their guide,
And that accordingly they would proceed,
As he for them had promist to provide:
Though (said *Marfisa*) saving this my weed,
My shape and sexe from all of them doth hide,
I know my selfe from harme could be excused,
Add of them all both welcome and well used.

56
But now (said she) such part I mind to take,
As you shall tast (how good or bad it prove)
That night with his *Aleria* *Guidon* spake,
(So was her name that bare him chiefeest love)
And points that she provision good should make,
For things that needfull were for their remove.
And she no time, nor paine, nor travell spar'd,
But out of hand a galley straight prepar'd.

57
And that her fellowes might no fraud suspect,
To go to seeke a prize she doth pretend,
And with great diligence she doth direct,
All meanes to serve their passage to defend:
And they within no time nor meane neglect,
To bring their stout designement to an end.
Thus ev'ry one their charge so well attended,
That ere the morning all was done and ended.

58
No sooner came the dawning of the day,
But that those *Amazons* like bees in swarmes,
That seeke new dwellings in the month of May,
So came they well appointed all in armes,
To see an end of that unended fray,
Not looking for such new and strange alarmes,
For straight those sixe I nam'd and all their traine,
Came with intent to scape or else be slaine.

59
First *Guidon* breakes the way to all the rest,
Soone after him *Marfisa* did ensue,
Then *Sanfonet* and th' *English* Duke were prest,
And next two brothers came, then all the crew,
But yet with numbers they were so opprest,
Both with the shafts they shot, and darts they threw,
That notwithstanding all they had devised,
They were in danger great to be surpris'd.

60
But when the *English* Duke the danger saw,
Vnto himselfe these words or such he said,
I see our foes in troupes together draw,
I see our friends are weakned and dismayd,
Now will I strike our enemies in aw,
Now will I bring our friends unlookt for aid,
With this he tooke his horne and blew a blast,
That made the hearers ev'ry one agast.

61
So great a terror in their minds was bred,
That straight as if with sprites they had bene scard,
This way and that, confusedly they fled,
And left the gates without defence or guard,
As tumults often are at stage-plays bred,
When false reports of sudden fires are heard,
Or when the oveloden seates do cracke,
One tumbling downe upon another backe.

62
One breakes a leg, another breakes an arme,
And some are choakt and stifed in the presse,
Some kill themselves for feare of further harme.
And whence the danger comes they cannot guesse,
But all of them in hast themselves unarme,
And unto fearefull flight themselves addresser:
Nor women onely with this feare are punish'd,
But even the men themselves were all astonish'd.

63
Yea even *Marfisa* courage, late so fierce,
(So great a vertue this enchantment had)
That strange and sudden feare the same did pearce,
And she by flight to save her selfe was glad:
The Knights likewise whom late I did rehearse,
And all the men, as if they had bene mad,
To seaward fled, as doth a fearefull Dove,
When any noise doth scare her from above.

64
Thus doth the blast annoy both friends and foes,
Yet so as all the men to shipboord went:
Astolfo staid about the citie goes,
For them to terrifie is his intent,
And more and more in all the streets he bloes,
And chiefly those where they do most frequent,
The while his friends were now to shipboord gotten,
And launched out, and him had quite forgotten.

65
The ship *Aleria* did before provide,
And *Guidon* taking ship with all the rest,
Would not consent neare to the shore to bide,
But staid away with dreadfull feare possesst.
Now came the Duke unto the water side,
And seeing all were gone, he thought it best
Some other meane and way to take in hand,
By which he might convey him home by land.

66
But how he gate him home, and there did speed,
When from those countries he was come to France,
And how his horne did stand him in great need,
Defending him from danger and mischance,
Hereafter I will shew, now I proceed
To her whose deeds do still her name advance,
I meane *Marfisa* stout, that made great hast:
To shun the hearing of the fearfull blast.

He proceeds
to tell of
Astolfo, 22.
booke, 3. staff.

67
But when they were removed from the shore,
By helpe of sailes and oares, so great a space,
As now the fearfull sound was heard no more,
Each thought them guilty of a great disgrace,
And of their feare they were asham'd so sore,
One shund to looke another in the face,
The while their bark had so good wind and wether,
As all arriv'd in *Tyrhen* seas together.

68
And to *Marfisia* thence by sea they went,
Where *Bradamant* bare all the rule and sway,
Who late as governess was thither sent,
Though thence she had bene absent many a day:
For had she present bene, by her assent,
Vnintertaind they should not go away.
Here when they were refresh't with meate and rest,
Marfisa tooke her leave of all the rest.

Simile.

69
And said she thought it great disgrace and shame,
So many in one company to see,
For crows (quoth she) and pigeons do the same,
And Deere, and sheepe, and beasts that fearfull be,
But Falcons that do flie at stately game,
With other birds and beasts in their degree,
That feare not others force, and trust their owne,
Shun company, and love to go alone.

70
But yet the rest that were of other mind,
Together kept, and bad the Dame farewell,
Vntill by hap a castle they did find,
Wherein a Lord of great estate did dwell,
That in appearance courteous seem'd and kind,
But not in acts, as after I shall tell,
For he surpris'd them all that night asleepe,
And made them sweare a cruell law to keepe,

Of this he
speakes farther
in the 23.
booke, 4. staff

71
The while *Marfisa* on her way doth ride,
Appareld like a Knight of some renowne,
And as she passed by the river side,
She met a woman in a tawnie gowne,
Ilfavoured, crooked, old and hollow eyd,
Her forehead furrow'd with continuall frowne,
Her body tyr'd with travell and ill fare,
Her guilty mind afflicted more with care.

72
This filthy hag, this carren wither'd jade,
Was she whom in the cave *Orlando* found,
When of the theeves such massacre he made,
That kept faire *Isabella* under ground:
This wretch that holpe them in that wicked trade,
And fear'd the plague that might on her redound,
Fled from all company for feare of danger,
Vntill she hapt to light upon this stranger.

Gabriel,

73
And for she saw her clad in strange array,
Though gracelesse, yet she gathers heart of grace,
And at the soord her comming she doth stay,
And when *Marfisa* came unto the place,
Sir Knight (for so she seem'd) I shall you pray,
(Said this old hag) to do me so much grace,
That on your horse behind you I may ride,
Till I be past the streame on th' other side,

74
Marfisa that was ever from her cradle,
Of courteous kind, doth grant her her desire,
And made her clamber up behind her saddle,
To passe the river and a filthy mire,
That to her horse had almost bene a stable:
And when they were ascended somewhat higher,
They met a faire yong Ladie with a Knight,
Both richly clad, both comely to the sight,

75
But both their minds were false, their manners bad,
And therefore matcht together very fit,
For he was *Pinnabell*, that lately had
Faith *Bradamant* deceiv'd at *Merlins* pit,
She was his love, for whom he was so sad,
When *Bradamant* on him did hap to hit,
Till after by this noble Damsels meane,
That strange enchantment was dissolv'd cleane,

In the 24.
booke,

76
This Ladie that was *Pinnabell*'s love,
And was both proud and scornfull of behaviour,
And sees this hag, did straight her laughter move,
To scorne her witheld skin and evill favour:
For which *Marfisa* stout doth her reprove,
And with a sharpe reply she straight doth brave her,
Because (quoth she) I find thou dost disdain her,
Against thy Knight and thee I will maintaine her,

77
I say this woman fairer is then thou,
Now let thy Knight come fight in thy defence,
For I by force my saying will avow,
And if that I prevaile, ere thou go hence,
Thou shalt thy horse and garments all allow
To this old woman for a recompence.
Then *Pinnabell* to fight doth him addresse,
Because in manhood he could do no lesse.

But

78

But when they met (*Marfisa* passing force,
Was such) she quickly vanquished the Knight,
And overthrew him quite beside his horse.
This done, she makes the stately dame to light,
And with the aged woman cloths to scorse,
At which the tone tooke sport, the tother spite,
She tooke likewise the Ladies ambling nagge,
And thereupon she sets the trotting hagge.

79

Who in this youthfull tyre and rich array,
Doth looke in shew more ugly then before,
Thus three dayes with *Marfisa* she did stay,
Before they hapt to meet with any more;
The fourth they met *Zerbino* on the way,
The Scottish Prince that would have sav'd *Medore*,
And now in anger great the *Scot* persude,
That in his presence prov'd himselfe so rude.

80

Zerbino. Now though *Zerbino* were but ill apaid,
Yet was he straight with laughter great surprisde,
To see an aged woman so arraid,
In youthfull cloths as though she were disguisde:
And to *Marfisa* merily he said,
Sir Knight it seemeth you are well advis'd,
To get so faire a peece to carrie by you,
As you are sure that no man will envie you.

81

The woman seem'd some hundred yeares of age,
Her wither'd skin such store of wrinkles had,
And like an ape or monkie in a cage,
So looked she in this apparrell clad:
But now she looked worse, when with new rage,
Her eyes enflamed were, and she halfe mad:
For what more spite can be a woman told,
Then if one say she looketh foule and old?

82

Marfisa seemeth wroth (to make some sport)
And thus she saith, surcease your slanderous tounge,
Your vertue of her beautie commeth short,
She is (in spite of you) both faire and young:
And if you dare contrarie my report,
Or that hereby you feele your courage stoung,
I will maintaine against you ev'ry word,
On horse, or foote, by speare or else by sword.

83

Zerbino at this challenge did but laffe,
And said he would not leese their friendship so:
Tis fit (quoth he) that swine should feed on drasse,
I am not I, so mad and fond I trow,
For her to draw a sword or breake a staffe,
But as you came you may together go:
No doubt you are a fitly matched paire,
If you as lustie be as she is faire.

84

Wherefore I list not paine and travell take,
To get a conquest better lost then wonne:
Then (answer'd stout *Marfisa*) I will make
Another offer which you may not shunne,
On this condition let us for her sake,
A course at field one with the other runne:
That if you win then I will keepe her still,
If I, then you shall serve her while she will.

85

Content (quoth *Zerbino*) and with that they ran,
With couched spears, and met amid the plaine;
But *Zerbino* had the worse, *Marfisa* wan,
As better horse, and stronger of the twaine:
Who seeing *Zerbino* downe, she then began,
To talke with him and jest with him againe,
Behold (quoth she) I here to you present,
This lovely damsell for your more content.

86

Now see you keepe your promise and your troth,
To this faire dame to be a champion trew,
And do not breake the bands of sacred oth,
And so (quoth she) for now I bid adew.
Zerbino was mov'd with shame and anger both,
Shame for his foile, a thing most strange and new:
And wrath for her whom he thereby did gaine,
Which he might deeme the greater losse of twaine.

87

Then of his mistresse new he doth enquire,
What Knight it was that did him overthrow,
She willingly did grant him his desire,
Supposing so his griefe might greater grow,
It was a Ladie in a Knights attire,
Marfisa hight (quoth she) that layd you low,
The which strange news I thinke not much did lacke
To make his armor blush upon his backe.

88

Vpon his horse in anger great he gets,
And curst himselfe he had not sit more sure,
He bites his lips, and inwardly he frets,
And she in him more anger to procure,
With byting words his discontentment whets,
Yet he doth for his oth sake all endure,
Like tired horse he quiet all abides,
That hath the bit in month, and spurs in sides.

89

At last into this bitter plaint he burst,
On thee o fortune well I may complaine,
And call my selfe unhappie and accurst,
I hat dost at once two plagues for me ordaine,
Two plagues that of all plagues I count the worst,
As first this foile, my former fame to staine;
And having lost a Ladie of rare features,
To have this mistresse, fowlest of all creatures.

90

She, whose surpassing beautie well deserved,
All worldly blisse, whose match was never found,
She from misfortune could not be preserved,
But that by cruell stormes she must be dround,
And this, who if she had bene rightly served
Ought long ere this, have fed worms under ground,
Thou hast these many yeares and still dost save,
That I by her at last this plague might have.

91

By these and such like words as *Zerbino* spake,
That aged woman gives assured guesse,
That this was he, to whom, and for whose sake,
Faire Isabella (kept erst in great distresse,
There where *Orlando* did from theeves her take)
Was wont so great affection to professe,
And to describe his parts and shape so trew,
As ev'ric one might know him at a vew.

O 3

And

Though it is
not set downe
how *Gabriel*
knew *Marfisa*.
Is it be a wo-
man, yet it is
to be gather-
ed that in 3.
dayes compa-
nies she might
know it.

Simile:
Horace hath
this simile
made of an
asse.
Demitto au-
ricular, no
iniqua men-
tia fellum.
But this of
a horse is
more worthy.

Hee had
heard news
that *Isabella*
was dround
by some
flying report.

92

And now that by his words she plainly found,
That this was *Zerbin*, and that he beleev'd
Faith *Isabella* was in tempest dround,
With which conceit she saw he sore was greiv'd,
She that did know her to be safe and sound,
Yet meaning not his griefe should be releev'd,
She telleth onely that that would disease him,
And doth conteale that which she thought would
(please him.)

93

You sir (quoth she) that me so greatly scorne,
If you but knew what tydings I could tell,
Of her whom you lament as dead and lorne,
You would both speake me faire and use me well:
But first I will with horses wild be torne,
And suffer all the paines of earth and hell,
Before that I will condescend to show it,
Or then by me you ever come to know it.

94

Simile.

Looke how a gentle grewd, that doth assaile
And flies upon a stranger at the surst,
Will on the sodaine faune and wag his taile,
If so of bread one profer him a crust:
So *Zerbin* that before on her did taile,
And bitterly unto her face her curst,
Now he intreates her, and doth pray and flatter,
To give him farther notice of the matter.

95

At last with long intreatie she replies,
And saith, faith *Isabella* is not ded,
But so she lives, that sure she death envieth
And never hope to have her maidenhed,

For I have seene (quoth she) with these mine eyes,
How twentie lawlesse men her captive led,
And ev'ry one might have her at their pleasure,
As having liberty, and lust, and leasure.

96

Ah wicked hagge, thou know'st it is a lie,
And yet behold how thou canst paint it out,
Thou know'st that none of them with her did lie,
Thou know'st *Orlando* thence did fetch her out:
And made the malefactors all to die,
That of her danger now there was no doubt,
But now alas this lying storie bred,
A thousand jealousies in *Zerbines* hed.

97

He askt her where and when his love she saw,
He speakes her oftentimes both foule and faire;
But not a word more could he from her draw,
Neither by threatening words, nor yet by prayre:
He feelles a corzie cold his heart to gnaw,
His little hope was turn'd to great dispaire:
And thus this old illfavour'd spitefull Callet,
Gave good *Zerbino* such a choking sallet.

98

What patience thus provoked could have borne,
At such a womans hands so vile a spite?
And save he was unto her service sworne,
No doubt he would have done her then her right.
Thus she of malice full, and he of scorne,
Went on their way, untill they met a Knight:
But what became hereof if you will know,
The booke ensuing shall the sequell show.

Morall.

In the tale of *Phalanto* and his companie, women may note the notable inconstancie of young mens dishonest loves, how sweet and pleasant soever they be at the first. In *Vynabello* and his wife that scorned *Gabrias* olde age and deformitie, we may observe the foule sinne and the just punishment of pride and contempt of others. In the good *Zerbino*, that for his promise sake suffers himselfe to be so notoriously abused of a spitefull malicious old wretch, we may marke a not able example of a man true and faithfull of his word.

Historie.

In the beginning of this booke he reciteth the names of foure women famous, two for warre, two for learning, and indeed there have bene many more excellent in either kind: as *Thomiris* that killed *Cyrus*, *Zenobia*, *Hipsicratea* wife to *Mythridates*, *Deboia* the Hebrew, whom the Scripture commendeth; *Valica* queene of *Bohemia*, *Thenca* queene of *Slavonia*, *Amalasunta* queene of the *Goths*: All these are famous for their wise government. And for learning divers women have greatly excelled; as *Erana*, *Aspasia*, *Cleobulina*, *Theana*, *Leonio*, *Manto*, *Nicostrata*, *Carmenta*, the *Sibils*, *Sulpicia*. But, or a perfitte patterne of excellency in both kinds, both in governing the common wealt most wisely, peaceably, prosperously, and skill in all kind of learning, and languages, *Greeke*, *Latine*, *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*, I may say it truly, and without flatterie, that our gracious Sovereigne is to be preferred before any of them, yea before all of them, and there ore may justly be called the jewell, or rather the wonder of all her sex.

Allegory.
Allusion.

All the Allegoricall matter of this booke is one y in *Astolfos* borne, of which I have spoken before this. This tale of the *Greeks* coming home from *Troy*, and finding so many bastards, alludes to a like hap that fell unto the *Spartans* when they made warre on the *Messeniens*; from whence one in deed named *Falanto* or *Phalanto* with other bastards called *Parthenians* went to the Oracle to know what they should do, and were directed by the said Oracle to go to *Tarentum*: Their answer they received of the Oracle was this.

Statircum, & pingue solum, tibi trado *Tarenti*

Incolere, & late sedem per lapygas ades.

So as they taking heart upon this, went from *Sparta*, and as some thinke built the citie of *Tarentum*.

The end of the notes upon the xx. Booke.

Collet is a
 nickname
 that they all
 to a woman,
 as seen for in
 Irish a wail

ues,
 de-
 no,
 ke a
 din-
 wife
 ne of
 vers
 ale
 fely,
 h, l
 e all

uns
 with
 ac. c



THE ARGUMENT.

*Most worthie Zerbino by his promise bound,
Defends Gabrina most unworthie night,
And for her sake he overthrowes to ground
Hermonida, unluckie Flemish Knight:
Who doth to him her most lewd life expound,
Increasing by his speech, her cruell spite:
Yet still the good Zerbino travels with her,
And many a wearie mile they rode together.*

*Zerbin.
Alma fides
apta pennis
et iussu an-
dum lovis.*

NOr Iron nailes make fast a
planke or boord
More firme, nor cords a
burden surer binde,
Then faith once giu'n by
promise or by word,
Tyes most assuredly the
vertuous minde,
Old times to us good store
of samples foord,
How praise devine was unto faith affinde,
And how in garments white she still was painted,
That eeh smal spot or staine might shew her tainted.

*Read the mo-
vell upon this
in the end of
this booke.*

² Fairb ever should be kept in secret sort,
Although to one, or whether given to more,
Although in deserts farre from all resort,
Or else a judge or multitude before:
What though the wienesse wants to make report?
Yet must we keepe our cov'nant evermore,
As well by word and private protestation,
As by record and publike obligation,

³ And so did Zerbino as before I told,
His promise firme unviolate preserve,
And though Gabrina was both foule and old,
Though her misdeeds all rigor did deserve:
Yet he his faith and promise firme doth hold,
And left his former busines her to serve,
Till as they traveld on the way by chance,
They met a Flemish Knight late come to France.

⁴ The Knight of stature comly was and tall,
And in his shield he bare an azure bend,

His name *Ermonida* they use to call,
It seem'd he was not this old womans frend,
For straight his sight her heart did so appall,
Vnto her guide her life she doth commend:
And praid him (as he promist) to vouchsafe,
From this heremie to keepe her safe.

⁵ This man (quoth she) my guilelesse father killed,
For malice onely that to me he bare:
This man my onely brothers blood hath spilled,
Because he wisht my safetie and welfare:
Yet with revenge his rage cannot be filled,
But still he seekes to worke my farther care.
Well (quoth Zerbino) be of better cheare,
For none shall do thee harme whilst I am heare.

⁶ Now when the Knight of *Flaunders* saw that face,
That of all faces he did most deest:
With me to combat in this present place,
You must prepare (quoth he) and trie your best,
Or yeeld to me this woman void of grace,
That as she hath deserv'd she may be drest:
If you resistance make you will be slaine;
For so it fals to such as wrong maintaine.

⁷ Zerbino curteously doth thus replic,
Bethinke your selfe with more consideration,
To make a woman of your hand to die,
What staine it is to Knightly reputation,
As for the combat if you needs will trie,
Her to defend is my determination:
For I am sworne to fight in her defence,
And therefore cannot with mine oth dispence.

This

8
This, and to this effect much more in vaine
He spake, him from his purpose to perswade,
At last they were so kindled with disdain,
That one the other fiercely did invade:
Zerbino was the stronger of the twaine,
And strake the tother through the shoulder blade,
So as he fell halfe dead and halfe alive,
Not able any more with him to strive.

9
But Zerbino doubting lest he had bene dead,
With much compassion from his horse did light,
And first he loos'd his helmet from his head,
And seeketh to revive him if he might,
Who looking firmly on Zerbino sed,
I cannot much lament that such a Knight,
Hath hurt me in this fight and overthrowne;
In whom such valew and such worth is showne.

10
In this alone my hap I do lament,
That it should be for such a womans sake,
And much I marvell that you would consent,
To your protection such a one to take,
Which I am sure you would full sore repent,
If I to you her deeds should open make,
And that you should so greatly damage me,
For such a wicked captive as is she.

11
And save my voice and strength will faile I doubt,
Before my tale will come to perfect end,
I will declare if you will heare it out,
The wicked life of this ungracious fend;
I had a brother valorous and stout,
In Holland borne, who (for he did intend
To win by service honour and renowne)
Heracles serv'd that bare of Greece the crowne,

12
A noble Gentleman Argeo hight,
Neare the confines of Servia did dwell,
Who in my brother tooke so great delight,
That in short space they were acquainted well,
Argeo married had this cursed wight,
Of whom the present storie I do tell,
And tooke in her (unworthy) so great pleasure,
As past the bands of reason and of measure.

13
But she more light then leaves in Autumne season,
That ev'ry blast doth blow about and change,
Against all wively care, all cause and reason,
Because she doth delight her selfe in change,
With wicked hart and head full fraught with treason,
So faine she lets her raging love to range,
She sues to have my brother to her lover,
And doth to him the foule desire uncover.

14
* But neither doth a rocke more firmly stand
Vpon the shore against the surging wave,
* Nor doth the Cedar more upon the land
Resist the tempest that doth rage and rave,
Then doth my brother her desire withstand,
Though she at sundrie times the same doth crave,
And though she seeketh many a meane and triall,
Yet still she turneth with a flat deniall.

15
At last it fell (as oft it doth befall
To valiant men that love to fight and quarell)
My brother was sore wounded in a brall,
So that it seem'd his life was in some parell:
Wherefore he gets within the castle wall,
Both that his friend might know & venge his quarell,
And other needfull things may be procured,
By which his hurt might be the sooner cured.

16
Now while my brother staid in this ill state,
His friend Argeo sometime absent thence,
This woman early visits him and late,
And offers him good store of pounds and pence:
But he that alwaies villany did hate,
And would not do his friend so great offence,
Thought (as in evill cases is the best)
Of two great mischiefs to chuse out the lest.

17
He meanes to leave Argeos friendship quite,
And get him home againe from whence he came,
Or hide himselfe where this most wicked wight
Shall never see his face nor heare his name:
This, though it griev'd him, as it ought of right,
He chuseth as a way lesse worthy blame,
Then yeelding to her lust for to abuse her,
Or to her loving husband to accuse her.

18
Wherefore (though of his wound both faint and weak)
He doth resolve to part with constant mind,
He gets him thence, and not a word doth speake,
And leaves this filthy minded beast behind:
But fortune ill his purpose good doth breake,
And alter'd quite the course he had designd,
Home came her husband finding her alone,
Complaining grievously and making mone.

19
Her cheekes with teares all blubberd were and red,
Her lookes did shew her mind was ill apaid,
Her lockes all torne did hang about her hed,
With which her loving husband sore afraid,
Did aske her oft what chance such change had bred,
Till at the length the wicked wretch thus said,
With spiteful heart, with wicked voice & trembling,
And faine a cause, the cause it selfe dissembling.

20
Alas (quoth she) what should I seeke to hide
My wicked act and hainous deadly sinne,
Which though from you, and all the world beside,
I could conceale, yet doth the soule within,
And conscience grudge, a burden such to bide,
So as the inward torment I am in,
Doth passe the plague or penance far away,
That mortall man upon my sinne can lay.

21
If so a sinne of right you may it name,
That one is forst unto against her will,
But thus it is, your friend that hither came,
(I thinking he had thought nor meant none ill)
Inforced me to my perpetuall shame,
Against all lawes, all honestie and skill:
And doubting that I would the fact bewray,
Forthwith he gate him hence and fled away.

*Several in
his 13 (ayre)
Pana enim
vehementi ac
multo sevir
illi
Nolle dixi
sum puerum
in pectore
tristem.
Ovid Pami
in, & fido
arguunt 178
179.*

22
But though my body he have so defil'd,
Yet is my mind from sinne devoid and cleare,
Although from sight of men I am exil'd,
Nordare I once in publike place appeare:
This said, with thousand names she him revil'd,
So that *Argeo* that the tale did heare,
Believed it, and straight withall intended
To punish him that never had offended.

23
He taketh horse forthwith and follow' th post,
All on revenge his mind was wholly bent,
And, for he perfittly did know the cost,
And for my brother faire and softly went,
He met him in an hower at the most,
Bidding him stand or else he should be shent:
My brother would dissuade him if he might,
But all in vaine, *Argeo* needs would fight.

24
The tone was strong and full of fresh disdain,
The rother weake and loth to hurt his frend,
So that himselfe defending long in vaine,
My brother was constrain'd to yeeld in th' end:
And thus at last he prisner doth remaine,
And yeelds, himselfe unable to defend:
Which seene, *Argeo* doth surcease to strike,
But speaketh unto him these words or like.

25
God never let my heart so farre be moved,
With rightfull wrath that I thy blood should spill,
Since once I thee esteemed well and loved,
Whom once I loved, I will never kill:
And though thy act may justly be reproved,
The world shall see my goodnesse by thine ill,
For be it love, or be it in disdain,
I will be found the better of the twaine.

26
Another meane then death to use I mind,
In punishing this siene and foule misdeed,
This said (with willow bands he there did find)
He makes a huddle fit to serve such need,
On which my brothers body he doth bind,
That with old hurts and new did freshly bleed,
And to his castle he doth him convey,
In mind to keepe him there a prisner ay.

27
Yet though with him a prisner he remaind,
In other things he felt no lacke nor want,
Save that his liberty was him restrained:
But lo, this wretch that late did him supplant,
And to her husband so of him complaind,
Thought she would trie if he would yet recant,
And (for at her command she had the keyes)
She goes to him, and thus to him she sayes.

28
Now sir (quoth she) I trust you feelee the frute,
That this your foolish constancie hath wrought,
Had you not better bene to graunt the sute,
That I in friendly sort so often sought?
You see tis vaine to argue or dispute,
Say what you can, you are a traitor thought:
And heto whom you shew'd so great fidelity,
Imputes to you treason and infidelity.

29
I thinke both for your ease and reputation,
You had bene better graunted my request,
You see you have a sorie habitation,
And in the same for ever looke to rest,
Except you change your first determination,
And mollifie your stonie hearted brest,
Which if you yet will do, I do assure you,
Both libertie and credite to procure you.

30
No, never hope, no said *Filandro*, never,
(So my unhappie brothers name they call)
In vaine to change my mind youd do endever,
And though *Argeo* causlesse keepe me thrall,
Yet I in faith and troth will still persever,
Sufficeth me, that he that seeth all,
Doth know mine innocencie and doth see me,
And when he list can both reward and free me.

31
I care not though the world of me thinke ill,
I hope another world will make amends,
Yet let *Argeo* slay me if he will,
Or let him (as it seemeth he intends)
Though wrongfully, in prison hold me still,
Yet one day he will find he hurts his frends,
And know by prooffe how he hath bene beguil'd,
When truth appears, and time brings forth her child.

32
Yet for all this, this woman void of shame,
Did cease no whit *Filandro* still to tempt,
And oftentimes in vaine to him she came,
And ever turnes repulst and with contempt,
And in this frantike fancie she doth frame
A thousand sleights to further her attempt,
And many things in mind she doth revolve,
Before on any one she doth resolve.

33
Sixe months entire she doth her selfe absente,
Nor ever came *Filandro* to entice,
Which made him hope that she was now content
To cease her sute, and follow his advice;
But lo, how fortune (that is ever bent
To further wicked persons in their vice)
Doth unto her a fit occasion lend,
To bring her wicked lust to wofull end.

34
There had bene hate and enmity of old,
Betweene her husband and another Knight,
Morando calld who often would be bold,
If so *Argeo* absent were a night,
To come with force and to assault his hold,
Or thereabout to do him some despight:
But if he were at home, then all that whiles
He came not neare him by a dozen miles.

35
Wherefore to be reveng'd on this his fo,
That often did him wrong and great outrage,
Argeo gives it out that he will go
Vnto *Ierusalem* on pilgrimage,
And from his house disguysd he parted so,
In secret sort, without or man or page,
And ev'ry night comes in at the posterne,
That none but she his coming might discerne.

Thus

36
Thus all the day he wanders all about,
In woods, in groves, in pastures here and thither,
To see if he could find *Morando* out,
That in his absence used to come hither:
And farre he keeps himselfe from any rout,
Vntill that darknesse doth obscure the wether,
Then would he get him home a secret way,
Of which his wife did keepe a priue key.

37
Thus all but she, *Argeo* absent thought,
By which his wicked wife with wonted skill,
Another meanes and new occasion sought,
To bring to passe her foule unbridled will:
With weeping eyes (her eyes to weepe she taught)
And all with teares her bosome she doth fill,
Then came she to my brother and complained,
That (but he helpe) her honour would be stained.

38
Nor mine alone, but mine *Argeos* too,
Who were he here (quoth she) I would not care,
You know what harme *Morando* woult to doo,
When as mine husbands absence makes him dare,
And now behold the caitive me doth woo,
And to intrap me sets full many a snare,
And offred servants great reward and hire,
So they would helpe to further his desire.

39
And hearing that *Argeo* was away,
And would continue so no little space,
He came within the castlewall to day,
(His absence gave him so much heart of grace)
Where, had my husband bene but in the way,
He durst not onely not have shew'd his face,
But sure he would not have presum'd at all,
To come within a kenning of the wall.

40
And what by message he before had done,
Now face to face by mouth he doth the same,
So as I hardly know which way to shunne,
That which to do, would breed my endlesse blame:
Had not my sugred speech his favour wonne,
By faining I my will to his would frame,
He would perforce haue had his foule intent,
Which now he hopes to get by my assent.

41
I promist him (but promise made for scare
Is voyd) and I performance never meant;
But so that act I made him to forbear,
Which he to do by force was fully bent.
Now if you be a friend, or ever were,
Vnto *Argeo*, you may this prevent,
Nor onely save mine honour thus distressed,
But his to whom such love you have professed.

42
Which if you me denie, then I may say,
Not honestie, of which your best you make,
But crueltie did cause you say me nay,
And of my sute so small regard to take:
And that you were not moved any way
With friendships rule, or for *Argeos* sake:
Although twixt us it might have secret beene,
But now my shame must needs be knowne & seene,

43
Tush (quoth *Filandro*) this is more then need,
To use much circumstance in such a case,
As I began, so meane I to proceed,
And though *Argeo* hold me in disgrace,
Yet unto him I not impute this deed,
But ready will be still in time and place,
To do him service any way I may,
So you but shew to me the meane and way.

44
Sir then (said she) the way were this, to kill
Him that doth seeke my husbands shame and mine,
Which you may easly do, if so you will
A while unto my words your care incline:
I have put off his comming hither, till
It be betwixt the houres of ten and nine,
What time I promist him so to provide,
To let him in, so as he were not spide.

45
Now then my counsell is, that you do stay
Here in my chamber, untill I procure
Him to disarme himselfe, so as you may
Slay him with small ado, and make him sure.
This is (quoth she) the onely ready way,
And safest for your selfe, I you assure:
To this device *Filandro* doth assent,
Thinking hereby his friends hurt to prevent.

46
Now more and more approacht the cursed night,
When as his wife (if I a wife may call)
This bellish bag and foule infernall spire,
Did place my brother arm'd behind a wall,
And as she wisht, ev'n so it fell aright,
For ill device amisse doth seldome fall;
Her husband in the ev'ning somewhat late,
Enterd his castle at the posterne gate.

47
Filandro at one blow cuts of his hed,
Taking him for *Morando* in exchange,
She stands fast by that him had thither led,
Nor shewes in word or gesture any change:
Argeo there remaineth slaine and ded,
And kild by him (o chance most hard and strange)
That while he friendly thought to do him good,
Most cruell and unfriendly shed his blood.

48
Now when this feate had thus bene brought to passe,
Gabrina (so is this good womans name)
That doth in craft the fiends of hell surpass,
Vnto my brother for his weapon came,
Which he deliverd as his promise was,
And that once done, then she without all shame,
Prayes him to take in hand a lighted candle,
And view him well whom he so ill did handle.

49
There first he saw how he had kild his friend,
A sight that made him at the heart repent,
And she afresh the matter to amend,
Doth threate, except he would to her assent,
That she should bring his life to shamefull end,
For to accuse him of this fact she ment,
Wishing him though his life he did despise,
To shunne a shamefull death if he be wise.

Filandro

Filandro maz'd, and full of feare did stand,
When of his error he was first aware,
He thought at first to kill her out of hand,
By whom he was intrapt in such a snare,
But she had got his weapons in her hand,
And to defend her selfe did straight prepare,
But sure he could have found it in his hart,
By peicemeale to have torne her ev'ry part,

*Similes
The one
Silian as
Italian used
in a Latin
poem.
Non graviores
movent veriti
certamina
mole &c.*

Like as a ship in midst of seas oppress,
Betwene two winds that do together strive,
Can have no time of respite or otrest,
But goes what way the stronger wind doth drive:
So now *Filandro* doubting which was best,
To die, or in such sort to bide alive,
Stood long in doubt, and neither way did bend,
Yet chose the worse bargain in the end.

52
His reason open layes before his face,
The danger great if once the fact were knowne,
Beside the infamie and great disgrace,
That would about the world of him be blowne:
Beside to chuse he had but little space,
So as his wit and sence was scant his owne:
At last he doth conclude what ever come,
To swallow this unsav'ry choking plum.

53
Wherefore against his will, inforst by feare,
He promisseth to take her for his wife,
And unto her he solemnely doth sweare,
To marry her if now she save his life:
And (for it was not safe to tarry there)
When once the murder should be publisht rise,
He turnes unto the place where he was borne,
And leaves behind him infamie and scorne.

And still he carried in his pensive heart,
His friends mishap, lamenting it in vaine,
How for a just reward of such desert,
A *Progne* and *Medea* he did gaine;
And save his oath restrained him in part,
No doubt he would the wicked hag have slain:
But yet he hated her like toade or snake,
And in her company small joy did take.

Horace.
Cane reims
de august.

From that to this, to laugh or once to smile,
He was not scene; his words and looks were sad,
With often sighs, and in a little while,
He grew much like *Orestes*, when he had
First slaine his father by his mothers guile,
Then her, and last of all fell raging mad,
With spirits vext so was my brothers hed,
Still vext till sicknes made him keepe his bed.

Over 70, look at the history

But when this cursed strumpet plainly saw,
How small delight in her my brother took,
She doth her fervent love from him withdraw,
And in short space that fancie she forooke:
And lastly she resolves against all law,
So soone as she can fit occasion looke,
To bring *Pisandros* life to wofull end,
And after her first husband him to send.

An old Physition full of false deceit,
She findeth out most fit for such a feat,
That better knew to give a poisonsd bait,
Then for to cure with herbs or wholesom meate:
Him, that for gaine most greedily doth wait,
By profer large she quickly doth intreate,
To take upon him this ungracious cure,
With poysond cup to make her husband sure.

Now while my selfe was by, and others more,
This old Physition came to him ere long,
And brought a cup, in which was poyson store,
And said, it cordiall was, to make him strong:
But lo, *Gabrina* that deys'd before,
Ev'n in the prise of wrong, to do some wrong,
Before *Filandro* of the cup did tast,
Stept twixt the leach and him in no small hast.

And taking in her hand against his will,
The cup in which the poyfond drinke was plast,
She said, good Doctor do not take it ill,
That I require you first the drink to tast,
I will not have my husband drinke, untill
You have your selfe before him tane the tast:
I will (said she) be certaine by the rood,
That this you give him, wholsome is and good.

60
Now in what pickle thinke you was the leach?
The time was short to take a sound advice,
He might not use perswasion now nor speech,
He durst not tell how she did him intice,
Nor could he guesse what was herein her reach,
To make him tast first of the poysond spice,
Wherefore to take a tast he thought it best,
And then he gives my brother all the rest.

61
Even as a hawke that hath a partridge trust
In griping talents, sits and plumes the same,
Oft by a dog whom she doth not mistrust,
Is kild her selfe and reaved of her game:
So this Physition gracelesse and vnjust,
While he to greedie gaine his mind doth frame,
Was us'd by her even as he well deserved,
And so I wish all such Physitions served.

62
The poore old man that felt his stomacke ake,
Began to take his leave, and homeward hasted,
He thinks some strong *Antidoton* to take,
Against the poyfend cup he lately tasted:
She swears his home returne he may not make,
While th'operation of the potion lasted,
And that she will see plainly ere he go,
If so it do her husband good or no.

63
By humble sute and offers he doth trie,
That with her licence he may thence depart,
But all in vaine, his sute she doth denie:
Now had the liquor welnigh tought his hart,
Wherefore perceiving plainly he must die,
He doth the secret to us all impart:
Thus to himselfe he did the same at last,
Which oft he did to others in time past.

The of the
Physiome
word for
word taken
out of the
book of A
John said
A Jc. and
is here by
man and
very ap
infernal
beautif
sals, and
pains for
the land
a wild

Sipulle,

1. *Wiederholung*
 2. *in einem*
 3. *Satz*
 4. *von*

Add

64

And straight in little space my brother dyde,
And after him did this same false Phisition,
We that had heard and seene the matter side,
Of which my selfe before had some suspicion;
Both hand and foot we then this monster tyde,
And bring her unto such as had commission,
Where her confession, and our accusation,
Made them pronounce her doome of condemnation.

65

Thus in the gaile in fetters she was laid,
Adjudget to be burned at a stake,
Thus (said the Knight) and more he would have said
How she escaped, and how she prison brake,
But so he faired, as they were affraid;
He would have founded at those words he spake:
Wherefore his page him to his horse doth lift,
And then to binde his wounds they make a shift.

66

Then Zerbino took his leave and made a skuse,
That he had hurt the knight in her defence,
Affirming he had done, as is the use,
To save his charge from damage and offence:
And that thenceforth with him he would have truce,
This said, he tooke his leave and parted thence,
And promist him with words of great civillity,
To further him unto his best ability.

67

Sir (said the Knight) for this I do you thanke,
And wish you of that woman to beware,
Lest that she serve you some such slipperie pranke,
As may procure your farther woe and care:

For hard shall any scape from danger franke,
That in her company long season are:
Gabrina silent all the while stands by,
For hard it is to prove the truth a lye.

Sentences

68

Thus hence they part, and for his promise sake,
At her commandment Zerbino doth attend,
And wisht in heart, the divell might her take,
Though with his hand he must her still defend:
And those last words the Knight of Holland spake,
To give him warning of the cursed fend,
Do fill his mind with to great grieve and spight,
That now he cant could well abide her sight.

69

And this same old and weather-beaten trot,
Perceiving how Zerbino was inclin'd,
Would not once yeeld or be behind a jot,
In spitefull wishing, nor in evill mind:
Her eye and tongue and looke conceale it not,
Nor yet her deeds as after he did finde,
Thus in this harmony and concord good,
It was their hap to travell through the wood.

70

Now when the time approched neare the night,
They heard a noise of bustling and of blwes,
Caus'd as they guessed by some brall or fight,
But where it was yet neither of them knowes,
Zerbino longed much to see the fight,
And thitherwards in no small hast he goes,
And in no lesse, Gabrina maketh after,
As shall be shewd you more at large hereafter.

A more necessarie morall (as I thinke) cannot be found for our age we now live in, then that, with which this booke Morall. begins: namely, of the keeping of faith, and promise, which even among Turkes and heathen Philosophers hath bene religiously kept; and yet among us that call our selves Christians, and boast of an extraordinary light of the Gospel, is often most irreligi- usly broken: so that as Ovid said of his time in ironical manner.

Aurea nunc verè sunt secula, plurimus auro
Venit honos, auro consiliatur amor:

In English thus,

This may indeed, be call'd the age of gold,
For honour, love and all, for it is sold.

So may I say, this is a notable time for credite, for now generally (even with some of the better sort) mens words be as good as their obligations: namely, neither of both worth the taking for a saying. Secondly, in Filandro we may note a speciall good nature and inclination, that would rather abandon a place which he liked very well, then either breake the lawes of friendship and hospitality; or accuse the wife to her husband. In his killing Argeo, and all the tragical proceedings of the wicked Gabrina, we may note the monstrous effects of an unbridled affection in a mischievous woman, that killed both her husbands, and lastly the Phisition, and still continued working fresh mischief till her death, as after followeth.

Orestes, whom he spake of in the 35. staffe of this 21. booke was sonne of Agamemnon, who being slaine by the trecherie of his wife Clytemnestra, Orestes in revenge thereof killed his mother, and after that, was himselfe tormented with suries, or rather with his conscience for so horrible an act, and so fell mad, and was bealed againe, and after, that notable accident of Pilades and him fell out.

History.

Simon Fournarie affirmeth that in this tale of Gabrina, my authour doth allude to a woman of like lewdnesse, living in his time, and by Argeo and Filandro to be ment two Gentlemen of Naples: but the truth is, the tale is almost verbatim, taken out of Apulejus golden Ass. Specially for that part of the Phisition: Sed vxor, quæ jam pridem nomen vxoris cum fide perdiderat, medicum convenit quendam notæ perfidiæ, qui jam multarum palmarum spectatus prælijs, magna dextræ suæ trophœa numerabit. as I be- ore noted on the 37 staffe.

Allusion.

The end of the notes upon xxj. booke.

P



Ovid. P.
cui pau
disfand
crimina
conter.
Judas
riat.
Hiperme
one of th
Sailers.
Loud in
Story of
birds.

THE ARGUMENT.

Astolfo doth dissolve the charmed place,
 And spite of Atlant, sets his prisoners free:
 Then Bradamant doth see Rogeros face:
 To helpe an unknowne Knight they craved be;
 But by the way Rogero in short space,
 Subdew'd foure Knights, of worth and good degree,
 That were by Pinnabell in prison hild,
 Whom Bradamant with iust revengment kild.



Y^e courtly dames, that are
 both kind and true,
 Vnto your loves, if kinde
 and true be any,
 As sure I am in all your
 lovely true,
 Of so chaste minde, there
 are not over many,
 Be not displeas'd with this
 that doth ensue,
 For neither must I leave it, neither can I,
 And beare with me for that I said before,
 When on *Gabrina* I did raile so fore.

Ovid, *Par-*
cita paucis
diffundere
crimina in
rimis.
Judas Ise-
ria.
Hipermestra
one of the 50
sisters.
Looke in the
Story of the
books.

Mine earnest words, nor yet her great offence,
 Cannot obscure in honour and cleare fame,
 Those few, whose spotlesse lives want no defence,
 Whom hate nor enyie no way can defame:
 He that his master sold for thirtie pence,
 To *John* nor *Peter* breeds no blot nor blame:
 Nor men of *Hipermestra* worse have thought,
 Although her sisters were unchast and nought.

For one that in this verse I shall dispraise,
 As driv'n by course of this my present storie,
 Whole hunderds are whom I intend to praise,
 And magnifie their well deserved glory,
 If this then be offensive any waies,
 To all or any, I can be but sorie:
 Now of the *Scottish* Prince a word or two,
 That heard a noise, and went forthwith thereto.

Betweene two mountaines in a shadie dale.
 He doth descend that way the noise him led,

But when he came he saw upon the vale,
 A Baron lately slaine and newly ded.
 But ere I enter further in this tale,
 I first must tell you how *Astolfo* sped:
 Whom late I left in that most cursed citie,
 Where women murder men without all pittie.

Here comes to
 this matter
 in the 23.
 Book Page 29

I told you how his horne with mightie blast,
 Not onely all his foes had driven away,
 But also made his friends so sore agast,
 As not the slowtest of them there durst stay:
 Wherefore (I said) he was constrained at last,
 Alone to get him homeward on his way,
 Forthwith on *Rabicano* he doth mount,
 An horse of which he makes no small account.

His horne that serves him still at all assayer,
 He carries with him and his learned booke,
 First by *Armenia* he goes his wayes,
 Then *Brusia* and the way of *Tbrase* he tooke,
 So that within the space of twentie daies,
 The streame *Danubio* he quite forsooke:
 Then from *Boemia* ward he doth decline,
 Vnto *Franconia* and the streame of *Rhyne*.

Then through *Ardenas* wood to *Aquis* grave,
 And thence to *Flanders* where he shipping found,
 What time a North east winde, did blow so brave,
 As set him soone in sight of *English* ground:
 So that no whit annoyd with winde nor wave,
 His native soile receiv'd him safe and sound:
 He taketh horse, and ere the Sunne was downe,
 At *London* he arriv'd the chiefest towne.

Here at his first answall straight he heares,
How that the Turke faire Paris did beseege,
And how his sire (a man well stroke in yeares)
Was there, and sent for ayd to raise the steege:
And how of late the Lords and chiefest peeres,
Were gone with new supplies to helpe their leege,
But little stay he makes these words once hard,
But taketh ship againe to Callice ward.

And for the winde serv'd then not very well,
They were by force thereof borne quite aside,
So that the master scant himselfe could tell,
What course he held, they were borne downe so
Yet at the last so luckie it befell. (wide,
Within a kenning they some land had spide,
And drawing neare they found the towne of Roan,
Where presently the Duke tooke land alone.

And crossing through a wood when time drew neare,
That neither day could well be cald nor night,
He hapt to finde a christall spring and cleare,
And by the side thereof he did alight,
With mind to quench his thirst and rest him heare,
As in a place of pleasure and delight,
He ties his horse unto a tree, and thinketh
To have him carrie safe there while he drinketh.

*Sententia.
Multa callis
inter calicem
supremum
libra.*

Strange things may fall betwene the lip and cup,
For scant *Astolfo* yet had wet his lip,
But from a bush a villaine started up,
Vntide the horse, and on his backe doth skip:
The Duke that scant had tasted yet a sup;
And finds himselfe thus tane in such a trip,
Forgets to drinke, and followes in a rage,
For wrath not water doth his thirst asswage.

The little villaine that the horse had got,
(Like one that did in knavish pranks delight)
Although he might have run, yet did it not,
Because *Astolfo* should not leese his sight:
But with false gallop, or a gentle trot,
He leads the Duke unto that place aright,
Where many Knights and Lords of high degree,
Without a prison, more then prisoners be.

*Artemia
fili.*

Astolfo, though his armour doth him cumber,
Yet fearing least he might arrive too late,
In following the villaine doth not slumber,
Vntill he came within the pallace gate,
Where (as I said) of Lords no little number,
Were wandring up and downe in strange estate:
Astolfo of their presence doth not force,
But runneth up and downe to finde his horse,

The craftie villaine was in no place found,
Though many a homely place for him was sought,
Yet still the Duke doth search the pallace round,
And for his beast he takes no little thought:
At last he guesst it was enchanted ground,
And as by *Logestilla* he was taught,
He tooke his booke and searcheth in the table,
How to dissolve the place he might be able.

And straight in th'index for it he doth looke,
Of pallaces fram'd by such strange illusion,
Among the rest, of this (so saith the booke)
That it should never come unto confusion,
Vntill a certaine stone away were tooke,
In which a sprite was kept by strange inclusion,
And if he did but lift the threshold stone,
The goodly house would vanish and be gone.

The Duke not doubting now of good successe,
Go'th to the threshold where the stone was laid,
And which it was he presently doth guesse,
And then by force to move it he assaid:
But *Atlant*, that expected nothing lesse,
And sees his bold attempt, was sore affraid,
And straight an hundred meanes he doth devise,
To hinder him from this bold enterprife.

He makes the Duke, by this his divellish skill,
To seeme of divers shapes unto the rest,
To one a dwarfe, of face and favour ill,
To one a gyant, to a third a beast,
And all their hearts with hatred he doth fill,
He thinks by them the Duke should be distressed:
By seeming unto ev'rie one the same,
For which each one into the pallace came.

Behold *Rogero* stout, and *Brandimarr*,
Prasido, *Bradaman*, and others moe,
Vpon *Astolfo* set with cruell hart,
As to revenge themselves upon their foe:
But with his horne the Duke then plaid his part,
And brought their lustie stomackes somewhat low:
But had not th'horne procur'd him this exemption,
No doubt the Duke had dyde without redemption.

*Rogero
Bradaman*

For when they heard the strange and fearfull blast,
They forced were for feare away to runne,
As fearefull Pigeons flie away agast.
When men do ring a bell or shoot a gunne,
The Sorcerer himselfe was not the last,
That sought by flight the fearfull noise to shunne:
Yea such it was, that neither rat nor mouse,
Durst tarme in the circuit of the house.

Simili

Among the horses that did breake their bands,
Was *Rabican* of whom before I told,
Who by good hap came to *Astolfo*'s hands,
Who was full glad when of him he had hold,
Also *Rogeros* Griffith horse there stands,
Fast tyed in a chaine of beaten gold,
The Duke, as by his booke he had bene taught,
Destroyed quite the house by magicke wrought.

I do not doubt but you can call to minde,
How good *Rogero* lost this stately beast,
What time *Angelica* his eyes did blinde,
Denying most unkindly his request:
The horse that sored swifter then the winde,
Went backe to *Atlant* whom he loved best,
By whom he had bene of a young one bred,
And diligently taught, and costly fed.

Glad

*Of this you
shall find
more in the
next booke.*

*Though Ro-
gero have
nothing to
be feared,
and after still
deserved it,
you must note
the horse was
not in the
house in the
first booke.*

22
This *English* Duke was glad of such a pray,
As one that wasto travell greatly bent,
And in the world way not a better way
For him to serve his purpose and intent;
Wherefore he meant not to let him stray,
But takes him as a thing from heav'n him sent,
For long ere this he had of him such proofe,
As well he knew what was for his behoofe.

23
Now being full resolv'd to take in hand,
To travell round about the world so wide,
And visite many a sea and many a land,
As none had done, nor ever should beside,
One onely care his purpose did withstand,
Which caus'd him yet a little time to bide,
He doth bethinke him of yet doth not know
On whom his *Rabican* to bestow.

24
He would be loth that such a stately steed
Should by a peasant be posselt or found,
And though of him he stood then in no need,
Yet had he care to have him safe and sound,
In hands of such as would him keepe and feed,
While thus he thought and lookt about him round,
Next day a while before the Sunne was set,
A champion all in armes unawares he met.

25
But first I meane to tell you what became
Of good *Rogero* and his *Bradamant*,
Who when againe unto themselves they came,
The pallas quite destroyd of old *Atlant*,
Each knew and cald the other by their name,
And of all courtesies they were not scant,
Lamenting much that this enchanted pallas,
Had hinderd them so long such joy and solace.

26
The noble maid to shew her selfe as kind,
As might become a virgin wife and sage,
Doth in plaine termes as plaine declare her mind,
As thus, that she his loves heate will allwage,
And unto him her selfe in wedlocke bind,
And spend with him all her ensuing age,
If to be christned first he were content,
And afterwards to aske her friends consent.

27
But he that would not onely not refuse
To change his life for his beloveds sake,
But also if the choise were his to chuse,
To leese his life and all the world forsake,
Did answer thus, my deare, what ere ensues
I will performe what ere I undertake,
To be baptiz'd in water or in fire,
I will consent if it be your desire.

28
This said, he goes from thence with full intent,
To take upon him christend state of life,
Which done he most sincerely after ment,
To aske her of her father for a wife,
Vnto an Abby straight their course they bent,
As in those days were in those places rife,
Where men devout did live with great frugalitie,
And yet for strangers kept good hospitalitie.

29
But ere they came to that religious place,
They met a damsell full of heavy cheare,
That had with teares bedew'd all her face,
Yet in those teares great beautie did appeare,
Rogero, that had ever speciall grace
In courteous acts and speech when she came neare,
Doth aske of her what dangers or what feares,
Did move her so to make her shed such teares.

30
She thus replies, the cause of this my griefe,
Is not for feare or danger of mine owne,
But for good will, and for compassion chiefe,
Of one yong Knight, whose name is yet unknowne,
Who if he have not great and quick reliefe,
Is judgd into the fier to be throwne,
So great a fault they say he hath committed,
That doubt it is it will not be remitted.

31
The fault was this, there was good will betweene
Him and the daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
And lest his love should be descride and scene,
He finely doth himselfe a woman faine,
And went and spake as if he had so beene,
And thus he plaid (to tell the matter plaine)
The maid in shew, the man in deed so well,
That in a while he made her belly swell.

32
But out alas, what can so secret be,
But out it will when we do least suspect?
For posts have eares, and walls have eyes to see,
Dumbe beasts and birds have tongues ill to detect,
First one had found it out, then two or three:
And looke how fire doth creepe that men neglect,
So this report from mouth to mouth did spring,
Till at the last it came unto the King.

33
The King straight sends a trustie servant thether,
Who making search when they two were in bed,
Found out the troth, and tooke them both together,
Found him a man, and found her belly sped,
Away they carrid her I know not whether,
Away unto the prison he was led,
And must be burn'd this day or else to morow,
The thought wherof doth move my mind to sorow.

34
This made me purposely to come from thence,
And not to see one of so comely shape,
So sharply punisht for this small offence,
As if it were for murder or for rape,
Nor any hope could sinke into my fence,
How possible it were for him to scape,
And who could see or thinke without compassion,
A fine yong youth tormented in such fashion?

35
Twas strange to thinke how nie this tale did touch
The noble *Bradamant* most tender hart,
It seem'd she pittide this mans state as much,
As if her brother had playd such a part,
Some cause there was to make her fancie such,
As afterward at large I shall impart,
And straight she makes this motion that they twaine
Might save this wofull youth from being flaine.

Sentence

Sentence

Simile

It was so
that her bro-
ther, as you
shall see after
in the 25.
book.

36
 Rogero much commends her noble mind,
 And to the mourning damsell thus they said,
 We both are to this enterprise inclin'd,
 If fortune serve we will the yong man aid,
 But when they saw that still she mournd and whind,
 Tush (quoth Rogero) cease to be afraid,
 'Tis more then time that we were going hence,
 Not teares but force must serve for his defence.

37
 These comfortable words Rogero spake,
 With that his warlike look and manly show,
 Did cause her heart of grace forthwith to take,
 Yet still she doubts which way were best to go,
 Not that she feard the right way to mistake,
 For all the wayes she perfectly did know,
 To turne the way she came she was afraid,
 Left in the way they haply might be staide.

38
 There are (quoth she) two wayes unto the place,
 Of which the one is easie, faire and plaine,
 The tother foule, and farre the greater space,
 Yet at this time the safer of the twaine,
 But yet I feare, except God send more grace,
 That ere we thither come, he may be slaine,
 Thus stood this damsell still, not little musing,
 Betwene the nearer way and safer chusing.

39
 Rogero that was resolute and stout,
 Did aske what reason moov'd her to perswade,
 Them two to take the farther way about,
 And straightway she to them this answer made,
 Forsooth (said she) the cause that movts my doubt
 Is this, I feare that some will you invade,
 By meanes that Pinnabell (Anselmus sonne)
 Hath here of late a custome leud begunne.

40
 As namely that who ever that way ride,
 Of what estate soever or degree,
 Must leese their horses first and then beside
 Must of their clothes and raiment spoiled be.
 Four valiant youths of strength, and courage tride,
 Are sworne to this, so that no he nor she
 Can passe that way without this evill payment,
 That he must weapons leese, and she her raiment.

41
 The custome is, as yet but three dayes old,
 By Pinabello and his wife devild,
 Who meeting haply (as I heard it told)
 A Knight, or one in Knightly clothes disguis'd,
 With whom a woman ugly to behold,
 And by this couple scorned and despis'd,
 This Pinnabell the worse had of the quarrell,
 His wife was spould of horse and of apparrell.

42
 This spite engaged so the womans mind,
 That wishing to revenge, not knowing how,
 Yet wrath and folly so her sense doth blind,
 That straight she makes a foolish solemne vow,
 And be that was to evill deeds inclin'd
 No lesse then she, doth of the same allow,
 The vow was this, for anger of this soile,
 A thousand others in like sort to spoile.

43
 That very night came to that house by chance,
 Four valiant Knights as ever armor bare,
 To fight on horse or foot with sword or lance,
 But few may with the worst of them compare,
 These four I say were first that led this dance,
 By night surpris'd ere they were aware,
 Both Griffin, Aquilant and Sansonet,
 And Guidon Savage, scant a man as yet.

44
 These four in shew he gently entertained,
 And makes them friendly countenance and cheare,
 With courteous speech and friendly manner fained,
 As if he lov'd them well and held them deare,
 But while secure they in their beds remained,
 And when Sunne rising now approched neare,
 He did beset the lodging where they lay,
 And tooke their armor and their clothes away.

45
 And further bound them in that present place,
 Both hand and foote as if they prisoners were,
 And ere he did those causlesse bonds unlace,
 He makes them solemnly to vow and sweare,
 To keepe this order for a twelvemonths space,
 That whosoever hapned to come there,
 They four endeavour should with all their forces,
 To take away their raiment and their horses.

46
 To this by solemne oth are sworne they four,
 Constrain'd thereto by this their cruell host,
 And though herewith they were offended sore,
 Yet must they sweare for feare of farther cost,
 Already not so few as twice a score,
 Their horses and their furniture have lost,
 And none as yet so able have bene found,
 But one of these have laid him on the ground.

47
 But if some one do hap so strong to be,
 To make his partie good with one of those,
 Then straight the order is, the other three
 Must him assist, thus none unconquerd goes,
 Wherefore if you will be advis'd by me,
 'Tis best to shun this way as I suppose,
 Sith each of these is such as I recited,
 How great thinke you will be their force united?

48
 But presuppose that you their force withstand,
 As your great courage makes me thinke you might,
 Yet needs it hinder must the cause in hand,
 And make you tarry here about all night:
 Sith then this case so dangerously doth stand,
 I would perswade you now to shun this fight,
 Lest while you in this enterprise remaine,
 The poore yong man may fortune to be slaine.

49
 Tush quoth Rogero, have no doubt at all,
 Let us endeavor still to do our best,
 And then hap good or ill, fall what may fall,
 Let God and fortune governe all the rest,
 I hope this enterprise I finish shall,
 So well, as I shall eke do your request,
 And there arrive to save him in good time,
 That should be burned for so small a crime.

This

This was
 Marissa and
 Gabriela,
 you might
 read before
 in the latter
 end of the 20.
 booke.

50
This said, he gets him on the neatest way,
Fast by the place where *Pinnabell* doth dwell,
And at the bridge they forced were to stay,
And straight a man (whose name I know not well)
Came out in hast, and stand to them doth say,
And then begins their order them to tell,
Perswading them, if they will shunne the perill,
To yeeld in peace their horses and apparell.

51
Peace (quoth *Rogero*) leave thy foolish prating,
A tale already knowne thou dost repeate,
Children with bugs, and dogs are scared with rating,
With me it small availes to brag or threate,
I leese but time with thee to stand debating,
Shew me the men that mind to do this feate,
My hast is such that long I may not stay,
Wherefore I pray you bid them come away.

52
Lo here comes one of them, this old man sed,
And as he spake the word, out came a Knight,
A tall strong man, all arm'd from foot to hed,
His armor like a furnace shined bright,
His colours that he ware were white and red,
This was the first, and *Sanfonet* he hight,
And, for he was a man of mighty strength,
Two massie speares he brought of mighty length.

53
The one of these he to *Rogero* gave,
The other to himselfe he doth reserve,
Then each in hope the victory to have,
To spurne their stedic steeds that will not swerve,
Rogeros shield from wounding doth him save,
The others did him not so well preserve,
The speare both pierst his shield and prickt his arme,
And overthrew him to his further harme.

54
You do not sure, nor cannot yet forget,
What of *Rogeros* shield before I told,
That made the fiends of hell with toyle to swet,
And shin'd so bright as none could it behold,
No marvell then though valiant *Sanfonet*,
Although his hands were strong and hart were bold,
Could not prevaile so strong a shield to pierce,
Of so great force as late I did rehearse.

55
This while was *Pinnabell* approched nie
To *Bradmant*, and askt of her his name,
That in their sight his force so great did trie,
To overthrow a Knight of so great fame.
(Lo how the mighty God that sits on hie,
Can punish sinne when least men looke the same)
Now *Pinnabell* fell in his enemies hands,
When in his owne conceit most safe he stands.

56
It was his hap that selfe same horse to ride,
Which eight months past from *Bradmant* he stole,
Then when he falsly let the pole to slide,
At *Merlins* cave (if you did marke the tale)
But now when she that traitor vile had spide,
That thought by trechery to worke her bale,
She stept forthwith betweene him and his castle,
And sweares that she with him a pull would wrastle.

57
Looke how a fox, with dogs and hunters chaff,
That to come backe unto her hole did weene,
Is utterly discourag'd and agast,
When in her way she nets and dogs hath scene:
So he that no such perill did forecast,
And sees his fo stept him and home betweene,
With word him threatening and with sword assailing,
Doth take the wood his heart and courage failing.

58
Thus now on flight his onely hope relying,
He spurd that horse that chiefe his trouble bred,
No hope of helpe, and yet for helpe still crying,
For doubt of death almost already ded,
Sometime the fact excusing or denying,
But she beleaving not a word he sed,
None in the castle were of this aware,
About *Rogero* all so busied are.

59
This while forth of the gate came th' other three,
That to this law so solemnly had sworne,
Among the rest that came was also she
That caus'd this law, full of disdain and scorne,
And none of these but sooner would agree
With horses wilde to be in peeces torne,
Then to distaine their honor and good name,
With any act that might be worthy shame.

60
Wherefore it griev'd them to the very gall,
That more then one at once should one assaile,
Save they were sworne to runne together all,
If so the first of victorie did faile:
And she uncessantly on them did call,
What meane you sirs (quoth she) what do you aile?
Do you forget the cause I brought you thither?
Are you not sworne to take part altogether?

61
Fie, answered *Guidon*, what a shame is this?
Let rather me alone my fortune trie,
And if of victory I hap to misse,
At my returning backe then let me die.
Not so quoth she, my meaning other is,
And you I trust will not your word denie:
I brought you thither for another cause,
Not now to make new orders and new lawes.

62
Thus were they urged by this scornfull dame,
To that which all their hearts abhorred sore,
And which they thought to them so great a shame,
As never like had chanced them before,
Also *Rogeros* words increast the same,
Vpbraiding them, and egging more and more,
And asking why they made so long delay,
To take his armor and his horse away.

63
And thus in maner fort and by constraint,
They came all three *Rogero* to invade,
Which act they thought wold sore their honors taint,
Though full account of victory they made,
Rogero at their coming doth not faint,
As one well us'd through dangers great to wade,
And first the worthy *Oliveros* sonnes,
With all their force against *Rogero* runnes.

Rogero

64
 Rogers turn'd his horse to take the field,
 With that same staffe that lately overthrew
 Stout *Sanfouet*, and with that passing shield,
 That *Atlant* made by helpe of hellish crew,
 That shield, whose ayd he used very feeld,
 Some unexpected danger to eschew:
 Twise when *Alcynas* kingdome he forsooke,
 Once when the Indian Queene from th' *Ork* he took.

65
 Save these three times he never us'd the aid
 Of this his shield, but left it coverd still,
 If he abroad, or if within he staid,
 He never left it open by his will.
 As for these three, he was no more afraid
 Of all their strength, their number nor their skill,
 Nor made no more account with them to fight,
 Then if they had seem'd children in his sight.

66
 And first he met the yonger of the twaine,
 That *Griffin* hight, who had so great a blo,
 As in the saddle he could scant remaine,
 But quite amazed reeled to and fro,
 He strake *Rogero*, but it was in vaine,
 For why, the stroke fell overthwartly so,
 That quite beside *Rogero's* shield it slippt,
 But yet the case it all to rare and ript.

67
 Now when the renting of the silken case,
 In which *Rogero* us'd the shield to hide,
 Had cast out such a light in each mans face,
 That none of them the force thereof could bide,
 They fell downe all amazed in the place,
 Admir they sit, or stand, or go, or ride,
Rogero with the cause not yet acquainted,
 Did marvell how his foes so soone had fainted.

68
 But when he once was of the cause aware,
 And how the cover of his shield was rent,
 By meane whereof it open lay and bare,
 And thence such light unto the lookers sent,
 He looks about where his companions are,
 Because forthwith to get him thence he ment,
 I meane his *Bradaman*, and that same maid,
 That for that youth did erst demaund his aid.

69
 But his belov'd as then he found not, where
 He erst had left her when he went to just,
 And when he plainly saw she was not there,
 And that that happend he could not mistrust,
 He parted thence, and with him he doth beare
 The maid that made to him the sute so just,
 Who lay that time amazed with the rest,
 With sudden blasing of the light distress.

70
 He takes her kirtle, and with it doth hide,
 The light that did so dazle all their eyes,
 That light on which to looke none could abide,
 As if two Sunnes had shone at once in skies:
 Forthwith himselfe all malcontent doth ride,
 To have this combat ended in such wise,
 As might imputed be to Magicke art,
 And not his prowesse or his valiant hart.

71
 Now while this thought such passions did him yeeld,
 That though he had indeed most bravely donne,
 Yet men would thinke the glory of the field;
 Not by his valianthesse to have bene wonne,
 But by the force of that enchanted shield,
 That cast a light more piercing then the Sunne,
 I say as thus he thought, he passed by
 A large deepe well, that by the way did lie,

72
 A well at which the beasts in summers heate
 Did use to beir thir throates to quench and coole,
 And chew againe their undigested meate,
 And walke about the shallowes of the poole:
 Here did *Rogero* oft these words repeate,
 Thou shield, that late didst make me such a foole,
 To cause me get a conquest with such shame,
 Lie there (quoth he) with thee go all my blame.

73
 With that he threw the shield into the well,
 The well was deepe, the shield of mighty weight,
 That to the bottome suddenly it fell,
 The water over it a monstrous heigh:
 But lo dame *Fame* the thing abroad doth tell,
 How he because he would not win by sleight,
 But by meere value, had his target drown'd,
 Where it should never afterward be found.

74
 Yet many (that had heard the strange report)
 Of those that dwelled thence, some farre, some nire,
 To seeke the target thither did resort,
 And to have found it out had great desire,
 But it was cast away in such a sort,
 As none unto their purpose did aspire,
 For why the maid that onely did behold it,
 And knew which well it was, yet never told it.

75
 But when the Knights came to themselves againe,
 And were awake, and one the other saw,
 That late were vanquish't with so little paine,
 As if to him they had bene men of straw,
 They wondred much what troubled had their braine,
 And all of them did thence themselves withdraw,
 And all that day they argue and devise,
 How that same light should dazle so their eyes.

76
 This while came notice of the wofull fall
 Of *Pinnabel*, whom *Bradaman* had killed,
 With which they greatly were displeased all,
 Not knowing why or who his blood had spilled;
 His wife and sire that heard what was befall,
 His sonne, her spouse, the place with outcries filled,
 And curst and chafed with too late repentance,
 That none on *Pinnabel* had giv'n attendance.

77
 Now when the damsell justly had him slaine,
 And tane away his horse, sometime her owne,
 She would have turn'd the way she came againe,
 But that the same was unto her unknowne,
 To purpose small, she travels with great paine,
 To seeke it out, as after shall be showne:
 For here to stay is my determination,
 And payse a little for my recreation.

Ovid.
 Aspidochelone
 passio passio
 sar ante cib

In the person of Bradamant, that was so readily inclined to the ayd of a young man, though then unknowne to her. Morall. we may note, how to a noble disposition, a little perswasion sufficeth, to move them to the succour of such as are distressed. In Pinabello and his wife, that thought to revenge the scorne they received, with doing the like scorne to others, we may see, how base and dinghill dispositions follow not any course of value or true reputation, but onely to wreake their malice on some body, not caring whom: as they are wont to tell of Will Sommer (though otherwise a barmlesse soole) that would evermore if one had angered him, strike him that was next him. Lastly in Bradamant that met Pinnabell by hap, riding on the same horse that he had stollen from her long before (what time he left her for dead) and thereby now discovered him, and killed him, we may note a most notable example of divine justice, in the like cases, as many times it salutarb out, and in this Poet you shall find many of them: as Polynessos death in the fift booke; Martanos punishment in the eighteenth booke; Marganorres execution in the seven and thirtieth booke: all which examples (whether true or fained) have this chiefe scope and end, to make men know that there is a divine power, that will judge and punish the actions of men, be they never so secure or so secret, and onely the cleare conscience it is that assureth a man of his estate, both in this world and in the world to come: and he that feareth not that divine power, it is impossible that he can live free of most wicked acts. That wise and honorable counsellor Sir Walter Mildmay, as in all other things he shewed himselfe an uncorrupt man to his end, so his writings and sayings were ever spiced with this reverent feare of God: for ex abundantia cordis os loquitur: and among other of his (worth the noting) of which he himselfe gave me a little volume when I was a boy of Eaton colledge (the which since his death have bene published in print) but one speciall verse he had to that effect in Latine, and was by me put into English at the request of that honorable Gentleman his sonne in law, Master William Fitzwilliams.

Vltio peccatum sequitur, delinquere noli,
Nam scelus admissum poena severa premit;
Quod si forte Deus, patiendo differat iram,
Sera licet veniat, certa venire solet.
Flie sinne, for sharpe revenge doth follow sinne,
And wicked deeds, do wrathfull doomes procure:
If God stay long eare he to strike beginne,
Though long he stay, at last he striketh sure.

A worthy saying of a most worthe man, and thus much for the morall.

Hipermestra was daughter to Egittus, this Egittus had fifty daughters, who caused them all to be married to Danaos History. fifty sonnes; and being commanded by their tyrannous father, killed them all in one night, only Hipermestra refused to obey so filthie a commandement, and saved her husband, whose name was Linus.

Astolfo that with helpe of his booke dissolves the enchanted pallas, and with his borne drave away those that assaul- Allegoric. ted him and put him in great danger, signifieth allegorically (as I have in part touched before) how wisdom with the helpe of eloquence, discovereth the craftiest, and tames the wildest. Furder in that Rogero casteth away the enchanted shield, and refuseth the use thereof, the Allegory thereof signifieth, that though a man for necessity sake, sometimes bee driven, to take some helpe of no very honourable sort, and sometimes to relieve himselfe with policies scarce commendable, yet one should when that urgent necessity is past, burle such conceipt from him where it may never be found againe, as Rogero flang his shield into that well; and so same shall blow abroad our noble mind in so doing, as it did Rogeros for refusing an ayd of such force.

The end of the Annotations upon xxij. booke.





THE ARGUMENT.

Astolfo on the Grifflith horse doth mount;
 To Zerbin Pinnabellos death is laid;
 Orlando saveth him: fierce Rodomount
 Frontyno takes from Bradamantes maid:
 The Paladyn and Mandricard confront;
 They part by chance, and each from other straid:
 Orlando falls starke mad, with sorrow taken,
 To heare his mistres bath him quite for saken.



Et ev'ry one do all the
 good they can,
 For seldom commeth harme
 of doing well,
 Though just reward it wan-
 teth now and than,
 Yet shame, and evill death
 it doth expell,
 But he that mischieveth a-
 nother man,

Doth seldom carrye it to heav'n or hell:
 Men say it, and we see it come to passe,
 Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ in brasse.

Seeld mountaines meet, but men may often meet,
 (The Proverbe saith) and who so sets a trap,
 May catch himselfe, as here you plainly see't
 In him, that thought his dame in woes to wrap,
 But hurts himselfe, a punishment most meet,
 God still defending her from all mishap:
 God her preserv'd, and will all those preserve,
 As shunne all vice, and him sincerely serve.

It little did availe to Pinnabell,
 To be amid his kinsfolke and his friends;
 And neare the castle, where his sire did dwell,
 Where ev'ry one, him honours and attends,
 Loc here the end of him doth plainly tell,
 How wicked lives have often wretched ends:
 But to proceed, I said when he was slaine,
 The noble damsell sought her way againe.

Which when she saw she could by no meanes know,
 But more and more uncertainly did rove,

And sees the sunne was now declining low;
 She meanes that night to rest her in the grove:
 And sleepe sometime, or else sometime (I trow)
 To looke on Mars, on Saturne, or on Love,
 But chiefly, whether she awakes or sleepest,
 Rogeros image in her heart she keepes.

Meaning
the Planets.

Of times she fretting to her selfe would say,
 Loc, hate with me farre more prevailed hath,
 Then love could do, that now have lost my way,
 And left my comfort to avenge my wrath,
 Nor had my wit so much forecast or stay,
 To take some marke of my foretrodde path:
 I did (quoth she) as fooles are wont to do,
 Take one shrewd turne to do another two.

Sentence.

These words and many like to these she spake,
 To passe the rest of that her restless night,
 Till starres gan vanish and the dawning brake,
 And all the Eastern parts were full of light,
 Then at adventure she her way doth take,
 Not knowing yet if it were wrong or right,
 And having traveld in that way some miles,
 By hap Astolfo came that way the whiles.

Astolfo

He rides the winged horse, but in his hand,
 He leades the famous Rabican behinde,
 And ev'n as then, in great doubt he did stand,
 Where to bestow a beast of so good kind:
 She knowing him, went to him out of hand,
 With words, with shoves, and with embracements
 And joyd to find this kinsman of her owne, (kind,
 And unto him her selfe she maketh knowne.

Astolfo

Sentence.
The Latine
proverbe is,
Scribis in
marbre
lapis.

Sentence.
Like in the
moral of the
former booke,
where this
point is touch-
ed more
largely.

Sentence.

Also much rejoyst at this their meeting,
Then one the other askt of their well fare,
And after their long talke, and friendly greeting,
In which each shewd of other loving care:
Sith I (quoth he) intend hence to be fleeting,
To see what fights in forren countries are,
This horse of me, I shall request you take,
Till I returne, and keepe him for my sake.

Argalus in-
stant
saw called
Lancelots
golden lance.

Also he said, this cosset and this speare,
With you I leave till I returne againe,
(This speare the sonne of Galafron did beare,
Whom as you heard before Ferrax had slaine)
With head whereof, if any touched were,
Straight wayes to fall to ground they must be faine,
All these he left behind to make him light,
Before that he begins to take his flight.

Hermione
to Alissa
the 33. booke
about the 22.
line.

Thus leave once tane, away the Duke doth soe,
First low, and after still more hye and hye,
Till at the length she could him see no more,
So doth the Pylot first, with watchfull eye,
Guide out his vessell softly by the shore,
While he doth thinke the rocks and shallows nye:
But after when he dreads no more such doubts,
He sayles space, and claps on all his clouts.

One of the
Alissa, she
saw that
the task from
Pinnell.

Now when the Duke was from the damsell gone,
What she might do she mused in her minde,
And carefully she meditates thereon:
How she may take the journey first assign'd,
And not neglect her kinsmans charge, anon
A wandring peasant twas her hap to finde,
To him she doth betake the horses spare,
Though of the wayes they both unskillfull are.

Her meaning was to go to Vallumbrose,
As first her love and she concluded had,
Whom there to finde, she certaine doth suppose,
Whom there to find, she would have bene full glad,
But loe a quite contrary course she goes,
And sees a sight that made her then full sad,
Her fathers house Montalbanie she spide,
In which as then her mother did abide.

If she shall forward go, approaching nire,
She shall be stayed there, she stands in doubt,
If she stand still, or backward do retire,
She feares to meet acquaintance thereabout;
If she be staid, she feels such burning fire,
Of longing love as cannot be put out:
She chaunt amid these thoughts, and many other,
To meet Alardo there her younger brother.

This meeting in her minde bred much vexation,
When as she found her brother her had spide,
And made her alter her determination,
Which that she might from him the better hide,
She us'd some common words of salutation,
And to Montalban with him she doth ride,
Where as her mother, full of care and feare,
Had wisht, and wayted for her comming there.

But all those kind embracings and those kisses,
She had of parent, kinsmen kinde, and friends,
She deems of little vantage to those blisses,
That she had lost, and thought them small amends;
But sith to meet Rogero now she muses,
To send a messenger she now intends,
Some such to whom she may commit the charge,
To tell her mind unto her love at large.

And if neede were to pray him in her name,
As he had promist her, to be bapised,
And to excuse, that thither she not came,
As they together had before devised:
Besides his horse Frontino, by the same,
She sent a horse of goodnes not despised,
No horse in France or Spaine esteemed more,
Bayardo sole except, and Brigliadore.

Rogero (if you call it well to minde)
What time the Griffith horse he first did take,
That soard away as swift as western winde,
And forst him quickly Europe to forsake,
That gallant beast Frontino left behind,
Whom Bradamant then, for his masters sake,
Took e home, and with much care and costly feeding,
Made him by this time, faine and fat exceeding.

And straight her mayds and women servants all,
That skilfull were to sow, to weave, and knit,
She doth to worke in hast together call,
And she her selfe among them all doth sit,
To worke a net, of art and cost not small,
For his caparison to make it fit:
When this was done, and finisht, straight way after,
She calls her nurse Callitricas daughter.

This mayd knew best her minde of all the rest,
And oft had heard her praising to the skyes,
Rogeros comly shape, and valiant brest,
His sugred speech, sweet face, and lov'ly eyes,
This mayd with secrets all shee trusted best,
On this mayds secrecie, she much relyes;
Hyppalca named was this trustie mayd,
Her then she cald, and thus to her she said.

Hyppalca mine, you know of all my crew,
Of women servants, I esteeme you most,
As one that hath bene secret, wise, and trew,
A praise of which we women feld can boast)
My meaning is to make a choise of you,
To have you to Rogero ride in post;
And unto him mine absence to excuse,
And shew, that I could neither will nor chuse.

Your seife (quoth she) may ride a little nagge,
And in your hand lead by Frontino spare,
And if perhap some foole will be so bragge,
As that to take the horse from you he dare,
To make him that he shall no farther wagge,
But tell who owes the horse, and do not care:
She thought Rogero was of so great fame,
That ev'ry one would quake to heare his name.

Thu

22
Thus when *Hypalca* was instructed well,
Of all that to her arrant did belong,
And that no more remain'd behind to tell,
She took her horse, and there she stayd not long,
In ten miles space (so luckie it befell)
None offer made to do her any wrong,
No traveller, no Knight, nor peasant staid her,
Nor once with word or deed so much as frayd her.

23
About the time the Sun to South did mount,
She met (poore soule) a Knight, unto her cost,
That *Turke* most terrible cald *Rodamont*,
That follow'd aim'd on foote, a page in post,
Who when he saw an horse of such account,
He God blasphem'd and all the heav'nly host,
That such a gallant serviceable beast,
In some mans hand, he had not found at least.

24
He had before profess'd by solemne vow,
When wanting horse, he travel'd on his feet,
That wer't from knight, or knave that drives a plow,
To take perforce the next horse he should meet:
Yet though he lik'd the horse, to take this now,
And rob a mayd thereof, he thought unmeet,
He sees her leade a horse, and he doth lacke,
And oft he wisht his master on his backe.

25
I would he were (quoth she) he soone would make,
You change your mind, and glad to get you hence,
And you should find how much you do mistake,
Your strength and force to offer him offence.
And who (quoth he) is this, of whom you cracke?
Rogero she replies: forsooth, and sence
So great a champion is the horses owner,
I may (said he) then take him with mine honor.

26
To take his horse (quoth he) I now intend,
For of a horse you see I stand in need:
And if I find it true as you pretend,
That he so stout a champion is in deed,
I *Rodamont* this action will defend,
Now on my present journey I proceed,
And where I go my vertues shine so bright,
He soone may find me if he list to fight.

27
This said, with cruell threats, and part with force,
He gat his will, full sore against her will,
And straight he mounteth up upon that horse,
She cursing follow'd him, and banning still,
But of those curses he doth little force;
Then winners boast, when leesters speake their fill,
Best pleas'd was he, when as she wisht him worst,
As still the foxe fares best when he is curst.

28
But what she saith he little doth regard,
Suppose she curst, or prayd, or rayld, or cride,
He seekes out *Doralice* and *Mandricard*.
And had the little dwarfe to be his guide,
No little hast he maketh thither ward:
But here a while mine author steps aside,
And to that place of purpose makes digression,
Where *Pinabell* was shriv'n without confession.

29
The noble Dame no sooner left the place,
Where late this caitive by her hand was slaine,
But *Zerbino* there arriv'd in little space,
With old *Gabrina*, who perceiving plaine,
One murderd, straight he followed the trace,
(Left murderd unrevenged should remaine)
He minds if fortune be so much his funderer:
To be revenged sharply on the murderer.

30
Gabrina to the quarric straight approacheth,
Looks all about, searching the corse and prying,
(As one that still on ev'rie gaine encrocheth)
To win both by the living and the dying,
In purses and in pockets all she poucheth,
Of him that murder'd on the ground was lying,
As having this, conjoyn'd to other evils,
In covetise to passe the very devills.

31
She would have had his cote and armor faine,
Save that she knew not how them to have hidden,
But from great part of that desired gaine,
By want of leysure she was then forbidden,
Howbeit she did convey away his chaine,
And ere *Zerbino* backe againe was ridden,
She put it safely where it was not seene,
Her upper gowne and peticote betweene.

32
And sore it grieved her to leave the rest,
But now *Zerbino* was returned backe,
And for the time drew nigh of taking rest,
And night came now to spred his mantell blacke,
To seeke some lodging out they thought it best,
Of which, in that wild countrie was great lacke.
They leave the valley, and they came that night,
Vnto a castle *Altariva* hight.

33
They thither went, and long they had not stayd,
But in came people with great exclamation,
With wofull news, that many hearts dismayd,
And filld their mouths and eyes with lamentation,
How *Pinabell* was murderd and betrayd,
And lost his life, and worldly habitation. (torches
And straight they brought the corse with light of
And led the same through all the courts and porches.

34
Great were the plaints, the sorow and the grieve,
By kindred made, by tenants and his frends,
But by his father, old *Anselmus* chiefe,
Who, though revenge be but a small amends,
And his sonnes life was now past all reliefe,
By search to find the murder he intends.
Zerbino hereof makes himselfe a stranger,
As well to shunne suspicion as danger.

35
Now when the funerals in stately sort,
Ordained were with pompe and superstition
To which great store of people did resort,
And all that would, had franke and free permission,
Straight with oyes, a cryer doth report,
Thereto assigned by that Earles commission,
That who so could the murderer bewray,
Should have a thousand duckats for his pay.

Zerbino
Gabrina

Quarrie is a
word pro-
perly signi-
fying the
soul that the
halke hath
killd, and
sometimes by
metaphor u-
sed for a
dead body.

Altariva
was *Ansel-
mus* house
father to
Pinabell.

This

36
This newes from mouth to mouth, from care to care,
(As newes are wont to do) did flie so fast,
That old *Gabrina*, being present there,
Among the rest, heard of it at the last:
Who either for the hatred she did beare,
To good *Zerbino*, for some matters past,
Or else for gaine of that so great reward,
Straight to destroy *Zerbino* she prepar'd,

37
And that she might more surely him entrap,
With th' Erle himselfe to speake she doth request,
And probably, she tels how this mishap,
Was by *Zerbino* wrought his new come guest:
And straight she puld the chaine out of her lap,
Which sole might seive to verifie the rest:
That aged fire, that all the tale beleev'd,
Was fore inrag'd herewith, not onely grieved.

38
And lifting up his hands unto theskies,
With age now feeble, feeble now with woe,
With fainring voice he spake, and watrie eies,
(My sonne) thou shalt not unrevenge'd go:
And while in bed secure *Zerbino* lyes,
Not thinking he had bene betrayed so,
With armed men his lodging was beset,
He naked tane, as is a byrd in net.

39
With as great cruelty as could be showane,
His princely armes were pinion'd fast behind him,
And to a dungeon deepe he straight was throwne,
And that vile place, to bide in was assign'd him,
Vntill the sentence of his death were knowne:
In fine *Anselmus* (so did passion blind him)
(Her likely tale, his wrath so rashly leading)
Condemned him, and never heard him pleading.

40
Sentence. Thus was this worthy Prince without all cause,
Condemnd to die (such is the wofull being,
Where bests of lawlesse lords, must stand for laws,
Though from all lawes and reason disagreeing)
Now neare and neare his execution drawes,
And gazing people, greedie still of seeing,
In clusters march and follow all confused,
On horse, on foot, as at such time is used.

41
Orlando.
Isabell. But loe how God that ever doth defend,
Those innocents that put in him their trust,
A helpe unlooked for did thither send,
And freed him from this doome of death unjust:
Orlando did ev'n then the hill ascend,
Orlando is the man that save him must,
And at that time there did with him remaine,
The daughter of *Galego*, King of *Spaine*.

42
This was that *Isabell*, whom he of late,
Recover'd from the outlawes in the cave,
And having brought her out of that ill state,
Yet still he promist care of her to have,
And whatsoever danger or debate,
To him befell, yet her he still did save:
Orlando all that great assemblie saw,
That did the Knight to execution draw.

43
He thither went and askt of him the cause,
Why he was drawne unto a death so cruell,
Forsooth (*Zerbino* said) against all lawes,
I am condemn'd if you the matter knew well,
Anselmus rage, that will admit no pause,
Vnto this flame, doth kindle all the fewell:
Beleeving falsely that I slue his sonne,
Whereas by me (God knowes) it was not done.

44
Thus *Zerbin* said, and said it in such sort,
As made *Orlando* vow him to releeve,
For very apt he was, each ill report,
Of any of *Maganza* to beleve;
Each house still thought to cut the other short,
Each house still sought the other how to greeve:
Each house long time, had tane a pride and pleasure,
To worke the tother danger and displeasure.

45
Vnloose the Knight ye catives (straight he cride)
Else looke for death to be your due reward:
What man is this (quoth one) that gapes so wide?
And speakes so foolishly without regard?
Were he of Steele, of strength and temper tride,
And we of straw, his sute might hap be hard.
This said, he taketh up a mighty launce,
And runnes against the *Palladine* of *Fraunce*.

46
Orlando ran at him with couched speare,
And though his armour were both good and sure,
As namely that *Zerbino* erst did weare,
Yet was the stroke too grievous to endure,
For though the beaver did it stifly beare,
Yet did the blow a greater hurt procure:
For on the cheeke, it gave him such a checke,
That though it pierced not, it brake his necke.

47
Nor at that course did all his furie cease,
Six other of that speare the force then felt,
Then with his sword among the thickest prease,
Such store of thrusts, and deadly blowes he delt,
That many in the place did straight decease,
And ev'n as snow against the Sunne doth melt,
So melted they and fainted in his sight,
That in an houre he put them all to flight.

48
When they were fled, he set *Zerbino* free,
Who would have kist the ground whereon he trod,
And done him reverence humbly on his knee,
But that the Earle such courtisie him forbod:
But yet he thank't him in the high'st degree,
As one he honour'd most, excepting God:
Then did he put his armor on againe,
Which late was worne by him that there was slaine.

49
Now while *Zerbino* there a little staid,
Preparing with *Orlando* to go hence,
Behold faire *Isabell*, that princely maid,
That all the while had staid a little thence,
And sees no farther cause to be affraid,
Came neare, & brought great joy and great offence,
By divers passions bred of one desire,
Some cold as ice, and some as hot as fire.

50
For where before *Zerbino* thought her drownd,
Now certaine he rejoyced very much,
To see her in his preience safe and sound,
And that her misadventure was not such:
But weying in whose hand he had her found,
A jealous feare forthwith his heart doth tuch,
And inwardly a greater anguish bred,
Then late it had, to heare that she was ded.

51
To see her in the hands of such a Knight,
It greatly did him anger and displease,
From whom to offer, her to take by might,
It were no honestie nor haply ease,
But for *Orlando*'s sake he ought of right,
All passions both of love and wrath appease;
To whom in thankfulness it were but meete,
To lay his hands under *Orlando*'s feete.

52
Wherefore he makes no words, but on he goth
In silent sort, till comming to a well
To drinke they lighted, being thirstie both,
And each his drougt with water doth expell,
But when the damfell saw and knew for troth,
That was *Zerbino* whom she lou'd so well,
(For when to drinke his bever he untide)
Straight she her love had through his bever spide.

53
With open armes she runs him to embrace,
And hangs about his necke a pleasant yoke,
And speechlesse she remaind a pretie space,
And with her cristall teares (before she spoke)
Surpris'd with joy, she all bedewd his face,
And long it was ere into speech she broke,
By which the noble Earle did plainly see,
That this could no man but *Zerbino* be.

54
Now when she had againe her vitall sprites,
And that she able was her mind to show,
First she *Orlando*'s great desarts recites,
That rescude her from place of shame and woe,
Commending him above all other Knights,
That undefiled had preserv'd her so,
And pray'd her deare, when she had made recitall
Of his good deeds, to make him some requitall.

55
Great thanks were giv'n, and profers great there were
Of recompence and service on each side,
But lo a hap that made them speech forbear,
For why an armed Knight they had espide:
Mandricardo Twas *Mandricardo* that arrived there,
Who as you heard, these many dayes did ride
To seeke this Earle, till meeting by the way
Faile *Doralice*, a while it made him stay.

56
You heard how *Mandricard* sought out the tracke,
(Mov'd thereunto by envie and disdain)
Of this fierce Knight, appareld all in blacke,
By whom the King of *Tremysen* was slaine,
And those *Norithans* all, so put to wracke,
As few of them unwounded did remaine,
And now he found him as it came to passe,
Yet knew he not that this *Orlando* was.

57
But marking well, the signes and tokens like,
To those he heard, of such as thence were fled,
You are (quoth he) the selfe same man I seeke,
By whom so many of my friends are ded:
I have (he said) traveld above a weeke
To find you out, and now at last am sped,
You are the man that I have sought (I guesse)
And sure your manly looke doth shew no lesse.

58
Sir (quoth *Orlando*) though I want your name,
A noble Knight you are it may be guest,
For sure a heart so thirsting after fame,
Is seldome bred in base unnoble brest:
But if to see me onely now you came,
I straight herein will graunt you your request:
And that you may behold me to your fill,
I will put off mine armour if you will.

59
But when you well have view'd me all about,
If yet you have a farther mind to trie,
Which of us two can prove himselfe most stout,
And first in field can make the tother flie:
Attempt it when you list, and make no doubt,
But hercunto right soone agree shall I:
That (quoth the *Pagan*) is my mind indeed,
And thus to fight together they agreed.

60
But when *Orlando* view'd the *Pagan* King,
And saw no pollax at his saddle bow,
No sword by side, no bow, nor dart, nor sling,
But ev'n a speare, he needs of him would know,
When that were burst, unto what other thing
He then would trust, to give or beare a blow:
Tush (quoth the *Pagan* Prince) you need not feare,
But I will match you onely with the speare.

61
I have (quoth he) an oath most solemne sworne,
Since first the noble *Hectors* armes I wan,
That by my side should never sword be worne,
Nor other iron weapon, till I can
Get *Durindans* by *Orlando* borne,
Though how he gate it, well I cannot scan,
But since he gate it, great reports do flie,
That noble deeds of armes he doth thereby.

62
No lesse (quoth he) I faine on him would wreake
My fathers death, whom falsly he betraid,
For well I wot my sire was not so weake,
With any *Christen* to be overlaid:
At this *Orlando* could not chuse but speake,
It is a lie (quoth he) that thou hast said,
I am *Orlando*, and I will not beare it,
This sword is *Durindan*, win it and weare it.

63
And though this sword is justly wholly mine,
Yet for this time I frankly do agree,
A while it shall be neither mine nor thine,
And if in combat you can vanquish me,
Then take it, and thereat I shall not repine:
This said, he hang'd the sword upon a tree,
Indifferently betweene them both to stand,
Vntill the strife by combat might be scand.

Now one at th'other ran with couched speare,
And on the head-petee each the other strake,
The staves in sundry peeces rend and teare,
But by the blowes the men small hurt do take:
And now the trunchens onely left them were,
And at foure blowes the trunchens likewise brake,
Thus when they saw all other weapons mist,
At last they were inforst to fight with fist.

Simila.

So have I scene two clownes fall at debate,
About some watercourse or marke of land,
And either clap the tother on the pate,
With crabtree staffe, or with as crabbed hand,
Such of this conflict was the present state,
And each of them doth to his tackle stand,
And being tyr'd with giving frutelesse stripes,
At last they flatly fell to handie gripes.

Antheus.
Loken in the
Hystorie.

The Pagan, part by sleight and part by force,
Thought to have done as Hercules in time past,
To fiersse Antheus did, and th' Earle in force,
To yeeld himselfe, or leave his horse at last.
Orlando that could surely fit his horse,
With all his strength bestrides the saddle fast,
Yet did the Pagan heave him with such strength,
That all his gyises broken were at length.

Downe came the Earle, yet kept his saddle still,
Nor what had happend was he well aware,
But as he fell, intending by his will,
Vnto the Pagan King to worke some care,
He meant (but his attempt succeeded ill)
To overthrow the horse the Pagan bare,
But missing hold, the horse unhurt remaines,
Yet off he puld his headstall and his raines.

The horse that had at liberty his hed,
Runs over ditch and valley, hedge and wood,
As partly feare, and partly couraged led,
For nothing was that his mad course withstood:
But Mandricard still beates him on his head,
And ev'n as if he speech had understood,
He threatens him (except he stay) to beate him,
And with faire speech sometime he doth intreat him.

But all was one, three mile outright he rode,
Ere he could make the harebraine horse to stay,
Or cause him once to make a small abode,
But more and more he gallops still away:
At last with hast the horse and eke the lode
Fell downe into a dith, and there they lay,
Both horse and man all foyld and rayd with durt,
Yet neither horse nor man had any hurt.

This while Dame Doralice that saw her guide
Thus post away against his will amaine,
She thought it were not safe behind to bide,
And therefore follow'd him though with great paine,
And seeing that he could no farther ride,
Because his wilfull horse did want a raine,
She prayes him take her horses raine and bit,
For mine (quoth she) will go though wanting it.

Much did the Pagan praise her gentle offer,
Yet did refuse it as a part too base,
To let her want and take her bridle of her,
He thought it were to him a great disgrace.
But lo good chance a better meane did profer,
Gabrina came unware unto the place,
She that betraid of late the Scottish Prince,
And heard (of like) of his delivery since.

And therefore fearing punishment and blame,
And clog'd with guilty conscience, fled the light,
Vntill by hap unware she thither came,
And on this couple fortun'd to light:
They could not chuse but make great sport & game,
To see so strange and unagreeing fight,
As such a witherd old ilfavord hag,
To ride in purple on an ambling nag.

Qui mal
faciunt
vult laquei.Similia
purpuram
old proverb.

He that of right or wrong did little passe,
Meanes with her store his lacke there to supply,
Nor once demanded who or what she was,
But takes away her bridle by and by:
She skreecheth out, and weepes, and cries alas,
Ev'n ready fearing hurt, unhurt to die:
Hereafter I shall tell what became on her,
Now for a farewell shame I wish upon her.

He enim
Gabrina,
booke, 11
staffe.

This while Orlando had his girses mended,
And new provided what before did lacke,
And mounting on his horse, a while attended
To see if so the Pagan would come backe;
But seeing that he came not, he intended
To follow him, and find him by the tracke:
But first (as one that well good manners knew)
He bad Zerbino and his spouse adew.

Faine would Zerbino with this Earle have gone,
And take such part of ev'ry hap as he,
But that the noble Earle hereof would none,
And said there could not more dishonor be,
Then for a Knight to shun to fight alone,
Wherefore he would not thereunto agree:
Thus Zerbino loth doth from this Earle depart,
Poore Isbell shedding teares for tender hart.

But ere they went, this Earle Zerbino praid,
If first he hapt on Mandricard to light,
To tell him how long time for him he staid,
And meant to seeke him out againe to fight,
Now that his comming was so long delaid,
He meant to Paris ward to go that night,
To Charles his camp, and if he sought him there,
He should assured be of him to heare.

Thus much he praid, and thence away he went,
To seeke out Mandricard, but found him not,
And (for the day now more then halfe was spent,
The Sunne and season waxing somewhat hot)
A shadie grove he found, and there he ment
To take some ease, but found small ease God wot:
He thinks his thirst and beate a while to swage,
But found that set him in worse heate and rage.

For

78
For looking all about the grove, behold
In sundry places faire ingrav'n he sees,
Her name whose loue he more esteemes then gold,
By her owne hand in barks of divers trees,
This was the place wherein before I told,
Medoro us'd to pay his surgeons fees,
Where she, to boast of that that was her shame,
Vs'd oft to write hers and *Medoro*s name.

85
It written was there in th' Arabian tong,
Which tong *Orlando* perfect understood,
As having learnt it when he was but yong,
And oft the skill thereof had done him good,
But at this time it him so deeply stoong,
It had bin well that he it never coud,
And yet we see, to know men still are glad,
And yet we see much knowledge makes men mad.

Sentence.

79
And then with true love knots and pretie poses,
(To shew how she to him by love was knit)
Her inward thoughts by outward words discloses,
In her much love to shew her little wit.
Orlando knew the hand, and yet supposes
It was not she that had such posies writ,
And to beguile himselfe, rish, rish (quoth he)
There may be more *Angelicas* then she.

86
Twice, thrise, yea five times he doth reade the rime,
And though he saw and knew the meaning plaine,
Yet, that his love was guilty of such crime,
He will not let it sinke into his braine,
Oft he perused it, and ev'ry time
It doth increase his sharpe tormenting paine,
And ay the more he on the matter mused,
The more his wits and senses were confus'd.

87
Ev'n then was he of wit welnigh bestraught,
So quite he was giv'n over unto griefe,
(And sure if we beleve as prooffe hath taught,
This torture is of all the rest the chiefe)
His sprite was dead, his courage quaild with thought,
He doth despaire and looke for no reliefe,
And sorrow did his senses so surprise,
That words his toong, and teares forsooke his eyes.

Sentence.

80
Yea, but I know too well that pretie hand,
Oft hath she sent me letters of her writing:
Then he bethinks how she might understand
His name and love by that same new inditing,
And how it might be done long time he scand,
With this fond thought so fondly him delighting.
Thus with small hope, much feare, all malcontent,
In these and such conceits the time he spent.

88
The raging pang remained still within,
That would have burst out all at once too fast:
Ev'n so we see the water tarry in
A bottle little mouth'd, and big in wast,
That though you topsie turvy turne the brim,
The liquor bides behind with too much hast,
And with the striving oft is in such taking,
As scant a man can get it out with shaking.

Simile.

81
And ay the more he seekes out of his thought
To drive this fancie, still it doth increase,
Ev'n as a bird that is with birdlime caught,
Doth beate her wings, and strives, and doth not cease
Vntill she hath her selfe all overwrought,
And quite intangled in the slimie grease:
Thus on went he, till him the way did bring
Vnto a shadie cave and pleasant spring.

82
This was a place, wherein above the rest,
This loving paire, leaving their homely host,
Spent time in sports that may not be exprest,
Here in the parching heate they carrid most,
And here *Medore* (that thought himselfe most blest)
Wrote certaine verses as in way of boast:
Which in his language doubtlesse sounded prittie,
And thus I turne them to an *English* dittie.

83
Ye pleasant plants, greene herbs, and waters faire,
And cave with smell, and gratefull shadow mixt,
Where sweet *Angelica*, daughter and heire
Of *Calafonne*, on whom in vaine were fixt
Full many hearts, with me did oft repaire
Alone, and naked lay mine armes betwixt,
I poore *Medore*, can yeeld but praise and thanks,
For these great pleasures found amid your banks.

84
And pray each Lord whom *Cupid* holds in pay,
Each Knight, each dame, and ev'ry one beside,
Or gentle or meane sort that passe this way,
As fancie or his fortune shall him guide,
That to the plants, herbs, spring, and cave he say,
Long may the Sun and Moon maintaine your pride,
And the faire crew of Nymphs make such purveyance
As hither come no heards to your annoyance.

89
At last he comes unto himselfe anew,
And in his mind another way doth frame,
That that which there was written was not trew,
But writ of spite his *Ladie* to defame,
Or to that end, that he the same might vew,
And so his heart with jealousie inflame:
Well be't who list (quoth he) I see this clearly,
He hath her hand resembled passing nearly.

90
With this small hope, with this poore little sparke,
He doth some deale revive his troubled sprite,
And for it was now late, and waxed darke,
He seekes some place where he may lie that night,
At last he heares a noise of dogs that baile,
He smells some smoke, and sees some candle light,
He takes his Inne, with will to sleepe, not cate,
As fild with griefe, and with none other meate.

Virgil hath
the like. But
this is describ'd
with
more parti-
culars.
Et jam summa
ma procul
villarum
culmina stu-
mant.

But

Looke of this
in the Allu.
flow.

92
But vaine it was himselfe so to beguile,
For why his host unasked by and by,
That saw his guest sit there so sad the while,
And thinks to put him from his dumps thereby,
Beginneth plaine without all fraud or guile,
Without concealing truth or adding lie,
To tell that tale to him without regard,
Which divers had before with pleasure heard.

93
As thus, how at *Angelica's* request
He holpe unto his house to bring *Medore*,
Who then was sorely wounded in his brest,
And she with surgery did heale his sore:
But while with her owne hands the wound she drest,
Blind *Cupid* wounded her as much or more,
That when her skill and herbs had cur'd her patient,
Her cuselesse wound in love made her impatient.

94
So that, admit she were the greatest Queene
Of fame, and living in those Eastern parts,
Yet so with fancie she was overseene,
To marry with a page of meane desarts,
Thus love (quoth he) will have his godhead scene,
In famous Queens, and highest Princes harts:
This said (to end the tale) he shew'd the jewell
That she had giv'n him, which *Orlando* knew well.

Sentence.

A phrase of
speech used
in the *Latinus*
Tuicere fa-
curim.

95
This tale, and chiefly this same last conclusion,
Was ev'n a hatchet to cut off all hope,
When love had after many a vaine collusion,
Now for his farewell lent him such a rope
To hang himselfe, and drowne him in confusion,
Yet faine he would denie his sorrow scope,
And though a while to shew it he forbears,
It breaketh out at last in sighs and teares.

96
And as it were inforst he gives the raine
To raging griefe, upon his bed alone,
His eyes do shed a very showre of raine,
With many a scalding sigh and bitter gnone,
He slept as much as if he had then laine
Vpon a bed of thornes, and stufte with stone.
And as he lay thereon and could not rest him,
The bed it selfe gave matter to molest him.

97
Ah wretch I am (thus to himselfe he sed)
Shall I once hope to take repose and rest me
In that same house? yea ev'n in that same bed
Where my ungratefull love so leudly drest me?
Nay, let me first an hundred times be ded,
First wolves devoure and vultures shall digest me.
Strait up he starts, and on he puts his clothes,
And leaves the house, so much the bed he lothes.

Future is
that bird that
we call Ra-
ven, but there
are divers
kinds of them

98
He leaves his host, nor once doth take his leave,
He sai'd so ill, he bids them not farewell,
He leaves the towne, his servants he doth leave,
He rides, but where he rides he cannot tell,
And when alone himselfe he doth perceave
To weepe and waile, nay ev'n to howle and yell,
He doth not cease to give his griefe a vent,
That inwardly so sore did him torment.

99
The day the night to him were both alike,
Abroade upon the cold bare earth he lies,
No sleepe, no food he takes, nor none would seek,
All sustenance he to himselfe denies.
Thus he began, and ended halfe the weeke,
And he himselfe doth marvell, whence his eyes
Are fed so long with such a spring of water,
And to himselfe thus reasons on the matter.

100
No, no, these be no teares that now I shed,
These be no teares, nor can teares run so rife,
But fire of frenzie drawth up to my head,
My vitall humor that should keepe my life,
This streame will never cease till I be dead,
Then welcome death and end my fatall strife:
No comfort in this life my wo can minish,
But thou who canst both life and sorrow finish.

101
These are not sighs, for sighs some respite have,
My gripes, my pangs, no respite do permit,
The blindfold boy made me a seeing slave,
When from her eyes my heart he first did hit.
Now all inflam'd, I burne, I rage and rave,
And in the midst of flame consume no whit:
Love sitting in my heart a master crewell,
Blowes with his wings feeds with his will the fewell.

102
I am not I, the man that erst I was,
Orlando, he is buried and dead,
His most ungratefull love (ah foolish lasse)
Hath kild *Orlando*, and cut off his head:
I am his ghost, that up and downe must passe,
In this tormenting hell for ever led,
To be a fearfull sample and a iust,
To all such fooles as put in love their trust.

Callimachus
hath the life
in his clay,
that began
Quicquid
ille fasti-
gium qui
pinxit mo-
rem, etc. ad
after he had
Non ego si
genus vep-
lat umbra
mea.

103
Thus wandring still in wayes that have no way,
He hapt againe to light upon the cave,
Where (in remembrance of their pleasant play)
Medorb did that epigram ingrave.
To see the stones againe, his woes display,
And her ill name, and his ill hap deprave,
Did on the sudden all his sence inrage,
With hate, with fury, with revenge and rage.

104
Straightwayes he draweth forth his fatall blade,
And hewes the stones, to heave'n the shivers flee,
Accursed was that fountaine, cave and shade,
The arbor and the flowres and ev'ry tree:
Orlando of all places havocke made,
Where he chose names together joyn'd may see,
Yea to the spring he did perpetuall hurt,
By filling it with leaves, boughs, stones and durt.

105
And having done this foolish franticke feat,
He layes him downe all weary on the ground,
Distemper'd in his bodie with much heat,
In mind with paines that no tongue can expound,
Three dayes he doth not sleepe, nor drinke, nor eate,
But lay with open eyes as in a sound.
The fourth with rage, and not with reason waked,
He rents his clothes, and runs about starke naked.

Ovid descri-
bing the
death of *Cl-
dia*:
—Sub fere
noctis die-
Sedet lani-
made nuda
the omnia
capilla.
Pergruonem
lucis expen-
und'q' est
Rore mero,
lacrime
fuit jejuna
pavit.

His

106

His helmet here he flings, his poulderns there,
He casts away his curats and his shield:
His sword he throws away, he cares not where,
He scatters all his armor in the field:
No ragge about his bodie he doth beare,
As might from cold or might from shame him shield,
And save he left behind this fatall blade,
No doubt he had therewith great havocke made.

107

But his surpassing force did so exceed,
All common men, that neither sword nor bill,
Nor any other weapon he did need,
Meere strength suffic'd him to do what he will,

He rootes up trees as one would root a weed:
And ev'n as birders laying nets with skill,
Pare slender thornes away with easie strokes,
So he did play with ashes, elmes and oaks.

108

The heardmen and the shepheards that did heare,
The hideous noise and unacquainted sound,
With feare and wonder great approached neare,
To see, and know, what was hereof the ground.
But now I must cut off this treatise heare,
Lest this my booke do grow beyond his bound,
And if you take some pleasure in this text,
I will go forward with it in the next.

Similar

In Bradamants sorrow for want of Rogero, we may note how it sallet out many times, that over great desire of revenge, worketh to our selves as great displeasure, as we wished to our enemies. In Rodomont, that would not take the horse from Hippalca, till he knew that a brave champion was the owner thereof; we may note, that though wrong be indeed a thing reprovabable, to whomsoever it is done yet it is far more tollerable, or at least excusable, to be done to ones equall, then to poore or inferior persons. In Zerbino's happie deliverance, from a shamefull death, by Orlandos meanes, we may observe that which can never be too much observed, namely how divine providence never failes the innocent. In all the proceedings of Zerbino and Isabella, a patterne might be taken of gratitude, of constantnesse, and of noble and princely inclination.

Of Hercules and Antheus, though the originall it selfe seeme but fabulous yet thus it is written, that they two wastling, Hercules perceived that Antheus strength increased by falling to the ground, and therefore to take him from his force, he tooke him up in his armes, and so held him from the ground till he had utterly vanquished him. Plutarke in the life of Sertorius saith this Antheus was threescore cubits high.

In Astolfo, that put off his armor, and gave away his spare horse, and all his superfluous weapons, when he was to take the Griffith horse, and fly about the world, may be gathered a good allegoricall sence, or rather it may be called Theologicall; namely that he that will betake himselfe to so high a profession, as to teach and studie the high mysteries of Christian religion, and live in contemplation of heavenly things, should cast away the burdalous clog of all worldly incumbrances, and to use the phrase of our Saviour himselfe, (leave father, wife and children) and whatsoever else may be a hinderance to our proceedings in that kind: but this discourse is fit for another place, and my selfe also handled it more amply in a little dialogue of mariage that I made in my young daies, and therefore here I will cut it off for avoiding tediousnesse. Concerning Orlandos madnesse there is a notable allegory to be gathered thereof, of which (because I now have taken upon me to go thorow with the whole worke) I will deferre to speake till I come to restoring of his wit againe: which I count more proper for this subject.

But in the manner of his falling mad, my author bath (in mine opinion) shew'd himselfe his crafts master, setting it out, very pathetically, or (to speake English) passionatly. Furder there is in it a notable Peripetia, which signifies the agnition, or taking knowledge of a sudden mutation of fortune, either good or bad to a contrarie extreame: of which kind there be many examples, but specially one, to which mine author seemes to allude. Namely that of Oedipus in Sophocles, for when a messenger came to him, to tell him how by the death of Polybus he was elected King of Corinth, Oedipus refused to come thither, for feare of committing incest with his owne mother (of which the Oracle had foretold him) the messenger thinking to cleare him of that scruple, unadvisedly told him whose sonne he was (which he knew not before) and thereby now knew certainly that, which before he mistrusted, namely that he had laine with his mother, whereupon in deed he fell starke mad, and was after recured, as appears in the storie.

Here end the first xxij. bookes of Ariosto.





THE ARGUMENT.

*The noble Zerbin pardon doth afford
To Od'rik and Gabrina, gracelesse paire;
A Turke with him fights for Orlando's sword,
He dies, in armes of Isabella faire.
Fierce Rodomont with sundry passions stir'd,
Doth fight with cruell Agricanes beire,
But them in their chief rage their mistresse parted,
From whence to aid their Prince they both departed.*

Sentence.

*Sen. Virgil
Iacob of Dido,
Virtus infu-
liz Dido, so
sag, vagatur
Urbe furans.
Sentence.*



¹ Ho so shall set on Cupids
Snare his foot,
Must seeke to draw it backe,
least it be caught,
And madnes meer, in love to
overshoot,
The fool hath felt, the wise
hath ever taught,
And though in all alike it
take not too,

Yet all shall find that love's a thing of naught,
For sure it is an open signe of madnesse,
To have anothers pleasure breed thy sadnesse.

Sentence.

² Now though effects p^{ro}ve not in all alike,
Yet all are mad in sort, all go astray,
As in a wilderness where men do seek,
And more and more in seeking lose their way,
Wherefore let no man this my wish mislike,
In whom fond love shall carie long the sway,
I wish for due reward such doting dolts,
Like wilfull prisakers, store of iron bolts,

Simile.

³ Some man perhap will say, what soft, my friend,
You spee our faults, in your own errors blind,
And true it is, yet speak I to this end,
To bring us both into a better mind.
As for my selfe, I hope ere long to mend,
And from these bonds in time my selfe unwind:
Though it had rane in me such root, I proove it,
As hard 'tis on the sudden to remoove it.

⁴ I shew'd you in the booke that went before,
By what mishap Orlando waxed mad,

And lost not onely care of vertues lore,
But reason, wit, and all the sense he had:
His armor he disperst, his clothes he tore,
The very clothes wherewith his corps was clad:
And though he wander'd all unarm'd and naked,
Yet at his presence all the country quaked.

⁵ The countymen that heard the noise aloof,
Of trees, that with their fall made no small crack:
Came neare, and saw by plaine and open proof,
His monstrous strength, by their so monstrous wrack,
And straight they found it best for their behoof,
With all the hast they could to get them back;
For those he caught he did this lesson teach,
To keep aloof from out a mad mans reach.

Sentence.

⁶ Away they fled, but he pursu'd so fast,
That some he caught, and some surpris'd with feare,
Stood still (as oft it happens) all agast,
Not knowing how to hide themselves, nor where:
Some other ploughmen seeing what had past,
Thought it but little wit to tarry there,
But clim'd (for feare) their houses and their churches,
Not trusting strength of elmes, of beech, and burches.

⁷ Among the rest he takes one by his heel,
And with his head knocks out anothers braine,
Which caused both of them such paine to feel,
As till doomes day they never shall complaine,
Another with his fist he made to reel,
Till paine it selfe made him past sense of paine,
And when the mea fled all away afeard,
Then with like rage he set upon their heard.

R 1

The

The voice of men, the bellowings of beasts,
About the country rais'd so great a sound,
As might have well been heard five leagues at least,
And all the people straight were raised round,
Each man providing (as he could) the best,
And for the present time might then be found,
With bows, with bills, with staves, & pikes, & prongs
To be reveng'd on these outrageous wrongs.

Shall.

Look how the waves are driv'n by western blast,
And one and one, do rise still more and more,
Vntill their force so great be at the last,
They sprinkle all the banks, and beat the shore;
So now these country folk came in so fast,
By two, and three, a dozen, and a score,
Till at the last they grew so great a number,
Their very multitude themselves did cumber.

But when they saw their force could do no good,
And that his skin so strange protection had,
That though they smote thereon, they drew no blood,
They thought that they might worse be thought then
To fight with one that all them so withstood, (mad,
Wherefore they parted home dismay'd and sad,
The mad man went unto the nearest village,
Although he cared not for spoile or pillage.

And finding no man there, nor small, nor great,
For all were fled away from thence for aw;
As famine forc'd him, he sought out some meat,
And were it fine or coarse, the first he saw,
In greedy sort he doth devour and eat,
Not caring if it costed were or raw;
And when thus homely he had tane repast,
About the country bedlam-like he past.

He returns
to Orlando in
the 41. book.

He scares both man and beast without regard,
He takes swift goats and fallow deere in chase,
Sometimes a Lion fierce, a Bore, a Pard,
He kills by strength and swiftnesse of his pace.
At last he came whereas a knight did guard
The passage of a bridge, and by the place
Had built a towre of no small work and charge,
As shall be shew'd hereafter more at large.

Now must I tell what hap Zerbino had,
Who with faire Isabella together rode.
Along that place where this good Earle fell mad,
But by the way, these two made some abode,
Where they beheld two men in armour clad,
That drive a horse that bare a wofull lode,
A knight a prisoner, to Zerbino known,
That had been once a servant of his own.

Orlando takes
prisoner, &
brings to
Zerbino.

This prisoner Odetrike of Biskie hight,
In whom the Prince had put so great a trust,
He made chiefe choice of him as of a knight,
That of his promise would be firm and just:
But he (fond beast) esteeming small delight,
And fruitlesse hope of his unbridled lust,
Above his sacred oath and promis'd fealtie,
Would have deflower'd her against all lealtie.

Faire Isabella by hap ev'n then was telling,
How in the boat she desperately was sav'd,
And having scap'd the stormy seas and swelling,
How treacherously this wretch himselfe behav'd,
That (had not outlawes thereabout been dwelling)
He would have forc'd her unto that he crav'd,
And ev'n as these, or some such words she said,
She saw the man the spake of captive led.

Those two that led the wicked Odetrike tild,
Knew well their Lord when as they came in view,
Both by the Lady that was by his side,
And by the rampant Lion red of hew,
Born by the Prince, not for a shew of pride,
But his as from his predecessors dew,
They light, and with a courtlie to the ground,
And cap in hand, salute their Lord thus found.

Zerbino knew and cal'd them both by name,
Corebo tone, Almonio tother hight,
Which two with Isabella from Bayon came,
In conduct of that most unworthy wight.
And straight Almonio thus his speech doth frame,
My Lord (said he) I shall to you recite
Some little part of that unpleasant story,
That till this houre had made my heart full sory.

Sith (thank'd be God) this Lady here doth live,
Who felt these stormes, and therein chiefly smarted,
I know that she thereof could notice give,
And hath ere this to you the same imparted;
I onely shall declare what did me grieve,
And what had hapned since from her I parted,
What time by this vile wretches lewd intent,
For horse and men to Roche I was sent,

And as I went, so back I turn'd in hast,
With men and horse as good as I could get,
To seek them out mine eyes about I cast,
But yet mine eyes on them I could not set,
Their track I found, and following that full fast,
It brought me to a wood whereas I met
My fellow Coreb, panting then and groning,
This carliffe cursing and himselfe bemoaning.

He told me how he (fighting in defence
Of Isabella) was so sorely wounded,
That from that place he had not stir'd since,
And how with bleeding much he oft had sounded,
At which report I took so great offence,
That in my wits I was wellnigh confounded:
And to revenge my heart so sharp was whet,
That Corebs danger quite I did forget.

But when in vaine this wretch I long had sought,
To Coreb I returned back againe,
Who was so weak and low by bleeding brought,
That scant the life did in his limbs remaine;
For which his wofull state I took great thought,
As one that deem'd it fitter to ordaine
Some Priests and Friers, buriall to procure him,
Then Surgeons or Physitions that might cure him.

Yet

22
Yet him unto the town at last I caned,
Where by such help our friendly host procur'd,
It pleased God, *Corbo* not miscaried,
But of his grievous hurts was soundly cur'd,
Which done, no longer in those parts we taried,
But being there by sundry men assur'd,
That *Odricke* in *Alfonso's* court was biding,
We thither went to heare of him some tiding.

23
And there I challeng'd *Odricke* face to face,
And by the noble justice of the King,
And chiefly (as I deem) by Gods great grace,
That onely rules and governes ev'ry thing,
I took him prisoner in the present place,
From whence alive I did him hither bring,
For why that king that heard his great offence,
Did grant us liberty to bring him thence.

24
I might have slaine him, as he well deserv'd,
But yet I chus'd rather of the twaine,
Vnto your doom to have his life reserv'd,
That you might point him death with worthy paine,
And much I joy that luck so well hath serv'd,
That we so safe have found your grace againe:
And much more I rejoyce, if much more may be,
At health and welfare of this noble Lady.

25
Thus much *Almonio* said, and then did cease,
Expecting what *Zerbino* would reply,
Who all the while stood still and held his peace,
And view'd the prisoner with an heedfull eye,
And much it did his griefe of mind increase,
To think a friend could stray so farre awry.
Then sighing deep; what *Odricke* is this true,
Wherewith (quoth he) *Almonio* chargeth you?

26
The caitive humbly prostrate on the ground,
Forgive my Lord (said he) your servants crime,
What wight on earth can void of fault be found?
What Saint is such as doth not sin sometime?
'Tween good and bad this difference sole is found,
That good men sin but feeld, and mend betime,
The bad man (making scruple none or question)
Yeelds wilfully to ev'ry lewd suggestion.

27
If you to me some fortress had committed,
And I the same had wittingly betrayd,
I graunt such fault were not to be remitted,
But if I had with force been overlaid,
Then sure I am my case would have been pitied,
At least no sin should to my charge be laid:
For when the enemy is once the stronger,
'Tis vaine to make resistance any longer.

28
Ev'n so my Lord, my faith I ought to guard,
No other then a fortress or a hold,
Put in my charge with careful watch and ward,
As long as strength will serve me it to hold:
And so I kept my faith with due regard,
Nor was I any way to be controll'd:
Vntill at last I was so strong assail'd,
That faith gave place, and fancy then prevail'd.

29
Thus *Odricke* said, and what he said beside,
I doubt it somewhat tedious were to tell,
As namely, none so great assault could bide,
That love all other passions doth excell,
But sure if it were ever plainly tri'd,
That humble speech doth often wrath expell,
Now *Odricke* found of lowly words the fruit,
That help him to obtaine so hard a suit.

30
Zerbino stood a while in mind confus'd,
To punish or to pardon his offence,
Sometime his thoughts all clemency refus'd,
Sometime the love and service done long since,
Asswag'd his wrath, and tothers fault excus'd,
And mov'd him with his folly to dispence:
And still as rage did kindle fire of wrath,
To quench it mercy store of water hath.

31
Now while in this same doubt *Zerbino* staid,
Behold by hap *Gabrina* there was brought,
She that of late had this good Prince betrayd,
And had to him so great a danger wrought;
Her horse that heard where other horses naid,
Came to the noise, as nature had them taught,
Against her will she wanting force to sway him,
And having lost the reins wherewith to stay him.

32
The beastly wretch cri'd help, and out alas,
While thus her horse ran over fields and lands,
But when the *Scottish* Prince saw who she was,
And how she thither came he understands,
He gave God thanks that so had brought to passe,
To give those two at once into his hands,
Which two for their misdeeds above the rest,
He had great cause to malice and detest.

33
And after he had made a little pause,
Vnto his servants turning thus he said,
Sirs, *Odricke* shall not die, although by lawes
His fact deserves no lesse uprightly waid,
For sith he saith affection was the cause,
Content I am, on love the fault be laid,
The sin to which a man by love is driven,
So much the rather ought to be forgiven.

34
The force of strong affection hath ere this
Distemper'd, yea and sometime overthrow'n
A wiser and a staidier head then his,
As is to me by mine experience known,
And that herein he did his duty misse,
I must confesse, the fault was part mine own,
That gave to him such charge and did not know
How quickly flaming heat can kindle row.

35
Then to the caitive *Odricke* thus he spake,
Here I forgive thee, and do thee enlarge,
But yet the penance I will have thee take,
Is this, to take this woman in thy charge,
And sweare to me thou shalt her not forsake
For one whole year, but this thine oath discharge
And that thou shalt if any would offend her,
Do thy devert, and unto death defend her.

A 3

This

Great praise
in a Prince to
pursue the
honour, but
in multi-
tude.

Sentence.

Sentence.

Sentence.

Odricke's pen-
ance.

36
This was the punishment on him he laid,
And certainly this same had been crow,
If so the circumstance were duly waigh'd,
And *Odericke* had right perform'd his vow.
For why? so many men she had betraid,
And done such sinnes ev'n from her youth till now,
That wheresoe're they had together travel'd,
In her defence he must at last be gravel'd.

37
Thus *Zerbino* let this wicked couple go,
And thinks sufficiently to plague them both,
But swears if ever he did hap to know,
That he therein should violate his troth,
His flesh should serve as feeding for the crow,
A fit reward for such as break their oath,
Thus went this honest couple thence together,
Lurking in corners, wandering here and thither.

38
But what in th'end of these same two became,
I know not, and mine author doth not write,
I onely heard a speech, or flying fame,
That when they once were quite from *Zerbino's* sight
Odericke (to shun the quarrels and the shame,
That by her company on him might light)
Did hang her up, and after in short space,
Almonio made him run the selfe same race.

Gabrina's
death.

39
The Prince that faine some ridings would have heard,
Of that Earle *Palladine*, who tother day,
Fought hand to hand with lofty *Mandricard*,
Vntill his rainlesse horse bare him away,
Doth travell on his way to *Paris* ward,
Though faire and soft, and lingring by the way,
And his two servants he doth send before,
And kept with him his Lady, and no more.

40
They rode not fane but that they found the cave,
And that same pleasant arbor and the spring,
At which *Medoro* us'd such sport to have,
With that faire daughter of the *Indian* king;
Where she their names together did ingrave,
All ti'd with true love knots (a wondrous thing)
They look, and see the stones, the words and letters
All cut and mangled in a thousand fitters.

41
And as they m'nd hereon, they might espie
Orlando's armour, and his famous blade,
Hight *Durindana* on the ground to lie,
That sword that first for *Hector* had been made,
They saw where *Brigliador* was feeding by
Vpon the grasse amid the pleasant shade:
This sight did make them both exceeding sad,
Yet little did they deem that th' Earle was mad.

Hector's

42
Had they but seen one little drop of blood,
They would have surely thought he had been slaine,
But while in this most carefull doubt they stood,
Behold there came a country silly swaine,
That with no little speed ran through the wood,
And scap'd the mad mans fury with great paine;
He told them how a man besfraught of senses,
Had done these outrages and great offences.

43
And further gave them perfect information,
And told each circumstance at their request:
Zerbino standeth still in admiration,
And (as the manner is) himselfe he blest,
And with great griefe of mind and lamentation,
He takes the sword and armour, and the rest,
And *Isabella* helpeth them to gather,
And so they lay them on a heap together.

44
This while by hap came by faire *Fiordeliegge*,
Who (as I told before) with pensive heart
Went to seek out her loved Lord and Liege,
I mean *Orlando's* friend, King *Brandimart*,
Who leaving *Paris* in the wofull siege,
To seek *Orlando* did from thence depart,
Till *Atlant* to that cage him did intice,
Which he had fram'd by magicall device.

Fiordeliegge

45
The which inchantment being now defeated,
By good *Astolfo's* value and his skill,
And all the knights as I before repeated,
At liberty to go which way they will,
King *Brandimart*, though much in mind he fretted,
To think how long in vaine he had stood still,
Back unto *Paris* ward his course he turn'd,
Yet missing her the way that he return'd.

Astolfo's de-
feated the
inchantment
Booke 22.

46
Thus (as I said) faire *Fiordeliegge* by chance,
Saw much of that which hap'd, and heard the rest,
How that same worthy *Palladine* of France,
With inward griefe of mind, and thought oppress'd,
Or by some other great and strange mischance,
Went like a man with some ill sprite posses'd,
And she likewise enquiring of the peasant,
Heard all the circumstance, a tale unpleasant.

47
Zerbino being farre from any town,
Hangs all *Orlando's* armour on a Pine,
Like to a Penon, and left any clown
Or peasant vile should take a thing so fine,
He writes upon the tree, let none take down
This armour of *Orlando's* *Palladine*,
As who should say, if any man attempt it,
Orlando would ere long cause him repent it.

At the last
all of *Orlando's*
of the order,
or great po-
son, they
hang up their
armour, with a
sword and a
headpiece.

48
And having brought this worthy work to end,
And ready now to take his journey hence,
Fierce *Mandricard* hapt thither to descend,
And when he saw the tree, he ask'd of whence
Those weapons were? which known, he doth intend
To take away good *Durindana* thence,
He steps unto the tree, and takes the sword,
Nor so content, he adds this spitefull word.

Mandricard

49
Ah sir (quoth he) this hap doth make me glad,
My claime unto this sword is not unknown,
And though before I no possession had,
Yet now I lawfully seize on mine own:
Alas poor fool, and doth he faine him mad?
And hath away his sword and armour thrown,
Because he was not able to maintaine it,
And was afraid that I by force would gaine it?

Zerbino

30
Zerbino crieth out, what? peace for shame,
Take not his sword, or think not I will beare it,
If by the coat of Hector so you came,
You stale it, and unworthy are to weare it:
Tush (quoth the Pagan) I will beare that blame,
As for your threatening, do not think I feare it:
Thus tones sharp answers, tothers sharp replying
Made them to fall to termes of flat defying.

31
And either shewing signes of plaine hostilitie,
Prepares the tother fiercely to invade,
Zerbino with his skill and great agilitie,
His party good against the Pagan made,
And voided all the blowes with much facilitie,
Though having great disvantage in the blade,
And in that armour massie so and strong,
That in times past to Hector did belong.

32
Look how a Grend that finds a sturdy Bore,
Amid the field far straying from the heard,
Doth run about, behind him and before,
Because of his sharp tusks he is afeard.
So Zerbino that had seen oft heretofore
That blade, and of the force thereof had heard,
With heedfull eye to shun the blowes he watched,
Because he was in weapons overmatched.

33
Thus warily this worthy Prince did fight,
And though by heedfull skill he scaped oft
The furious blowes of this Tartarian knight,
Yet lo at last one blow came from aloft,
And Durindan so heavy did alight,
As pierced through the hard unto the soft,
A finger deep, and went in length a span,
Down from the place where first the wound began.

34
The Prince so earnest was, he felt no smart,
Yet ran the blood out of the brest amaine,
And of his curats all the former part
With crimson streame of blood it did distaine:
So have I seen her hand that to mine heart
Hath been a cause of anguish and much paine,
When she a purple seam or flower hath drawn,
In silver kirtle, or in sleeve of lawn.

35
The wound was great, but yet did greater show,
Which sight faire Isabella much amated,
The Prince that seemed not the same to know,
With force increased rather then abated,
Vpon the Pagans brow gave such a blow,
As would (no doubt) have made him checkt & mated,
Save that (as I to you before rehearst)
His armour was not easie to be pierst.

36
The blow was such as caused him to reel,
And on his syrups staggering he stood,
Had not his armour been of passing steel,
The blow would sure have entred to the blood,
The grievous paine that he thereof did feel
Did put him in so fierce a raging mood,
So that for all Zerbinos skill and sleight,
He wounded him in places seven or eight.

37
Which when his loving Isabella saw,
She went to Doralice, and her doth pray,
The fury of her husband to withdraw,
And joyne with her to part the bloody fray,
Who both because she was in feare and aw,
Left yet the Prince her spouse in danger may,
And for of nature kind she was and meek,
Or that good motion she doth not mislike.

38
Thus those two Ladies this fierce battrell parted,
In which the Prince received many a wound,
Though being (as he was) most valiant hearted,
He never gave the Pagan inch of ground:
From thence each couple presently departed,
Fierce Mandricard to Pagan camp was bound,
To Paris ward the Prince, but driv'n to stay,
By reason of his bleeding by the way.

39
Dame Fiordeliege that stood this while aloof,
And saw how Mandricard prevailed had,
And how the Prince had fought with evill proof,
Departed thence all sorrowfull and sad,
Reviling Mandricard with just reproof,
That of this evill gotten sword was glad,
And wished that her husband Brandimart,
Had present been to take Zerbinos part.

40
But as she navel'd homeward to the camp,
She saw the noble Palladine of France,
Not like himselfe, but of another stamp,
Besmeat'd and nak'd as anticks wont to dance:
Quite was extinguished the shining lamp,
Of vertue bright that did his name advance:
This sight in Fiordeliege much sorrow bred,
But tell me now how good Zerbino sped.

41
Who on his way with painfull steps proceeding,
With Isabella onely and no more,
His former taken hurts still freshly bleeding,
Which now with cold were stiffe and waxed sore,
And yet this griefe in him the rest exceeding,
To think that sword of which I spake before,
Should mauer him, be by a Turke possesst,
I say this griev'd him more then all the rest.

42
Now gan the dreadful pangs of death assaile him,
So great a streame of blood his wound had drain'd,
His eyes were dim, his speech began to faile him,
Strong hart to yeeld to weak limbs was constrain'd:
What can poore Isabella do but waile him?
She blam'd the heav'ns and fates that had ordain'd
Her to escape such dangers and such harmes,
And now to have her deare die in her armes.

43
Zerbino though he scant could draw his breath,
Yet hearing her lamenting in such fashion,
Doth ope his closed lips, and thus he saith,
Both shewing then, and moving much compassion:
So might I (my deare love) ev'n after death,
Be deare to thee as I do feel great passion,
To think when as my death shd hence shall leave me,
Alone in wo and danger I shall leave thee.

R 4

Might

Hee turns to
Mandricard
in the booke,
76 stoffe.

He returns
to Fiordeliege
and Orlando
both in the
39. booke, 44.
stoffe.

64
Might I have left thee in some safer place,
I should esteem my death a blessed hap,
And that the heav'n had giv'n me speciall grace,
To end my life in thy beloved lap,
Now grieves it me to think of thine hard case,
In what a world of woes I thee shall wrap,
When I must die, and leave thee here alone,
And none to help thy harm, or heare thy moene.

65
To this the wofull *Isabell* replies,
With watred eyes, and heart surpriz'd with anguish,
Her face to his, and joyning her faire eyes
To his that like a wither'd rose did languish,
No thought (said she) my deare in thee arise
For me, for know I neither do nor can wish
Thee to survive, I will be thine for ever,
Life could not, and death shall not us dis sever.

*Horace habet
similitudinem
Alti, mea
sperem
anima repit
Mauricivis,
quid miror
altera?*

66
No sooner shall thy breath thy brest forsake,
But I will follow thee I care not whither,
Griefe or this sword of me an end shall make,
And if some stranger after shall come hither,
I hope of us such pitie he will take,
To lay our bodies in one grave together:
This said, about his neck her arms she clasp'd,
And drawes the fainting breath that oft he gasp'd.

67
The Prince inforcing his foreseebled voice,
Saith thus, I thee conjure my sole delight,
By that deare love that made me first thy choice,
And thee from native soile to take thy flight,
If ever in my love thou didst rejoyce,
If to command thee I have any right,
That thou still live (as long as God shall graunt thee)
And not despaire how ever fortune daunt thee.

68
Th'almighty God from danger and from ill
Hath hitherto, and will (I trust) thee save,
Ev'n as he sent that noble Earle to kill
Those caitives that did keep thee in their cave,
And sav'd thee from the *Bukins* wicked will,
First having thee preserv'd from salt sea wave,
Live then my deare, and trust in him above,
And while you live be mindfull of my love.

69
These latter words his lips had scandy past,
When death unto his heart was softly crept,
And as the lamp goeth out when oyle doth wast,
So quietly the noble *Zerbino* slept:
What tongue can tell how sore she was agast,
How she lamented, wailed, mourn'd and wept,
To her own eyes and faire haire doing force,
When as she saw her deare a senselesse corse?

Simila.

70
And griefe had set her in so great a rage,
With *Zerbino* sword she thinks an end to make
Of her own life, her sorrow to assuage,
Neglecting those last words *Zerbino* spake:
But lo, a certaine faintlike personage,
That sword from hand, that thought from heart doth
A certaine godly hermit and devout, (take,
That was by hap abiding there about.

71
Who came and said, oh damsell leave despaire,
Mans nature weak, and womens sex is fraile,
Feare him that rules both heav'n, and earth, and aire,
Who saith the word, and his word cannot faile,
That those that unto him for help repaire,
And put their trust in him, shall never quaille:
Then shew'd he her, to prove his saying true,
Examples out of Scriptures old and new.

72
Of faintlike women that in time of old,
Their lives in prayer and chastity had spent;
And further to the damsell faire he told,
And prov'd and shew'd by reasons evident,
That worldly things are vaine and have no hold,
Alone in God is joy and true content:
In fine, he makes to her this godly motion,
Her future life to spend in true devotion.

*Look in the
history of the
booke.*

73
His godly speech by help of heav'nly grace,
Powr'd in her heart by high divine infusion,
Wrought such effect, and found so great a place,
She ceast to seek or work her own confusion:
But leaving the profession of her race,
Profess her selfe a *Christen* in conclusion;
She gave her selfe to praier and pure divinity,
And vow'd to God her life and her virginity.

*There is no
mention
made of her
marriage,
and therefore
shee supposeth
Zerbino (be-
ing a verie
true Christi-
an) left her a
virgin,
though shee
said to her
privately.*

74
Yet did she not remove out of her thought,
The fervent love *Zerbino* had her born,
But by the hermits help the corse she brought,
And thinks it sin to leave it so forlorn,
And in some village thereabout she bought
Sweet balmes to fill the flesh all cut and torn,
Then in a Cypres coffin she doth close it,
Not being yet resolv'd where to dispose it.

75
That aged sire, though being wise and staid,
Yet would not trust in his own stay so well,
To carry such a faire and goodly maid
To sojourn with him in his little cell,
'Twere perill great (thus to himselfe he said)
That fire and straw should nigh together dwell,
Wherefore he means to *Province* her to carie,
And there to place her in a monestarie.

Sententia.

76
But as he thitherward with *Isabell* went,
And by the way devoutly did her teach,
All things unto religion pertinent,
And of the same most learnedly did preach:
Behold a *Pagan* fierce with foule intent,
This purpose and their journey doth impeach,
As I shall shew more largely afterward,
Now back I must return to *Mandricard*.

*He turnes
Isabell in
the 38 booke
90. page.*

77
Who having ended that same cruell fight,
In which the worthiest Prince alive was slaine,
Soon after by a shady bank did light,
And turn'd his horse a grazing on the plaine,
Dame *Doralice* in whom he took delight,
Alone with him in that place did remaine,
When looking sodainly by chance aside,
An armed knight come toward them she spide.

She

78

She guest, but yet she knew not by the view,
Who it might be, untill she spied her page
That came with him, then certainly she knew
'Twas *Rodomont*, full of revenge and rage,
Wherefore unto her knight she nearer drew,
And said (my Lord) mine honour I dare gage,
That you is *Rodomont* mine ancient lover,
Who thinks by fight from you me to recover.

79

Look how the Falcon in the aire doth mount,
When she espies a Bitter or a Hern,
So when this Prince espied *Rodomont*,
And by his haist his fury did discern,
Like one that made of conquest full account,
He starteth up with visage grim and stern:
Straight arm'd and hors'd he is, his foe to meet,
In hand the reins, in stirrups are his feet.

80

When as the tone the tother came so neare,
As each might hearken what the tother said,
Fierce *Rodomont* spake lowd as he might heare,
With threatening gesture both of hand and head:
And said, be sure Ile make thee buy it deare,
That with a short vaine pleasure hast been led,
To do to one so foule and open wrong,
That can and will it wreak on thee ere long.

81

The *Tartar* Prince that for him little car'd,
Made answer thus, in vaine you me do threat:
Poore boyes with words, or women may be scar'd,
Not I that fight as willingly as eat:
Prove when you please, I am not unprepar'd,
At any time for any warlike feat,
On horse, on foot, in field, or in the list,
I shall be ready, try me when you list.

82

Thus words bred wrath, and wrath engendred blowes,
And blowes increas'd their sharp avenging will,
Ev'n as the wind that first but calmly blowes,
But after more and more increasing still,
At last it trees and houses overthrowes,
And seas and lands with tempest it doth fill:
So cruell grew the fight them two between,
Whose match might hardly in the world be seen.

83

Their hearts were stout, so were their bodies strong,
Desire to win in both alike was great,
One doth maintaine, tother would venge his wrong,
And love their fury equally doth whet,
In equall peise the fight endured long,
Nor each of tother any gaine could get,
But each of them so firmly kept his ground,
As if each inch thereof had cost a pound.

84

Among an hundred blowes the *Tartar* smit,
Of which small hurt to *Rodomont* did rise,
Yet one at last so heavily did hit
Vpon his helmet, over both his eyes,
His senses all were so amaz'd with it,
He thought he saw more starres then are in skies,
And almost down he was ev'n in her sight,
For whom he first began this cruell fight.

85

But as a strong and justly temper'd bow
Of *Pymour* steel, the more you do it bend;
Vpon recoile doth give the bigger blow,
And doth with greater force the quarrell send;
Ev'n so the *Sarzan* king that loop'd so low,
As highly to revenge it doth intend,
And to acquit himselfe of this disgrace,
He striketh at the *Tartar* Princes face.

86

So fierce he strake in this so furious mood,
An inch or little more above his sight,
That save those armes of *Hector* was so good,
No doubt that blow had finish'd all the fight,
But so aston'd therewith the *Tartar* stood,
He could not tell if it were noon or night:
And while in this amazement he abode,
The tother ceaseth not to lay on load.

87

The *Tartars* horse that saw the glittering blade,
That *Rodomont* about his head so tost,
Did start aside, and with a turn he made,
Rescu'd his master, sore to his own cost:
Down with the blow falls this unluckie jade,
And with his starting he his life hath lost:
To ward his head he wanted *Hectors* shield,
And therefore dead he tumbleth on the field.

88

Now come his master to himselfe againe,
Inflam'd with greater anger then before,
To see his horse so pitifully staine,
But *Rodomont* forbears him ne'er the more.
But spurrs on him, and thinks with fury maine,
To beare him down, but he so strongly boie
The push, and thrust withall *Frontino* back,
He made his master glad to leave his back.

89

Thus now with minds more alien'd from all peace,
In eager sort the combat is renew'd,
To strike, to thrust each other doth not cease,
In hope with bloud their swords to have embrew'd,
Fell rancor, wrath and pride do still increase,
And death of one or both must have ensue'd,
Ere either of them would from thence have started,
Had not a certaine messenger them parted.

90

One that had travel'd all about the coast,
To seek them out, to ask their help and aid,
To raise the siege, that by the *Christen* host,
Vnto the camp of *Agramant* was laid:
Yet though he came in peace, and eke in post,
To speak to them at first he was affraid,
And though his office were sufficient warrant,
Yet to themselves he dares not do his errand.

91

But seeing *Doralice*, to her he told,
How *Agramant*, *Marsilio*, *Stordylan*,
And others more, like men pent up in hold,
Were in great danger to be kild or rane,
Wherefore he wisheth her for to unfold
Thus much to them, that sought each others banes:
And to perswade them to so good accord,
As they might go to help their soveraigne Lord.

She

Another
phrase is
strike out to
make him
think it
night, as the
Spaniard
that had but
one eye, ha-
ving the to-
ther stricken
out at towne,
said, Buenos
Nochet.

A phrase is
strike out to
make him
think it
night, as the
Spaniard
that had but
one eye, ha-
ving the to-
ther stricken
out at towne,
said, Buenos
Nochet.

92
 She that a woman was of passing spites,
 And knew that neither of them would offend her,
 Stept them between, and charg'd them stay the fight,
 As they their honour and her love did tender,
 And help their king that is in wofull plight,
 And end this fray began of cause so slender,
 At least defer so long to trie this quarrell,
 Till Agramant their king were out of perill.

93
 When she thus much to them declared had,
 Then doth the messenger declare the rest,
 And other strong perswasions he doth add,
 And doth expon'd to them their kings request,
 Alledging that their absence made him sad,
 That but they help, the camp would be distressed,
 And that if they to rescue him neglected,
 A present ruine were to be expected.

94
 With his report and with her strong perswasion,
 The hardy knights the combat do defer,
 Till Agramant be freed from this invasion,
 And all the Chriffen forces moved are,

Thus of this friendly truce she is occasion,
 That first was cause of their deadly war,
 To her they bind themselves by solemne oath,
 That untill then they will be quiet both.

95
 There *Discord* was and *Pride*, and what they may,
 They do this league to interrupt and break,
 But at that time Love bare so great a sway,
 That to withstand him, they were both too weak:
 In vaine it was to argue and gainsay,
 When once dame Doralice the world did speak,
 By her perswasion firmly they agreed,
 Like friends upon their journey to proceed.

96
 One onely want there was, that let them sore,
 Which was that *Mandricardos* horse was dead,
 But lo ev'n then came thither *Brygliadore*,
 That since his masters madnesse there had fed,
 Full glad the Prince of *Tartar* was therefore,
 Of such a horse so quickly to be sped:
 But least my tale with tediousnesse molest you,
 I wish you lay aside the book, and rest you.

Morall.

In the great offence of *Oderike*, and the notable clemency of *Zerbino* in pardoning the same, we may note in the one the great frailtie of men in offending (specially in this kind of fleshly concupiscence,) in the other a notable magnanimity as well as mercy in forgiving him: For that (indeed) is true clemency in a Prince, to forgive that offence that is committed against his private (as they call it) that is, against his own person, rather then that which is done against the law, for that is rather partiality and injustice, then clemency. Secondly, we may observe both in *Zerbino* and *Isabella*, a notable example of gratitude toward *Orlando*, first in gathering his dispersed armour, next in that *Zerbino* fought with *Mandricardo* in defence of *Orlandos* sword, in which conflict he receives his death wound, and though indeed all that is told of this couple, tender to a tragick end, yet in it withall set down by my author in a sort, to move so great compassion, that it seemes all that read it are as it were in love with them, and lament their so unfortunate end: which hath made me say sometimes (in sport) to some of mine honourable friends, that if I could without wronging mine author, I would surely have saved their lives, or given them a more fortunate end: though (to say true) first an end is of necessity due to all mankind, what more honourable death can a Prince have, then by a wound in fight, specially for a good quarrell? what more sweet death, then in her beloved armes whom he was betrothed to, and intended to marrie? what more happy reward, then fame and love in this world, and heaven in the next? Further, though *Isabella* were after slaine by *Rodomont* in his drunkennesse, as is noted in the xxxix. booke, yet that notable title that is here given to her (the martyr of chastity) makes her so famous, and her vertue so admirable, as she could never have wish't a better end, if she had lived as long as *Hecuba*. Wherefore if it be true that *Ovid* said of *Cadmus*,

— Scilicet ultima Temper

Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.

In English thus,

Our onely dying day and end doth show

If that a man have happy been or no:

Then (I say) by the death of these two, though in them unfortunate, yet in deed most glorious, they may be called happy. Lastly, for the end of this morall, we may take one speciall observation of great integrity in the religious man, that converted her to the faith, and yet afterward would not trust himselfe alone with her; for in the fleshly conflicts and temptations she onely way to conquer, is to play the coward and run away, and thus much for the morall.

Historie.

The examples of the vertuous women that are praised by the hermit (though not named) in the 72 stasse of this booke, are many, recited in the Scripture it selfe: as namely the blessed virgin *Mary*, *Anne*, and *Magdalen*, all which betooke themselves most devoutly to the service of God, and therefore are worthy to be canonized for examples of chastity and zeale of religion.

Allegory.

In the soaine parting of the fray between the two famous rivals, onely upon the commandement of *Doralice*, with whom they were both exceedingly in love, this allegorically is supposed to be meant, that the strongest passions that are, as anger, and revenge, or what els soever, are often overmastered with love.

Allusion.

The speech of *Isabella* to *Zerbino* wishing to die at the same instant with him, alludes to the wish of good *Baucis* and *Philemon*.

— Quoniam concordēs egimus annos,
 Auferat hora duos eadem, nec conjugis unquam
 Busta meae videam, nec sim tumulandus ab illa.

Here end the notes of the xxiiij. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero saveth (to his fame and glory)
 His sponser brother, that had els been dead:
 Who doth recount to him the wofull storie,
 That so great danger unto him had bred:
 His cousin cheares them, though himselfe were sorie,
 Next morne they arme them all from foot to head,
 Good Malagige and Vivian to relieve,
 Whose thraldome did their kinsmen greatly grieve.

Love and
ambition, two
strong passi-
ons.



L He strife is great that growes
 in youthfull mind,
 When honour falls at vari-
 ance with affection,
 Nor could it yet be known or
 well defin'd,
 Which passion keeps the
 tother in subjection,
 For both allure, both do our
 judgements blind,

And both corrupt the heart with strong infection:
 Yet so sometimes these hurts procure our weal,
 Ev'n as one poyson doth another heale.

Similar

For here you see these princes that of late,
 Strave fiercely one the other to subdue,
 Agreed to respite this their sharp debate,
 And to repaire unto the Turkish crew,
 To succour Agramants distressed state,
 To whom they ought in duty to be true,
 And yet herein love claimeth halfe the praise,
 For she commanded them to go their waies.

And on they went without more disagreeing,
 Faire Dorastus with these her servants twaine,
 The one in suit, one in possession being,
 And yet as then in concord they remaine:
 At last they came unto a place, where seeing
 Foure knights themselves did solace on a plaine,
 (Of which two were unarm'd, two armour bare)
 With them a Lady was of beauty rare.

How commeth
to them a
gaine in the
book.

With these a while they staid, but who these were,
 And what they did, and whither then they went,

A little while to tell I do forbear,
 For to Rogero now my tale is meant,
 Who would no more the shield enchanted beare,
 But in the well did drown it, with intent
 That men might know his valiant deeds of armes,
 Were done by force of vertue, not of charmes,

He scant had gone a mile or little more,
 From this same well, but that he met a post
 From Agramant, of which there went good store,
 The Captaines to recall unto the host,
 He told him how the king (besieged sore,
 And like (if succour come not) to be lost)
 Commanded him as his true Lord and Liege,
 To come without delay to raise the siege.

Much was Rogero with the message mov'd,
 And diverse passions strave within his mind,
 He saine would have his Princes siege remov'd,
 Yet loth he was to leave his love behind;
 But be his doing praised or reprov'd,
 He was so to the present cause inclin'd,
 First with his guide he goes to stay the slaughter,
 Of him that had deflowr'd Marsilius daughter.

They came unto the place an houre ere night,
 Where this same execution should be done,
 A castle that belong'd to Charles of right,
 But late the Spanish king the same had wonne,
 And kept it in the midst of France by might,
 By count'nance of the great Trajanos sonne:
 Rogero commeth in, and none dem'd him,
 Because they knew the damself that did guide him.

There

8
There first he saw prepar'd a flaming fire,
In which they meant to burne the wofull youth;
He thought so small a sinne did not require
Such punishment, no more it doth in truth:
But when he markt his face and his attire,
And heard and saw the manner of his ruth,
Now sure I know (quoth he) I am not I,
Or this is *Bradamant* that here should die.

9
Tis certaine she, I see which way it went,
Belike while I at yonder castle staid,
She hither came afore me, with intent
To bring vnto the prisoner here some aid,
For which (poore soule) her self should now be shent,
Yet I am glad and very well apaid,
That I am hither come in so good season,
To save her that should die against all reason.

10
And even with that, most furiously he flies
With naked sword upon the gazing rout,
Who ever standeth in his way he dies,
With so great force he hurles his blade about:
Then straight the prisoners fetters he unties,
Nor was there one so hardie or so stout,
That once durst make resistance or forbid it,
No not so much as aske him why he did it.

11
As fearfull fowle that in the sunshine bright,
Sit pruning of themselves upon a banke,
When as a Faulcon doth among them light,
Flie without care of order or of ranke:
So when these captives saw this noble Knight,
Forthwith they from his manly presence shranke,
So did their fearfull hearts and courage faile them,
When as they felt *Rogero* once assaile them.

12
No marvell tho, for why, *Rogero*'s force
Was not as mens that now borne later are,
The strength of Lion, Beare, or Bull, or Horse,
Were nothing, if with his they do compare,
And chiefe sith now he doth himselfe inforce,
To do as much as he or can or dare,
Hereby from danger thinking to recover,
Her unto whom he was professed lover.

13
Now when the youth from danger quite was freed,
And all that sought his death away were fled,
He thanks the author of this worthy deed,
And thanketh her that had him thither led,
Then, when of helpe he stood in greatest need,
When otherwise he doubtlesse had bin dead,
And executed like a malefactor,
Agnizing him his Lord and benefactor.

14
And furthermore he doth *Rogero* pray,
To let him understand his name and nation;
Rogero musing to himselfe doth say,
What meaneth this so strange congratulation?
In face, in shap, in gesture, in array,
This is my love, I see no alteration,
Yet strange it is her voice should be so changed,
More strange that she from me is so estranged,

15
It doubtlesse is not she, for if it were,
Could she within three houres my name forget?
Wherefore to tell his name he doth forbear,
Vntill he may more perfect notice get:
And thus he said, I have, I know not where,
Scene you ere this, and I bethinke me yet
Where it might be, for sure I know your face,
Though now I have forgot the time and place.

16
Most noble sir (said toker) I agree,
You may have scene me, though I know not when,
I rather judge it should my sister be,
That fights and carries armes as well as men:
My mother at one birth bare her and me,
And we be both so like, that now and then
Our servants, yea our father and our mother
Have tane us in exchange the one for tother.

17
Chiefly since in her head she had a wound,
For which she was constrain'd to cut her haire,
Twere long the circumstances to expound,
How she was hurt and heald, by whom and where,
Since that betweene us difference none is found,
Save sex and names that from our birth we beare,
She *Bradamant*, I *Richardet* am cald,
She sister, and I brother to *Renald*.

18
And further if you please, I shall you tell,
As we do onward on our journey go,
A strange mishap that unto me befell,
By being tane for her not long ago,
A hap that at the first I liked well,
But after wrought my danger great and wo:
Yes with good will, *Rogero* said, and than
Yong *Richardet* to thus his tale began.

19
It happend (as in part I toucht before)
My valiant sister passing through a wood,
Was hurt with certaine *Sarazins* so sore,
As had her cost almost her vitall blood,
Which wound to cure, her tresses short she wore,
For so as then her surgeon thought it good,
The wound once cur'd, for which her head was sold
Abroade to go againe she waxed bold.

20
And having traveld till the heate of day,
All clad in armor, as her manner was,
At noone she tooke occasion to make stay,
Fast by a watric streame as cleare as glasse,
And putting off her helmer, downe she lay,
Vpon a pleasant banke well cloth'd with grasse,
And sleepe at last her heavie eyes did close,
The place inviting her to take repose.

21
Now while she did there fast asleepe remaine,
There happend to arrive unto that place,
The daughter of *Marsilio* King of Spaine,
That there by chance was hunting in the chase,
And seeing signes of manhood very plaine,
With that her sweet and amiable face,
As horse, and sword, and target all of Steele,
A little amorous passion she doth feele.

22
And taking then my sister for a man,
As by all circumstances well she might,
She offers her all courtie that she can,
And askt her if in hunting she delight;
And then to chuse a standing they began,
And finding one far off from others sight,
She opened more plainly that affection,
That had her heart already in subjection.

23
And save her maiden modestie forbad,
She would the same in words have plainly told,
Howb't it with sighs, with rufull looks and sad,
And silent signes she doth her griefe unfold:
And when she thus long time discoursed had,
Surpris'd with hope, she could no longer hold,
But steps unto her, and gives her such a kisse,
As that alone shewes what her meaning is.

24
My sister at the first doth thinke it strange,
That such a sute should unto her be made,
And finding she had tane her in exchange,
She thinks it best (before she further wade,
Or let the tothers humor further range)
Tell troth, for thus she doth her selfe perswade,
Tis better to be knowne a Ladie gentle,
Then to be deem'd a base man and ungentle.

Of this look
in the mirall
of the booke.

25
For what could be more cullen-like or base?
Or fitter for a man were made of straw,
Then standing in a faire yong Ladies grace,
To shew himselfe a cuckow or a daw,
And leese occasion both of time and place?
My sister therefore that this ill foresaw,
And knew she wanted that, that her should aid,
Told her by circumstance she was a maid.

26
And thus she told her how the worthy fame,
Hippolita and stout Camilla wonne,
In deeds of armes, mov'd her her mind to frame,
To do the like while others sow'd and sponne;
And that she thought it to her sex no shame,
To do as women of such worth had done,
She told her this, in hope this would appease her,
But this alas did so much more disease her.

27
For why the fancie was so firmly fixt,
That in her mind she had before conceived,
By meanes of speech had passed them betwixt,
That fore it griev'd her to be thus deceived,
Before, her feare with some good hope was mixt,
But now ev'n a hope it selfe was her bereaved;
And this is one extremest point of griefe,
Still to despaire and hope for no reliefe.

Consequence.

28
He that had heard her wofull plaint and mone,
Must needs have greatly at the same bin griev'd,
Ah wo is me (she said) that I alone
Should live in such despaire to be relieved:
In passed times I thinke there hath bene none,
In time to come it will not be beleev'd,
That love should make by such a strong infection,
One woman beare another such affection.

29
O Cupid, if thou didst my state envie,
And that thou hadst a mind me to torment,
To send such paines as others more do trie,
At least me thinke thou shouldst have bin content:
Shall in so many ages none but I,
Yeeld of so uncouth love such president?
The female with the female doth not wisht
To couple, nor in beast, nor foule, nor fish.

Looke in the
Mistress of
this booke.

30
I sole am found in earth, aire, sea, or fire,
In whom so strange a wonder thou hast done,
On me thou shewst the power of thine ire,
And what a mighty conquest thou hast wonne.
The wife of Nynus had a strange desire,
To joyne in copulation with her sonne;
Faure Myrrha by her fire was made a mother,
And made Adonis both her sonne and brother.

Looke in the
History of
this booke.

31
Pasphyae, except it be a tale,
Was buld, inclosed in a wooden cow;
Yet in all these the female sought the male,
But nature doth my fancie disallow;
No Dedalus could remedy my bale,
Nor art can frame, nor sense imagine how,
Thus knot dame nature hath so firmly knit,
It cannot be dissolv'd by any wit.

32
This Fiordispina faire (so was her name)
In piteous sort her wofull state doth waile,
My sister unto her, her speech doth frame,
As chiefly to her comfort might availe:
And wisht her this unbridled will to tame,
Sith nature could not suffer it prevaile,
And that she would let that desire be daunted,
Which possibly by no meanes could be graunted.

33
All this but all in vaine my sister said,
To seeke that fancie from her mind to wrest,
She that for comfort ear'd not, but for aid,
Doth more and more her selfe vexe and molest:
Now night grew on as they together staid,
What time all creatures seeke repose and rest,
The Ladie prayes my sister for her sake,
A lodging at her castle then to take.

34
To this request doth Bradamant assent,
And so together to that place they came,
Where I (but that you did my harme prevent)
Should have bene cast into the burning flame:
She that all kindnesse to my sister ment,
By many outward courties shewd the same;
And caused her to weare a womans weed,
That men might know that she was one indeed.

Thapian
was Mar-
tin call'd,
where is
shards
should be
bene him

35
For why the semblance false she saw before,
Of manly shape to her was so pernicious,
She would now see her in those weeds no more,
The rather eke lest folke should be suspicious,
(If she had bene as shewd the weed she wore)
Lest that they two did live together vicious:
She further was by physick rules assured,
That contraries by contraries are cured.

And

But nought co
That nigh
But sundry
One quiet
Still waking
That little
She thought
Into a bette

As men torme
Do dreame
But when th
And to be g
So she whol
Did dreame
But waking
Her hope st

How fervently
What vowe
If so by mig
Her bed fell
Now neare
When she i
And so mu
Because my

When Fiordisp
She caus'd
All richly b
Which wit
This frank
My sister ta
And takes
And home

We that long
I meane her
Do welcom
Why she se
Who straig
Doth tell u
And opned
The course

As namely fir
And in a co
For which
Before her
She told ho
Where tha
She told us
And all the

To heare this
For why at
This Fiord
Of her like
And lik't h
In vaine to
But now a
When by t

36
ought could salve that sore, nor swage her woes,
that night they lay together in one bed,
at sundry and unlike was their repose,
the quiet slept, the tothers troubled bed
all waking, or if she her eyes but close,
that little sleepe strange dreames and fancies bred:
she thought the gods and heav'n would so assist her,
to a better sex to change my sister.

37
then tormented with a burning fever,
to dreame with drinke they swage their grievous
at when they wake, they feeble their thirst persevere,
and to be greater then it was at first; (thirst,
she whose thoughts from love, sleepe could not
and dreame of that, for which she wake did thirst, (fever,
at waking felt and found it as before,
her hope still lesse, and her desire still more.

38
servently did she to Macon pray?
that vowes did she unto her prayre annex?
so by mighty miracle he may,
her bedfellow turne to a better sex?
how neare approcht the dawning of the day,
When she in vaine her selfe doth grieve and vex:
and so much more her passion grew the stronger,
because my sister now would stay no longer.

39
en Fiordispina saw she would be gone,
he caus'd a gallant genner to be brought,
all richly barbd, and furniture thereon,
Which with her owne hand partly she had wrought,
this frankly she bestoweth her upon,
my sister takes it kindly, as she ought,
and takes her leave, and on her way doth get,
And home she came that night ere Sunne was set.

40
that long time of her had heard no tiding,
meane her mother, brothers, and her kin,
Do welcome her, and aske of her abiding,
Why she so long from us had absent bin?
Who straight from us the troth of nothing hiding,
Doth tell us how great danger she was in;
And opned from the ending to beginning,
The course of all her leeling and her winning.

41
namely first how hardly she had sped,
And in a conflict had receiv'd a wound,
For which she was constrain'd to pole her head,
Before her health she could recover sound;
she told how fortune afterwards her led,
Where that faire huntresse had her sleeping found,
She told us how the Ladie did her woo,
And all the circumstance that long'd thereto.

42
heare this story I was passing glad,
For why at *Saragoza* I had serue
This *Fiordispina*, and some knowledge had
Of her likewise when she in *France* had beene,
And lik't her well, yet was I not so mad,
In vaine to set my love on such a Queene:
But now againe I gave that fancie scope,
When by this tale I had conceay'd some hope.

43
Love was my counsellor that me advised,
My meaning secret I to none impart,
This was the stratageme that we devised,
This was the plot, the cunning, and the art,
To go in *Bradamant* as clothes disguised,
And for a while to play the womans part:
I knew my face my sisters so resembling,
Would be the better helpe for my dissembling.

44
The day ensuing ere it yet was light,
I tooke my way, my love and fancie guiding,
I there arriv'd an houre before it was night,
Such hap I had, such hast I made in riding:
No sooner came I in the servants sight,
But well was he of me could carry tiding:
They looke (as Princes oft to give do use)
Some recompence for bringing so good newes.

45
Straight out she came, and met me halfe the way,
And tooke me fast about the necke and kist me,
And told me how in this my little stay,
In anguish great and sorrow she had mist me,
Then she did cause me alter mine array,
In which with her owne hands she doth assist me,
A cawl of gold she set upon my crowne,
And put on me a rich and stately gowne.

46
And for my part to helpe the matter, I
Did take great heed to all I did or said,
With sober cast I carrid still mine eye,
And bare my hands before me like a maid;
My voice did serve me worst, but yet thereby
Such heed I us'd, my sex was not bewraid:
And thus arrayd, my Princess led me with her,
Where many Knights and Ladies were together.

47
My looke and clothes did all them so beguile,
I hey all had thought I had a woman beene,
And honour such was done to me that while,
As if I were a Dutchesse or a Queene:
And (that which made me oftentime to smile)
Some youths there were of yeers & judgement green
That cast upon me many a wanton looke,
My sex and quality they so mistooke.

48
At last came meate, both store of flesh and fish,
What kinds of both, to tell I overslip,
I maidenly tast here and there a dish,
And in the wine I scant do wet my lip,
The time seem'd long that staid my wanton wish,
And still I doubted taking in some trip:
When bed time came, she told me I must be
Her bedfellow, the which well pleased me.

49
Now when the maids and pages all were gone,
One onely lampe upon the cubbard burning,
And all coasts cleare, thus I began anon:
Fairst dame I thinke you muse of my returning,
And cause you have indeed to muse thereon,
For yesterday when I did leave you mourning,
I thinke both you and I did thinke as then,
We should not meet againe till God knowes when.

50
First let me tell you why from you I went,
Then why I come, hereafter I shall show:
Deare Ladie (thus it was) I did lament
Your fruitlesse love on me was placed so,
And though I could have ay bene well content,
To waite on you, and never part you fro,
Yet since my presence did but make you languish,
I thought mine absence minish would your anguish.

*This is a fri-
volous tale,
devised by
him to lreare
her eyes, and
therefore it is
not requisite
it should bee
probable,
though Ca-
stelveto an
Italian wri-
ter, found
fault with
this, because
he saith, it
should have
had more
probability.*

51
But riding on my way, I somewhat straid,
As fortune and adventure did me guide,
And lo I heard a voice that cride for aid,
Within a thicket by the river side;
A Satyr taken had a naked maid,
And with a twisted cord her hands had ride,
And in his usage seemed so to threate her,
As if that he would kill her straight, and eate her.

52
I rusht to them with naked sword in hand,
And death to him, and freedom I did give her,
She diving under water out of hand,
Vnrecompent thou shalt not me deliver,
Quoth she, for I will have you understand,
I am a Nymph that dwell here in this river,
And for this courtise I do much regard you,
And am well able richly to reward you.

53
Aske of me what you list, and I will give it,
For I upon the elements have powre;
I can with charms bring down the Moon, beleve it,
I can swage stormes, and make faire weather lowre,
What is so hard, but my skill can atchieve it?
To drayne the sea, or build in aire a towre?
Yea ev'n with simple words (and if I will)
I can inforce and make the Sunne stand still.

54
When as the Nymph had made me this great offer,
(Lo Ladie what great love to you I bare)
I neither askt with gold to fill my coffer,
Nor victory, of which some greedy are,
This favour onely I demaunded of her,
To make me able to assuage your care:
Nor nam'd I any meanes for feare of erring,
The onely way and meanes to her referring.

55
No sooner this request to her I told,
But in the christall streame againe she dived,
And sprinkled me with drops of water cold,
Which to my skinne no sooner were arrived,
But I was chang'd from that I was of old,
And of my former state I was deprived,
I felt, I saw, yet scant beleve I can,
That of a woman I was made a man.

56
And saving that ev'n now I am so nie you,
As you may quickly prove my tale not fained,
Else you might thinke I said it but to trie you,
Now lo, since I for you this wish obtained,
Aske what you please, I nothing shall denie you,
Enjoy that which my love for you hath gained:
When I had pleaded thus, and she had heard it,
On sight of evidence she gave her vardit.

57
As one whose state is overwhelm'd with debt,
By lending or by spending out of measure,
That looks ech houre when prouling threecs will fret
Himselfe to ward, and of his goods make seasure,
If some unhokt for gaine he hap to get,
By some mans death, or by some trovie treasure,
Is so surpris'd with joy, he scant doth know,
If true it be, or if he dreamed so.

Simile.

58
So she that now did see, and feele, and touch,
That which she long had longed for in vaine,
It oversild her mind with joy so much,
It seemed in a trance she did remaine;
Therein her incredulity was such,
As to resolve her I did take much paine:
If these be dreames (quoth she) for these dreams sake
I ever wish to dreame and never wake.

59
Not sound of drum, of trumpet, or of phife,
Nor warlike instrument of any sort,
Did sound alarum to our friendly strife,
But dovelike billing follow'd lovely sport,
This battell hazards neither limbe nor life,
Without a ladder I did scale the fort;
And stoutly plant my standard on the wall,
And under me I made my fo to fall.

60
If that same bed were full the night before,
Of teares, of plaints, of anguish and annoy,
No doubt but now it had in as great store,
Both smilings, sports, and solaces and joyes:
No luy doth embrace the pillar more,
Then she did me, nor Apes can find more toyes,
Then we yong fooles did find to make us merie,
Till joy it selfe of joy did make us wearie.

61
The thing twixt us did secret long remaine,
And certaine months this pleasure did endure,
Till some had found, and told it to my paine,
As you well know that did my life assure:
Yet I confesse great grieve I still sustaine,
Not knowing how her safetie to procure.
This Richardetto to Rogero told,
And all the while their journey on they hold.

*The end of
the tale of
Fiordilinda.*

62
By that time Richardetto's tale was done,
They gan up to a little hill to moun,
And when an houre and more was set the Sunne,
They came unto the castle Agri'mount;
Kept then by Aldiger the bastard sonne
Of Bovo, of the house of Clarimount,
A wise and sober man and of good qualitie,
And bountifull in keeping hospitalitie.

Aldiger.

63
And after he had bid them welcome both,
One as his kinsman, tother as his friend,
I heare ill newes (quoth he) that I am loth
To tell to you, lest it should you offend:
But thus it is, to let you know the troth,
I heare that Bertolage doth sure intend
To buy the prisners that Ferrao hath rane,
As namely Malagige and Vivian.

*Bertolage of
the house of
Malagira.
Malagira &
Vivian.*

Lon'usa

64
Lusuf taketh upon her to sell them,
 And as I heare to morrow is the day,
 Vnto your brothers I sent one to tell them,
 But they be absent hence so farre away,
 As ere they come, from hence they may expell them,
 I am too weake to force, too poore to pay,
 My love is great, 'o wish all good unto them,
 But powre so small, as good I can none do them.

65
 Young *Richardetto* much mislikt the newes,
 So did *Rogero* for the tothers sake,
 And when he saw they both were in a muse,
 Nor knew what counsell, or what course to take,
 No feare (quoth he) let me this matter use,
 On me this enterprife Ile undertake,
 So I shall handle this affaire so handsome,
 This sword alone shall pay your kinsmens ransome.

66
 This spake *Rogero* his companions chearing,
 But notwithstanding *Aldiger*, his host,
 Gave to those loftie promites such hearing,
 As if there were great boast and little rost:
 Which unto *Richardetto* plaine appearing,
 Who knew his vallew, greater then his host:
 Good cosen if you knew him well that sed it,
 You would said he unto his word give credit.

67
 Then *Aldiger* on better information,
 Gave care and credit to his noble guest,
 And made him cheare to sute his reputation,
 And plast him at the boord above the rest:
 And supper done, he was in seemely fashion,
 In chamber lodgd, of all the house the best,
 The master of the house in nothing scant,
 His worthy guest will suffer nothing want.

68
 Now was the time when all men soundest sleepe,
Rogero onely cannot sleepe a winke,
 For cares and thoughts that him do waking keepe,
 And in his troubled braine profoundly sinke;
 The siege of *Agramant* doth pierce him deepe,
 And what dishonor men of him may thinke,
 And deeme his heart but faint, his faith but fickle,
 To leave his Sovereigne in so wofull pickle.

69
 Had he revolted at some other time,
 Men might have thought that true religion mov'd
 None could have it imputed as a crime, (him,
 Nor no man probably could haue reprov'd him:
 Now, when his masters fortune did decline,
 And when to aid him chiefest it behoov'd him,
 Feare, men will thinke, his change procured chiefe,
 Nor just remorse, nor zeale of true beliefe.

70
 This troubled him, and little lesse then this,
 It troubled him, to thinke of his deare hart,
 Whom now by evill fortune he doth misse,
 Nor cannot once salute ere he depart,
 Wherefore to write to her his purpose is,
 And so to her at large his mind impart,
 Both that of him she may have certaine newes,
 As that he may his sodaine going scuse.

71
 The chamberlaine, both prudent and discrete,
 Vpon *Rogero* quicke attendance gave,
 Providing him of needfull things and meet,
 Inke, paper, light, and what he else would crave:
 Then (as the manner is) he doth her greet,
 Vpon the front, as letters use to have,
 Thus after very hartly commendations,
 Or some such phraze of friendly salutations.

72
 Then tels he her how that the *Turkish* Prince,
 Had for his ayd, by speciall message sent,
 Who is besieg'd, and hath bene long time since,
 And how to rescue him is his intent:
 Least men of cowardise might him convince,
 That he away in time of danger went:
 And now would leave his lawfull Lord and liege,
 Then when his enemies did him besiege.

73
 He prayeth her to weigh, how foule a deed,
 How full it were of infamy and shame,
 To yeeld his Prince no aid in such a need,
 That sent to him of purpose for the same:
 He wisht her for her owne sake to take heed,
 That no such staine might spot her spouses name,
 That being she, so true and so sincere,
 She should no blemish in her husband beare.

74
 He further doth his zeale to her protest,
 Asert he had in word so now in writing,
 And swears that when his Prince were undistrest,
 The siege quite rais'd, by concord or by fighting,
 That foolish people might not make a jest,
 To his reproch, that common speech reciting,
Rogero loves to take the surer side,
 And turnes his sailes, as fortune turnes her tide.

75
 I shall (he writes) when that time doth expire,
 Which in a month I hope will be effected;
 Finde some occasion from them to retire,
 And of no breach of honour be suspected.
 Then shall I full accomplish your desire,
 And do, as I by you shall be directed:
 This onely for my honour I demand thee,
 And after this thou ever shalt command mee.

76
 These things, and like to these *Rogero* wrate,
 As then by hap came in his troubled hed,
 To certifie his love of his estate,
 And of the cause that his departure bred:
 By that time he had done, it was full late,
 And then againe he got him to his bed,
 And clos'd his eyes, when he had clos'd the letter,
 And after tooke his ease a great deale better.

77
 Next day they all arose at breake of day,
 With minde to go to set their kinsmen free,
 And though *Rogero* earnestly did pray,
 That none might take that enterprife but he,
 Yet both the other stilly said him nay,
 And thereunto by no meanes would agree,
 Vnto the place assign'd they ride together,
 And by the time appointed they came thither.

The place they came to was a goodly plaine,
In which no tree nor bush was to be scene,
Here Bertolage did point to take them twaine,
As were agreed Lanfise and him betweene,

But first they met, while here they did remaine,
One that a Phenix bare in field all greene,
With armor faire embost, and guilt with gold,
As in the booke that follows shall be told.

Morall. In this xxv booke, in Rogeros valiant proceeding for the delivery of Richardetto (though at then not knowne to him what he was) may be noted a wonderfull courage and promptnes to honorable exploits: In the great likenesse of face of Bradamant and Richardetto (though this be but a fiction) yet we may observe the rare, and (as it were) cunning workmanship of nature; admirable, as well in making so many sundry countenances, one unlike another: as also sometimes in making some so exceeding like, which in deede though it seldomer fortunes, and sooner alters in brother and sister, yet in two brothers, it is scene many times, and therefore not improbable to be written, as it is here for the forenamed couple. I have heard in England of the two Tremaines not many yeares past: I have known my selfe two of the Wrothes in Eaton schoole, and lately in her Majesties court two Tracies, two proper and valiant young Gentlemen, whom my selfe being familiarly acquainted with, yet I could very hardly know one from the other. But to come to the tale of Richardetto and Fiordispina, (which name signifieth as much as the flowre of thorne, and not unapt for her prickling condition) I must confesse my author sheweth in the tale, rather pleasant wit, then any sober gravity, and the best I can say is this, that it is a bad matter not very ill handled. But as I undertooke in the beginning to make speciall note of all the good matters by which the honest reader might take profit, so I thinke it as convenient, where any light and lascivious matter falls (as this is surely one) to temper it in such sort, or at least to salve it so, as it may do least hurt. Namely, I would not have that xxv. staffe by misapplying it, made worse: being perhaps bad enough at the best.

For what can be more cullen like and bate,
And fitter for a man were made of straw,
Then standing in a gallant Ladies grace,
To shew himselfe a cuckow or a daw,
Leefing occasion both of time and place? &c.

This taken, as many will take it, may seeme but lewd doctrine, but thus it ought and may be honestly taken, that he that in good honourable sort (as put the case in the way of marriage) may obtaine the love of some worthy Ladie, and stand in her high favour, and then will be so bashfull, either for want of wit or heart, to leese that oportunitie, he may be in good reason indued with those gentile titles; neverthelesse to underst and it generally were ungoodly, considering the Scripture commendeth to us the example of Ioseph, that refused his mistres kindnes. But to conclude the morall of this tale, we may note how full of doubts and feares these unlawfull pleasures are, howsoever some men like better, to hunt by stealth in another mans walke, then to have the fairest course that may be at game of their owne.

Historic. The examples that Fiordispina recites of other womens unlawfull lusts, pre erring them before her owne, for their possibility (hers being impossible) are confirmed by divers authors, as of Nynus wife Semiramis, that lusted after a horse: Mynos wife after a bull, and other such tales, though I thinke untrue, or rather colourd by such names: as in that of Pasiphae, it is thought she loved one that was called Taurus (to say a bull) and thereupon the light headed Poets, that have a priviledge as free for the pen, as painters have for the pencill, make a great wonder of it, whereas perhaps indeed it was but even an ordinarie matter, that is dayly (or at least nightly) committed, by many in these times.

Allusion. This tale of Fiordispina alludes to that in the ninth of the Metamorphosis of Iphis, and the complaint she makes is much taken from thence, and is wonderfull finely written by Ovid, as you may reade there more at large.

Vixque tenens lachrimas, quis me manet exitus inquit,
Cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque,
Cura tenet Veneris? si dii mihi parere vellent,
Perdere debuerant: si non & perdere vellent,
Naturale malum saltem, & de more dedissent,
Nec vaccam vaccæ, &c.

Here end the notes of the xxv. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Malagige strange riddles shewes,
To his companions out of Merlins well:
With Mandricard the Sarzan thither goes,
And each tooke quarrels new, as there befell:
For Discord seed of strife among them sows,
But Doralices horse, by fiend of hell
Affrighted, doth his mistres beare away,
Which caus'd the Pagans both breake off the fray.*

R

ight worthy dames there
were in times of old,
That more esteem'd of
vertue then of wealth,
But now our iron age is
all for gold,
For bad, and worse, in sick-
nes and in health,
But she that will that elder
custome hold,

And leave this new, deserves where ere she dwelth,
Here in this life to have a happie choice,
And in the next for ever to rejoyce.

Such was the noble *Bradamant* as mind,
Who sought not after wealth and rich ability,
Nor state, nor pompe, that many women blind,
But after vertue pure, the true nobility:
And well deserved he to find her kind,
That shew'd in him such proofs of high gentility,
And tooke upon him actions for her sake,
Which time to come for miracles may take.

Rogero (as before I did recite)

With *Aldiger* and *Richardetto* came,
To rescue those two prisoners (if they might)
That should be sold with great reproch and shame,
I told you how they met a gallant Knight,
Whose shield had painted that same bird of fame,
That still renews it selfe, and never dies,
And onely one, in all the world there flies.

Now when this Knight was of these three aware,
That stood like men new plait in battell ray,

He comes to them, and seeing what they are,
Will there (quoth he) some one of you assay,
If so his value can with mine compare,
With staffe, with sword, or any other way?
If any will, come then, and let us trie it,
If none, then say so quickly, and denie it.

Sir answer'd *Aldiger*, I were content,
To trie my selfe with you, a bout or two,
But we three came not here for this intent;
We come, a greater feate then this to do;
And at this time, a little time mispent,
May hinder us, and little pleasure you,
We three intend (if God do say Amen)
To take two prisoners from sixe hundred men.

Sure (said that other) if you mind indeed,
So great an enterprize to take in hand,
No doubt it doth of valiant mind proceed,
And pittie 'were, your purpose to withstand:
I rather shall assist you in this deed,
If you vouchsafe to make me of your band,
And by my service I will quickly shoe,
Good prooffe if I deserve such grace or no.

Perhap that some would know, and if they may,
What valiant Knight this was that did intreat,
To take *Rogeros* part in such a fray,
Whereas the danger could not be but great,
Now she, not he, hereafter I must say,
Marfisa was, of whom I did repeat,
How she both fought, and foyld a little since,
And with *Gabrina*, charg'd the Scottish Prince.

Rogero

8
 Rogero stout, and they of Clarimount,
 Of her and of her offer well esteemed,
 She joynd with them, they making full account
 That she had bene of that same sex she seemed.
 Straight ready on their horses backs they mount,
 They see a loose a cornet (as they deemed)
 Of horse, and mingled some on foote together,
 And all of them directly rending thether.

9
 Their march, their ensignes, penons, and their flags,
 Did cause for Moores they knowne were & descride,
 Amid this crew, upon two little nags
 The prisners rode with hands behind them tide,
 That must be chang'd for certaine golden bags,
 That Bertolage had promist to provide;
 Come (saith Marfisa) to the other three,
 Now let the feast begin, and follow me.

10
 Soft (quoth Rogero) there be wanting some
 Of those that to the banquet must be bidden,
 And to begin afore the guest be come,
 In reason and good manners is forbidden;
 By this, the tother crew had overcome
 The hill, that late before from them were hidden,
 These were the traitrous wretches of Magaunse,
 And now was ready to begin the daunce.

11
 Maganza men of one side, merchant like,
 Brought laden moyles with gold and costly ware,
 The Moores their prisners brought with sword & pike,
 Environd round about with heed and care;
 The Captains meet with mind a match to strike,
 The prisners present at the bargaine are,
 And now are bought and sold (for ought they know)
 To Bertolage their old and mortall foe.

12
 Good Aldiger and noble Annions sonne,
 Could hold no longer seeing Bertolage,
 But both together at him they do runne;
 With hearts all set on fierce revenge and rage,
 His force nor fate their fury could not shunne,
 Their speares his armor and his brest did gage,
 Downe falls the wretch, his wealth him cannot save,
 Such end I wish all wicked wretches have.

13
 Marfisa and Rogero at this signe,
 Set out without expecting trumpets blast,
 And with two staves of straight well seasond Pine,
 Twise twenty men unto the ground they cast,
 The Captaine of the Moores doth much repine,
 They of Maganza murmured as fast:
 For each side deemed, as they might in reason,
 That this had happend by the tothers treason.

14
 Wherefore each side with wrath and fury kindled,
 Vpbraiding one the tother with untruth,
 With swords and bills, pel mel together mingled,
 Do fight, and then a bloody fray ensueth,
 The Moorish Duke was by Rogero singled,
 A man ev'n then in prime and strength of youth,
 But youth, nor strength, nor armour could not save
 From such a blow as good Rogero gave him. (him,

15
 Marfisa doth as much on tother side,
 And in such sort besturd her with her blade;
 That looke which way soever she did ride,
 An open lane for her the people made;
 If any were so stout the brunt to bide,
 Yet soone they found their forces overlaid; (enter,
 Through coats of proof they prov'd her sword would
 She sent their soules below the middle center.

16
 If you have scene the hony making Bees
 To leave their hives, and going out in swarmes,
 When as their kings and masters disagrees,
 And they make camps in th'aire like men at armes,
 Straight in among them all the Swallow flees,
 And eates and beates them all unto their harmes:
 So thinke Rogero and Marfisa then,
 Did deale among these bands of armed men.

17
 Now Aldiger and Richardet no lesse,
 Vpon Maganza merchants lay on lode,
 Both free to set their kinsmen from distresse,
 And for they hated them like snake or tode,
 They that the cause nor quartell could not guesse,
 And saw their Captaine dead, made short abode:
 Their plate, their coine and treasure all they yeeld,
 And were the first that faintly left the field.

18
 So flie from Lions silly herds of Goates,
 That have devourd and spoild them at their list,
 And torne their sides, their hanches and their throates,
 Yet none of them their fellows dare assist:
 So fled these men, and cast away their coates,
 And weapons all, and durst no more resist:
 Nor marvell if these two had Lions harts,
 That ready find such two to take their parts.

19
 Whose acts at large to tell I do refraine,
 At which that age did not a little wonder,
 And now to tell them, men would thinke I faine,
 Yea though my words their actions far were under,
 For at one blow oft horse and man was slaine,
 From head to foote whole bodies clov'n in sunder,
 And either standing on their reputation,
 Bred for their foes a costly emulation.

20
 Still tone of them mark tothers valiant deed,
 And each of tother fell in admiration,
 She deemes him Mars, or one of Mars his seed,
 And farre above all humane generation:
 And save he was deceived in her weed,
 He would have giv'n her equall commendation,
 And likned her, as well he liken might,
 Vnto Bellona for her valiant fight.

21
 Thus of two bands these foure the battell wanne,
 And all their stuffe and carriages they got,
 The prisners loos'd, their bands were all undone,
 Their foes all sold, such is their happie lot:
 The man was well whose horse could swiftest runne,
 Small count they make of amble or of trot:
 The tone side leave their gold on asses loden,
 The tother of their captives are forboden.

Similes
 Virgil writes
 that Bees doe
 fight in bat-
 tles many
 times.

Horace: Cane
 peju & an-
 gus.

Simile.

The

*Flanders
both excelled
for array,*

23
The noble vanquishers do seize the pray,
Which was both rich and sumptuous to behold,
Of *Flanders* worke an hanging rich and gay,
(To hang a stately roome) of silke and gold,
They also found rich clothing and array,
That should have bene unto *Lanusa* sold,
And namely mong the rest a gallant gowne,
Embroiderd round with cost of many a crowne.

24
They further found good vittels and good store,
Wine boutels coole and fresh, and good of tast,
With which (not having eate that day before)
They do agree to baite and breake their fast,
And ev'ry one prepares himselfe therefore,
And to that end their curats they unlast:
Now when *Marfisa* had put off her beaver,
To be a woman each one doth perceave her.

25
Her golden haire trust up with carelesse art,
Her forehead faire, and full of stately grace,
Her eye, her lip, and ev'ry other part,
So futing to her comely shape and face,
As bred ev'n then in each beholders hart,
A rev'rend love and wonder in like case; (them,
And straight they ask her name, the which she told
And with as great delight she doth behold them.

26
But she her selfe farre more then all the rest,
Roger's shape and person doth regard,
His vallew great, his unappalled brest,
Before the others all she much prefard,
To him alone her speeches she addrest,
Of him alone she would her speech were hard;
Thus she in him, and he delighted in her,
The while the other had prepard their dinner.

27
The place they din'd in was a pleasant cave,
And one of foure that famous *Merlin* wrought,
Where he in milke white marble did ingrave
Strange stories, which things future strangeiy taught,
The very images seem'd life to have,
And saving they were dumb, you wold have thought
Both by their lookes and by their lively features,
That they had mov'd, and had bene living creatures.

*Of this look
on the alle-
57.*

28
From out a desert wood an ugly beast
There seem'd to come, whose shape was thus defined
An asse eares, a wolfe in head and brest,
A carkas all with pinching famiae pined,
A Lions grizly jaw, but all the rest
To foxlike shape did seeme to be inclined:
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy* and *Spaine*,
Yea all the world this monster seemd to raigne.

29
Where ere this cruell monster set his foote,
He kild and spoild of ev'ry sort and state,
No height of birth or state with him did boote,
He conquerd Kings and clowres all in a rate,
Yea this beasts powre had tane so deepe a roote,
It enter'd in *Christ* his vicars sacred gate,
And vexed *Cardinals* and *Bishops* chiefe,
And bred a scandall ev'n in our belife.

30
Vnto this beast men seem'd to bow and bend,
This beast brake through each wall and ev'ry fence,
No citie could it selfe therefrom defend,
Strong castles made from it but weake defence,
In fine, her powre did seeme so farre extend,
That many were so fond and void of sence,
To thinke and to beleve this monster fell,
Had powre of all things both in heav'n and hell.

31
But when this beast had rang'd a while, behold
One wearing on his head a lawrell crowne,
With three that wore the *flowre de luce* of gold,
Embroider'd richly on their purple gowne,
And with these three a stately *Lien* bold,
Did joyne his force to put the monster downe,
The titles and the names that them concerned,
Might in their garments plainly be discerned.

32
One that with sword the beast thrusts in the paunch,
Was he whose praise no time shall ever smother,
Francis the first of that name King of *France*,
Of *Austria Maximillen* is another,
Then *Charles* the fift that with a mighty launce
Smites through the beast, from one side to the tother:
The fourth that in the brest with arrow wounds him
Was *Henrie* th'eight, the writing so expounds him.

*Of King
Henry the
looker into
history of the
books.*

33
Leo the tenth, the *Lion* fierce is called,
Who chast him, and fast caught him by the eare,
And in the chace the beast so tyrd and galled,
As others tooke him while he held him there:
By this the world seem'd freed that erst was thrall'd,
By this men seem'd secure and void of feare,
Seeing that beast whose look late made them tremble
Stroyd by the powre of this so brave assemble.

34
This story so set forth (as I have told)
With costly workmanship, great pleasure bred,
In all their minds that did the same behold,
And on this sight more then their meat they fed,
And chiefe *Marfisa* wisht to heare it told,
What men these were, if men already dead,
Or else a *prophecie* of things ensuing,
By hidden skill, laid ope to each mans viewing.

35
Then *Malagigi* was by them requested,
As one in *Mathematikes* scene right well,
And had the method thereof so digested,
As he all hidden mystenes could tell,
To shew what monster thus the world molested,
And who be these that him from earth expell (them,
For though they saw their names, they did not know
But he they knew by his great skil could show them.

36
Know then (quoth he) that these whose names appeare
In marble pure, did never live as yet,
But long time hence, after six hundred year,
To their great praise in princely throne shall sit,
Merlin the *English* prophet plast them here
In *Arthurs* time, and by his passing wit,
Set here (as yet) their unperformed deeds,
And noted all their names upon their weeds.

This

36

This beast you saw, had first her habitation
Beneath amongst the wicked fiends of hell,
And staid there till that wicked generation,
(I meane the iron age) on earth did dwell,
When none durst trust without an obligation,
When fraud first came tween them that buy and sel,
And when the mighty (to their great reproch)
First on the poore mens livings did inroch.

37

Then first this monster cruell got a brode,
And ever since her powre doth still increase,
And wherefore she maketh her abode,
There is no friendship fitme, nor godly peace,
Conscience and justice under foote are trod,
Good government and wholesome lawes do cease,
That Python Phabus kild with thousand darts,
Was monster lesse then this by thousand parts.

38

Thus Malagigi said, and then he told
Who thot should be that should the monster kill,
That should come then when as the world were old,
That should renew each good, and mend each ill,
Whose names in sacred stile to be inrold
Deserve, and to be prais'd and honourd still,
That should in time to come, as he did conster,
With bouatic kill that miserable monster.

39

Those five I nam'd, and more by five times five,
Mine author names, that holpe to slay the beast,
Roger and the rest, the time did drive,
In such like talke during the present feast,
And ere they rose, behold there did arrive
Vnto this cave unware another guest,
By name that maid from whom of late by force,
Fierce Rodomont had tane Rogers horse.

40

She having heard by hap upon the way,
Her mistris brother was at Merlins cave,
Where she had bin her selfe another day,
Not thinking now Roger there to have;
Him when she saw, she not one word doth say
To him, nor any show or inckling gave,
Like one that knew so well to do her arrant,
As she durst go, sometime beside her warrant.

41

But unto Richardet she frames her tale,
Yet so as tother might her speeches heare,
How one from her a gallant courser stole,
Which Bradamant her mistris held full deare,
The horse (quoth she) Frontyn she did call,
As I had led him thirty mile well neare,
Marfisa toward, where she had me stay,
And pointed me to meet me at a day.

42

So fond was I, I feared no mans force,
Nor doubted no mans will to do me wrong,
When once I should but shew them how the horse
Vnto Renaldos sister did belong:
Yet one fierce Pagan voide of all remorse,
Met me, and tooke him from me, and ere long
Did meet a fo, with whom I fighting left him;
That hath (I hope) by this of life bereft him.

43

Rogero with this tale was so much moved,
That scant hereof Hippalca made an end,
But Richardetto straight by him was moved,
Yea and conjurd, as he would be his friend,
That this attempt might sole by him be proved,
And (but this damsell) none might him attend:
That she may bring him to the Pagans fight,
That tooke away her horse against all night.

44

Stout Richardet (though thinking too much wrong,
So oft to let another undertake
Those enterprises that to him belong)
Yet sith so earnestly Rogero spake,
He gives consent, and tother staid not long,
But of the company his leave doth take,
And leaves them all, in wonder great to see,
That such his worth could in a yong man be.

45

Now when Hippalca was quite out of sight,
She opned to Rogero all the troth,
How she that counts him her beloved Knight,
And voweth to be his by solemne oth,
Sent her of purpose to him this last night,
Which she before conceald (as being loth
Her mistris brother should her counsell know,
How she that horse upon him did bestow.)

46

She told him how that he that tooke the steed,
Did adde these proud and scornfull words beside,
Because it is Rogers horse indeed,
So much the rather on the horse I ride,
And if he will be griev'd at this my deed,
Tell him I do not mind my selfe to hide,
For I am Rodomont (he said) whose name
Where ere I passe fillet h the world with fame.

47

One might have seene it in Rogers face,
In how great dudgeon this great wrong he tooke,
Both for the gift and giver in like case,
And grosse abuse, for which he did not looke:
He thinks what infamy and foule disgrace
It were to him, so great despite to brooke,
Which if he would, then justly ev'ry body,
Might take him for a dastard and a nody.

48

Wherefore with heart upon revenge full set,
He followeth forthwith his female guide,
She that did thinke the fray unperted yet,
That Rodomont and Mandricardo ride,
By darke blind wayes, the nearest she could get,
Vnto the place directly she did ride,
But as you heard, they had deferd the quarell,
And hasted thence to help their Liege from perell.

49

And as I toucht before, their hap them brought
Vnto the foresaid Merlins famous cave,
There where before good Malagigi taught,
What secret meaning all the pictures have:
Now had Marfisa (by the rest besought)
Put on a womans garment passing brave,
Which lately for Lانسusa had bin made,
And so attyrd, refresht her in the shade.

When

Old faith of
the iron age.
Common-
sense in
lame's sole
of a
Cassius hand
long signa-
vit
miser.

The fruit of
cruelty
and misery.

Scene.
Lake in the
alley.

Epica.

Sentence.

Rodomont,
Mandricard,
Doralice.

Sentence.

30
When that *Tartarian* Prince had spide this dame,
Straight in his mind he plots this new found drift,
I will (thought he) by conquest win the same,
And give her *Rodomontee* as my gift,
(As though that love were but a sport and game,
That might be sold and changed for a shift)
For why (he thought) what needs a man complaine,
If leeing one, he do another gaine?

31
Wherefore the tothers damage to repaire,
And that he might his owne in quiet have,
And for *Marfisa* seemly was and faire,
As no man need a dame more comely crave:
He doth forthwith unto them make repaire,
Denouncing straight the challenge stout and brave,
That he with those foure knights at tilt wold runne,
Till they slue him, or be their Ladie wonne.

32
Straight stept out *Malagige* and *Uivian*,
Both prest in her defence to breake a speare,
Nor feating to encounter man to man,
With those two *Pagans* they saw present there,
But when the fray betweene them now began,
Fierce *Rodomont* stood still and doth forbear,
As comming thither with another mind,
And not to change his purpose first assignd.

33
Now of the brothers *Uivian* was the first,
That with great might the *Pagan* did invade,
Vpon whose crest in vaine his speare he burst,
His blow no hurt it did, no signe it made,
His force was least, so was his fortune worst,
For *Mandricard* (more perfect in his trade)
With so great strength and skill his speare inforced,
That he was overthrowne and quite unhorsed.

34
To venge his brother, *Malagige* thought,
But of his thought he quickly was deceived,
His force thus overmatcht prevailed nought,
From off his saddle he was quickly heaved.
Next *Aldiger* his comming dearly bought,
For in his side a great wound he receaved,
So downe upon the grasse he fell halfe dead,
His visage waxing pale, his armor red.

35
Then *Richardetto* came with mighty lance,
And prov'd himselfe by his great force to be
Worthy the name of *Palladine* of *France*,
As oft his foes did feeles, his friends did see;
But at this time one overthwart mischance
Did hap, that downe among the rest lay he,
His horse wherein he put so great a trust,
Fell downe with him, and tumbled in the dust.

36
When as no other champion did appeare,
But all were overthrowne in this late fight,
Thinking this conquest now obtained cleare,
Without more stay he from his horse doth light,
And comming unto her with smiling cheare,
Faire dame (quoth he) you now are mine by right,
You cannot it denie, or once excuse it,
For by the lawes of battell so we use it.

37
Indeed (*Marfisa* said) it were no wrong,
And I were yours I grant by law of warre,
If I were theirs, or did to them belong,
That you have foiled in this present jarre,
But I shall make you know I hope ere long,
You misse your marke, your aime did greatly erre,
I am mine owne, mine owner is within me,
He that will have me, from my selfe must win me.

38
I handle can (quoth she) both sword and speare,
And have ere this made more then one man bleed,
Then cald she for her armor which was there,
Which by a page was brought to her with speed
Off go'th her gowne, and for she still did weare
A slender trusse beneath her womans weed,
Her well shap't limbs therein were plainly secne,
In shape like *Mars*, in face like *Ægypt's* Quene.

39
When at all peeces she was armed round,
She vaulteth nimbly up into her seate,
And twise or thrise she makes her horse to bound,
To bate a litle of his furious heate,
And makes a turne or two above the ground,
Then turnes she to her fo to do her feate,
Such was (I judge) *Penthesileas* fight,
Against *Achilles* famous *Greekish* Knight.

40
Thus each themselves upon their horse advances,
And with their couched speares forthwith they run,
Vp in a thousand splinters flies the lances,
But unto them no hurt at all is done:
The *Pagan* greatly marvels how it chanches,
That she should scape, and curses *Moone* and *Sun*,
And she with her successe as ill content,
Blasphemeth eke the heav'ns and firmament.

41
Then they assayd with swords most dreadfull dint,
To wound the one the tother, and to kill,
Their strokes were such as might have pierst the flint,
And to their force was joynd passing skill:
They lay on lode amaine, and do not flint,
The sound doth all the place with eccho fill,
But never was it more for their behoofe,
To have their armour of so passing prooffe.

42
But while they now did most apply the fray,
Fierce *Rodomont* doth step them both berwixt,
And blames him much for making such delay,
Of that which late by him was firmly fixt,
And then with courteous speech he her doth pray,
With lowly words and loffie, quaintly mixt,
That she would helpe to aid *Trajanos* sonne,
Whose tents were in much danger to be wonne.

43
To this request *Marfisa* doth assent,
As well to helpe King *Agramant* thereby,
As for she came to *France* with that intent,
The forces of the *Palladines* to try,
This while *Rogero*, wroth and malcontent,
After the stealer of his horse doth hie,
And having found of him the perfect tracke,
He sends againe his guide *Hippalca* backe.

And

64
And for he thought that none could do it better,
The messenger he makes her of his mind,
And sends by her his lately written letter,
Protesting he will still continue kind,
And that he doth himselfe acknowledge debter,
And would himselfe to her for ever bind,
He onely prayes her for a time excuse
His absence, which he would not, might he chuse.

65
With this dispatch *Hippalca* went her way,
And came to mount *Albano* that same night,
Rogero made but very little stay,
Vntill he had *Frontino* in his sight,
Which seen & known, forthwith there was no way,
But he will have his horse againe, or fight
With him, that had with so unnoble force,
The damsell robbed of the gallant horse.

66
And straight in shew of warre he coucht his speare,
And to his face the *Pagan* he defide,
But *Rodomont* doth patiently forbear,
Ev'n as a *Tob*, and all his words abide,
Not that of him he had one sparke of feare,
For his great value often had bin tride,
But that the danger of his Lord and King,
Weyd more with him then any other thing.

67
Wherefore he gently tels him for what cause
He may not fight, and him exhorted to
What all divine, and what all humane lawes,
Vnto his Prince commands a man to do.
I (saide *Rogero*) am content to pawse,
In this respect, and make a truce with you,
So that this horse againe to me you render,
Which so to take, your reason was but slender.

68
Now while these two herein do square and brave,
The *Tartar* King doth unto them approach,
And when he saw what armes *Rogero* gave,
He set another brabble straight abroch:
Mine are (quoth he) these armes that now you have,
How dare you on my titles thus incroch?
The cause why *Mandricardo* spake these words,
Was that *Rogero* gave the King of burds.

69
An *Eagle* argent in a field of blew,
Rogero gave, whilom the crest of *Troy*,
As one that thence deriv'd his pedegrew,
And did by due descent the same enjoy,
But hereof *Mandricardo* nothing knew,
Or nought beleeu'd, and call'd it but a toy,
And tooke it as an injury and scorne,
To see the same by any other worne.

70
For he himselfe did give, as for his cote,
That bird that bare up *Ganimed* on hie,
Ere since he wan (as I before did note)
Don *Hectors* armes, and wan such praise thereby,
The good successe hereof makes him astote,
So that he did *Rogero* straight defie,
I shall (quoth he) some better manners teach thee,
Then in such sawcie sort to overreach thee.

71
As wood well dride will quickly fall on fire,
If so a man a little do it blew;
So was *Rogero* kindled now in ire,
To heare the *Pagan* reprehend him so,
Thou thinkst (quoth he) to have thy fond desire,
By charging me now with a double fo,
But know that I my partie good will make,
From him mine horse, from thee mine arms to take.

72
Did not we two about this matter boord?
And then to take thy life I did abstaine,
Because that by your side I saw no sword;
But now sith you begin this brawle againe,
This shall be fight in deed, that was but word,
And that your crest shall turne you to much paine,
Which unto me descent and propagation
Hath left, but you do hold by usurpation.

73
Nay thou usurp'st, the tother straight doth say,
And with that word he *Durindana* drew,
That sword that erst *Orlando* slang away,
And then a cruell fray was like ensue:
But straight the tother two did cause them stay,
And chiefly *Rodomont* did seeme to rew,
That *Mandricard* of lightnesse shewd such token,
That twise by him his promise had bin broken.

74
First when to get *Marfisa* he had thought,
He had conflicted more then twise or thrise,
And now with tother quarrelled for nought,
About a bird or some such fond devise:
Nay then (quoth he) if needs you would have fought,
We two should trie the title of our prise,
Which by consent should stand still undecided,
Vntill our Princes safetie were provided.

75
Wherefore for shame do as you have agreed,
And let us cease and lay all quarrels by,
And when our Prince from danger shall be freed,
Then first betweene us two the matter trie,
And after if you live, you may proceed
To fight it out with him, and so will I:
Though well I wor, when I have done with you,
But little will remaine for him to do.

76
Tush (saith the *Tartar* Prince) for him nor thee,
Nor all the world beside, I passe one straw,
For though you fight, or though you do agree,
Of neither of you both I stand in aw,
As water in a spring, so strength in me
Shall still supply much more then you can draw,
I hope by that time I have done my feare,
From head to foot with blood Ile make you sweare.

77
Thus one ill word another doth draw on,
And wrathfull *Mandricard* them both defies:
Rodomont would have peace, but they would none,
If this speake sharpe, then that more sharpe replies,
If one strife be compounded, yet anon
Another strife as bad or worse doth rise,
In vaine *Marfisa* labours to compound them,
For more and more untoward still she found them.

T

Ev'n

Similar

Similar

Simile.

Madow and
arabie ground

78
Ev'n as the painfull husbandman doth thinke,
By care to keepe the river in his bounds,
That swells with raine, readie to passe the brinke,
And overflow his mow'd or sowed grounds,
He strengthens ev'ry place that seems to shrinke,
Yet more and more the water still abounds,
And while he stops one vent, another groweth,
Till over all perforce at last it floweth.

79
So when the dame, of whom I last made mention,
Saw how *Rogero* stout and *Mandricard*,
With *Rodomont* continue in contention,
And each would seeme for tother two too hard,
She willing to compound this sharpe dissention,
Perswades them, but they little it regard,
For still as one at her request forbears,
The other two are at it by the cares.

80
When as she saw their furie still increase,
Let either us (quoth she) our Prince assist,
And in the meane time let all quarrels cease,
Or if you in this fury still persist,
Then I with *Mandricard* will have no peace,
Do herein (quoth *Rogero*) as you list,
For I resolved am to have my horse,
Although it be by faire meanes or by force.

81
Then do (said *Rodomont*) your worst and best,
For with that horse to part I not agree,
But here before you all I do protest,
That if our King by this stay damag'd be,
And that for want of ayd he be distressed,
The cause thereof did not proceed of me,
Rogero little weyes his protestation,
But firmly holds his first determination.

82
And at the *Sartan* furiously he flies,
And with his shoulder gave him such a thrust,
He lost his stirrups, and so loos'd his thies,
That hard he scaped lying in the dust.
What? hold *Rogero*, *Mandricardo* cries,
Either not fight, or fight with me you must,
And in great rage, as that same word he spake,
Rogero beaver with great might he strake.

83
The blow was such, as made him forward leane,
And ere that he himselfe againe could reare,
Vpon him smote the sonne of *Ulyen*,
With so great strength as no strength might it beare
That had his armor bene of temper meane,
No doubt they had an end made of him there:
Rogero hands flie ope with senselesse paine,
The tone his sword, the tother leaves his raine.

84
His horse away beares him about the greene,
And *Balisard* his blade is left behind:
Marfisa that had to *Rogero* bene
Fellow in armes that day, was griev'd in mind,
To see him us'd so hardly them betweene,
And being strong of limbes, and stout by kind,
She smiteth *Mandricardo* on the crowne
So hard, as wants not much to fell him downe.

85
After *Rogero Rodomont* doth get him,
And now *Frontino* had welnigh bin wonne,
But by the way stout *Richardetto* met him,
And with him joyn'd his cousin *Bevos* sonne;
Tone justles him, and funder off doth set him,
The tother, namely *Vivian*, doth runne,
Vnto *Rogero* that by this was waked,
And lends his sword unto his right hand naked.

86
Now backe he doth returne, enrag'd with scorne,
Minding to pay his damage home againe,
Ev'n as a Lion, whom the Bull hath borne
Vpon his head, is full of fience disdainne,
Flies at him still, nor feares his cruell herne,
His anger making him forget his paine,
And on his beaver with such force he thundered,
As though he wold his head in twain have sundered.

87
And sure he had perform'd it very neare,
If *Balisarda* had bene in his hand,
Which he let fall, as you before did heare,
Now when as *Discord* saw how things did stand,
She thinks no peace can possibly be here,
And taking *Pride* her sister by the hand,
Now sister let us turne us to our Briers,
For here (quoth she) are rais'd sufficient fiers.

88
And so away they went, and let them goe
And let me tell you how *Rogero* sped,
Who gave to *Rodomont* so fierce a blow,
That such a great amazement in him bred,
That twise or thrise he reeled to and fro,
Frontino with his senselesse master fled,
Also his sword had falne out of his fist,
But that a chaine did tie it to his wrist.

89
This while *Marfisa* held the tother tacke,
And yet on either side the conquest swayd,
Each had so good an armor on their backe,
Of piercing it they need not be afraid,
Yet by a chance *Marfisa* hapt to lacke,
And likewise hapt to have *Rogero* ayd,
For in a turne she made, her horse did trip,
And in the durt upon one side did slip.

90
And as againe he labour'd up to rise,
The cruell *Tartar* justled him so crosse,
That on his side the horse constrained lies,
Foundring againe upon the slimie mosse,
Which when *Rogero* from aloofe espies,
How neare she was to danger great and losse,
He steps to *Mandricard*, fiercely assailing him,
While *Rodomont* stands mazd, his senses failing him.

91
The *Tartar* doth as fiercely him resist,
But yet *Rogero* strake so great a blow,
Both to avenge himselfe, and her assist,
Whom *Mandricardo* hapt to overthrow,
That sure I thinke that blow had little mist,
Quite to have clov'n him to the saddle bow,
Save that the *Tartars* armor was so hard,
And that *Rogero* wanted *Balisard*.

Rodomont
was sonne of
Vliens King
of Algier.

Simile

92

By this the Sarzan King againe did wake
And seeing none but *Richardetto* neare,
He calls to minde how for *Rogeros* sake,
That youth to him was troublesome while eare.
Straight with great rage he toward him doth make,
Minding to make him buy that curstie deare:
And sure good *Richardetto* had repented it,
But that his cosin with great art prevented it.

93

His cosin *Malagige*, whose skill was great,
In all that doth to magicke art pertaine,
With words that he without booke could repeat,
Did conjure up a spryte of hellish traine,
And by this meanes he works a passing feat:
For (though he nam'd no place) he doth ordaine,
This sprite in *Doralices* horse to enter,
And beare her thence away at all adven-ter.

94

The sprite thus conjurd, quickly doth his part,
Into the damself gentle nag he crept,
And so his quiet nature did pervart,
That on the sudden thirtie foot he leapt,
And ten foot high, yet with so easie start,
That *Doralice* still the saddle kept,
Yet cride she out, in doubt to have miscarried,
For in the divels name she thence was carried.

95

Forthwith to helpe her *Rodomonte* go'th,
Because she fled, and cride to him for aid,
To stay behind the *Tartar* is as loth,
For feare betweene them he may be betraid,
He leaves *Rogero* and *Marfisa* both,
Nor in the place so little time he staid,
As to accord with them upon some truce,
Or make at least some mannerly excuse.

96

This while *Marfisa* was got up againe,
And now she means to venge her on her fo,
But he was gone, at which in great disdain,
She frets and chafes, that he had serv'd her so,
Rogero chafes as much, for all in vaine,
He knew it would be, after them to go:
They know their steeds (and this doth grieve them
Cannot out-run *Frontin* and *Brigliadore*. (more)

97

Wherefore supposing (as it was indeed)
That they were gone unto the *Turkish* host,
To follow them forthwith these two agreed,
Though not to follow as they went in post,
Not doubting but when *Agramant* were freed,
At leasure them to meet, and to their cost:
They onward go, but yet *Rogero* ment,
To bid his friends farewell afore he went.

98

Downe from his horse he gently doth descend,
And *Richardetto* he aside doth take,
And promist him for ay to be his friend,
And to his noble sister for his sake:
To whom (said he) I pray you me commend,
Yet in such pretie sort the same he spake,
His inward love was not thereby detected,
Nor her great love to him, one whit suspected.

99

Thus solemne leave once tane on either side,
And profers of great love and curstie made,
To him was hurt, and all the rest beside,
As still among great nobles is the trade,
Rogero with *Marfisa* on doth ride,
But how they did the *Christen* campe invade,
And what great losse did *Charles* thereby receive,
In next ensuing booke you may perceive.

In the xxvi. booke I observe that *Aldiger* did discretely refuse the challenge of *Marfisa*, which might perhaps have hindered his better purpose in rescuing of his kinsmen. In *Hippalca* we may note the wisdom of a warie messenger, that knowes as well to hold her peace as to speake. Lastly in *Rogero*, *Rodomont*, *Mandricard* and *Marfisa*, the confused effects of discord. Morall.

The Princes named by mine author to be killers and vanquishers of the miserable monster (as I called it) by which avarice is ment, are so famous in all writings of this age, that I need not speake of them, specially our King *Henric* the eight, whose bounty and magnificence can never bee forgotten while this realme shall be peopled, or any histories read. Historic.

This description of the monster of covetousnesse, is (in my fancy) very well handled by mine Author, far beyond the like in *Dant* who maketh her onely like a *Wolfe*, pined with famine; But *Ariosto* goeth farther, and more significantly, describing her first to be ugly, because of all vices it is the most hateful; eares of an asse, being for the most part ignorant, or at the least carelesse of other mens good opinions; a *Wolfe* in head and breast, namely ravenous and never satisfied; a *Lions* grisly jaw, terrible and devouring; a *Foxe* in all the rest, wyly and craftie, and timorous of those that are stronger then himselfe: all which applications are so proper and so plaine, as it is needlesse to stand upon them. Allegorie.

Some verie fondly have surmised, and published the same in print, that this was alluded to the Bishop of Rome, but how absurd that imagination is, the praise of the Pope, then living, following in the 32. staffe doth plainly shew. But *Fornarius* supposeth it to be meant rather by some temporall Prince of *Italie*, that with his covetousnesse oppressed the people, and therefore might be, not unfitly, termed such a monster. Allusion.

Here end the notes of the xxvj. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero and those other Pagan Kings,
 Make Charles againe to Paris wals retire:
 Among the Turks new seed of quarrell springs,
 And kindles in their hearts a quenchlesse fire:
 Which all their campe in great disorder brings.
 Agramant to appease them doth desire;
 Fierce Rodomont doth leave the campe in wrath,
 Because his mistres him forsaken hath.



Women
 who more
 follow then
 men,

Among the many rare and speciall gifts,
 That in the female sex are found to sit,
 This one is chiefe, that they at sodaine shifts,
 Give best advice, and show most readie wit:
 But man, except he thinks and chews, and sifts,

How ev'ry part may answer tother fit,
 By rash advice doth often overshoot him,
 And doth attempt the things that do not boot him.

Good Malagigi thought he had done wisely,
 In making *Doralice* to *Paris* fly,
 But if he had the matter wayd precisely,
 (Though *Richardetto* was preserv'd thereby)
 He would have sure confest it done unwisely,
 His safetie with so great a losse to buy:
 For by this act (which he then not forethought)
 A losse unspeakeable to *Charles* was wrought.

Alas how much might he have better done,
 If he had made the fiend the wench convey,
 Vnto the fall or rising of the Sunne?
 To West, or East, or any other way,
 Where *Rodomont* and *Agricane's* sonne,
 From *Paris* wals might have gone far astray?
 But he that ever wisheth *Christens* evill,
 So at this time did prove himselfe a Devill.

The fiend her silly horse most sily enterd,
 And, not before prescribed any place,

He quickly all the company distemperd,
 Nor bare he her away a common pace,
 But over brooks, and streams, and ditches venterd:
 She crying still for ayd as in such case,
 Nor leaves her beast to fling, run, snore and stampe,
 Vntill she quite was past the *Christen* campe.

There did she come ev'n as she could desire,
 Among the midst of *Agramantes* traine,
 And there at last she found the King her sire,
 That of *Granata* did possesse the raigne:
 The while her lovers both themselves do tire,
 And in pursuing her do take great paine,
 By tracing her with as great toile and care,
 As huntsmen do with pleasure trace the Hare.

Now *Charles* tis time for thee to looke about,
 Vnto thy wals and strengths in time betake thee,
 Thou never canst escape this plunge, I doubt,
 Except thou stir up quickly, and awake thee,
 Thy strength, the lamps of *France* are quenched out
 I meane thy friends & champions chiefe forsake thee,
Orlando thee, his wits have him relinquished,
 And all his vertues drownd and quite extinguished.

Likewise *Renaldo*, though not fully mad,
 Yet little lesse then mad seekes there and heare,
 For faire *Angelica*, and is full sad,
 To see that he of her no news can heare,
 For why a certayne old inchaunter had
 Told him a forged tale, that toucht him neare,
 How she, to whom of love he made profession,
 Was in *Orlando's* keeping and possession.

Lib 2.

T 3

This

8
This made him at the first so loth to go
To England, whither he was sent for ayd,
This made him backe againe to hasten so,
Then when the Turke his presence so dismayd,
And thinking after that, some news to know,
By priue search the Nurries all he laid,
And Castels all, in Paris and about,
To see if he by search could finde her out.

9
But when he heard of her no news nor tiding,
And that Orlando there likewise did want,
He could in Paris make no longer biding,
Doubting his rivall sought him to supplant,
But up and downe about the countie riding
Sometime to Brava, sometime to Anglant,
Supposing still Orlando her had hidden,
Lest of his pleasure he might be forbidden.

10
And thus the wicked fiend his time espyde,
To give the Christens such a fatall blo,
When as these two, in whom they most affide,
Were absent now their Prince and countie fro,
Furder for souldiers of the Turkish side,
All that were valiant men, or counted so,
Were all against this time entised hither,
Wholly uniting all their force together.

11
Gradasso stout, and Sacrapantee scarce,
That in that charmed castell long had dwelt,
Which th' English Duke, as I did late rehearse,
Dissolved quite, and caus'd like snow to melt:
These two likewise the Christen campe do pearce,
The forces of these two the Christens felt.
Rogero and Marsisa made lesse hast,
And so it happend, they arrived last.

12
The first two couple neare the Christens tents,
Did meet, and then after long consultation,
Each unto other shewing their intents,
They all conclude with one determination,
And all of them to this give their consents,
In spite of all the Christen generation,
To succour Agramant their Lord and Liege,
And mauer Charls his might, to raise the siege.

13
Straig't in one crew they fowre together knit,
Breake through the Christen watch by force amaine,
Neither in hugger mugger did they it,
But crying lowdly, Africa and Spaine,
They lay on lode, and ev'rie one they hit,
Dead or astonished doth there remaine:
Alarm then all ore the campe was rung,
Though few could tel the cause fro whence it sprung.

14
Some thought the Gascoignes or the Switzers bold,
By mutiny had made some insurrection,
And their surmise unto the Empror told,
Who came with minde to give them due correction
But when he did the bodies dead behold,
Incurable untill the resurrection,
He standeth still like one with wonder mazed,
And on their wofull wounds long time he gazed.

15
Ev'n as a man that with a bolt of thunder,
Hath scene his dwelling house smit unaware,
Straight searcheth with no little feare nor wonder,
Which way the bolt did passe that caus'd his care:
So Charles that saw mens bodies cut in sunder,
Inquires, of so great wounds who authours are,
And when he knew how few they were that did it,
Did wish himselfe there present to forbid it.

16
This while Marsisa on another side,
With good Rogero do them sore impeach,
And through the campe in spite of them they ride,
Killing or wounding all within their reach:
As in a mine that lies close unespide,
With traysns of gunpowder men make a breach:
Or as a tempest goes along by coast,
So suddenly the two brake through the host.

17
Many that scape the tother sours by flight,
In flying, fell unwares upon these twaine,
And felt by prooffe that neither flight nor fight,
Can save a man ordained to be slaine.
Ev'n as a Foxe, whom smoke and fire doth fright,
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
Bolts out, and through both smoke & fire she flieth,
Into the Tanners mouth, and there he dieth.

18
Thus last of all, by this most noble paire,
The Christen armie once againe was sundred,
And then to Agramant they all repaire,
Who welcoms them, and at their value wondred.
Now hope and courage, drive away dispaire,
One Turke, of Christens straight deside an hundred,
So great a boldnesse in their mind doth rise,
By helpe and succour of these new supplies.

19
Straightway on both sides out their men were brought
Their standers and their banners all displaid,
And there that day a bloodie field was fought,
And neither side made shew to be dismayd,
For hopes alike in either armie wrought,
Tones passed conquests, tothers present aid.
But fortune on the Christens so did frowne,
That they againe were driv'n unto the towne.

20
The passing force of cruell Rodomount,
The strength and value great of Mandricard,
Rogeros vertue, that doth all surmount,
Gradassos courage of no small regard,
Marsisa heart, of principall account,
The skill of Sacrapant, with best compar'd,
These were the causes of good Charls his losse,
And sent the Christen home by weeping crosse.

21
Great store were drown'd in Sequana with hast,
The bridge so narrow was for to receive them,
Wishing (as Dedals sonne had in time past)
Some wings wherewith aloft in ayre to beare them:
Some thrusting, strave to get them in so fast,
That strength & breath, & life at last did leave them
But that, whereby King Charls was chiefly shaken,
Was this, that many Palatines were taken.

Simile.

Simile.

Simile.

Horace.

Mors & fo-

gacem per-

guis viri

Virg.

Sui suam

qua dies.

Simile.

Tariens on

beards in

hans the

Fox with

Proverbi

Thus

22
Thus fortune once againe did turne the wheele,
The good King *Charles* had her, but could not hold,
And of this foile this hurt he then did feele,
It fainter made his friends, his foes the bolder:
The Marquis of *Vienna* true as Steele,
Was at that service wounded in his shoulder,
And many hurt, but none did play his part,
So well that day, as valiant *Brandimart*.

23
He stoutly bare it out, no little space,
And when he saw there was no other way,
Then to the furie prudently gave place,
And spar'd himselfe, against another day:
Now once againe is *Charles* in wofull case,
Now once againe to *Paris* siege they lay,
Yong Orphans, and old widdows prayre and cries,
Again unto Gods heav'nly throne arise.

24
The Angell *Michel*, was but ill appaid,
Finding the cause of those good *Christens* teares,
He thought his maker was but ill obaid,
And that he may be blamd therefore he feares,
He calls himselfe deceived and betraid,
By her should see the *Pagans* by the cares,
From which (it seemed) now she did so vary,
As she had rather done the quite contrary.

25
Ev'n as the Servitor whose love and zeale,
More then his memory may be commended,
Forgetting in some waighy cause to deale,
That by his Lord to him was recommended,
Would with new care his former fault conceale,
That ere his master know, it may be mended:
So this good *Angel*, went not up to God,
Till he had done as much as he was bod.

26
To seeke dame *Discord* he doth leave the skie,
And to the Abby he returnes againe,
Where her amid the monks he might espie,
That change old officers, and new ordaine:
She laughs to see their portises to flie,
Readie to knocke out one anothers braine:
The *Angel* takes her by her painted locks,
And with great furie gives her many knocks.

27
He brake a crosses handle on her crowne,
And grievously doth beat her, backe and side,
The wretch upon her mary bones falls downe,
At th' *Angels* feet, and mercy, mercy crides:
Packed to the *Pagans* then, that siege yon towne,
(Quoth he) and see that you among them bide,
For if this place againe thou ever trouble,
Assure thy selfe, thy payment shall be double.

28
Though *Discords* back & arms were sore with beating,
Yet thence with all the hast she could she went;
Sore terrifi'd with that great *Angels* threatening,
Doubting againe in like sort to be shent:
Yet in this hast, behind her not forgetting,
Bellows and coles, in steed of those were spent,
By which in many minds, and hearts invincible,
She quickly kindle might a fire inquenchible.

29
Rogero, *Mandricard*, and *Rodomont*,
Gan now their quarrels to renew,
As making of the *Christians* small account,
That unto *Paris* walls themselves withdrew:
Wherefore to *Agramant* they do recount
Their quarrels, & the grounds of whence they grew,
Each one by challenge his just cause averring,
The combats order to the King referring.

30
Also *Marfisa* doth the King intreat,
That she may end her combat first begunne,
With as great hast thereof, and as great bear,
Against the *Tartar*, *Agricanes* sonne:
This she desires with hast and instance great,
As one that thinks, great wrong to her was done,
If in regard of any state or powre,
She should attend one day, or yet one howre.

31
But *Rodomont* alledgeth that of right,
He first should end the matter with his rivall,
Sith by accord they first deferd the fight,
Till time might serve, after their here arrivall:
No lesse *Rogero* for his horse takes spight,
And sweares, that whether they agree or strive all,
To take *Frontino*, no man should restraine him,
Or else to fight with him that doth detaine him.

32
Further, the matter farther to entangle,
The argent Eagle in the azure field,
Gave to the *Tartar* matter more to jangle,
And quarrell with *Rogero* for his shield:
And so confusedly he then did wrangle,
As though with all at once he would the field,
And in his furie sure he had attempted it,
But that the Kings commandment flat prevented it.

33
Who first with grave and friendly admonition,
To peace and good attonement did exhort them,
But when beyond all meanes of composition,
He saw that wrath and furie did transport them,
To certaine *Marshalls* he doth give commission,
According to the law of armes to sort them:
And of all wayes, this was not thought the worst,
To trie by lots, which two should combat first.

34
Foure little scrowles were put into a pot,
The first had *Rodomont* and *Mandricard*,
Rodomont and *Rogero* next they wrot,
The third *Rogero* was and *Mandricard*,
The fourth paire that must trie the present lot,
Was stout *Marfisa* joynd to *Mandricard*,
When lots were cast, these two first out were tane;
Fierce *Rodomont* and sonne of *Agrican*.

35
Mandricard and *Rogero* next they finde,
Rodomont and *Rogero* next was said:
Mandricard and *Marfisa* staid behinde,
With which the stately dame was ill apaid:
Nor was *Rogero* well content in minde,
Doubting that when they first their parts had plaid,
The combat will be such betweene them two,
He and *Marfisa* should have nought to do.

Discord a-
mong the
Pagan Prin-
ces.

36
Not farre from *Paris*, lay a leuell ground,
That was in compasse seane a thousand paces,
This plain with taylor, and bars was compass round,
And tents therein were set with equall spaces,
With scaffold: rays'd upon the outward bound,
To give to lookers on convenient places:
Now came the time these strifes should be decided,
Among these Knights, those tents were thus divided.

37
In the pavillion bordering on the East,
Stands *Rodolphe* with visage sterne and grim,
Ferrax and *Sacrapant* were readie prest,
To put his scaly serpents hide on him:
In tother tent that was upon the West,
Gradaffe and stout *Falspre* do trim,
With *Hectors* armes so stately and so faire,
The valliant Prince, King *Agricans* haire.

38
On one side in a high tribunall seat,
Do sit the Kings of *Africa* and *Spain*,
With *Stordilan* and other Princes great,
Both seard and followd of the *Turkish* traine:
Happie was he that day, that could but get,
A place to sit or stand although with paine,
On ridge of house, or wall, or top of tree,
In so great presse, the goodly shew to see.

39
On tother side sat Ladies of great name,
In stately sort, to see and to be scene,
That out of diuers realmes and countries came,
To visit or attend the *Spanish* queene:
There *Doralyce* was plait, that lovely dame,
Who wears a robe of crimson cut on Greene,
Yet was the crimson staid in such a fashion,
It rather seemd inclining to carnation.

40
Among the rest *Marsia* sat that day,
In short light clothes most sumptuously arraid,
The fashion of such kind, as well it may
Become a warrior, and yet a maid,
Hippolita (I thinke) us'd such array,
When in the field her banner she displaid,
Thus each thing was prepared for the fight,
And each man was prepared for the fight.

41
An Herald in his coate of armes steppes out,
And of the law of armes expounds the guise,
Professing to resolve each litle doubt,
That in such case accustoms to arise:
The people gasing standeth all about,
Attent with listning ears, and longing eyes,
When from the tent of valliant *Mandricard*
Behold a sodaine noyse and flurre was hard.

42
The cause was this, the King of *Serinde*,
Who (as before I did rehearse) was one,
That holpe to arme the sonne of *Agricans*,
Taking his sword in hand to put it on,
Saw written in the handle, *Durindane*,
And looking more advisedly thereon,
He saw *Almonter* armes grav'n on the blade,
The which strange sight him greatly wonder made.

43
And glad he was when once he did espy it,
(The chiefest cause that first to *France* he came)
Although before he never could come by it,
Wherefore he questions straight upon the same,
If *Mandricard* was it, or did buy it?
Who in this sort his answer then did frame:
I with *Orlando* for this sword did quarrell,
And ear I had it, put my life in perrell.

44
Further unto this answer he doth ad,
A farther lie, his glorie to increase,
How that *Orlando* for the feare he had,
That for this sword he never should have peace,
Had throwne away the sword, and saind him mad,
That thereby he might cause his quarrell cease:
Doing herein, as is the *Castor* wonted,
Bite of his stones, when he is nearly hunted.

45
Well (quoth *Gradaffe*) what *Orlando* ment,
I cannot now discusse, nor do I know,
But sure I am it is not mine intent,
Now I have found it here to let it go,
The money, men, munition I have spent,
Deserve as good a thing as this I trow:
You did but finde it, you your selfe confesse it,
And now I challenge it and do possesse it.

46
If you denie my claime, here I will prove it,
This field the court, this list my pleading bar,
My plea is such, as no writ can remove it,
My judge must be the sequell of the war:
War said the other, who, can better love it
Then I? these words to me as musicke are,
If so the King of *Sarga* will agree,
To stay his combat, till I fight with thee.

47
Be sure Ile answer thee, and all beside,
That dare presume to offer me offence:
With that *Rogero* stept betwene and cride,
Ho first, with this I minde not to dispence,
Or let the fight proceed, as Ions have tride,
Or I my selfe will put you to your fence:
Shall he denie the sword and shall I yeeld,
That you shall weare mine Eagle on your shield?

48
Wherefore preserve that order first agreed on,
From which in honour you may no way start,
Or if to breake it further you proceed on,
I breake will all, if you do breake a part.
Tush (quoth the *Tartar*) threats we have no need on,
If *Mars* were in you both, and tooke your part,
Yet both should finde it folly to attempt,
Me of my shield, or sword once to prevent.

49
And with that word forthwith he bent his fist,
And on *Gradaffe* hand so fierce he strake,
That sodainly, or ear *Gradaffe* wist,
He made him unawares the sword forsake:
Who much repind he thus his purpose mist,
And that so unprepared he could him take,
And much more griev'd it him, that this disgrace,
Was offerd him in such an open place.

Where

Jovial
Satyr
Iustitiam
Ilora qu
Ennuchus
apre facit
capum no
deri dem
Toficuli

Tully us-
ing a man
of light be-
haviour, said
he was a man
of two co-
lours.

Gradaffe &
Mandricard
fall out, &
lose the
sword.

50
Wherefore to be aveng'd of so great wrong,
He steppeth backe and out his sword he drawes,
The tother doth no farther time prolong,
Though in respect of order there was cause,
Nay which was more, he thought himselfe so strong
To fight with all at once, he askt no pause,
But to them both at once he makes defiance,
In his owne strength he had so great affiance.

51
This man is mad, but let me with him trie it,
Gradaſſo said, Ile make him wise againe:
Nay softly (quoth *Rogero*) I deny it,
For this same combat doth to me pertaine:
Stand backe saith one, saith tother nay not I yet,
Backe you, yet both still in their place remaine.
Thus do these three with malice great and spite,
Strangely begin a combat tripartite.

52
And sure to much confusion it had growne,
Had not some men, more stout perhap then wise,
Themselves among them undiscerctly throwne,
With courage great, but yet with small advise,
To succour others danger with their owne:
Yet could no force them part, nor no devise,
Till *Agramant* himselfe, their dreaded Lord,
In person came their quarrell to accord.

53
The reverence great that unto him they beare,
Made them forthwith their forces to restraine,
Who straight the causes of these broiles did heare,
And to compound them sought, but all in vaine,
For scant *Gradaſſo* could be made forbear,
The sword so long with tother to remaine,
Vntill the fight were ended now in hand,
Of which the sequell could not yet be scand.

54
Scarſe had the King with words of great perswasion,
This quarrell new begun, a while appeas'd,
But that another strife, by new occasion,
In *Radomontes* tent them all diseas'd:
An burlyburly and a fierce invasion,
There grows betweene two Princes sore displeas'd,
Betweene stout *Sacrapant* and *Rodomount*,
As I to you will presently recount.

55
King *Sacrapant*, as late before I told,
Helping to arme the cruell *Sarzan* King,
With those selfe armes that *Nimrod* ware of old,
From whom this Prince, his pedigree did bring,
Whiles he (I say) did curiously behold
His furniture, and ev'rie other thing,
That to his horse, or unto him belong,
To see they might be sure and firme, and strong.

56
While he, that stately steed *Frontino* view'd,
That proudly champing stood upon his bit,
And all his raines with snowlike foam bedew'd,
Without regard, whose hands embroder'd it,
A thought unpleasant in his mind renew'd,
And to his heart did seeme full neare to sit,
He thinks this horse was very like in sight,
To one of his, that *Frontlar* whilom hight.

57
And more and more with heedfull looke still eying,
The markes and shape, and colour of the steed,
After his long and very curious prying,
He saw and knew it was his horse indeed:
Which horse from him (then at *Albracca* lying)
Brunello stale, for want of better heed,
And shew'd him an unusuall cunning knacke,
To steale his horse while he sat on his backe.

58
Brunello stale that time more things beside,
By name *Orlandos* sword hight *Balisard*,
Angelicas faire ring, of vertue tride,
Which she recoverd as before you heard:
Likewise a sword ev'n from *Marſifas* side:
This done, he gave *Rogero* afterward,
Orlandos sword, and this horse to the same,
But to *Frontino* first he chang'd his name.

59
Now then I say, when *Sacrapant* was sure,
This horse was *Frontlar* that sometime was his,
And that the markes he saw did him assure,
That he therein tooke not his marke amis,
To hold his peace he could not long endure,
But said, good sir, know mine *Frontino* is,
Stolne late from me, as I can make good proſe,
Although (I trow) mine owne word is inough.

60
One at *Albracca* stale from me this steed,
Yet for our late acquaintance I consent,
Because I see that now you stand in need,
That you shall use him now I am content:
Conditionally, that first it be agreed,
You shall acknowledge him not yours, but lent,
Else here I claime him as my goods and chattell,
And will defend my right in open battell.

61
The *Sarzan* King, that past (I thinke) in pride,
All Kings and Knights that ever carri'd sword,
And past (I thinke) in strength and courage tride,
All samples that old stories us afford,
Made answer thus, if any man beside,
Durst unto me have spoken such a word,
He should have found, I rook it in such scorn,
He had bin better have bin speechles borne.

62
But for our late begunn acquaintance sake,
I am content this at your hands to beare,
So as you this, do as a warning take,
The like attempt hereafter to forbear,
And if you will but harken what end I make,
With *Mandricardo*, then I do not feare,
But you shall see such sample of my force,
Shall make you glad, to pray me take your horse.

63
Then villany is courtesie with thee,
(saith *Sacrapant* inflam'd with high disdain)
When you be offerd faire you cannot see,
Wherefore my purpose is, I tell you plaine,
My horse shall service do to none but mee,
And with these hands I will my right maintaine:
And that is more, if these same hands should faile,
I will defend my right with tooth and naile.

Thus

A Latin
proverb,
Dentes et
ungues.

64

Thus galling speech, betwene them multiplying,
Till each last word, the former worser made,
At last they fell to acts of flat defying,
And toone the tother fiercely doth invade:
Rodamont on his strength and armes relying,
Yet tother so defends him with his blade,
And makes it so about his head to hover,
That seemes alone his body all to cover.

65

Stella: Ev'n as a charret wheele that runnes apace,
Seemes to the eye all solid, firme and sound,
Although twixt e'rie spoke there is a space,
Concealed from our sights by running round:
So *Sacrapant* seem'd armed in that place,
Though armour then about him none was found,
So dextrously himselfe he then besturd,
As well it stood upon him with his sword.

66

But quickly *Serpentino* and *Ferrao*,
With naked sword in hand, slept them betwixt,
With others more that present were and saw,
As friends of either part together mixt,
Yet them no force, nor prayre could once withdraw,
Their lustie hearts were on revenge so fixt,
And wrath had quite so put them out of frame,
Till *Agramant* to them in person came.

67

Vpon the sight of him, their soveraigne Lord,
They both agreed their furie to withhold,
Who straight perswaded them to good accord,
And much good counsell to them both he told:
But peace and good perswasions they abhorde,
And either on his manhood made him bold,
Their King doth but among them leese his winde,
For more and more he froward them doth finde.

68

By no meanes *Sacrapant* will beintreated,
Vnto the *Sarzan* King his horse to lend,
Except that he (as I before repeated)
To borrow it of him, would condescend:
The tother at this very motion freated,
And swears nor heaven, nor he should make him
To seek to have by prayer or request, (bend,
A thing of which by force he was posselt.

69

King *Agramant* doth aske by what mischance,
He lost his horse, or who it from him stole?
The tother opend all the circumstance,
And blusht for shame, when as he told the tale;
Namely, how late before he came to *France*,
One tooke him napping, as it did befall,
And underpropt his saddell with foure stakes,
And so from under him his courser takes.

70

Marfisa, that was come to part this fray,
Hearing of this stolne horse among the rest,
Was griev'd in minde, for why that very day,
Her sword was stolne as she most truly guest,
And then King *Sacrapant* she knew straight way,
Whom erst she knew not, and that gallant beast,
For which of late those two began to fight,
She knew, and said belong'd to him in right.

71

While these things passed thus, the slanders by,
That oft hercof had heard *Brunello* boast,
Straight in such sort to him did cast their eye,
As turned greatly to *Brunello*'s cost:
By which *Marfisa* plainly did descrie
Him, by whose theft her sword she late had lost,
To be *Brunello*, whom she saw there sitting,
Among great Lords, a place for him unfitting.

72

She heard, and much it grieved her to heare,
How for these thefis and many mo beside,
The King rewarded him, and held him deare,
Whereas in law for them he should have dide:
These news so greatly chang'd *Marfisa*'s cheare,
That hardly she her wrath could longer hide,
Let *Agramant* accept it as he will,
She munde *Brunello* presently to kill.

73

Straight way she armed is from head to heele,
And makes her page her helmet close to claspe,
To him she goes, and with her glove of Steele,
She gives him such a blow as made him gaspe,
And while the paine hercof doth make him reele
With her strong hand, his weak corse she doth graspe
As doth the *Faulcon* fierce the *Mallard* gripe,
To which a while before she gave a snipe.

74

With furie great from thence away she flings,
While he for helpe, and oft for mercy cride,
But will he, nill he, him away she brings,
Like to a thiefe with hands together tide,
Where *Agramant* among the meaner Kings,
Sate like a judge their causes to decide,
Then making some obeysance for good manner,
She speaketh thus in short but stately manner.

75

Sir King, I minde to hang this thiefe your man,
That by default should long ere this have dide,
For when he stole that horse from him, ev'n than
He stole my sword that hanged by my side:
But if there any be, that dare or can
Deny my words, or say that I have lide,
Here in your presences I do desire,
To trie by combat whether is the lier.

76

But least some should, as some by fortune may,
Affirme, I chuse this time to make new strife,
Alone at such a time, on such a day,
When other quarrels in the campe are rise,
I am content a day or two to stay,
And to prolong this wretched caitives life,
To see if any man will him defend,
And after sure to hang him I intend.

77

I meane (quoth she) to bring him three mile hence,
And keepe him as a prisoner in yon towre,
And with his life I promise to dispence,
For two dayes space, and longer not an howre,
If any list to fight in his defence,
There let him come and trie my force and powre:
Away she gallopt when she this had said,
And on her saddle bow the wretch she laid.

The

78

The King was sore displeas'd at this attempt,
And much it did his princely mind enrage,
And minds himselfe to wreake so great contempt,
Vntill *Sobriño*, one both grave and sage,
Told him in wisdom he must be content,
His choler in this matter to assuage,
And said it were a base part for his highnesse,
To fight for one spring up by theft and sinesse.

79

Yea though before hand he were sure to win,
Yet would such victorie dishonor have,
Because a woman vanquisht were therein:
Wherefore (quoth he) if you his life might save,
With one words speech, to speake that word were sin;
For sure she doth but law and justice crave:
And Princes never do themselves more wrong,
Then when they hinder justice, or prolong.

80

You may (said he) to satisfie your mind,
Send after her, in manner of request,
And promise her, that if just cause you find,
He shall be hang'd, and so all strife may rest;
But if to this you find her not inclin'd,
Give her her will, for so I thinke tis best;
So that she firmly in your friendship bide,
Hang up *Brunello*, and all theeves beside.

81

This good direction *Agramant* obeying,
Went not himselfe, nor sent none to molest her,
But yet according to *Sobriño's* saying,
He sent a messenger that might request her:
Himselfe the while doth travell in allaying
The tumults fierce that all his campe do pester:
Pride laughs at this, and *Discord* so rejoyces,
As up to heav'n a flie their eternall voyces.

82

Five men most resolute have set their rest,
To be the first that will begin the fight,
The strife so intricate, as would molest
Apollo to decide or set it right,
Yet *Agramant* still strives to do his best,
And to compound the matter if he might:
And thus to end the matter he begonne,
Twixt *Rodomont* and *Agricans* sonne.

83

He makes to them this good and friendly motion,
That sith for *Doralice* they onely strive,
They would agree to stand at her devotion,
And let her take her choise which she will have,
And that once made, to raise no more commotion.
This pleas'd them both, to this consent they gave,
A certaine hope and trust them both alluring,
Each on himselfe of her firme love assuring.

84

The *Sarran* King doth thinke, that needs she must
Give sentence on his side, and be his owne,
Sith oft he had in turpeys and in iust,
Her favours worne, and his affection showne:
How can she love (thinke he) or put her trust
In one, who she scant three daies space hath knowne?
Nor was alone his owne opinion such,
But all the campe beside did thinke as much.

85

They all thinke *Mandricardo* overseene,
And made no question but she would reject him:
But he that knew what past had them betweene,
And found that she did inwardly affect him,
Was sure, although his service were unseene,
And done by night, that she would not neglect him;
Wherefore of her good will he nothing doubting,
Did scorne their scorns, and flouted at their flouting.

86

Thus having put the matter in her choyce,
And put the choice in her owne declaration,
She with a sober looke and lowly voice,
Chose *Mandricard*, against all expectation:
The *Tartar* Prince hereat did much rejoyce,
But all the rest were filld with admiration,
And *Rodomont* himselfe was so astound,
As hardly he could lift his eyes from ground.

87

But when his wonted wrath had driv'n away
That bashfull shame that dyde his face with red,
Vnjust he calls that doome, and curst that day,
And clapping hand upon his sword, he sed,
This better arbitrate our matters may,
Then womens foolish doome by fancie led,
Who oftentimes are so perverse in chusing,
They take the worst, the offerd best refusing.

88

Go then (quoth *Mandricard*) I little care,
I hope that fight shall yeeld you like successes:
And thus againe to fight they ready are,
But *Agramant* doth soone that rage repress,
And said, upon this point againe to square,
Quite were against all lawes of armes expresse:
And *Rodomont* he sharply then controld,
That in his sight was against law so boid.

89

The *Sarran* King that saw himselfe that day,
So noted by those Peeres with double scorne,
Both from his Prince, whom he must needs obey,
And her to whom so great love he had borne,
With fury great he flings from thence away,
And counts himselfe disgrast and quite forlorne:
Of all his traine two men he onely taketh,
The King, the campe, the place he quite forsaketh.

90

And as a Bull his loved heard that leaves,
By his strong rivall forced to be gone;
Among the trees all clad with thickest leaves,
Doth hide himselfe, and seekes to be alone:
So he, whom shame of comfort all bereaves,
Flies sight of men, yet still he thinks thereon;
And chiefe when he remembers what disgrace
His mistress did him in so open place.

91

Rogero gladly would have him pursude,
To get his horse, but yet he doth refraine,
Lest men should thinke he had the fight eschude,
That did twixt *Mandricard* and him remaine.
But *Sacrapant* whom no cause doth include,
Pursues the *Sarran* King, the horse to gaine:
And doublesse had outgone him that same day,
But for mishap that chanced by the way.

Sentence.

Simile:
Lucan hath
the like of
two Bulls
in his 2 Book
of Pharsalia.

92

A damsell fell by hap into a river,
And was in perill great to have bin drownd;
He lighting from his horse backe to relieve her,
Lept in, and brought her out all safe and sound:
But doing this good act, her to deliver,
Scarce all that day his horse againe he found,
His horse got loose, and he with all his cunning,
Could scantly catch him in sixe howers running.

93

At last with much ado he doth him get,
And after *Rodomont* he then doth make,
But where, and how long after him he met,
And how the *Sarzan* did him prisoner take,
I may not now proceed to tell as yet:
First tell I what wild words the *Sarzan* spake,
That cald his Prince and mistress both unkind,
And for her fault doth raile at all her kind.

94

With scalding sighes, that inward pangs bewrayd,
He breathes out flames in places where he goes,
From rocks and caves his plaints doth echo ayd,
And takes compassion on his rufull woes,
O womens wits, how weake you are (he said)
How soone to change you do your selves dispose?
Observers of no faith, nor good direction,
Most wretched all that trust in your protection.

*Rodomont
inveiling
against wo-
men.*

95

Could neither service long, nor sured love,
By me above a thousand wayes declared,
Thy fickle mind to fastnesse so farre move,
But wilfully to let thy selfe be snared?
If reason could have led thy mind to prove,
Was *Mandricard* with me to be compared?
Hereof can reason be alledg'd by no man,
But this alone, my mistress is a woman.

96

I thinke that nature, or some angry God,
Brought forth this wicked sex on earth to dwell,
For some great plague, or just deserved rod
To us, that wanting them had lived well:
As in the wormes, an Adder, Snake and Tode:
Among the Beasts, Beares, Wolves and Tygers fell:
And makes the aire the Flie and Waspe to breed,
And Tares to grow among the better seed.

97

Why did not Nature rather so provide,
Without your helpe that man of man might come,
And one be grafted on anothers side,
As are the Apples with the Peare and Plum?
But Nature can no meane nor rule abide,
But still she must exceed in all or some,
Full easie tis the cause thereof to render,
For Nature selfe is of the womans gender.

98

Yet be not therefore proud and full of scorne,
O womankind, that men come of your seed;
The fragrant Rose growth on the pricking thorne,
The Lilly faire comes of a filthy weed,
In lothsome soyle men sow the wholesome corne,
The basest mould, the fairest flowre doth breed:
Vngratefull, false and craftie y'are and cruell,
Borde of our burning hell to be the fuell.

*Similia
Sensu.
Virgil. In-
verg. niten-
tia culta
In calix la-
tum & ste-
rile: domi-
nium avener*

99

These words, and like to these the *Pagan* scarce,
Doth spend amid his rage and frantike fumes,
And like a mad man did the same rehearse,
Sometime in hie, oft times in baser tunes:
I tremble to set downe in my poore verse,
The blasphemie that he to speake presumes,
And writing this I do, know this that I
Full oft in heart do give my pen the lie.

100

But Passion did this *Pagans* sense so blind,
And left within the same so sharpe a sting,
That he not onely blam'd his love unkind,
But also rag'd against his soveraigne King,
And cursed him, and wished in his mind,
That fortune so great woes on him might bring,
That he might loose his state and princely crowne,
And see his country turn'd quite upsidowne.

101

And being to such miseries once brought,
And with adversitie assaild so sore,
That then by him his freedome might be wrought,
And that he might his former state restore,
That *Agramant* might by such prooffe be taught,
Of faithfull friends indeed to set more store,
And learne to know, that such a friend as he,
Deserv'd in right and wrong preferd to be.

102

Thus blaming oft his Lord, more oft his love,
To his owne native soyle his course he bent,
But changing place, could not his sorrow move,
Nor travels paine, his paine of mind relent,
It seem'd his horse *Frontino* well to prove,
Before his bridle should be drawne, he meant,
To *Sonna* he doth ride without a bait,
And minds fro thence to passe to *Provence* strait.

103

And there to cast away all care and carke,
And all his anguish quickly to appease,
For *Africa* he will himselfe imbarke,
And passe the large *Mediterranian* seas;
But, for the weather now waxt dim and darke,
First in his lane he minds to take his ease,
For all the country, ev'n as farre as *Spaine*,
In *Agramantes* powre did then remaine.

104

Now he resolves to lodge about the coast,
And long he is not of a place to seeke,
For straight he was invited by an host,
To take his house, if so it might him like:
It pleas'd the *Pagan* well, to heare him boast,
That he had *Corfike* wine, and *French* and *Greeke*,
For though he were a *Turke* in all the rest,
Yet did he like *French* fashion drinking best.

105

The pleasant host, that was indeed of those,
That can with double diligence attend,
As having sav'd, amid both friends and foes,
His goods, and gain'd by that which both do spend;
When by that princes view he did suppose
Him some great man, he straight abroad did send,
And thither doth his kin and friends request,
To helpe to waite, and welcome such a guest.

But

106

But loe, his guest thus musing all apart,
And of his Mistres runneth all his thought,
Which (though he would forget) spite of his heart,
He thinks on still, so strong the fancy wrought:
The standers by are not so malipart,
To talk to him, till he occasion sought:
Which having found, up from his chaire he started,
And salutations to them all imparted.

107

Then askt he many questions of them all,
And as occasion seruy'd, discourses vary'd;
But still we find, and ever find we shall,
By thought of heart the speech of tongue is carry'd:
For last to treat of marriage he doth fall,
And asketh of the men if they be marry'd:
And if they be, he prayth them to declare,
Of their wives truths, what their opinions are.

108

Straight all of them made answer they had wives,
And but mine host, all prais'd the happy state;
And said they were the comforts of their lives,
That draw a happy yoke without debate:
A playfellow that farre off all grieve drives,
A steward, early that provides and late;
Both faithfull, chaste, and sober, mild, and trusty,
Nurse to weak age, and pleasure to the lusty.

109

Tull (quoth mine host) under your good correction,
(Most noble guest) these fellows say not right,
But either with fond love, or foule subjection,
So blinded are, they take the black for white:
I once my selfe was toucht with this infection,
But now I see that then I wanted sight:
And now I know, as being better taught,
That theirs and mine be all unchaste and naught.

In this booke we may observe, how important a thing it is in an army, to have store of good leaders; as Livie noteth of the old Romanes: *Fortiorem rem Romanam ducibus esse, quam militibus.* That the strength of the Romanes consisted more in Captaines, then in souldiers. In quarrels that grew in the camp upon trifling causes; we may note a fault that many of English Servitors (though otherwise brave men) have many times been noted of in their forreine service, where they very seldome agree together, but seek to disgrace one another. In Agramant we may note a princely majestic, in compounding such controversies. In Rodomontes bitter invective against women, we may see how passionate extremes love and hate be. In mine host, we note how such base fellows are still ready to feed the humors of Princes, though it be in shamefull vices, or manifest errors.

Hippolita to whom Marfisa is compared, as also the whole country of Amazons, and their lawes, I have spoken of Historie. elsewhere: this is that Hippolita, that was brought by Theseus to Athens, and there had a sonne called Hippolitus.

In that he saith that the sprite entring into Doralices horse, conveyed her into the camp of the Pagans, to the great damage of the Christians, we may thereby note how that ghostly enemy doth indeed watch (as the Scripture saith) like a roaring Lion whom he may devoure, to do mankind all the hurt that may be; and therefore we must not give him an inch, lest (as the proverb saith) he take an ell. Allegory.

In the solemnity of their combats and preparation, Fornarius noteth, that he alludes to a policy used by Isabella wife to Ferdinando, king of Spaine. She, to make her men of armes more valiant and couragious, caused them to fight with the Moores in the very sight of their Ladies and Mistresses, and partly thereby expulsed the Moores out of Granata. But for Doralices rejecting of Rodomont, and abusing Mandricard, it alludes to a like thing, written by Plutarch in his love discourses, where Calysto was taken, and Strato refused: of which afterward ensued the death of all three. Allusion.

Here end the notes of the xxvij. booke.

U

110

For as the Phoenix is a bird alone,
And of that kind the whole world hath no more;
So (think I) of all wives there is but one,
That liveth chaste in love and vertues lore:
He blest may be that lighteth her upon,
Small hope (think I) there is in so scant store,
That many should have one of such a kind,
Of which in all the world but one I find.

Simile.

Juvenal
saith, *Rara
avis in terris
nigra, similis
luna cygna.*

111

Once so blinded was as now be these,
Till by good hap unto my house there came
A gentleman of Venice from the seas,
Francis Valerio was he call'd by name:
He knew, and could declare them all with ease,
All womens wiles, and stories to the same
He had of old; and of the later times,
To shew both wives, and single womens crimes.

112

He said, and bad me hold it as my creed,
That all of them are false, if they be marry'd:
If some seem'd chaste, it did of this proceed,
They had the wit to do, and not be spy'd,
And knew by deep dissembling and good heed,
With sober looks their wanton lusts to hide:
And this to prove, he told me such a tale,
As while I live I still remember shall.

113

And if it like you sir to lend me care,
In my rude fashion I shall it recite;
Right glad (quoth Rodomont) by heav'ns I sweare,
For thou hast hit my present humour right:
Wherefore (said he) sit down I pray thee there,
For in thy speech already I delight:
But here I end this book, for doubt I have,
That in his tale mine host will play the knave.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Fierce Rodomont heares of his prating Host
A lying tale, to womens great disgrace:
Unto Algier he meanes to passe in post:
But by the way he finds more pleasing place,
Faile Isabell passeth by that cost;
The Pagan changeth mind, and sues for grace:
The Hermit warnes her keep her vow and oth,
At which the Pagan Prince is passing wroth.*



¹ On Ladies, ye that Ladies
hold in prize,
Give not (perdie) your eare to
this same tale,
The which to tell, mine Host
doth here devise,
To make men thinke your
vertues are but small:
Though from so base a
tongue there can arise,
To your sweet sexe, no just disgrace at all;
Foolles will find fault without the cause discerning,
And argue most of that they have no learning.

² Turn ov'r the leaf, and let this tale alone,
If any thinke the sex by this disgrac'd,
I write it for no spite, nor malice none,
But in my Authors book I find it plac'd;
My loyall love to Ladies all is known,
In whom I see such worth to be imbrac'd,
That theirs I am, and glad would be therefore,
To shew thereof a thousand proofes and more.

³ Peruse it not; or if you do it read,
Esteeme it not, but as an idle bable;
Regard it not; or if you take some heed,
Believe it not, but as a foolish fable:
But to the matter, thus it was indeed,
When all the guests were cheated at the table;
Neare Rodomont (so was the Pagan nam'd)
Down sate mine Host, and thus his tale he fram'd,

⁴ *As also, whilom king of Lumbardy,
To whom his elder brother left his raigne,*

Was in his youth so fresh and faire to see,
As few to such perfection could attaine:
Apeles match, or *Zeues* he might be,
That such a shape could paint without much paine,
Great was his grace, and all the world so deem'd it,
But yet himselfe of all men most esteem'd it.

*Two excel-
lent painters,*

⁵ He did not of his scepter take such pride,
Nor that degree that common men are under,
Nor wealth, nor friends, nor meaner kings beside,
That thereabout dwelt neare or far asunder:
But of his beauty, which he would not hide,
At whome are worth he thought the world did won-
This was his joy, and all that he intended, (det,
To heare his comely face and shape commended.

⁶ Among his courtiers, one above the rest,
Faussto by name, by birth a *Romane* knight:
Who hearing oft so prais'd, as they know best,
His face, and hands, and all that praise he might,
The king did bid him tell at his request,
Neare or farre off if he had seen that wight,
That in all parts so perfectly was wrought:
But he was answer'd as he little thought.

⁷ My Liege (quoth *Faussto*) plainly to declare,
Both what my selfe doth see, and others say,
But few with your rare beauty can compare,
And that same few were none, were one away:
Iocundo hight, a man of beauty rare,
And brother mine, excepting whom, I may
Prefer your grace before all other creatures,
But he doth match or passe you for his features,

8
The king to heare such tidings strange it thought,
As having still till that day kept the prize,
And with a deep desire straightwayes he sought,
To know this man, and see him with his eyes:
In fine, with *Fausto* so far forth he wrought,
To bring him to his court he must devise:
Although (quoth he) to bring my brother to it,
I shall be sure of work enough to do it.

9
The cause is this, my brother never went
Forth of the gates of *Rome* scant all his life,
And such small goods as Fortune hath him lent,
He hath enjoy'd in quiet, free from strife,
Left by our fire, and them he hath not spent,
Nor yet increast, his gaines are not so rife:
And he will think it more to go to *Pavy*,
Then some would think to th' *Indies* in a Navy.

10
But I shall find it hardest when I prove,
To draw him from his loving wife away;
To whom he is so link'd in chaines of love,
That all is vaine, if once his wife say nay:
But yet your grace is so far all above,
You shall command me, certes all I may.
Thanks (quoth the king) and addeth such reward,
As might have moved any to regard.

11
Away he posts, arriving in few dayes
At *Rome*, and to his brothers house he went,
And with such earnest words his brother prayses,
That to return with him he doth consent:
Also his sisters love he so allayes,
That she doth hold her peace as halfe content,
Beside great thanks, laying before her eyes
Preferments large, that hereof might arise.

12
Iocundo now resolv'd to go his way,
Gets men and horse against he should depart,
Sets forth himselfe with new and rich array,
As still we see nature adorn'd by art,
His wife at night in bed, at board by day,
With watry eyes to shew a sorie heart,
Complaines his absence will so sore her grieve,
Till his return she doubts she shall not live.

13
Ay me, the thought (quoth she) makes me so fraid,
That scant the breath abideth in my brest;
Peace my sweet love and life (*Iocundo* said)
And weeps as fast, and comforts her his best:
So may good fortune ay my journey aid,
As I return in threescore dayes at least:
Nor will I change the day I set thee down,
No though the king would grant me half his crown.

14
All this might not assuage this womans paine,
Two moneths were long, yea too too long she cries,
Needs must I die before you come againe,
Nor how to keep my life can I devise:
The dolefull dayes and nights I shall sustaine,
From meat my mouth, from sleep will keep mine
Now was *Iocundo* ready to repent, (eyes;
That to his brother he had giv'n consent.

15
About her neck a jewell rich she ware,
A crosse all set with stone in gold well tride,
This relick late a *Boem* Pilgrim bare,
And gave her father other things beside:
Which costly things he kept with no small care,
Till comming from *Ierusalem* he di'd:
And her of all his goods his heire he makes,
This precious crosse to her goodman she takes.

16
And prayses him for her sake to weare that token,
And think on her: the man that was most kind,
Receiv'd it with more joy then can be spoken,
Although he needed not be put in mind,
For why no time, nor no state sound nor broken,
Nor absence long, a mean should ever find,
To quail his love, nor onely while his breath
Maintaines his life, but neither after death.

17
That very night that went before the morrow,
That they had pointed surely to depart,
Iocundo wife was sick, and sounds for sorrow,
Amid his armes, so heavy was her heart;
All night they wake, and now they bid Godmorrow,
And give their last farewell, and so they part,
Iocundo on his way with all his traine,
His loving wife doth go to bed againe.

18
Scant had *Iocundo* rode two mile forthright,
But that his crosse now came into his mind,
Which on his pillow he had laid last night,
And now for hast had left the same behind:
He would devise to scuse it if he might,
But no excuse sufficient could he find:
But that his love must needs be much suspected,
To find the precious jewell so neglected.

19
When no excuse within his mind could frame,
But that all seemed frivolous and vaine;
To send his man he counted it a shame,
To go himselfe it was but little paine:
He staid, and when his brother did the same,
Ride soft (quoth he) till I return againe:
For home againe I must, there is no nay,
But I will overtake you on the way.

20
Th'affaire is such as none can do but I,
But doubt you not, I will return as fast;
Away he spurres as hard as he could hie,
Alone without or man or page, for hast:
Now had the suns new rising clear'd the skie,
With brightest beames, ere he the streame had past,
He hies him home, and finds his wife in bed,
Full sound asleep, such cares were in her head.

21
He drawes the curtaine softly without sound,
And saw that he would little have suspected;
His chaff and faithfull yokefellow he found
Yok'd with a knave, all honesty neglected:
Th' Adulterer, though sleeping very sound,
Yet by his face was easily detected:
A beggars brat, bred by him from his cradle,
And now was riding on his masters saddle,

Now

22
Now if he stood amaz'd and discontent,
Believe it ye, to me that would be loth;
For he that tries it, doubtlesse will repent,
As poore *Iocundo* did, who was so wroth,
That out he drew his sword, with just intent,
For their ungratefull act to kill them both:
But lo, the love he bare her, did withstand,
Against his heart, to make him hold his hand.

23
Oribald love, that such a slave couldst make,
Of one that now was subiect to thy force;
He could not break her sleep for pities sake,
That brake all bonds of faith without remorse;
But back he goes before they did awake,
And from his house he gets him to his horse:
Love so pricks him, and he so pricks his steed,
He overtakes his company with speed.

24
His look is sad, all changed is his cheare,
Full heavy was his heart they well perceiv'd,
They see no cause of griefe, nor guesse they neare,
And they that guesse most likely, are deceiv'd;
They thought he went to *Rome*, but you do heare
How at *Cornetto* he his hurt receiv'd:
Each man espied that love procur'd that passion,
But none descri'd the manner nor the fashion.

25
His brother deems that all his griefe doth grow,
Because his loving wife is left alone;
But he a cleane contrary cause doth know,
Her too much company did cause his mone:
He bends his browes, his looks he casts alow,
With powting lips, and many a grievous grone;
In vaine doth *Faustus* comfort seek to bring him,
For why he knowes not where the shoe doth wring

26
He gives a salve afore the sore is found,
His plaisters are as poison to the smart;
He seeks to heale, and wider makes the wound,
He names his wife, but her name kills his heart:
Gone was his tast, his sleeps do grow unsound,
Nature decayth, and little helpeth art;
And that faire face that erst was of such fame,
Is now so chang'd, it seemeth not the same.

27
His eyes are sunk so deep into his head,
It made his nose seem bigger then it should,
His flesh doth shrink, his bones do seem to spread,
He was so chang'd, as more cannot be told;
At last an ague makes him keep his bed,
And bait at inner more often then he would:
His faire complexion now is pale and withered,
Much like the Rose that yesterday was gathered.

28
With this mishap was *Faustus* sore agriev'd,
Not onely for his brothers wofull state;
But fearing of his Prince to be reprov'd,
Vnto whose grace he undertook so late,
To shew the goodliest man, as he believ'd,
Now growne uncouth, by force of inward bare:
Yet as they could their way they so contriv'd,
That at the last in *Pavie* they arriv'd.

29
He would not straightway shew him to the King,
Lest ev'ry one might deem his judgement small,
But sent by letters notice of the thing,
And what mishap his brother did befall;
How scant alive he could him thither bring,
A secret griefe so greatly did him gall,
And with an ague pul'd him down so sore,
He seem'd not now the man he was before.

30
And yet behold this noble King is glad
That he is come, and meanes to make him cheare,
As if he were the dearest friend he had,
So sore he had desir'd to see him here:
Nor would the worthy natur'd Prince be sad,
In praise of beauty to have found a Peere;
He knew *Iocundo's* beauty had excel'd,
But that by this disease it was expel'd.

31
He placeth him to his own lodging nigh,
He visits him each day and ev'ry houre,
Great plenty of provision he doth buy,
To welcome him he bendeth all his power:
But still *Iocundo* languishing doth lie,
His wives misdeeds makes all his sweet seem sowre,
No songs, no sighs, which oft he heard or saw,
One dram of this his dolour could withdraw.

32
Fast by his lodging was (amongst the rest)
A faire large room, which very few did use,
Here would he walk, as one that did detest
All pleasing sights, and comforts all refuse:
Here the wide wound he bare within his breast,
With thousand thoughts unpleasant he renews;
Yet here he found (which few would have believ'd)
A remedy for that which had him griev'd.

33
For at the upper end of this old hall,
There was a place of windowes void, and light,
Save that the lime new molten from the wall,
Let in a little beame that shined bright;
Let in a little beame that shined bright,
Here did he see (which some may think a tale)
A very strange and unexpected sight,
He heard it not, but saw it in his view,
Yet could he scant believe it should be true.

34
For at the chink was plainly to be seen
A chamber hang'd with faire and rich array,
Where none might come, but such as trusty been:
The Princess here in part doth spend the day,
And here he saw a Dwarfse embrace the Queen,
And strive a while, and after homely play
His skill was such, that ere they went asunder,
The Dwarfse was got aloft, and she lay under.

35
Iocundo standeth still as one amaz'd,
Supposing sure that he had seen a vision,
But seeing plaine when he a while had gaz'd,
It was an act, and not an apparition:
Good God (said he) are this *Queenes* eyes so daz'd,
To love a Dwarfse, more worthy of derision?
Whose husband is a Prince of worthy fame,
So brave a man, such love? now sic for shame.

36
He now began to hold his wife excus'd,
His anger now a little was relenc'd:
And though that she her body had abus'd,
And to her servant had so soon consented,
Not her for this, but he the sex accus'd,
That never can with one man be contented:
If all (quoth he) with one like staine are spotted,
Yet on a monster, mine was not besotted.

*Jocundo
faint of one
Libertine.
Vnus liberti-
na viri suffi-
cientia. id.
dud.
Extremus
et hoc oculis
contemnit se
quon.*

37
The day ensuing he returned thither,
And saw the dwarfe courageous still and jolly,
Eke he another day repaired hither,
And still he found the Queen committing folly:
He oft returns, he finds them oft together,
They cease not work, on dayes prophane nor holy:
Yea which was strange the goodly Queen complain'd
That of the dwarfe she found she was disdain'd.

38
One day when in the corner he had staid,
He sees her come all sad and malecontent,
Because the dwarfe her coming still delay'd,
For whom of purpose twice before she sent,
Once more she sends, this answer brings the maid,
Forsooth unto his play he is so bent,
That for mistrust at chesse to leese a shilling,
To come to you the apes face is not willing.

39
Jocundo who before had still been sad,
Vpon this sight became of better cheare:
The paines, the plaints, the cloudy stormes he had,
Away were blown, the coast began to cleare:
Most ruddie faire he chearfull grew and glad,
That angell-like his beauty did appeare,
So as the King and others thought it strange,
In so short time to find so great a change.

40
Now as the King desired much to know,
The mean whereby his hurt so soon was heal'd,
No lesse *Jocundo* did desire to show,
And would not have the thing from him conceal'd,
So as his choler might no greater grow,
Then his had been, when as it were reveal'd:
But first he made him sweare on his salvation,
Vpon the parties to use no castigation.

41
He made him sweare, for ought he heard or saw,
Wherewith his mind might fortune be diseas'd,
Yet from his choler so much to withdraw,
As that in shew he may not seem displeas'd,
Nor punish it by might nor yet by law,
Nor first nor last, but hold himselfe appeas'd,
So as th'offenders might not have suspected,
That their misdeeds were to his grace detected.

42
The King so sure, by oth so solemne bound,
As one that little thought his Queene so stain'd,
Jocundo first his own griefe doth expound,
Why he so long so dolefull had remain'd,
And in whose armes his own wife he had found,
And how the griefe thereof so sore him pain'd,
Had not that salve unlook'd for been applied,
Of that conceit no doubt he should have died.

43
But lying in your highnesse house forlorn,
I saw (quoth he) that minist' much my mone,
For though it grieved me to weare a horn,
It pleas'd me well, I ware it not alone:
This said, he brought him where the wall was torn,
And shew'd him that that made his heart to grone,
For why the dwarfe did mannage with such skill,
Though she curvets, he keeps his styrep still.

44
Much did the King this foule prospect mislike,
Believe my words I say, I need not sweare,
Horn wood he was, he was about to strike
All those he met, and his own flesh to teare,
His promise to have broken he was like,
If of his oath he had not had some feare,
But unrevenged all must now be born,
For on his *Agnus Dei* he had sworn.

45
Now to *Jocundo* gently he doth speak,
Good brother mine, advise me what to do,
Sich I am bound by oath, I may not wreak
The fact, with such revenge as longs thereto:
Forsooth let's trie if others be as weak,
(*Jocundo* said) and make no more ado:
This was the counsell he did give the King,
Into their order other men to bring.

*He call him
drumbe, i.e.
cause they
were both of
one society.*

46
We both are yong, and of such pleasing hew,
Not to be matcht with such another paire:
What she will be so obstinately true,
But will be won with youth, and being faire:
If youth and beauty both do misse their due,
The want herein our purses shall repaire:
Let us not spare our beauty, youth, and treasure,
Till of a thousand we have had our pleasure.

47
To see strange countries placed farre apart,
Of other women eke to make some triall,
Will ease the paine that whilom pierc'd our heart,
And salve our sore, there can be no deniall:
The King that long'd to ease his new-found smart,
Consented straight, and to avoid espiall,
Himselfe, the Knight, two pages, and no mo,
Out of the Realme forthwith disguised go.

48
Away they past through *Italy* and *France*,
And through the *Flemish* and the *English* land,
And those whose beauties highest did advance,
Those still they found most ready to their hand:
They give, they take, so luckie is their chance,
To see their stock at one stay still to stand:
Some must be woo'd forsooth they were so chaste,
And some there were that wooed them as fast.

49
In countries some a moneth or two they taried,
In some a week, in others but a day,
In all of them they find the women married,
Like to their wives, too gentle to say nay:
At last because they doubt to have miscaried,
They mean to leave this sport, and go their way,
They found it full of danger and debate,
To keep their standings in anothers gate.

Endure

They

50
They do agree to take by common voice,
Some one whose shape and face may please them
In whom without suspect they might rejoyce,
For wherefore (quoth the King) should I be loth,
To have your selfe a partner in my choice?
I must have one, and I believe for troth,
Among all women kind there is not one
That can content her selfe with one alone.

51
But of some one we two might take our pleasure,
And not inforce our selves beyond our ease,
But as they say, take meat, and drink, and leasure,
And by our doings other not displease,
Well might that woman think she had a treasure,
That had us two her appetite to please:
And though to one man faithfull none remaine,
No doubt but faithfull they would be to twaine.

52
The Roman youth much prais'd the Princes mind,
And to perform it, seemed very faine,
Away they posted as they had assign'd,
By town and city, over hill and plaine,
Till at the last a prettie peece they find,
The daughter of an Inkeeper in Spaine,
A gyrl of person tall, and faire of favour,
Of comely presence, and of good behaviour.

53
She was new entring in the flower and pride
Of those well pleasing youthfull yeares and tender,
Her father many children had beside,
And poverty had made his portion slender,
And for them all unable to provide,
It made him soon consent, away to send her,
The price agreed away the strangers carie her,
Because the father money wants to marie her.

54
In concord great she did with them remaine,
Who took their pleasure one and one by turne,
As bellowes do, where Vulcans wonted paine
By mutuall blast doth make the metall burn:
Their meaning is, now they had travel'd Spaine,
By Siphax realme to make their home returne,
And having left Valenza out of sight,
At faire Zativa they did lodge at night.

55
The masters go abroad to view the town,
And first the Churches for devotions sake,
And then the monuments of most renowne,
As travellers a common custome take:
The gyrl within the chamber sat her downe,
The men are busied, some the beds do make,
Some care to dresse their wearied horse, and some
Make ready meat against their masters come.

56
In this same house the gyrl a Greeke had spi'd,
That in her fathers house a boy had been,
And slept full often sweetly by her side,
And much good sport had passed them between;
Yet fearing lest their love should be descri'd,
In open talk they durst not to be seen,
But when by hap the pages down were gone,
Old love renew'd, and thus they talk thereon.

57
(both) The Greek demands her whither she was going,
And which of these two great estates her keeps?
She told them all, she needs no further weing.
And how a night between them both she sleeps:
Ah (quoth the Greek) thou tellest my undoing,
My deare *Fiametta*, and with that he weeps; (niff'd) *Fiametta*,
With these two Lords wilt thou from Spaine be ba-
Are all my hopes thus into nothing vanish'd?

58
My sweet designements turned are to sowre,
My service long finds little recompence;
I made a stock according to my power,
By hoarding up my wages, and the pence
That guests did give, that came in luckie houre,
I meant ere long to have departed hence,
And to have ask'd thy fires good will to marie thee,
And that obtain'd, vnto a house to carie thee.

59
The wench of her hard fortune doth complaine,
And saith that now she doubts he sues too late:
The Greeke doth sigh and sob, and part doth faine,
And shall I die (quoth he) in this estate?
Let me enjoy thy sweetnesse once againe,
Before my dayes draw to their dolefull date,
One small refreshing ere we quite depart,
Will make me die with more contented heart.

60
The gyrl with pite moved, thus replies,
Think not (quoth she) but I desire the same;
But hard it is among so many eyes,
Without incurring punishment and shame.
Ah (quoth the Greeke) some means thou wouldst de-
If thou but felt a quarter of my flame, (vise,
To meet this night in some convenient place,
And be together but a little space.

61
Tush (answer'd she) you sue now out of season,
For ev'ry night I lie betwixt them two,
And they will quickly feare, and find the treason,
Sith still with one of them I have to do,
Well (quoth the Greeke) I could refuse that reason,
If you would put your helping hand thereto,
You must (said he) some pretie scuse devise,
And find occasion from them both to rise.

62
She first bethinks her selfe, and after bad
He should return when all were sound asleep,
And learned him, who was thereof right glad,
To go and come, what order he should keep.
Now came the Greeke, as he his lesson had,
When all was hush, as soft as he could creep,
First to the doore, which open'd when he push'd,
Then to the chamber, which was softly rush'd.

63
He takes a long and leifurable stride,
And longest on the hinder foot he staid,
So soft he treads, although his steps were wide,
As though to tread on eggs he were afraid;
And as he goes, he gropes on either side
To find the bed, with hands abroad displaid,
And having found the bottome of the bed,
He creepeth in, and forward go'th his head.

Imitation of
Ovid in 1 de
fastis.
Surgit a-
mans ani-
mansque te-
nem, vestigia
furtim
Suspense di-
gitum fori in-
cursus gra-
da.

64
Between *Fiametta* tender thighs he came,
That lay upright, as ready to receive,
At last they fell unto their merry game,
Embracing sweetly now to take their leave;
He rode in post, as can be bait for shame,
The beast was good, and would not him deceive,
He thinks her pace so easie and so sure,
That all the night to ride he could endure.

65
Iocundo and the King do both perceive
The bed to rock, as oft it comes to passe,
And both of them one error did deceive,
For either thought it his companion was:
Now hath the *Greeke* taken his latter leave,
And as he came, he back againe doth passe,
And *Phobus* beames did now to shine begin,
Fiametta rose and let the pages in.

66
Now with *Iocundo* gan the King to jest,
Brother (quoth he) I doubt we do you wrong,
It were more time for you to take your rest,
That have this night a journey rode so long.
Iocundo answers him againe in jest,
Oh sir, you do mistake, you sing my song;
Take you your ease, and much good do your grace,
That all this night have rid a hunting pace.

67
I, quoth the King: I would in faith I swear
Have lent my dog a course among the rest,
But that I found your selfe so busie were,
And rode so hard, you could not spare the beast.
Well (said the Knight) it seemeth me to beare,
Although you brake your promise and behest,
Yet privy quips and taunts here needed none,
You might have bid me let the wench alone.

68
One urg'd so faine, the tother so repli'd,
That unto bitter words their tongues were moov'd,
Scarce one forbore to say the tother li'd:
And plaine to wite whose truth should be reprov'd,
They cal'd the gyde the matter to decide,
Who was afraid, as well it her behoov'd,
And she must tell (they standing face to face)
Which of them two deserved this disgrace.

69
Tell (quoth the King) with grim and angry sight,
Nor feare nor him nor me, but tell us true,
Which of us two it was, that all this night
So gallantly performed all his due.
Thus either deeming he did hold the right,
They looked both which should be found untrue:
Fiametta lowly laid her selfe on ground,
Doubting to die because her fault was found.

Her guilty
conscience
made her
shut the
faulst found.

70
She humbly pardon craves for her offence,
And that they pitie would her wofull case,
That she with pitie mov'd to recompence
His love, that lasted had no little space,
And who it was, she told them, and of whence,
Had this ill luck in this unluckie place,
How she had hop'd that though they hapt to wake,
Yet for his partner either would it take.

71
The King and his companion greatly mus'd,
When they had heard the practice so detested,
And their conceits not little were confus'd,
To heare a hap so strange and unexpected:
And though no two were ever so abus'd,
Yet had they so all wrathfull mind rejected,
That down they lay, and fell in such a laughter,
They could not see nor speak an houre after.

72
And when at last their stomacke and their eyes
Water'd and ak'd, they laughed had so much,
Such shifts (quoth they) these women will devise,
Do what we can, their chastity is such:
If both our cares could not for one suffice,
That lay betwixt us both, and did us touch,
If all our haire were eyes, yet sure they said,
We husbands of our wives should be betrayd.

73
We had a thousand women prov'd before,
And none of them denied our request,
Nor would and if we tri'd ten thousand more,
But this one triall passeth all the rest:
Let us not then condemne our wifes so fore,
That are as chaste and honest as the best,
Sith they be as all other women be,
Let us turn home, and well with them agree.

74
When on this point they both were thus resolv'd,
They gave the *Greeke Fiametta* for his wife,
And ti'd the knot that cannot be dissolv'd,
With portion large, to keep them all their life:
Themselves went home, and had their sins absolv'd,
And take againe their wives, and end all strife:
And thus mine Host the prettie storie ended,
With which he prayth them not to be offended.

75
The *Pagan Prince*, of whom I erst made mention,
Was pleas'd with this story passing well,
And heard the same with heed and great attention,
And praised it, and said it did excell,
And swears he thought no wit nor no invention,
No pen could write, no tongue attaine to tell,
By force of eloquence, or help of art,
Of womens trecheries the hundredth part.

76
But at the table sat another guest,
Of ripe yeres, and judgement more discreet,
Who such untruths to heare could not digest,
And see their praises so trod under feet,
Wherefore his speech he presently address'd
Vnto his host, and said, we daily meet
With flanders and with lying fables told,
And this is one, to say I dare be bold.

A Pagan
woman.

77
Nor thee, nor him that told thee trust I will,
No though in other things he gospell spake,
I dare affirm it well, that evill will,
Not any triall that himselfe could make,
Mov'd him of all the kind to speak so ill,
Belike for some one naughty womans sake:
But he that would enter in womens praise,
On higher steps aloft his stile might raise.

But

78

But tell me now, if any one of you
That married are, have not awry yet slept?
No scarce a man, that hath not been untrue,
And with some other woman hath not slept:
Nay that is more, they woo, they seek, they sew,
They trie, they tempt those that be safest kept,
Yet women seek not after men I ween,
(I meane not such as common harlots been.)

79

Old /aib.
F. m. d. l. f.
f. m. d. l. f.
in the cupit.

Surely the man on whom your tale you father,
Cannot himselfe nor other men excuse,
Who still to take an unknown piece had rather,
Although their own were better far to chuse:
But if themselves were wood, I surely gather
Such curtesies they never would refuse,
But rather straine themselves beyond their might,
Such kindnesse with more kindnesse to requite.

80

But bee't some woman breaks chaste wedlocks lawes,
And leaves her husband, and becomes unchaste,
Yet commonly it is not without cause,
She sees her man in sin his substance wast;
She feels that he his love from her withdrawes,
And hath on some (perhap) lesse worthy plac'd,
Who strikes with sword, the scabberd him may strike,
And sure love craveth love, like asketh like.

81

Indeed in their behalfe agree would I
That all wives that adultery do commit,
Should by a law condemned be to die,
If so their husbands guiltlesse be of it:
But if that men unpunish'd walk awry,
Doubtlesse in sense and reason 'tis not fit,
The weaker sexe should for this sin be vext,
Do as you would be done to, saith the text.

82

Yet when a man is bent to speak his worst,
That in despite he can of women say,
He calls them but incontinent and curst,
No greater fault he to their charge can lay:
To rob, to spoile, houses to break and burst,
Whole cities, townes, and countries to betray,
Vsurry, murder, all such sinnes appeare
Proper to men, women of them are cleare.

83

This said this grave wise man, and would have told
Some story to the same, his speech to verifie,
Of women that had liv'd till they were old,
Chastly and vertuously, and with sincerity,
But that the cruell Turke did him behold,
With so grim look as did the poore man terrifie,
And made him hold his peace with threats and terror,
Yet hating inwardly the Pagans error.

84

These brables ended, night on them did creep,
To rest they went, having their bodies fed:
But Rodomont scant all the night could sleep,
For cares that ran still in his troubled head,
His unkind mistresse him doth waking keep,
She troubles him, whether he lie on bed,
Whether he go, or ride, or sit, or stand,
Whether it be by water or by land.

85

But though himselfe could take but little rest,
Yet of his horse he takes no little care,
Both that he should be diligently drest,
And have good provender, to mend his fare:
To go by water now he thought it best,
Himselfe to ease, and his good horse to spare,
That horse he gat, as he might justly vant,
Spite of Rogero, and of Sacrapant.

86

He takes a bark, and down the pleasant streame
Of Sonna he doth passe, with wind and ore,
Great hast he makes, to get to his own Reame,
But changing place doth help him ne'r the more,
In sleep, of her unkindnesse he doth dreame,
Awake, he sighs and still renewes the sore:
To talk was best, and yet not much the better,
Say what he list, yet cannot he forget her.

87

Annoid by boat, againe he taking land,
Vienna, Lions, and Valenza past,
(All which then were in Agramantes hand,
His late good hap had so them all agast:
To Aquamort he turnes on his right hand,
And thence he will to Algier turn in hast,
And in his way, his journey to abridge,
He past Avignon at the sumptuous bridge.

88

Not far from Mompelie a towne he saw,
Of Bacchus, and of Ceres well belov'd,
Though then so spoil'd by souldiers that for aw,
The dwellers all themselves from thence remov'd:
Also there was a Church for Christen law,
But yet the Priests (in this to be reprov'd)
To save themselves, their Church had quite forsaken,
So as the same by Rodomont was taken.

89

This seat, this place, did so the Pagan please,
That here he minds to make his firm abode;
For of the one side he might see the seas,
On tother side the ground with corn well load:
Here all provisions he might find with ease,
Here he doth cause his men his stuffe unload,
And makes that Church (oh horrible abuse)
Serve him, to his profane ungodly use.

90

Now standing pensive in this pleasing place,
As still he us'd, he saw a Lady faire,
(Though mourning, yet most full of pleasing grace) *Isabella*,
Who with a Frier made thither her repaire:
A goodly horse they led a soft slow pace,
And as they went he taught her many a praier:
That horse did beare a coffin on his back,
All overspread in mourning sort, with black.

91

Me think by this description you may guesse,
Who this same Frier, and who this damsell is,
Yet for more plainnesse sake, I will expresse
Her name, lest any may the matter misse.
'Twas *Isabella*, who did late professe
That state that leadeth straight to heav'nly blisse,
He was the Frier, that to that mind converted her,
When as despaire had almost quite subverted her.

Horace xvi.
Ode 2. booke.
Quid terras
also candu-
tes sole muta-
munt patris
qui exul, Se
quoque ju-
git?
Scandis ara-
tas viciosa
navis curat
meo turmas e-
quisque relin-
quit.

That is to say,
stored with
corn and
wine.

Christianity.

Within

92
Within the mourning coffin was inclos'd
His corse, whom she so lov'd alive and dead,
And though to griefe she seemed all dispos'd,
Though all in black she went from foot to head,
Yet in that wofull shew there was disclos'd
So worthy grace, as in the Pagan bred:
A fancy, moving such an alteration,
As made him change his first determination.

93
For where before he did dispraise and scorn
All women, now againe he doth commend
That sex, that doth indeed the world adorn:
His second love to place he doth intend
On this, sith that his first hath him forlorne;
Here now he hopeth all his wo to end,
And with this passion to drive out the tother,
As men do drive out one naile with another.

94
And straight in mildest manner that he can,
Saluting her, he ask'd what caus'd her paine?
And she the wofull tale to tell began,
How her true love by *Mandricard* was slaine,
For whose sake she would never marrie man,
But serve God all her life that doth remaine:
The Pagan laughs at that the damsell saith,
As one that knowes no God, and hath no faith.

95
And greatly he her good intent controld,
Affirming her to merit as great blame,
As doth the miser that hoards up his gold,
And neither doth himselfe imploy the same,
And yet from those that would, doth it withhold:
So shut not up your selfe (quoth he) for shame;
Fierce Lions, Bears, and Serpents that have stings,
Should be shut up, not faire and harmlesse things.

96
The godly Frier that took no little care,
Lest this ill speech might turn her to small good,
With new exhortings, bad her to beware,
That such intisements strongly be withstood:
And for that end forthwith he doth prepare
A sumptuous messe of ghostly inward food:
But this vile Pagan did no sooner tast it,
But up againe his squemish stomack cast it.

97
And seeing that the speeches of this Frier,
(Whom he could make by no means hold his peace)
Seem'd greatly to contrary his desire,
Wrath kindled, and at last did so increase,
That this poore priest got but a soorie hire.
But here a while my story now shall cease,
Lest my mishap or punishment be such
As was this Priests, for talking overmuch.

Morall.

In *Iocundo* and *Astolfo* both, may be noted the vanity of beauty in men, and how weake a protection it is against the blow that never smarts, as some have termed it. Further, in *Iocundo's* wife, that after all the great protestations of kindnesse, was taken in bed with his man, we may note the fraud as well as frailtie of some of that sexe. In *Fiametta*, that lying between a king and a knight,ooke up a Tapsier into her bed, I cannot tell what to note, but that which *Ovid* saith,

Non caret effectu, quod vulnere duo.

Nought can restraine, consent of twaine.

In the *Queene of Lombardie*, that bestow'd her love so basely, we may see that no state nor degree is privileged from shame and slander, except vertue and grace from above do keep them from such enormous offences. Further we may see it is a very desperate enterprise, to think by any restraint to keep an unchast woman from putting in practice her lewd desires. Lastly, the defence of women by the grave wise man, too truly prooveth, that though many women are bad yet many men are worse, and therefore if every one would mend one (as the Proverb saith) all shall be mended. And as for *Rodomo*'s new love, it shewes that no passion grows so strong by accident, to remove and take away a naturall disposition.

Allusion.

History nor Allegory, nor scant any thing that is good, can be picked out of this bad booke: but for Allusions, they come in my mind so plentifully, as I can scant tell how to make an end when I am once entred into them: onely I will touch one or two (to fill up this page withall) that allude to that point of *Iocundo's* patience, in leaving the adulterer unpunished, and his wife reprov'd, taking her in so shamefull an act. As I have heard of one of honest calling (But namelesse he, for blamelesse he must be) that finding one in bed with his wife, and seeing evidently that she had plaid false at tables, and born a man too many, drew out his dagger resolutely, and sware a great oath, that if he had not been his very friend, he would at least have killed him; and when he had done, he put up his dagger againe, and went about some other businesse. Another, hearing one was newly gone out of his house, that had done that for him which no body desires to do by a deputy,ooke his sword and his buckler, and followed in a great rage, and having overtaken him, laid adultery to his charge: the man so hotly pursued, and so hardly charged, confessed it was true: with which the tother (being fully satisfied, as it seemed with his honest confession) left him, swearing if he had denied it, he would not so have put it up.

Here end the notes of the xxvij. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Isabella, to loose her head is glad,
To save her chastity from Pagans might :
To pacifie her ghost, the Pagan sad
Doth make a bridge, at which falls many a knight :
Orlando commeth thither, being mad,
And in the water both together light.
From thence the madman onward still proceeds,
And by the way doth strange and monstrous deeds.*



¹ H thoughts of men, uncon-
stant and unstable,
As subject unto change, as
Western wind,
In all designments fond and
variable,
But chiefly those that love
breeds in the mind :
Lo he that late devis'd all he
was able,
To slander and deface all women kind,
Yet now with them whom he so sore revil'd,
Ev'n on the sudden he is reconcil'd.

² Indeed (most noble Dames) I am so wroth
With this vile Turke, for this his wicked sin,
For speaking so great slander and untroth,
Of that sweet sex, whose grace I faine would win,
That till such time he shall confesse the troth,
And what a damned error he was in :
I shall him make be so in conscience stung,
As he shall tear his flesh, and bite his tongue.

³ But with what folly he was then posselt,
The sequell of the matter plaine doth show,
For he that yesterday himselfe profest
To all the kind a sworn and open foe :
Now to this stranger one in state distress,
Whose birth, whose kin, whose name he doth not
With one small glance, and sober cast of ey, (know,
Was so enthal'd, he woos her by and by.

⁴ And as new fancy doth his heart inflame,
So to new speech it doth his tongue direct,

A new discourse, new reasons he doth frame,
With great perswasions, but to small effect :
For still the godly Fire refutes the same,
Exhorting her such speeches to neglect,
And fast to hold her purpose good and holy
Of serving God, and leaving worldly folly.

⁵ He saith the way of death is large and spacious,
But that to life is straight and full of paine :
But *Rodomont* that saw him so audacious,
In spite of him this doctrine to maintaine,
Steps to him, and with hand and tongue ungracious,
First bids him get him to his cell againe,
Then his long beard grown on his aged chin,
All at one pull he pillet from the skin.

⁶ And so farre forth his wrath and fury grew,
He wrings his neck, as pincers wring a naile,
And twice or thrice about his head him threw,
As husbandmen that thresh do trosse a staile :
Reports most divers afterwards ensue,
But which be true, and which of truth do faile,
Is hard to say : some say he was so battered,
That all his limbs about a rock were scattered.

⁷ Some say that to the sea he hurled him,
Though diverse furlongs distant from the place,
And that he di'd because he could not swim :
Some others tell, some saint did him that grace,
To save his life, and heale each broken lim,
And to the shore did bring him in short space,
The likelihood hereof who list may way,
For now of him I have no more to say.

Sentence.

Simile.

Simile.

This

8
Thus cruell *Rodomont* that had removed
The babling *Frise* that did him so much spight,
The fearfull damfels love to win he proved,
By all kind words and gestures that he might;
He cald her his deare heart, his sole beloved,
His joyfull comfort, and his sweet delight,
His mistresse and his goddesse, and such names,
As loving Knights apply to lovely dames.

9
Her reasons he doth curteously confute,
(Love soone had made him such a learned clark)
In phrales mannerly he moves his sute,
And still his sute was leueld at ore marke,
And though he might by force have pluckt the frute,
Yet for that time he doth but kisse the barker:
He thinks it will more sweet and pleasing make it,
If she do give him leave before he take it.

10
Wherefore a while he is content to pawse,
In hope by time to win her love and grace:
She deems her selfe like mouse in cats sharpe clawes,
In strangers hands, and in as strange a place,
She sees he feard not Gods nor humane lawes,
Nor had no pitie of her wofull case,
That onely for his lust would her perswade,
To breake the vow that she to God had made.

11
Her heart and eyes oft times to heav'n she lifts;
And prayes the blessed *Virgin* and her *Sonne*,
To save her from this *Pagans* filthy drifts,
That unto her no villanie be donne:
She doth bethinke her of an hundred shifts,
How she his beastly lust may safely shunne,
That like an open gulfe on her did gape,
So as it seemd impossible to scape.

12
She finds out many scuses and delayes,
That to prolong, which faine she would prevent,
Sometime in humble manner him she prayes,
That to release her he would be content:
But being still repulst at all assayes,
At last she doth a way and meanes invent,
Not onely how to shun that present shame,
But merit to her selfe eternall name.

13
Unto the cruell *Turke* that now began
From all good course of curtisie to swarve,
She commeth in the meekest sort she can,
And saith, if he her honour will preserve,
(Which is the part of each true valiant man)
She would of him that favour well deserve,
And give him such a gift as in due measure,
Should farre surpass this momentarie pleasure.

14
But if you needs will me defloure, I wis
(She said) when you have done you will repent,
To thinke how fondly you have done amisse,
And lost that might have bred you true content:
As for your carnall love, you need not misse
More faire then I, and fitter for your bent,
But in ten thousand, one you shall not know,
That such a gift upon you can bestow.

15
I know (quoth she) an herbe, and I have seene
A little since the place where as it grew,
That boild upon a fire of cypresse cleene,
And mixt with elder berries and with reu;
And after strained harmelesse hands betweene,
Will yeeld a juyce, that who in order dew,
Annoint therewith, shall never damage feele,
By flame of fire, nor yet by dint of Steele.

16
I say if one therewith annoint him thrise,
These strange effects thereof will strait ensue,
Provided alwayes that in any wise
He must each month the liquors strength renew:
I have the way to make it in a trice,
And you shall see by prooffe that it is true;
This thing I thinke should joy you more to gaine,
Then if you conquerd had all *France* or *Spaine*.

17
And now for my reward of you, I pray
Let me obtaine this favourable meed,
To sweare that you henceforth will not assay
My chastity, by either word or deed:
Fell *Rodomont* thinks this a blessed day,
And hopes he now shall never armor need,
And sweares he will her honour safe defend,
Though to performe it he doth not intend.

18
Yet till she might this worke bring to effect,
He doth himselfe against his mind inforce,
And that she might no violence expect,
He doth not offer any signe of force,
But that once done, his oth he will neglect,
For of an oth he never had remorse,
But specially he thought it least disgrace,
His oth to violate in such a case.

19
He makes to her a solemne protestation,
And with most damned oaths the same doth bind,
That he will never do her molestation,
If she procure a juyce of such a kind:
This sinks so deepe in his imagination,
Of *Cygnus* and *Achilles* runs his mind,
For by this meanes he doth himselfe assure,
Such priviledge as they had to procure.

20
Poore *Isabella* glad of this delay,
By which a while her chastitie she shields,
Receiving this his promise, go'th straightway
To seeke these herbs amid the open fields,
In ev'ry bank and grove, and hedge and way,
She gathers some, such as the country yeelds;
And all the while the *Pagan* walketh by,
And to the damsell casteth still an eye.

21
And least she should want cypresse wood to burne,
He with his sword cuts downe whole cypresse trees,
And in all other things to serve her turne,
That each thing may provided be he sees:
Now with her herbs she made her home returne,
The caldrons are on fire (no time to leese)
She boyles and perboyles all those herbs and flowres,
In which he thought there were such hidden powres.

Looke in the
Allusion.

They are
said to have
beene so in-
charmed
that they
could feele
no paine of
fire nor Steele

22
At all these ceremonies he stands by,
And what she doth he many times doth looke,
The smoke and heate at last him made so dry,
That want of drinke he could no longer brooke,
Greece wines there were, and those he doth apply,
Two firkins late from passengers he tooke,
He and his men by drinking both that night,
Their heads full heavie made, their hearts full light.

23
Though by their law they are forbidden wine,
Yet now that here they did the liquor taste,
They thought it was so sweet and so divine,
That Nectar and that Manna farre it past:
At that restraint they greedily do repine,
That did debar them of so sweet repast,
And at their owne law and religion lassing,
They spend that night carowing and in quaffing.

24
Now had faire *Isabella* finish that confession,
Which this grosse Pagan doth beleve to be,
Against both Steele and fire a safe protection:
Now sir (she said) you shall the triall see,
And that you may be sure that no infection
Is in these drugs, you first shall prove by me,
I shall you shew thereof so perfect triall,
As you shall see the prooffe past all deniall.

25
My selfe (quoth she) mind first to take the say,
That you may see I do not faine nor lie,
Then after on your selfe you prove it may,
When you have made a witnes of your eie:
Now therefore bid your men to go away,
That none be present here but you and I,
And thus, as with her selfe she had appointed,
Her neck and breasts, and shoulders she annointed.

26
Which done, in chearefull sort she open layd
Her naked necke before the beastly Turke,
And bad him strike, for she was not afraid,
She had such skill and trust in this rare worker:
He unadvis'd, and haply overlayd
With wine, that in his idle braine did worke,
Was with her speech so undiscereetly led,
That at one blow he quite cut off her head.

27
The head where love and all the graces dwelt,
By heedlesse hand is from the bodie severed,
Alas whose heart at such hap could not melt?
Yea that is more, the head cut off endevored
To shew what pleasure of her death she felt,
And how she still in her first love persevered:
Thuse from the floore the head was seene rebound,
Thrise it was heard *Zerbins* name to sound.

28
His name to whom so great love she did beare,
As she to follow him would leave her life,
To whom tis hard to say if that she were
A truer widow or a kinder wife;
O soule that didst not death nor danger feare,
(A sample in these latter times not rare)
To save thy chastitie and vowed truth,
Ev'n in thy tender yeares and greenest youth.

29
Go soule, go sweetest soule for ever blest,
So may my verse please those whom I desire,
As my poore Muse shall ever do her best,
As farre as pen can paint, and speech aspire,
That thy just praises may be plaine exprest
To future times, Go soule to heaven or hyer,
And if my verse can graunt to thee this chartis,
Thou shalt be cald of chastitie the Martin.

*Isabella the
marie of
chastity.*

30
At this her deed so strange and admirable,
He that above all heav'ns doth ay remaine,
Lookt downe, and said it was more commendable
Then hers for whom *Tarquino* lost his raigne.
And straight an ordinance inviolable,
Ay to be kept on earth he doth ordaine,
And thus he said, ev'n by my selfe I sweare,
Whose powre, heav'n, earth, sprites, men and Angels

(feare,

31
That for her sake that dide of this name last,
Who ever shall hereafter beare that name,
Shall be both wise and continent and chaste,
Of faultlesse manners, and of spotlesse fame,
Let writers strive to make their glorie last,
And oft in prose and verse record the same,
Let *Hellicon*, *Pindus*, *Parnassus* hill,
Sound *Isabella*, *Isabella* still.

*A prophick
of all that
shall beare
the name of
Isabell.*

32
Thus said the Hy'st, and then there did ensue
A wondrous calme in waters and in aire,
The chaste soule up into the third heav'n flew,
Where *Zerbin* was, to that she did repaire:
Now when the beastly Turke saw plaine in vew,
How he had prov'd himselfe a womanslayre,
When once his drunken surfet was digested,
He blam'd himselfe and his owne deed detested.

33
In part to satisfie for this offence,
And to appease her ghost as twere in part,
Although he thought no pardon could dispence,
Nor punishment suffice for such desert,
He vowes a monument of great expence,
Of costly workmanship and cunning art,
To raise for her, nor minds he to go furder,
Then that selfe church where he had done the murder.

34
Of that selfe place he minds her tombe to make,
And for that cause he gets of workmen store,
For love, for mony, and for tenors sake,
Six thousand men he set to worke and more;
From out the mountaines massie stones they take,
With which wel wrought, & hewd, & squared therefore
With hie and stately arch that Church he covers,
And in the midst intombs the blessed lovers.

35
And over this was rais'd with curious sleight,
A Pyramid, a huge and stately towre,
Which towre an hundred cubits had in height,
By measure from the top unto the flowre;
It seemd a worke of as great charge and weight,
As *Adrian* made, to best his wealch and powre,
Of goodly stones, all rais'd in seemly ranks,
Vpon the edge of stately *Tybris* banks.

*Males A
drian, now
called Castel
Santo Augu
lo in Roma.*

Now

36

Now when this goodly worke was once begunne,
He makes a bridge upon the water by,
That of great depth and force did ever runne,
In former time a ferrie there did lye,
For such as would a further circuit shunne,
And passe this way more easy and more nye;
The *Pagan* takes away the ancient ferrie,
And leaves for passengers, nor bote, nor wherrie.

37

But makes a bridge where men to row are wont,
And though the same were strōg, & of great length,
Yet might two horses hardly meet a front,
Nor had the sides a raile or any strength,
Who comes this way he meanes shall bide a bront,
Except he have both courage good and strength,
For with the armes of all that this way come,
He means to bewtifie faire *Isbels* toome.

38

*And thus
the word of
the
Pagan
is
which is
the
word of
the
Pagan*

A thousand brave Atchievements he doth vow,
Wherewith he will adorne his stately worke,
From whom he taketh all these spoiles or how,
He cares not whether *Christian* or *Turke*.
Now was the bridge full finished, and now
His watchmen on each side in corners lurke,
To make him know when any one comes neare,
For all that come, he means shall buy it deare.

39

And further his fantastike brainedoeth thinke,
That sith by drinking wine he did that sin;
In lieu thereof he now would water drinke,
As oft as by mishap he should fall in:
For when he should unto the bottome sinke,
The top would be an ell above his chin,
As who should say, for ev'rie evill action
That wine procures, were water satisfaction.

40

Full many there arrived in few days,
Some men, as in the way from *Spaine* to *France*,
Some others fondly thirsting after prayse,
In hope by this exploit their names to advance,
But *Rodomont* doth meet them both the ways,
And such his vallew was so good his chance,
That still as many men as there arrives,
Lost all of them their arms, and some their lives.

41

Among the many prisoners that he tooke,
All those were *Christians* to *Algyre* he sent,
And willed his men safely to them to looke;
Because ere long himselfe to come he ment;
The rest, save that their armors they forsooke,
All harmelesse backe into their countries went;
Now while such feats were by the *Pagan* wrought,
Orlando thither came of wits besttraught.

42

At that same instant that *Orlando* came,
Was *Rodomont* all armed save his hed,
The naked *Earle* with wits quite out of frame,
Leaps ov'r the bar, and went (as folly led)
To passe the bridge, the *Pagan* him doth blame,
For his presumption, and withall he sed,
Stay sawcy villen, proud, and undiscreet,
For such as that this passage is not meet.

43

For Lords and Knights and Squyres of good estate,
This bridge was built, and not for thee thou beast:
He that no sence had in his idle pate,
Not heeding what was said still onward prest:
I must (the *Pagan* thinks) this fools pride bate,
It seems belike he thinks I am in jest,
And thereupon he makes the madman towards,
And minds to drowne him, sith he was so frowards.

44

He little lookt to find a match so hard,
Now while they two together gan to strive,
Behold a gallant dame of great regard,
At that same bridge by fortune did arrive,
Faire *Fiordeliege*, that late before had hard,
How love did of his witts this *Earle* deprive,
She hither came to seeke out *Brandimart*,
That now in *Paris* was with pensive hart.

45

And thus this Ladie (as before I told)
Came at that season to this dangerous place,
And knew this *Earle*, when she did him behold,
And wonderd much to see him in such case;
Now held *Orlando* with his foe hard held,
In vaine the *Pagan* strives him to displace,
And grinning, to himselfe he said at length,
Who could have thought, a foole had had such

46

(strength)
And fretting that he had his purpose mist,
He doth by sleight the madmans force assay,
Sometime he puts his hand below his twist,
Sometime above, sometime another way:
Orlando stands unmov'd, do what he list,
The *Pagan* seemd to do by him that day,
As doth the Beare, that would dig up the tree,
From whence she fell, but sees it will not be.

47

Orlando full of force, though void of sence,
About the middle tooke the *Pagan* fast,
And heaves him up from ground, and so from thence,
Into the streame himselfe he backward cast:
Vnto the bottome both do sinke, from whence
Each one was glad to get him in great hast,
Orlando nak't and light, swam like a fish,
So that he soone gat out as he would wish.

48

And being out, away he straight doth runne,
Nor carries he to heare, or to expect,
If men do blame or praise that he had donne,
But follows on his former course direct:
This while the *Pagan* dranke nye halfe a tunne
Of water, ere he could himselfe erect,
And hardly he escaped being drownd,
So heavie arm'd, and in place so profound.

49

Now, while the *Pagan* swimmeth for his life,
Faire *Fiordeliege* with sad and pensive hart,
A lively patterne of a vertuous wife,
Doth search the sepulcher for *Brandimart*,
Shee tooke her time while they fell first at strife,
And up and downe she lookt in ev'rie part,
But here she finds nor arms nor yet his manrell,
Nor meets with such as of him rydings can tell.

X 2

But

*Manell is a
vestiment of
solenne
mourne
Princes.*

22
At all these ceremonies he stands by,
And what she doth he many times doth looke,
The smoke and heate at last him made so dry,
That want of drinke he could no longer brooke,
Greece wines there were, and those he doth apply,
Two firkins late from passengers he tooke,
He and his men by drinking both that night,
Their heads full heauie made, their hearts full light.

23
Though by their law they are forbidden wine,
Yet now that here they did the liquor taste,
They thought it was so sweet and so diuine,
That Nectar and that Manna farre it past:
At that restraint they greatly do repine,
That did debar them of so sweet repast,
And at their owne law and religion lassing,
They spend that night carowling and in quaffing.

24
Now had faire *Isbell* finish't that confession,
Which this grosse *Pagan* doth beleefe to be,
Against both Steele and fire a safe protection:
Now sir (she said) you shall the trall see,
And that you may be sure that no infection
Is in these drugs, you first shall prove by me,
I shall you shew thereof so perfect triall,
As you shall see the prooffe past all deniall.

25
My selfe (quoth she) mind first to take the say,
That you may see I do not faine nor lie,
Then after on your selfe you prove it may,
When you have made a witnes of your eie:
Now therefore bid your men to go away,
That none be present here but you and I,
And thus, as with her selfe she had appointed,
Her neck and breasts, and shoulders she annointed.

26
Which done, in chearefull sort she open layd
Her naked necke before the beastly *Turke*,
And had him strike, for she was not afraid,
She had such skill and trust in this rare worke:
He unadvis'd, and haply overlayd
With wine, that in his idle braine did worke,
Was with her speech so undiscreetly led,
That at one blow he quite cut off her head.

27
The head where love and all the graces dwelt,
By heedlesse hand is from the bodie severed,
Alas whose heart at such hap could not melt?
Yea that is more, the head cut off endeuered
To shew what pleasure of her death she felt,
And how she still in her first love persevered:
Thuse from the floore the head was scene rebound,
Thrise it was heard *Zerbino's* name to sound.

28
His name to whom so great love she did beare,
As she to follow him would leave her life,
To whom tis hard to say if that she were
A truer widow or a kinder wife;
O soule that didst not death nor danger feare,
(A sample in these latter times not rare)
To save thy chastitie and vowed truth,
Ev'n in thy tender yeares and greenest youth.

29
Go soule, go sweetest soule for ever blest,
So may my verse please those whom I desire,
As my poore *Muse* shall ever do her best,
As farre as pen can paint, and speech aspire,
That thy just praises may be plaine exprest
To future times, Go soule to heaven or hyer,
And if my verse can graunt to thee this charrir,
Thou shalt be cald of chastitie the Martir.

*Isabella the
marie of
chastity.*

30
At this her deed so strange and admirable,
He that above all heav'ns doth ay remaine,
Lookt downe, and said it was more commendable
Then hers for whom *Tarquinio* lost his raigne.
And straight an ordinance inviolable,
Ay to be kept on earth he doth ordaine,
And thus he said, ev'n by my selfe I swear,
Whose powre, heav'n, earth, sprites, men and Angels

(feare,

31
That for her sake that dide of this name last,
Who ever shall hereafter beare that name,
Shall be both wise and continent and chaste,
Of faultlesse manners, and of spotlesse fame,
Let writers strive to make their glorie last,
And oft in prose and verse record the same,
Let *Hellicon*, *Pindus*, *Parnassus* hill,
Sound *Isabella*, *Isabella* still.

*A prophete
of all that
shall beare
the name of
Isabell.*

*Isabell's
sword of
Mecandris
by which is
wound
many of
armes.*

32
Thus said the Hy'st, and then there did ensue
A wondrous calme in waters and in aire,
The chaste soule up into the third heav'n flew,
Where *Zerbin* was, to that she did repaire:
Now when the beastly *Turke* saw plaine in vew,
How he had prov'd himselfe a womanslayre,
When once his drunken surfet was digested,
He blam'd himselfe and his owne deed detested.

33
In part to satisfie for this offence,
And to appease her ghost as twere in part,
Although he thought no pardon could dispence,
Nor punishment suffice for such desert,
He vowes a monument of great expence,
Of costly workmanship and cunning art,
To raise for her, nor minds he to go furder,
Then that selfe church where he had done the murder

34
Of that selfe place he minds her tombe to make,
And for that cause he gets of workmen store,
For love, for mony, and for terrors sake,
Six thousand men he set to worke and more;
From out the mountaines massie stones they take,
With which wel wrought, & hewd, & squared therefore
With hie and stately arch that Church he covers,
And in the midst intombs the blessed lovers.

35
And over this was rais'd with curious sleight,
A Pyramid, a huge and stately towre,
Which towre an hundred cubits had in height,
By measure from the top unto the flowre;
It seemd a worke of as great charge and weight,
As *Adrian* made, to bost his wealch and powre,
Of goodly stones, all rais'd in seemly ranks,
Vpon the edge of stately *Tybris* banks.

*Males
Adrianus,
called Cyprian
Saint Augustin
is in Rome.*

Now

36
Now when this goodly worke was once begunne,
He makes a bridge upon the water by,
That of great depth and force did ever runne,
In former time a ferrie there did lye,
For such as would a further circuit shunne,
And passe this way more easy and more nye;
The *Pagan* takes away the ancient ferrie,
And leaves for passengers, nor bote, nor wherrie.

37
But makes a bridge where men to row are wont,
And though the same were strög, & of great length,
Yet might two horses hardly meet a front,
Nor had the sides a raile or any strength,
Who comes this way he meanes shall bide a bront,
Except he have both courage good and strength,
For with the armes of all that this way come,
He means to bewtifie faire *Isbels* toome.

38
A thousand brave Atchievements he doth vow,
Wherewith he will adorne his stately worke,
From whom he taketh all these spoiles or how,
He cares not whether *Christian* or *Turke*.
Now was the bridge full finished, and now
His watchmen on each side in corners lurke,
To make him know when any one comes neare,
For all that come, he means shall buy it deare.

39
And further his fantastike brainedoeth thinke,
That sith by drinking wine he did that sin,
In lieu thereof he now would water drinke,
As oft as by mishap he should fall in:
For when he should unto the bottome sinke,
The top would be an ell above his chin,
As who should say, for ev'rie evill a Qion
That wine procures, were water satisfaction.

40
Full many there arrived in few days,
Some men, as in the way from *Spain* to *France*,
Some others fondly thirsting after prayse,
In hope by this exploit their names to advance,
But *Rodomont* doth meet them both the ways,
And such his vallew was so good his chance,
That still as many men as there arrives,
Lost all of them their arms, and some their lives.

41
Among the many prisoners that he tooke,
All those were *Christians* to *Algyre* he sent,
And willed his men safely to them to looke,
Because ere long himselfe to come he ment;
The rest, save that their armors they forooke,
All harmlesse backe into their countries went:
Now while such feats were by the *Pagan* wrought,
Orlando thither came of wits bestrought.

42
At that same instant that *Orlando* came,
Was *Rodomont* all armed save his hed,
The naked *Earle* with wits quite out of frame,
Leaps ov'r the bar, and went (as folly led)
To passe the bridge, the *Pagan* him doth blame,
For his presumption, and withall he sed,
Stay sawcy villen, proud, and undiscreeit,
For such as thee this passage is not meet.

43
For Lords and Knights and Squyres of good estate,
This bridge was built, and not for thee thou beast:
He that no sence had in his idle pate,
Not heeding what was said still onward prest:
I must (the *Pagan* thinks) this fools pride bate,
It seems belike he thinks I am in jest,
And thereupon he makes the madman towards,
And minds to drowne him, sith he was so fiowards.

44
He little lookt to find a match so hard,
Now while they two together gan to strive,
Behold a gallant dame of great regard,
At that same bridge by fortune did arrive,
Faire *Fiordeliege*, that late before had hard,
How love did of his witts this *Earle* deprive;
She hither came to seeke out *Brandimart*,
That now in *Paris* was with pensive hart.

45
And thus this *Ladie* (as before I told)
Came at that season to this dangerous place,
And knew this *Earle*, when she did him behold,
And wonderd much to see him in such case:
Now held *Orlando* with his foe hard held,
In vaine the *Pagan* strives him to displace,
And grinning, to himselfe he said at length,
Who could have thought, a foole had had such
(strength)

46
And fretting that he had his purpose mist,
He doth by sleight the madmans force assay,
Sometime he puts his hand below his twist,
Sometime above, sometime another way:
Orlando stands unmov'd, do what he list,
The *Pagan* seemd to do by him that day,
As doth the Beare, that would dig up the tree,
From whence she fell, but sees it will not be.

47
Orlando full of force, though void of sence,
About the middle tooke the *Pagan* fast,
And heaves him up from ground, and so from thence,
Into the streame himselfe he backward cast:
Vnto the bottome both do sinke, from whence
Each one was glad to get him in great hast,
Orlando nak't and light, swam like a fish,
So that he soone gat out as he would wish.

48
And being out, away he straight doth runne,
Nor carries he to heare, or to expect,
If men do blame or praise that he had donne,
But follows on his former course direct:
This while the *Pagan* dranke nye halfe a tunne
Of water, ere he could himselfe erect,
And hardly he escaped being drownd,
So hevie arm'd, and in place so profound.

49
Now, while the *Pagan* swimmeth for his life,
Faire *Fiordeliege* with sad and pensive hart,
A lively patterne of a vertuous wife,
Doth search the sepulcher for *Brandimart*,
Shee tooke her time while they fell first at strife,
And up and downe she lookt in ev'rie part,
But here she finds nor arms nor yet his mantell,
Nor meets with such as of him rydings can tell.

Mantell is a
vestiment of
solemnitie
worne by
Princes.

He return
to Florde-
liege in the
31. booke,
Staffe 36. and
after againe,
Staffe 51.

But leave we her awhile thus mourning sad,
And seeking him each where save where he was,
And tell we now what hap Orlando had,
And what strange feats his furie brought to passe,
You might perchance beleve that I were mad,
If none of his mad pranks I overpasse.
Which were so strange, and in so great a number,
As you to heare, and me to tell would cumber.

I onely shall some few of those recite,
As to my present purpose shall pertaine
The madman westward held his course forthright,
Straight to the hills that sever France fro Spaine,
He seldome bayts, but travels day and night,
So much he was distemper'd in his braine,
And by the mountaines side as he did passe,
He met two young men driving of an asse.

This asse they loden had with clefts of wood,
Fast bound upon his burden-bearing backe;
They seeing one runne nak't as he were wood,
Amid their way, they cryde, hoe sirra backe,
But he makes answer neither bad nor good,
For fence and unde istanding he did lacke,
But with his foote the poore asse he so spurned,
That both his lode and him he overturned.

He tost him like a football up on hy,
Whence downe he fell and brake his necke with it,
Then at the men he doth with furie fly,
Of which the tone had better hap then wit,
For downe the rocke the tone leapt by and by,
Deep threescore yards, and by the way did lie
Vpon a banke of furze, growne in the place,
And scap't with onely scratching of his face.

The tother that of feare like passion feels,
Did thinke to clammer up upon the rocke;
But straight Orlando takes him by the heels,
And puls him downe and bears him like a stocke,
As fishers use to beat their sliding Eels,
And ev'n as fawlkners teare some time a cocke,
To give unto their hawks their intrals warme,
So he rears leg from leg, and arme from arme.

Simile.
Simile.

Stupendious,
that is to say
wonderfull.
Falls, that is
to say huge
or great.
Two towers
in Spaine
near the sea.

These same and other like stupendious deeds,
He put in practise while those hills he past,
Ev'n such as speech and credit all exceeds,
His fits so furious were, his strength so vast:
So far unto the westward he proceeded,
That to the sea, he now was come at last,
Ev'n to the sandie shoars of Tarracona,
That leadeth right the way to Barcellona.

Vpon those sands (such was his mad conceit)
He purpos'd with himselfe a house to build,
And being noyed with the parching heat,
He thinks with sand his skin thereto to shield:
Straight with his hands he digs him out a feat,
And though the oes his bodie all defild,
Yet with that mould his members all he covered,
That nothing but his head could be discovered.

On the
widdowes
house behind
the bank.

Now as he lay halfe burid in the sand,
(For save his head, therest was all unseen,)
There thither came, as in their way by land,
Medoro with Angelica his Queen,
She not aware what in her way did stand,
(Of her lorne lovers bosting then I ween)
Came unto him so neare and on such soden,
That upon him her horse had welny troden.

But seeing straight up start a naked man,
The sight did her greatly amaze and fright,
She knows him not, nor guesse at him she can,
She thinketh sure, he is some hellish spright:
Rough grisly heard, eyes staring, visage wan,
All parcht, and sunne burnd, and deformd in sight,
In fine he lookt (to make a true description)
In face like death, in cullor like a Gypcian.

Simile.

But she at this strange sight (as erst I said)
Did gallop thence as fast as she could ride,
And screeching lowd, she crieth out for aid,
Vnto Medoro her beloved guide:
The mad Orlando was not ill apaid,
When such a prettie damzell he had spide:
Though he no knowledge nor remembrance had,
How this was she, for whom he first fell mad.

Yet, as delighted with her pleasing hew,
And liking well to see so faire a face,
With great desire he straight doth her pursew,
Ev'n as a hound the fearfull Doe doth chase,
Medoro mov'd herewith, his rapier drew,
And after this mad fellow rides apase,
And with his horse he thinketh downe to tread him,
And with his blade he thinketh to behed him.

But by effect, contrariwise he found,
That he without his host his reckning made,
The madman shrinketh not an inch of ground,
And his bare skin was harder then the blade,
Yet sodenly when as the madman found,
That one behinde his backe did him invade,
He turnd and with his fist so smote the horse,
As made him ly on ground a senselesse corse.

And in a trife he backe againe doth goe,
To catch Angelica who spurrs with speed,
And thinketh still her palfreys pafe too slowe
For such a turne, and so it was indeed,
For had it gone like arrow from a boe,
It hardly could have holpe her at this need,
At last her onely hope was in the ring,
For now to helpe her was none other thing.

The ring that never faild her at her need,
Did make her now to vanish out of sight,
But whether that it were for want of heed,
Or that the sodainenesse did her affright,
Or that her beast did founder with the speed,
Or that she did determine to alight,
Of all these which it was I cannot tell,
But coplie curvie from the beast she fell.

Had

Had she false sh
In likelihood
Which if he ha
But great go
But now ano
For this anoth
Orlando still d
That needs he

As for Angelica
I know that
But rather ste
That now in r
To follow her
Till he her sta
Then gallop
And lets her re

Vntill at last in
The poore M
He with his fa
Nor of the bru
Nor seeketh h
The poore bea
Though he m
Yet faine he w

At last on his ow
And bare her f
But feeling the
He leadeth her

In the death of
uttermost of my pe
such an Isabell, a
she lived in, and se
may be worthily a
A true report o
that was well acq

And thus much for
all which end (for
Whereas this f
that no man can j
well knowne, but
it is also recorded

Some perhaps
be well marked:
gled with elder be
which betokens in
be taken either for
medicine, against
The death of
the selfe same far

64
e false shorter, or on tother side,
kelhood the madman had her caught,
ch if he had, she doubtles should have dide,
great good fortune her deliverie wrought:
now another beast she must provide,
his another pafe will soone be taught,
ndo still doth her pursue so fast,
t needs he must ov'get her at the last.

65
Angelica I take no care,
ow that she a beast long will not lacke,
rather steale one, as she did that Mare,
t now in madmans hands will suffer wracke.
ollow her *Orlando* doth not spare,
he her staid and lepe upon her backe,
n gallopt he as long as she was able,
lets her rest in neither field nor stable.

66
at last in leaping ov'r a ditch,
poore *Mare* put her shoulder out of joynt,
with his fall, took neither ach nor stitch,
of the bruse he passeth not a poynt,
seeketh he for turpentine or pitch,
poore beasts brused members to annoynt,
ugh he might see with this fall he had mard her,
aine he would, she should have borne him farder.

67
on his owne shoulder her he laid,
bare her so about an arrow shoot,
feeling then that she too heaue waid,
eadeh her and lets her go on foot,

The death of *Isabella* is a notable example of chastitie, which I must confesse I have indeuoured to set forth to the
st of my poore skill, of a speciall love and reverence I bare to the name, having had an *Isabell* to my mother, and
sabbell, as if nature did not make me too partiall a praiser, I would boldly affirme (both for the honorable place
d in, and for the veruious sort she digd in) to be worthe to whom the prophetic in the 31. staffe of this 29. booke
worthily applied: As a better pen then mine, approved by this made Epitaph and intituled in this sort:
ue report of mistres *Isabell* Harington, sometime of her Majesties privie chamber, written by a credible person
is well acquainted with her conditions.

A body chaste, a veruious mind, a temperat tongue, an humble hart,
Secret and wise, faithfull and kind, true without guile, milde without art,
A frend to peace, a foe to strife, a spotlesse maid, a matchlesse wife.
us much for the name of *Isabella*. In *Rodomont* we may see effects of inconstancie, sensualitie and drunkennes,
ch end (for the most part) in fruitles repentance.
reas this fact of *Isabella* is preferred before that of *Lucretia*, who killed her selfe after she was deflowered, I thinke
man can justly make any comparison betweene them: for the storie, I will not stand long upon to recite it being so
owne, but refer the studious reader, either to *Livie* who writes it in prose very fully, or to *Ovid* de *Fastis*, where
is recorded very Poetically and passionatly.

Quid faciat, pugnet? vincetur femina pugnant,
Clamet? at in dextra qui vetet ensis erat.
Aufugiat? positus urgentur pectora palmis,
Tum pimum externa pectora tacta manu.

e perhaps will picke a pretie Allegorie in the confession that *Isabella* made, and in deed it is a prettie receit, if it
marked: It is in the 15. staffe: an herbe, which she named not, (suppose it to be trettisfolle or prettisolly) min-
th elder berries and rew, (which may signifie sage counsel and repentance) and strained between harmles hands,
etoken of innocencie, boyled on a fire of Cypres, which the ancient Romans used at funerals, and therefore may
n either for death, or persecution, or martyrdome: this confession used in due order will be a good Antidote or
ne, against fire and sword: under which is signified, all the perils and adversities of the world.
death of *Isabella* alluderh, or in deed is meerly taken from the like example of one *Brasilla* of *Durazzo*, that in
e same sort deceived a souldier, and was killed her selfe: as *Fornarius* noteth at large.

Here end the notes of the xxix. booke.

X 3

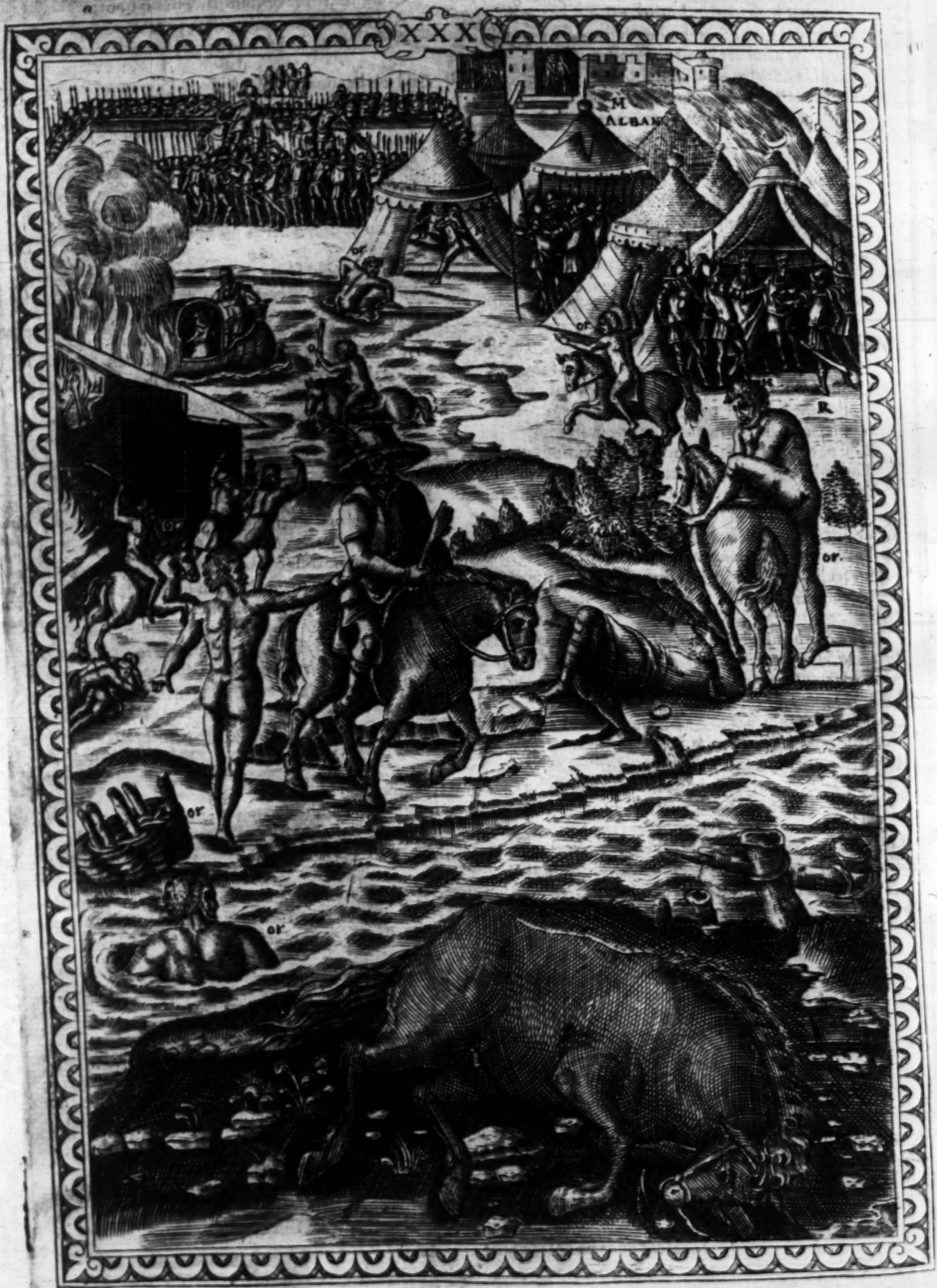
She limping follows him, and still he said,
Come on, come on, but little did it boot,
At last to make her her slow pace to alter,
About his right leg he doth tie her halter.

68
And tels her now with ease she follow may,
And so to hary her he dorch begin,
The sharpe stones lying in the rugged way,
Fret of her haire, and afterward the skin,
The beast misused thus, lives scarce a day:
Orlando hath her tyde unto his shinne,
He sees not, nor he knows not she is ded,
But on he draws her as his furie led.

69
And sure he would have serv'd her such a tuch,
I meane his misties, if he could have caught her,
Had not the vertue of the ring beene such,
As how to walke invisible it taught her:
Ah cursed be that ring, and curst as much
Be he that so unluckily it brought her,
Else sure *Orlando* had revenged then
Her often wrongs, to him and other men.

70
Yet why wish I this curse on her alone?
I would the like might hap to all die kinde,
For in a thousand good there is not one,
All be so proud, unthankfull and unkinde,
With flinty hearts, carelesse of others mone.
In their owne lusts carid most headlong blinde,
But more herein to speake I am forbidden,
Sometime for saying truth one may be chidden.

*Ovid de aris
am Fastis
fallens: ex
magna pars
profanum
sum genus.
Veritas odit
paris, Torrens*



This is a Pa-
 amia (as
 they call it)
 of that which
 is laid in the
 end of the
 left book.
 Simile.

Horace. Ne-
 cu vox mis-
 serveni.

Sympathy is
 in effect, as
 much as co-
 passion, or
 feeling of
 another's
 misery.

THE ARGUMENT.

Strange feats by mad Orlando are achiev'd,
 Fierce Mandricard is by Rogero slaine:
 Himselfe so hurt, that all the campe believed,
 He had bin dead the formost of the twaine:
 His love with his long absence sore is griev'd:
 To breake his word his wounds do him constrain:
 Renaldo with his kinsfolke and his friends,
 To set his Prince at libertie intends.



1
 When men with wrath and
 fodaine pangs of ne,
 Permit themselves to be
 orewhelm'd & drown'd,
 And hot revenge that burns
 like flaming fire,
 Moves eares to hurt, or
 tongs or hands to wound,
 Though after to amend it
 they desire,

Yet place of pardon seldom can be found:
 Ah (worthy Ladies) I do you beseech,
 To pardon that my former foolish speech.

2
 For I am growne like a diseased man,
 That when he finds by phisicke no reliefe,
 And now no more with patience suffer can
 The burning torture of his lingering griefe,
 Doth fall to rave and rage, and curse and ban,
 Blaspheming God, renouncing his believe:
 But when that fit is past, then would he faine,
 But ah he cannot call it backe againe.

3
 Yet Ladies of your clemencie I hope,
 I pittie shall, not onely pardon finde,
 Although I somewhat twarve from reasons scope,
 And rash words flow from unadvised minde:
 She onely beares the blame that slayes my hope,
 And for true service shews her selfe unkinde:
 That I did speake was partly of compassion,
 With sympathy mov'd of Orlandos passion.

4
 Who (as I partly did before declare)
 In monstrous sort, surway'd Marsilius raigne,

And wrought great wo, great danger, and great care,
 To all the then inhabitants of spaine,
 I told you how he drew the filly Mare,
 Tide to his leg, till she was dead with paine:
 And how he had so small fence in his head,
 He drew her after him when she was dead.

5
 But coming to a great deepe running water,
 He was constrain'd to let her there abide,
 And (for he swimmes as perfect as an Attie)
 He quickly passed to the tother side,
 Where then a herdman came his beasts to water,
 And on a curtall he himselfe did ride:
 And though he saw the madman, and did view him,
 Yet being naked he would not chewe him.

6
 The madman prayeth him that he would spare
 His horse, that they two might together cope:
 I left (quoth he) on tother side my Mare,
 And fast about her necke I left a rope:
 I left her dead, but yet with heed and care,
 Of her recoverie there is good hope:
 The herdman laugheth at his senselesse words,
 And unto him no answer he affords.

7
 No (saith Orlando) fellow, dost not heare?
 I must thy curtall have, thou needst not lasse:
 And with that word approaching somewhat neare,
 The crabbed herdman with a crabtree staffe,
 Gave him a bastinado on his eare,
 Which put the mad Erle into such a chafe,
 That with his fist he made the herdman reele,
 Till paine it selfe made him no paine to feele.



This is a Pa-
ladian (as
they call it)
of that which
he said in the
end of the
last book.
Amis.

Horace. Ne-
scit ex vix
sperare.

Comedy is
in effect, as
much as co-
medy, or
fable of
mankind.

THE ARGUMENT.

Strange feats by mad Orlando are achieved,
 Fierce Mandricard is by Rogero slaine:
 Himselfe so hurt, that all the campe believed,
 He had bin dead the formost of the twaine:
 His love with his long absence sore is grieved:
 To breake his word his wounds do him constraine:
 Renaldo with his kinsfolke and his friends,
 To set his Prince at libertie intends.



When men with wrath and
 sodaine pangs of ire,
 Permit themselves to be
 orewhelm'd & drown'd,
 And hot revenge that burns
 like flaming fire,
 Moves hearts to hurt, or
 tongs or hands to wound,
 Though after to amend it
 they desire,

Yet place of pardon seldome can be found:
 Ah (worthy Ladies) I do you beseech,
 To pardon that my former foolish speech.

For I am growne like a diseased man,
 That when he finds by phisicke no reliefe,
 And now no more with patience suffer can
 The burning torture of his lingering griefe,
 Doth fall to rave and rage, and curse and ban,
 Blaspheming God, renouncing his believer:
 But when that fit is past, then would he faine,
 But ah he cannot call it backe againe.

Yet Ladies of your clemencie I hope,
 I pittie shall, not onely pardon finde,
 Although I somewhat twarve from reason's scope,
 And rash words flow from unadvised minde:
 She onely beares the blame that slayes my hope,
 And for true service shews her selfe unkinde:
 That I did speake was partly of compassion,
 With sympathy mov'd of Orlandos passion.

Who (as I partly did before declare)
 In monstrous sort, survey'd Marsilius raigne,

And wrought great wo, great danger, and great care,
 To all the then inhabitants of Spaine,
 I told you how he drew the silly Mare,
 Tide to his leg, till she was dead with paine:
 And how he had so small sence in his head,
 He drew her after him when she was dead.

But comming to a great deepe running water,
 He was constrained to let her there abide,
 And (for he swimmes as perfect as an Atter)
 He quickly passed to the tother side,
 Where then a herdman came his beasts to water,
 And on a curtall he himselfe did ride:
 And though he saw the madman and did view him,
 Yet being naked he would not eschew him.

The madman prayeth him that he would spare
 His horse, that they two might together cope:
 I left (quoth he) on tother side my Mare,
 And fast about her necke I left a rope:
 I left her dead, but yet with heed and care,
 Of her recoverie there is good hope:
 The herdman laugheth at his sencelesse words,
 And unto him no answer he affords.

Ho (saith Orlando) fellow, dost not heare?
 I must thy curtall have, thou needst not lasse:
 And with that word approaching somewhat neare,
 The crabbed herdman with a crabtree staffe,
 Gave him a bastinado on his eare,
 Which put the mad Eale into such a chafe,
 That with his fist he made the herdman reele,
 Till paine it selfe made him no paine to feele.

8
This done he leapeth on the horses backe,
Add at adventure on he takes his way,
Where ere he comes he putteth all to wracke,
His horse tastes neither provender nor hay:
But though this tyrd, a horse he may not lacke,
The next he meets by force he takes away;
To strive with him it was but little boote,
He is resolved not to go a foote.

9
He passeth to the straits of Gibraltar,
Or Zibelterra (call it which you will)
And as he went, with force of open war,
Townes he did burne, and all the dwellers kill:
Ten yeares will hardly make that he would mar
Within one house, and thus he travel'd still,
Till on a day, riding upon the sand,
He saw a ship new looted from the land.

10
The aire was cleare and mild, and calme the wether,
And certaine Gentlesolke had hyrd the barke,
With mind to take their solace there together,
And to returne againe ere it were darke:
The madman cries, hoe sirs let me come thither:
His deeds, his words, they neither marke nor harke,
Or if they did, you may be sure they thought,
They would not comberd be with such a fraight.

11
He hallows after them, and whoopes and hayles,
To have them slay, & with faire words doth wo the,
Glad might they be they went with oars and sayls,
For might he come, he surely would undoe them,
The foole that sees how small his speech prevails,
Beats on his horse, and meanes to ride unto them:
In vaine his horse would shun this hard adventurer,
But he perforce makes him the sea to enter.

12
First he his feete doth wet, and then his knees,
And next his belly, after that his backe,
Now scant his nose one in the water sees,
And still he layes him on, poore horse alacke,
That either in these seas his life must leese,
Or swim to Affricke ere he can turne backe:
At last with swimming tyrd, with water cloyd,
His belly sild, till limbs of life were void.

13
The horse unto the bottome quickly sunke,
And had for company his burthen drownd,
If fortune that helps frantike men and drunke,
Had not him safe conveyd to Affricke ground:
Orlando at the danger never shrunke,
But to the shore he swam both safe and sound:
It happie was the seas were then so still,
Else had the Erle bin drownd for all his skill.

14
Now being safe arrived at the shore,
Neare Setta strayt he ranged o'r the coast,
And did such deeds as he had done before,
On tother side to many poore mens cost,
At last he came where as he found great store,
Of warlike weapons, and a mighty host:
But how with them this madman disagreed,
I may not in this booke to tell proceed.

15
And further how *Angelica* the faire,
Did meete her love againe, and what a Lord
He grew, by marching with so great an haire,
And liv'd with her in love and sweet accord,
(Although in birth an unfit matched paire)
I leave for other *Muses* to record:
For now I must addresse my selfe to tell,
What haps in *Agramantes* campe befell.

16
I told you two bookes past, or thereabout,
How *Mandricard* was *Doralices* choice:
And how in face of all the *Pagan* rout,
She gave that doome, that made him much rejoyce,
For she was deemd for beauty (out of doubt)
The best in *Europe* by the common voice:
Now chiefe since faire *Angelica* was fled,
And worthy *Isabella* lost her hed.

17
But yet this pleasure was not so entire,
But that it sawced was with some annoy,
For wrath and envie set his heart on fire,
And much abated of his present joy:
It spires him that *Rogero* dare aspire,
To give his coat, being a berdlesse boy:
And further that the King of *Sericane*,
Should openly lay claime to *Durindane*.

18
And first *Rogero* will by no meanes yeeld,
By no intreatie, nor by no request,
That *Mandricard* should carrie that same sheeld,
Which had the *Argent Eagle* on the crest,
Except he first could win it in the feeld:
On tother side *Gradaffo* doth not rest,
But he will be the first to trie by fight,
Which of them two had to the sword most right.

19
With *Agramant* *Marsilio* tooke great paine,
In all or part these quarrels to appease,
But when they saw their labour was in vaine,
To governe or perswade with one of these:
The chance (quoth *Agramant*) shal make that plaine,
For which you strive, and ev'n as fortune please,
So let it be, and let some lots be cast,
Which two or three, shall fight the first or last.

20
And yet this just request denieme not,
Before the matter any further goth,
(Though now you be so violent and hot,
That speech of peace and all accord you loth)
To grant that who shall combat first by lot,
May leeing leese, and winning win for both:
This motion, most indifferent must seeme,
Sith both their vallevs equall we esteeme.

21
This motion neither of them do mislike,
And straight *Gradaffo* and *Rogeros* name,
Vpon two scroles were writ so passing like
You would have iudg'd them both to be the same:
A boy of foureteene yeare of age they pike,
To draw the lot, and he that first out came,
Must fight with *Mandricard*, and make it knowne,
He fights for tothers tide and his owne.

When

There is no
more of An-
gelica in this
work.

Fortuna fa-
vorat, ut
the Latin
proverb
saith.

He returns
to Orlando in
the 19 booke
of this.

This is almost
the chief
cause why
quoth Pri-
am and great
Paris he so
loved her.

22
When on this order all parts were agreed;
The lot to fight upon *Rogero* fell,
Which hap great griefe did in *Gradaffe* breed,
Although in shew he seemd to take it well:
Contrariwise it did all joy exceed,
The joy *Rogero* had, it so befell:
So well of his owne vallew he believed,
He joyd at that at which the tother grieved.

23
But yet *Gradaffe* doth with great regard,
Both favour and advance *Rogeros* side,
And sheweth him how he must lie to ward
A coming blow, how he might slip aside:
How for a thrust he may be best prepard:
Which blowes be firme, and which be falsifide,
When best time is to follow thrust or blow:
How one may best take vantage of his foe.

24
The rest of that same day that did remaine,
Ensuing this same course of casting lots,
They spent as pleased each mans pleasing vaine,
In talke, or banquetting, or tossing pots:
To see this fight the people glad and faine,
Clammer the scaffolds, gazing still like sots,
Some for desire do come by breake of day,
And some all night within the place do stay.

25
Thus (as I say) these simple fooles do long,
To see the combat these brave Knights betwixt,
And blame the stay, and thinke the time too long,
That for the same the *Heralds* had prefixt:
But sober men that knew what did belong
To such exploits, whose wiser heads were fixt
On publike good, this quarrell much lament,
And travelld all they can it to prevent.

26
And chiefe *Marsilio* and *Sobrino* sage,
Advise King *Agramant* to stay the fight,
And these same champions furie to asswage,
And to take up the quarrell if they might:
Forewarning him when he must battell wage,
With *Charles of France*, the losse of one such Knight
Will do him greater hurt and damage then,
Then would the losse of thousands other men.

27
But *Agramant* knew all was true they spoke,
And faine he would their counsell wise obey,
But could not tell his grant how to revoke:
Onely he doth in courteous sort them pray,
That he may strike with them so great a stroke,
Either to end or to defer the fray;
And yeeld the rather unto his perswasion,
Because it rose upon so light occasion.

28
Or if they did esteeme such toyes so far,
As though they matters were of true renowne,
That yet they would the fight so long defer,
Vntill the sonne of *Pipen* were put downe:
And till they conquerd had the *Realme* by war,
And tane from him his mantle and his crowne,
This motion had in likelihood taken place,
Save each thought first consent would be disgrace.

29
Above them all and more then all the rest;
That in this sort their speech in vaine had spent:
Faile *Doralyce* doth *Mandricard* request,
That to the Kings desire he would assent:
She doth exhort, intreat, perswade, protest,
She doth complaine, and languish, and lament:
To thinke that by his overhastie choler,
She still must live in anguish and in dolor.

30
How can I hope (saide she) that ere I shall
Live any houre in solace and in joy?
When still I see you readie be to brall,
With ev'ie man, for ev'ie trifling toy:
The *Sarzens* foile doth me no good at all,
My choyce of you hath bred me more annoy:
To end that quarrell, ah what did it boot,
Sith straight another quarrell is on foot?

31
I simple foole, in minde was proud and glad,
That such a Prince, so brave a man as you,
For love of me his whole state venterd had,
But now I finde by this that doth ensue,
That I had far more reason to be sad,
Sith each like cause, like danger doth renew,
And not my love, but your owne native furie,
To bide such hard adventures did procure yee.

32
But if your love be such as in your speech,
You do professe, and in your open show:
Then by that love I humbly you beseech,
And by that fancie which too well I know,
Doth ev'n my heart and soule with love bewitch,
Let not this quarrell any further grow:
I see not why it should you so moleest,
To see your *Eagle* in anothers crest.

33
If needs you will attempt this hardie feat,
And venter life upon a thing so vaine,
The hazard that you make must needs be great,
But none, or very small can be the gaine:
But if that fortune change her fickle seat,
Thinke then, o thinke, what woe shall I sustaine?
There never yet was Emperor or King,
Could boast that he had Fortune in a string.

34
But if that life be unto you lesse deare,
Then is a painted bird upon a sheeld,
Yet for my sake, whom it doth touch more neare,
Let me intreat you to this motion yeeld:
If you were slaine, what joy could I have heare?
Death sole from wo, both could and should me sheeld
Nor feare I death, my onely griefe would bee,
Before my death thy woofull end to see.

35
Thus earnestly faile *Doralyce* deale,
All that same night, as in his armes she lyes,
And as she spake, she teares distill and melt,
In watric streames, downe from her crytall eyes:
The *Tartar* that no little passion felt,
To comfort her saith all he can devise:
And wipes her cheekes, and her sweet lip doth kisse,
And weeps for company, and answers this.

Doralyce
speech to per-
swade *Mand-
ricard* to
peace.

Sentence

Ab

*Mandricard's
answer.*

36
Ah do not grieve thy selfe so sore (my deare)
Ah do not grieve thy selfe for such a toy,
Plucke up thy sprights, and be of better cheare,
There is no cause of feare mine onely joy:
No though that all the Kings and captains heare,
Had sworne my death, and vowed mine annoy:
Yet all the Kings and captaines I would vanquish,
Why then should you caules in sorrow languish?

37
What, did not I with trunchen of a speare,
(You know your selfe whether I say the truth)
Not having sword nor other weapon theare,
Win you from all your gard? and shall a youth,
A beardless boy, cause you my safetie feare,
And breed in you so unadvised ruth?
Well might you deeme I were a dastard lout,
If of *Rogero* I should stand in doubt.

38
Gradasso, though unto his griefe and shame,
Yet if one aske him can it not gaine say,
That when he last unto *Sorya* came,
I met and tooke him prisoner by the way,
Yet he is of another manner fame,
Then is *Rogero*, you your selfe will say:
I had him there a prisoner at my will,
And if I list might have kept him still.

39
And least I should of this good witnes want,
Beside *Gradasso*, there be hundreds more,
As namely *Isolyr*, and *Sacrapant*,
Whom I set free and had great thanks therefore:
Also the famous *Griffin* and *Aquilant*,
That there were taken, but few dayes before:
With divers more both *Turkish* and baptised,
That by my force were taken and surprised.

40
Their wonder in those countries still doth last,
Of that great vallew I that time did show,
And should I now a doubt or perill cast?
Am I in greater danger now you trow?
Shall one young youth me hand to hand agast?
Shall I now doubt his force, or feare his blow?
Now having *Durindana* by my side,
And *Hellors* armour on my backe beside?

41
Why did not I, as pointed was by lot,
With *Rodomon* first bloodie battell wage?
That by his ill successe you might forewor,
The speedie end of this young forrie page.
Drie up these teares (my deare) and bring me not,
Before the combat such an ill presage:
Nor thinke an *Eagle* on a target painted
Moves me hereto, but doubt of honor tainted.

42
Thus much said he, but she such answer made him,
With words expressing such a loving mone,
As were not onely able to perswade him,
But might (I thinke) have mov'd a marble stone:
The force was great wherewith she did invade him,
In fine so farre she conquer him alone,
He grants thus farre to be at her devotion,
If peace be offerd, to accept the motion.

43
And so I thinke indeed he would have done,
Had not *Rogero* early in the morne,
Got up before the rising of the Sunne,
And enterd in the lists, and blowne his horne,
To shew that he the battell would not shunne,
And that *Ioves* bird by him was justly borne:
Which either he will carrie on his shield,
Or else will leave his carka in the field.

44
But when the *Tartar* fierce did heare that sound,
And that his men thereof had brought him word:
He thinks great shame should unto him redound,
If any treatie he of peace afford:
Arme arme he cries, & straight he armes him round, *Ferre de
ferum de
sila
Aulay*
And by his side he hangs his trustie sword.
And in his countenance he lookes so grim,
Scarfe *Doralyce* her selfe dares speake to him.

45
And armed at all pieces, up in hast
He gets, and that same courser he bestrides,
That was that *Christen* champions in time past, *Orlando*
Who now doth runne his wit and fence besides:
And thus he comes unto the lists at last,
The place that all such quarrels still decides,
The King and all his court soone after came,
And now ere long begins the bloudie game.

46
Now on their heads their helmets are made fast,
Now are the Lances put into their hands,
Now was the token giv'n by trumpets blast,
Which both the horse and horseman understands:
Now in a full carrye they gallop fast,
And either strongly to his racle stands:
Now with such force the tone the tother strake,
As though that heav'n did fall, and earth did shake.

47
The *Argent Eagle* comes on either side, *Looke in the
Allegon*
With wings displaid on either captaines sheeld,
The bird which *Iove* (men say) was seene to ride,
(Though better wing'd) ov'r the *Theffalian* feeld:
As for their mighty strength and courage tride,
Their massie speares sufficient witness yeeld:
Nor sturd they more with those tempestuous knocks,
Then wind sturs towres, or waves do stur the rocks.

48
The splinters of the spears flew to the skie,
(As *Tarpin* writeth that was present there)
And were on fire by having bin so nie,
Vnto the scorching of the fierie Spheare:
The champions out their swords draw by and by,
As those that neither sword nor fire did feare,
And either thruster at the tothers face,
And seekes by force the tother to displace.

49
They never sought to hurt each others steed,
Not that they made together such accord,
But that they deemd it an unworthy deed,
Not worthy of a worthy Knight or Lord:
Of base revenge they count that act proceed,
And meet of noble minds to be abhord.
So that in those dayes none were knowne to kill
A horse, except it were against his will.

Vpon

50
Vpon their vizers both do strike at once,
And though the same were firme and plated double,
As being made of proofe and for the nonce,
Yet did the force of such fell strokes them trouble;
And still they lay on lode as thicke as stones
Of haile, that often turne the corne to stubble;
I thinke it needlesse further to alledge,
If they have strength, or if their swords have edge.

51
Yet long they fought together in that field,
Ere any signe of any blow was left,
Such way herd each tooke himselfe to shield;
But *Durindan* at last fell with such left,
Full on the circle of *Rogeros* shield,
That halfe way through the argent bird it clef,
And pierst the coate of mail that was within,
And found a passage to the very skin.

52
The cruell blow made many hearts full cold,
Of such as wisht well to *Rogeros* part,
For most of those that stood by to behold,
Rogero favoured in their mind and hart,
So that afore to say one might be bold,
If fortune follow would the greater part,
Fierce *Mandricard* were slaine, or else should yeeld,
So that this blow offended halfe the field.

53
But surely some good Angell I beleve,
The force of this so fearefull stroke abated,
Rogero though the wound him somewhat grieve,
Yet was his mind therewith no whit amated,
Great usury he mindeth him to give,
And that the strife may quickly be debated,
He frankly strikes with his whole force and might,
Full on the helmet of the *Tartar* Knight.

54
With so great force and furie came the blow,
As to the teeth no doubt had clov'n his head,
Saying by what mishap I do not know,
But want of heed that too much hast had bred,
It lighted flading on him, else I trow
That stroke alone had him most surely sped,
But as it was it made his head so idle,
He opend both his hands and loos'd his bridle.

55
Good *Brigliadore* that felt the slackt raine,
(I thinke still mourning for his masters change)
Ran up and downe at randon on the plaine,
His selfe rider suffering him to range;
Who when he came unto himselfe againe,
And saw his horse to run a course so strange,
A spurned Viper hath not so much wrath,
Nor wounded Lion, as the *Tartar* hath.

56
He claps the spurs to *Brigliadores* side,
And on his stirrups he himselfe advances,
And to his fo with furie he doth ride,
And up on hie his right arme he inhances,
To strike a blow, but when *Rogero* spide
His arme lie ope, as oft in fight it chanceth,
He chopt his swords point under tothers arme,
And puld it out with blood both wet and warme,

57
By which he did not onely maim his fo,
By letting blood upon so large a vaine,
But bated much the furie of the blo,
Which notwithstanding fell with force so maine,
As made *Rogero* stagger to and fro,
And mazed his head, and dazd his eyes with paine,
And much it was that time for his behoofe,
To have his helmet of so good a proofe.

58
But having now againe recoverd force,
And as it were new wak'ned from his dreame,
Vpon the *Tartar* Prince he turn'd his horse,
And on his thigh he strikes with strength extreme,
That through the Steele he did the sword enforce,
Out spins the blood in pure vermillion streame,
Nought could availe enchanted *Hofors* armes,
Against his sword with stronger tempered charmes.

59
The *Tartar* feeling to his great diseafe,
His body wounded as he little thought,
Did rage as terrible as do the seas,
With highest winds and strongest tempests wrought,
He cuffeth heav'ns, his smarting pangs to ease,
The shield that had the bird for which he fought,
Away he hurleth from him for the nonce,
And to his sword he sets both hands at once.

60
Ah (quoth *Rogero*) too plaine shall this be,
That to that Eagle thou no title hast,
That first didst with thy sword cut mine in peeces,
And now thine owne away from thee dost cast:
Thus much said he, but whatsoever he sees,
He must the force of *Durindana* test,
Which fell upon his forehead with such might,
A mountaine might have seem'd to fall as light.

61
I say the blow upon his forehead fell,
But yet his beaver sav'd it from his face,
It happend at that time for him full well,
That in the hollow there was so much space,
Yet harmlesse quite to scape him nor befall,
For why the sword that ever cuts apace,
Did pierce his plated saddle, and beside
An inch did enter into *Rogeros* side.

62
Thus each with crimson had his armor dide,
And blond did streame from both a double way,
Yet hitherto it could not be decide,
On whether side would chanceth ballance sway:
At last *Rogero* did that doubt decide,
With that same sword that ever home doth pay,
And where the tothers target wants, there just
Rogero payes him with a speeding thrust.

63
The blade, gainst which prevails no Magick art,
His curats pierst, and ribs and flesh it tore,
And found a passage to the naked hart:
Now must the *Tartar* Prince for evermore
In sword and painted shield forsake his part,
Not onely so, but that which grieves him more,
He must forsake his much beloved life,
More loved honour, and most loved wife.

The

64
The wretch yet unrevenge'd did not die,
But gave hard recompence ere he departed,
At good Roger's head he doth let flie,
And had (no doubt) the same in sunder parted,
Save that his arme was maymd, and so thereby
Much of his force from thence had bin divarted,
Much of his force diverted was from thence
Before, when for his arme he wanted fence.

65
But as it was, yet too too hard it fell,
And caus'd the noble Knight great paine to feele,
His helmet it did cleave, though plated well,
And made for prooffe of tough well temper'd Steele,
And in the very skull it clove a spell,
Two fingers deepe, and made him backward reele,
He backward falls, the paine was so exceeding,
With grievous wound his hed most freshly bleeding.

66
Roger was the first that tumbled downe,
And Mandricardo fell a good while after,
All thought Roger dead, because his crowne
Still bled, but chiefly Stordilanos daughter
Joyes, that her spouse had won this fights renowne,
Now hopes she, she shal turne her teares to laughter,
And as she thought, so was the common voice,
So that the Tartars friends did all rejoyce.

67
But when there did appeare by certaine signes,
The live man living, and the dead man slaine,
Then Doralyce wrings her hands and whines,
And grieve came there, and comfort here againe:
The chiefest part, whose favour all inclines
Vnto Roger, are full glad and faine,
And gratulate his good successe, and grace him,
And runne to him, and in their armes embrace him.

68
Nor was this shew of love, dissimulation,
But true unfained kindnesse, and good faith,
But yet Gradassus faint congratulation
Makes men surmise he thinks not as he saith:
He secretly envies such reputation,
Though outwardly the flatterer he playth,
And curseth (were it destinie or chance)
That to this enterprize did him advance.

69
But Agramant that ever did before,
Do him great honor, and him well esteeme,
Now he doth him admire, extoll, adore,
So highly of his vawle he doth deeme:
In him alone he puts affiance more,
Then all his campe together it should seeme,
Now that the seed of Agricans was spent,
And Rodomont gone thence a malcontent.

70
What should I tell the praise that many a Ladie
Gave of this Knight, of Affrike and of Spaine?
Who knew that Mandricardo was no babie,
And saw him now by this mans vawle slaine,
Yea dolefull Doralyce her selfe (it may be)
Save that for modestie she must refraine,
Would have bene moved with a small request,
To speake as well of him as did the rest.

71
I say it may be, but I cannot tell,
For why? before unconstant she was proved,
And sure Roger's paine did so excell,
As any Ladie doubtlesse might have moved,
While tother liv'd, perhaps she liv'd him well,
But now to seeke a new, it her behooved,
Such one as she her selfe might able warrant
To ride both day and night on her arant.

72
Now brought the King Roger with great care
To his owne tent, that there he may be cured,
The best Physicians thither sent for are,
To search his wounds, they straight his life assured:
The shield and armes that Mandricardo bare,
The which this bloudie battell first procured,
All save the sword that was Gradassus right,
Were hang'd up by his beds head that night.

73
Howbeit that brave courtes Brigliadore,
Roger needs would give unto the King,
Who tooke it thankfully, and let more store
By that same steed then any such like thing:
But hereof now a while I treare no more,
First must you heare what news the maide did bring,
(I meane Hyppalca) to her mistris deare,
Whom love had made to be of heavie cheare.

74
She told her first what hap to her befell,
How Frontine by a Turke was tane away,
And after, how she found at Merlins well
Richard and Roger that same day,
To whom she did her hard adventure tell,
And how Roger went with her straightway,
To win the horse out of the Pagans fist,
But at that season he his purpos mist.

75
Also she told to Bradamant the cause,
Why her deare love himselfe did now absent,
Who promist her, to take a little pause,
And then her mind most thoroughly content,
In fine Hyppalca from her bosome drawes:
That letter which was to her mistris sent,
Who so much lesse did seeme to like the letter,
Because she would have lik't his presence better.

76
For such before she did himselfe expect,
Now paper in his steed to have and inke,
It caus'd her to feare and to suspect,
And made some doubts into her thoughts to sinke,
Yet lik't she well the meaning and effect,
And kist the letter oft, and sure I thinke,
Had burn'd it with the heate of her desire,
Save that the teares she shed did quench that fire.

77
She read the writing ov'r, five times or six,
The words, the phrase, the sence her pleas'd so well,
And then she made the maide, each time betwix,
The message that Roger sent to tell,
And save he did so short a time prefix
To come to her, and ay with her to dwell,
I thinke she never would have ceased mourning,
Till she had seene or heard of his returning.

Roger

78

Rogero to Hippalca promis'd had,
Fifteen or twenty dayes at most to stay,
And her, to tell her mistresse so he bad,
But swearing to come sooner if he may:
But ne'ertheless good *Bradamant* is sad,
Still doubting chances to prolong that day.
All things (said she) to fortune are subjected,
And chiefe in vvarres that are by chance directed.

79

As (my *Rogero*) who could once have thought,
Sith I more then my selfe esteemed thee,
That thou by any meanes couldst have been brought
To beare thy very foes more love then me?
Whom thou shouldst hurt, by thee their help is sought
Whom thou shouldst save, by thee they spoiled be;
Needs must I blame thy negligent regarding,
As well in punishing as in rewarding.

80

Trojans shew thy fire, I think thou knowst,
(For sure the stones it know) yet to his sonne,
Thou thinkst in honour thou such dutie owest,
That thou must see no hurt may him be done:
Is this sufficient a revenge thou trowest,
Thinkst thou true fame can by such facts be won?
Lo unto what thy shew of honour tends,
To serve thine enemies, and slay thy friends.

81

Thus *Bradamant* spake to her absent love,
With passion great, and evermore her maid
With reason seeks that fancy to remove,
Assuring her she need not be affraid:
And wishing her with patient mind to prove,
If so he would not do as she had said,
And that she would in all things hope the best,
And then to God and fortune leave the rest.

82

With this good speech of hers, and strong perswasion,
She doth his comming till the day expect,
Which good *Rogero* make, not by occasion
That he his word and promise did neglect,
But that which hapt against his expectation,
His wounds had bred so dangerous effect,
But chiefe the same he last took in his head,
Which made him forty dayes to keep his bed,

83

Now *Bradamant* doth wait the twenty dayes,
And staid at *Montalbano* with her mother,
And making still enquiry many wayes,
If she might heare some newes of one or other,
But none she heard, save that which to his praise
Was told her after by her younger brother,
Which though she joy'd to heare, as was most meet,
Yet mingled was some fowre with that same sweet.

84

For why the value of *Marfisa* stout
Which did assist them greatly, as he told,
To win their kinsmen from the moorish rout,
That unto *Bertolage* should have been sold,
This bred in *Bradamant*'s mind some doubt,
And strake into her heart a jealous cold,
Because 'twas said they two together went
To *Agramant*, that in his camp was pent.

85

For though she could not chuse but greatly praise her,
That did her selfe so stout and valiant prove,
Yet on the tother side, her beauty frays her,
Left he perhap on her might set his love:
But yet in fine, hope of his promise stayes her,
So that in twenty dayes he did not move
From *Montalbano*, and in that same space,
There thither came the chiefe man of her race.

Rinaldo.

86

I mean not chiefe of birth, but chiefe of name,
For two there were, in birth more old then he,
Rinaldo unto *Montalbano* came,
His brothers, collins, and his friends to see,
Whom he had heard by speech of flying fame,
Now safe arrived at that place to be,
And how *Rogero* and *Marfisa* wrought
Their liberty when they were sold and bought.

87

Wherefore he came to see them face to face,
And understand with them how each thing stood,
It seem'd he was as welcome to the place,
As is the swallow to her tender brood,
That almost starved, and in some case
Have long expected sustenance and food,
And when they there had staid a day or twaine,
Both they and he to *Paris* went againe.

Simila.

88

Alardo and *Guichiardo*, *Richardet*,
And *Malaggy* and good *Urviane*,
Close after this brave Lord themselves do get,
And *Bradamant* with them they would have tane,
But she alledg'd she could not come as yet,
(But hopes ere long they should be overtane)
She prayes them for that time content to hold them,
For why she was not well at ease she told them.

89

And true it was, she was not well at ease,
Not that she had a fit of any feaver,
Or any other corporall disease,
It was a fit of love, that burneth ever,
Whose heat no herb nor physick can appease;
This fit did her from that brave crew disleave:
But in another book I shall repeat,
What succour they did bring to *Charles* the great.

In this thirtieth booke, in *Orlando's* mad pranks (though they be fained things) we may note, what hard and impossible Morall matters are attempted, and sometime atchieved by mad men, of which the reason is doubtfull, a naturall reason is given, (though many will doubt thereof) that the cause of their extraordinary strength, is that nature (*Intendens omnem vim*) as they term it, that is to say, bending her whole force at one instant, doth by that meanes double the strength and ability to any hard and unmeasurable matter: as we see men often at the pangs of death (though otherwise but weak) yet so strong, that three or foure men cannot hold them: or as men sometimes in a feare leape over a wall, or downe from a window without harme, which at another time would breake their neckes. Another reason of mad mens unreasonable strength, is metaphysicall, or supernaturall, and that is when they are possessed with spirits, of which there are

many examples. In Agrament that endeavours to end two quarrels with one combate, we may observe, that it becoms the wisdom of a Prince; either to take up quarrels and civill dissensions betwene their great subjects absolutely, or at least to draw them to as speedy a trial, and with as little damage as may be.

History & Allusion. Concerning the Eagle about which the two champions strave who should beare it for his armes or Cognizance (as we term it) he seems to allude to the civill warres that were between Caesar and Pompey, where as Lucan complaineth in his excellent Poem.

—Infestisque obvia signis

Signa, pares aquilas & pila minantia pilis.

For the Romanes Ensigne was the Eagle, and it is strange that is reported by credible writers, how in a battell fought neare Thessalia; betwene Brutus and Cassius of the one side, and Octavius and Anthony of the other side, two Eagles were visibly seen fighting in the aire with their beaks and talents, in most fierce manner: And finally, that of Anthonyes side prevailed, and put the other to flight.

Here end the notes of the xxx. booke.





many examples. In Agramant that endeavours to end two quarrels with one combat, we may observe, that it becoms the wisdom of a Prince, either to take up quarrels and civill dissensions betweene their great subjects absolutely, or at least to draw them to as speedy a trial, and with as little damage as may be.

History & Allusion. Concerning the Eagle about which the two champions strive who should beare it for his armes or Cognizance (as we term it) he seems to allude to the civill warres that were between Cæsar and Pompey, whereas Lucan complaineth in his excellent Poem.

—Infestisque obvia signis
Signa, pares aquilas & pila minantia pilis.

For the Romanes Ensigne was the Eagle, and it is strange that is reported by credible writers, how in a battell fought neare Thessalia, betweene Brutus and Cassius of the one side, and Octavius and Anthony of the other side, two Eagles were visibly seen fighting in the aire with their beaks and talents, in most fierce manner: And finally, that of Anthonyes side prevailed, and put the other to flight.

Here end the notes of the xxx. booke.





THE ARGUMENT.

*Unwares doth Guidon with Renaldo fight,
But afterward is by his brethren known,
By whose great courage and united might,
The Turks are vanquished and overthrown.
Good Brandimart seeks out that wofull knight,
Whose wits by love distraught, are not his own,
Is tane, and of his life was in great perill,
Renaldo and Gradasso fall to quarrell.*

*Against jea-
lousie.*

• Marriage.



What state of life more plea-
sing may we find,
Then theirs, that true and
heartie love do beare?
Whom that * sweet yoke
doth fast together bind,
That man in Paradise first
learn'd to weare:
Were not some so tormented
in their mind,

With that same vile suspect, that filthy feare,
That torture great, that foolish frenesie,
That raging madnesse, called jealousie.

*Dulcibus
meruit, qui
non gustavit
amara.*

Simple.

Sentences.

For ev'ry other sower that gets a place,
To seat it selfe amid this pleasant sweet,
Doth help in th'end to give a greater grace,
And makes loves joy more grateful when they meet,
Who so abstaines from sustenance a space,
Shall find both bread and water relish sweet:
Men know not peace, nor rightly how to deem it,
That have not first by war been taught to esteem it.

Though eyes want sight of that they would see faine,
The thought yet sees, & hearts with patience take it,
Long absence grieves, yet when they meet againe,
That absence doth more sweet and pleasant make it:
To serve and sue long time for little gaine,
(So that all hope do not ev'n quite forsake it)
One may endure, for when the paine is past,
Reward, though long it stay, yet comes at last.

Sentences.

The sharp repulses, and the deep disdaines,
And all the torments that in love are found,

At last with pleasure recompence the paines,
And make far more contentment to abound:
But if this hellish plague infect the braines,
Though afterward it seem both whole and sound,
The quality thereof is so mischievous,
The very thought is to a lover grievous.

This is that cruell wound, against whose smart
No liquors force prevailes, nor any plaster,
No skill of starres, no depth of Magick art
Devised by that great clark Zoroaster:
A wound that so infects the soule and heart,
As all our sense and reason it doth master;
A wound whose pang and torment is so durable,
As it may rightly called be incurable.

*Zoroaster the
inventor of
magicke.*

*He would
not openly
avow
them.*

That is a plague that quickly doth infect
All lovers hearts, and doth possesse their thought,
As well with causelesse as with just suspect;
By this a man to madnesse meere is brought:
Oh plague, by whose most damnable effect
In deep despaire to die have divers sought,
Oh jealousie, that didst without desert
Possesse the noble Bradamantes heart.

Not for the tale her maid or brother told,
Which made within her mind a sharp impression,
But other newes that made her heart full cold,
How her love of new love did make profession;
As I more plaine hereafter shall unfold,
For now I needs a while must make digression
To brave Renaldo, that to Paris ward
Did march, with that same crew of great regard.

The

8
The day ensuing ere it yet was night,
They met an armed knight upon the way,
A Lady faire accompani'd the knight,
His armour all was black, save that there lay
Arhwart the brest a wreath of Argent bright.
And straight the formost man in their array,
Which *Richardetto* was, as then did chance,
He challenged with him to break a lance.

9
The gallant youth that never man refus'd,
Straight turn'd his horse, a space for course to take,
As one that (for his time) had often us'd
Such feats as this to do, and undertake:
Renaldo standeth still, and them perus'd,
To see which knight the fairest course would make,
Now *Richardet* thinks, if I hit him just,
I shall this gallant tumble in the dust.

10
But otherwise it then to him befell,
And of his reckning he was quite deceiv'd,
The rother knew to hit, and lit so well,
That *Richardet* was from the saddle heav'd:
Alardo seeing how his brother fell,
Did think t'avenge the foile that he receiv'd,
But he likewise inferiour did remaine,
His arm was bruis'd, his shield was rent in twaine.

11
Guicchiardo next the selfe same fortune tri'd,
And was constrain'd unto the ground t'incline,
Although to him *Renaldo* lowdly cri'd,
Stay, hold your hands, for this course should be mine.
Vivian and *Malagige*, and more beside,
That at their kinsmens foile did much repine,
Would then have fought with this same stranger
Save that *Renaldo* claim'd it as his right. (knight,

12
And said, my friends, we must to *Paris* haff,
But to him selfe he said, it were a jest,
For me to stay till all they down were cast
By one and one, Ile fight and they shall rest,
This said, he spurs his horse, and commeth fast,
And as he runs he sets his speare in rest,
The rother doth as much, and eithers speare
The stroke doth in a thousand peeces teare.

13
The hoismen with the stroke stir not an inch,
They both had learn'd so perfectly to sit,
But on their horses it did shrewdly pinch,
Yet *Bayard* scarce his course doth intermit,
The tothers horse had such a parlous wrinch,
That mar'd him quite, and brake his back with it,
His master that was greatly griev'd to see't,
Forsakes his seat, and takes him to his feet.

14
And to *Renaldo*, that with naked hand
Came toward him in shew of truce, he said,
Sir knight I give you here to understand,
I lik'd so well this horse that here is dead,
I think it would not with mine honour stand,
To leave him unreveng'd, which hath me led
To challenge you, ev'n as you are true knight,
That you will answer me againe in fight.

15
Renaldo answer'd, if your horse you lost,
The onely cause of this your quarrell be,
Then comfort you, for of mine onely cost,
Your want herein shall be suppli'd by me,
With such a horse, as I may boldly boast,
To be as good a one as ere was he:
Not so fir, said the tother, you mistake it,
I will expound my mind, and plainer make it.

16
Though I lik'd well my serviceable horse,
Yet sith he now is in this conflict slaine,
Think not that of his death I so much force,
As that alone moves me to fight againe,
But in plaine termes on foot to trie your force,
As well as erst on horseback I would faine.
Renaldo, that of no mans force accounted,
Without delay straight from his horse dismounted.

17
And sith (quoth he) I see your noble mind,
Of this my company hath no suspicion,
They shall go on, and I will stay behind,
And so will fight with you on ev'n condition.
This said, his band to part thence he assign'd,
Who went their way upon their Lords commission,
Which bred great admiration in the stranger,
To find a man so little feaining danger.

18
Now when his standerd quite was out of sight,
And all *Renaldos* company was gone,
Then hand to hand they do apply the fight,
With force and fury great they lay it on,
Each marvels at the tothers passing might,
And yet of either side the gaine is none,
They felt the blowes so heavy and so hard,
That glad they were to lie well to their ward.

19
Thus these two knights, for honours only sake,
Together combat in such eager sort,
That ev'ry little enour they should make,
Endanger'd life in this unpleasant sport:
An houre and halfe this travell they did take,
Each labouring to cut the tother short,
And in his mind *Renaldo* labours much,
Who this should be, whose skill and force was such.

20
And, save that he could not with his reputation,
He would have wisht the battell at an end,
And offer'd of a truce communication,
And of his unknown foe have made his friend:
Likewise the tother felt such inclination,
Now finding scarce he could himselfe defend,
That he repented his rash hardy part,
And would have had a truce with all his heart.

21
It waxed dark, there fell an ev'ning mist,
So that at last they neither of them know
When he did hit aright, or when he mist,
Nor how to give, nor how to ward a blow:
When first *Renaldo* wisht him to desist,
Sith now the Sun descended was so low,
And that the combat might be now rejoin'd,
Till *Phabus* were about the world return'd.

22
Offering (at which the stranger greatly mus'd,
And his rare curtesie therein commended)
To lodge him where he should both be well us'd,
And like a man of honour well attended:
The tother his great cur'sie not refus'd,
And so between them two the fray was ended:
And straight *Renaldo* gave him as his gift,
His pages horse, that was both strong and swift.

23
Thus on they rode unto *Renaldos* tent,
And grew acquainted ere they thither came,
By meanes in certaine speeches as they went,
Renaldo happened to tell his name,
By which the stranger knew incontinent,
That this was that same *Palladine* of fame,
And that himselfe was to *Renaldo* brother,
By fathers side alone, and not by mother.

24
The savage *Guidon*, this brave warriour hight,
That travel'd had full many a hundred mile,
With those two brothers, nam'd the black and white,
And *Sanfoner*, untill by craft and guile
They were surpris'd, as you heard last night,
And made against their wils to wait a while,
For maintenance of lawes unjust and bad,
That wicked *Pinnabell* devised had.

25
Now when as noble *Guidon* certaine knew
That this *Renaldo* was, whom he before
Desired long to see, he much did rewe
That he had done, and did lament it fore:
A blind man would not be more glad to view
The light, he doubted he should ne'r see more,
Then *Guidon* in his mind was well appaid,
To see this knight, and thus to him he said.

26
What strange mishap, what sinister adven'ter,
Hath bred this fault in me, my noble Lord,
That I with you into this strife should enter,
With whom I ought to have all kind accord?
I am your fathers sonne, not by one venter,
I ever have your name and stock ador'd,
Guidon I hight, *Constance* was my mother:
Born beyond *Euxin* seas, and yet your brother.

27
Wherefore I pray, pardon my fond offence,
That have instead of duty offer'd wrong,
And tell me wherein I may recompence
This oversight, and I will do ere long:
Renaldo that had heard of him long since,
And to have seen him did not little long,
Embrace'd him, and not onely did forgive him,
But commendation great and praise did give him.

28
He said his valed was a perfect signe,
To shew himselfe in fight so fierce and stout,
That he was truly come of that same line,
Whose noble brute was blowne the world about:
For if your manners did to peace incline,
Then had there been (said he) more cause of doubt,
The fearfull Hart comes not of Lions seed,
Nor doth a silly Dove a Faulcon breed.

29
Thus fell they two acquainted on the way,
And talk'd together friendly as they went,
But neither did their talk the journey stay,
Nor did their riding make their speech relent,
Untill they came where all their brothers lay,
When as a great part of the night was spent,
Who with great joy and pleasure did behold them,
And chiefe when who this was *Renaldo* told them.

30
For though he must to them (no doubt) have ever
Been very welcome as a brother deare,
Yet could he be to them more welcome never,
Then now, what time as you before did heare,
They all did mind to do their best endeavor
To rescue *Charles* that was of heavy cheare:
Wherefore for this one cause above the rest,
He was unto them all a welcome guest.

31
Thus now the day ensuing on went *Guidon*,
Ioyning himselfe unto *Renaldos* crew,
And as to *Paris* wals they forward ride on,
They met two valiant youths that well him knew:
Further with them conferring, they descide one,
A Lady richly clad, and faire of hew:
These warlike youths had *Gismond* to their mother,
White *Griffin* and black *Aquilant* his brother.

32
Now *Guidon* knew them, and to them was known,
As having been together many dayes,
By whom they were unto *Renaldo* shown,
And prais'd for gallant men at all assayes:
As in your judgement, likewise in mine own,
(*Renaldo* said) these youths do merit praise,
For they have oft been prov'd two perfect warriours,
As well in spite as sport, at tilt and barriers.

33
Renaldo did by their apparell know them,
Tone ever wearing white, the tother black,
And friendly countenance he now did show them,
Chiefly because the King did succour lack:
Wherefore into his band he doth bestow them,
That band that to the *Turks* did bring much wrack,
And they do joyne them to *Renaldos* banner,
Forgetting all old jars in loving manner.

34
Between the house of *Ammon* and these twins,
About one *Truffaldin* a jarre there fell,
The matter at the first not worth two pins,
Wherefore the circumstance I will not tell,
But now *Renaldo* their affection wins,
By using them so curteously and well,
For curteous speech and usage mild and kind,
Wipes malice out of ev'ry noble mind.

35
Now after these another knight there came,
Hight *Sanfoner* a man of great account,
Who welcom'd was, and took it for no shame,
Of stout *Renaldos* band himselfe to count:
While this thus past, behold the gallant dame,
That knew this noble Lord of *Clarimount*,
(For she was one that all the *French* Lords knew)
Told him a tale that made him greatly rewe.

My

Scut Nro lnt
bellum fero-
ci prapene-
ram aquila
columbanu

Widelye to
London

This was
Lionel

Griffin
Aquilant
First deluge

Sanfoner

Sanfoner

36
My Lord (said she) I bring you soerie tiding,
He whom the Church and Empire held so deare,
Runs all about, in no one place abiding,
Of sense and argument deprived cleare:
He naked goes, not natures secrets hiding,
Which me to tell, and you must grieve to heare,
Orlando (that same light and lamp of *France*)
Hath lost his wits, God knowes by what mischance.

37
His armes and sword that he away had thrown,
As things by him left and forsaken clearly,
I saw a courteous knight, to me unknown,
But one (it seem'd) that lov'd *Orlando* dearly,
Them gather where they scatter'd were and sown,
And ev'n of charity, as seemed meerly,
In triumph wise on tree he hang'd the same,
And underneath he grav'd *Orlandos* name.

38
But straight the sword that hanged on the tree,
With force and scornfull speech away was tane,
(As I can witness well that did it see)
By *Mandricard* the sonne of *Agricane*:
Think you what hurt this will to *Europe* be,
That once againe the *Turks* have *Durindane*:
The gentle knight strave long with him to save it,
But in the end was forc'd to let him have it.

39
I saw *Orlando* late in monstrous guise,
To run about uncouth and all unclad,
With strangest clamours and most hideous cries:
In fine I do conclude that he is mad;
And save I saw it so with these mine eyes,
I would not trust if any told it had.
She further told how she had seen him later,
With *Rodemont* to tumble in the water.

40
And last of all she told him she had heard,
How that about this sword there grew some strife,
Between *Gradasso* stout and *Mandricard*:
And how the *Tartar* having lost his life,
The sword was giv'n *Gradasso* afterward,
As over all the *Pagan* camp was rife:
And having ended this so sad narration,
Thereto she addeth this short exhortation.

41
That he and ev'ry one that were not foe
To stout *Orlando*, would take so much paine,
In *Paris* or elsewhere him to bestow,
Till he had purged his distemper'd braine:
Mine husband *Brandimart* (said she) I know,
To do him any good himselfe would straine:
Thus *Fiordelice* spake, the loving wife
Of *Brandimart*, that lov'd her as his life.

42
At this strange tale and wofull accident,
Such inward griefe the good *Renaldo* felt,
That with the thought his heart incontinent
Did seem like snow against the Sun to melt,
And with all speed he might to go he meant,
And by all meanes he might so to have dealt,
To seek *Orlando*, whom if he can find,
He hopes to bring him to a better mind.

43
But sith he now had hither brought his band,
Or were't the will of God, or were it chance,
He first doth mind to end the cause in hand,
And rescue *Paris* and the king of *France*:
Wherefore he makes his men all quiet stand
Till night, what time himselfe will lead the dance,
And then between the fourth and second watch,
He meanes at once the matter to dispatch.

44
He makes his men lie close for all that day,
By way of Ambuscado in a wood,
And ease themselves and horses all they may,
And take the sustenance of rest and food,
The place within three leagues of *Paris* lay,
And when the Sun was set, he thought it good,
What time the world doth use his lesser lamp,
To *Paris* ward to move his silent camp.

45
And as he purpos'd, he perform'd indeed,
For straight himselfe with that same gallant grew,
Set out by night, as first they had decreed,
In silent sort suspicion to eschew.
Now came the time that they must do the deed,
Now neare unto the *Turkish* camp they drew,
When first the heedlesse Sentinels intrapping,
They kil'd them all because they took them napping.

46
The watch once slaine, they are no longer dumbe,
But after stout *Renaldo* soon they came,
They sound the trumpet, and strike up the drum,
And calling still upon that noble name,
That often had the *Pagans* overcome,
(I meane *Renaldos* house of *Montalbane*)
Which crie he caus'd both his own men to quicken,
And that the *Turks* might in more feare be stricken.

47
Himselfe well mounted on his famous horse,
Doth presse amidst the *Pagan* Princes tents,
And with his own, and with his horses force,
He treads them down, and all in peeces rents,
Vnarm'd, or arm'd he kills without remorse,
Who ever commeth in his way, repents,
The drowsie men halfe arm'd make poore resistance,
Against so brave a man with such assistance.

48
For why, beside those men I nam'd before,
Whose vertue and whose value oft were shown,
Renaldo had six hundred men and more,
All perfect train'd, of strength and courage known,
Which about *Clarimont* he kept in store,
For his own use and causes of his own,
Though at this need his Princes turn to furnish,
He soon agreed his own towns to unfurnish.

49
And though *Renaldo* had no great reveue,
The which chiefe sinewes unto warre affords,
Yet kept he still six hundred in retinue,
What with good usage and with gentle words,
That all of them did still with him continue,
At his command with launces, horse and swords;
Nor was there any that from him away went,
Though diverse others offer'd greater payment.

They use in
camp to di-
vide the
night into
four watches

Sometime.

Now think when this brave crew the *Turks* assail'd,
 At unawares, halfe wake or halfe asleep,
 How that same name & that same noise them quail'd
 How here they fled and there, with hold and keep:
 But smally flight, and lesse their fight prevail'd;
 But ev'n as Goats from Lions, or as sheep
 From Wolves make small defence, such in comparison
 These *Pagans* made against *Renaldos* garison.

On tother side king *Charles* (that by espiall)
 Had notice of *Renaldos* comming hither,
 Withall that crue so noble and so loyall,
 That to his aid combined were together,
 With diverse Lords came forth in person royall,
 And all his men of armes likewise came thither:
 Eke *Brandimart*, rich *Monodontes* heire,
 Did with king *Charles* unto the field repaire.

Whom when his spouse that neare about did hover,
 Had found out by his standard and his armes,
 And plainly saw it was her dearest lover,
 She rusheth in among the men of armes,
 And unto him her selfe she doth discover,
 Who straight embraced her in open armes;
 And leaving then the battell, drew apart,
 That each to other might their minds impart.

And after sweet embracing oftentimes,
 They did conferre together of their state:
 O vertue of those unsuspicious times,
 When Ladies early wander might and late,
 And yet be faultlesse deem'd and free of crimes,
 Where now each small suspetch turnes love to hate,
 Yea ev'n for all their watching and safe keeping,
 They doubt their wives do wake while they are slee-
 (ping.

Among the conference this couple had,
 The Lady did unto her spouse unfold,
 How his good friend *Orlando* was fal'n mad,
 How she her selfe his madnesse did behold,
 His running naked, carelesse and unclad,
 Not credible had any els it told,
 But credible it was now she had sed it,
 For in far greater things he gave her credit.

She further did to *Brandimart* recount,
 How she had seen the bridge the *Pagan* made,
 (I meane the cruell *Pagan Rodomont*)
 Vpon the streame so deep as none could wade;
 Where he the passengers of best account
 Did from each side with fury great invade,
 And with the spoiles of those he kil'd and took;
 Did beautifie a tombe made by the brook.

And last she told how with his strength extreme
Orlando heav'd the *Turke* arm'd from the ground,
 And so with him fell backward in the streame,
 With perill great there to have both been drownd,
 From whence *Orlando* went about the Reame,
 Where his mad parts would make him soon be found.
 This tale in *Brandimart* did breed such sorrow,
 He staid not for the next ensuing morrow,

But taking for his guide faire *Fiordeliege*,
 And being ready arm'd, as then he was,
 He go'th to seek that foresaid parlous bridge,
 In mind (what ever hap) the same to passe,
 Where many men their lives line did abridge,
 As in such dangers soon it comes to passe:
 No sooner came he to the utmost ward,
 But *Rodomont* had notice by his guard.

He greedly did to heare such newes rejoyce,
 And straight he commeth forth with warlike gesture,
 And bids him with a loud and scornfull voice,
 Vnto the tombe to yeeld his armes and vesture:
 Or threatens him, if he refuse his choice,
 To make him drink beyend all good disfigure:
 But *Brandimart* his threats did nothing feare,
 And makes no answer but with couched speare.

Then straight to horses side he sets the spurs,
 The horse he rode upon *Batoldo* hight,
 The horse though good, yet snores, and starts, & stirs,
 Much scar'd with narrow bridge, and waters sight:
 Eke *Rodomont* his good *Frontino* spurs,
 Who ever starts, as used to this fight,
 Although the bridge did shake all under feet,
 When in the middle way these knights did meet.

Their speares that were of firm well season'd wood,
 With so great force upon their armour strake,
 That though their horses were both strong and good
 Yet both fell from the bridge into the lake,
 Quite overwhelm'd with water and with mud,
 Yet neither houselman did his horse forsake;
 Long taried they within the streame below,
 To search if any Nymph dwelt there, I trow.

This had not been the first time nor the fift, (down,
 That from this bridge the *Turke* had been throwne
 Wherefore his horse and he could better shift,
 For neither horse nor he did doubt to drowne;
 For where the streame was most profound and swift,
 He often had been plung'd above his crown,
 Which made his horse and him the more audacious
 Amid the streame, although profound and spacious.

He knew by prooffe (for he had tri'd it oft)
 Where all the shelves, and where the channell lay,
 Which parts were gravelly, and which were soft:
 The tother ignorant, was born away,
 Tost here and there, now low, and then aloft,
 The while the *Pagan* greedy of his prey,
 At all advantages doth still assaile him,
 Whose horses footing more and more did faile him.

At last with plunging and with striving tū'd,
 He backward fell into the weeds and mud,
 Where he was like to have been drownd and mur'd,
 Save that his spouse that by the river flood,
 In humble wise the *Pagan* Prince desir'd,
 And in most earnest manner that she could,
 Ev'n for her sake, whose ghost he did adore,
 To help her worthy knight unto the shore.

64
Ah gentle sir, if ever you did taste
Of love (she said) or of a lovers passion,
Save that same knight, on whom my love is plac'd,
And let him not be drown'd in so vile fashion:
Suffice it you, your tombe will be more grac'd
With one such prisoner of such reputation,
Then hundreds other that shall here arrive;
Then take his spoiles, and save himselfe alive.

65
These words that might have mov'd a stone I think,
Mov'd him to rescue noble *Brandimart*,
Who without thirst had tane such store of drink,
As from his limbs, his life did welnigh part:
But ere he brought him to the rivers brink,
He caus'd him with his sword and armes depart,
And made him sweare now he was in his power,
To yeeld himselfe true prisoner to his tower.

66
The dame of comfort all was quite bereav'd,
When as she saw how ill her spouse had sped,
And yet lesse griefe of this chance she conceiv'd,
Then if he had been in the water dead:
She calls her selfe the cause that he receiv'd
This harme, that fondly had him thither led,
Into a place of danger such and jeopardie,
As needs must hazard either life or libertie.

67
About the place in vaine she long did hover,
Then parted she in mind to seek some knight,
Of *Charles* his camp, that might her losse recover,
And prove himselfe, though not more strong in fight,
At least more fortunate then was her lover:
Long did she travell all that day and night,
And eke the day ensuing, ere she met one,
Yet was it her good hap at last to get one.

68
A champion in a rich attire she met,
All wrought with withered leaves of *Cypresse* tree,
Hereafter I will tell you, but not yet,
What wight this was, whether a he or she:
Now turn I to the camp, lest I forget
The noble knights that set their soveraigne free;
I meane *Renaldo* and his new come brother,
With cunning *Malagigi* and many other.

69
Vnp possible it was account to keep
Of those were kil'd that night, and those that fled,
Fierce *Agramant* was wak'ned from his sleep,
And with all speed that might be up he sped,
He weighs the perill and the danger deep,
His souldiers run away, ne'r making head:
Marfilio, with *Sobrino*, and the rest,
With him to flie, for feare he be distressed.

70
Advising him, with fortune now gan frown,
Vnto this tempest wisely to give place,
And go to *Arly*, or some other town,
So strong to dure assault no little space:
So might he save his person and his crown,
As first was to be car'd for in such case:
And then with wisdom warily proceeding,
To wait till time might serve of better speeding.

71
Thus *Agramant*, to so great danger brought,
Well knew not what to do, nor what to say,
But did as by his counsell he was taught,
And in great hast convey'd himselfe away:
The while much woe unto his men was wrought,
The Christens them discomfite, kill and slay:
The darknesse caus'd the number be unknown,
That in this fight were kil'd and overthrown.

72
With hast full many were in water drown'd,
That saw there was no safetie in the land,
More succour in their heeles then hands they found,
Against such fierce assaylants few durst stand,
But greatest dammage did to them redound,
By those six hundred of *Renaldos* band:
Who did distribute strokes in so great plenty,
As ev'ry one of them massacred twenty.

73
Some think that *Malagigi* plaid his part
In this conflict, not wounding men nor slaying,
But making of their foes by Magick art
To heare so huge a noise of horses naying,
Such sound of Drums, such shouts from ev'ry part,
As all the world had vowed their decaying:
By which they all were stricken in such feare,
As not a man of them durst tarie there.

74
Yet though the *Turkish* Prince fled thence so fast,
The brave *Rogero* he would not forget,
But caused him from danger to be plac'd,
And on an easie paced horse him set:
Thus now the *Turks* were by the Christens char'd,
And glad they were a walled town to get:
But yet *Gradasso* and his valiant band
Did still unto their tackle stoutly stand.

75
Nay, which was more, when as he understood,
How that *Renaldo* Palladine of *France*,
Was he that shed such store of *Turkish* blood
He was so glad he ready was to dance;
He thanks his gods that were to him so good,
To send him this so much desired chance,
By which he hopes and makes account most clearly,
To win that horse *Renaldo* held so dearly.

76
For why *Gradasso* king of *Serycane*,
Long since to *France* came with an army Royall,
With onely hope to conquer *Durindan*,
That famous blade of so good prooffe and triall:
And eke *Renaldos* courser to have tane,
That *Bayard* hight: and now when by espiall,
He knew *Renaldo* was on that beast mounted,
The conquest sure, the horse his own he counted.

77
So much the rather, for that once before,
About this matter they had made a fray,
Fast by the sea upon the sandy shore,
(To tell the circumstance I may not stay)
But *Malagigi* thence his cosin bore,
And did into a barge him safe convey:
And thereupon *Renaldo* ever since
Was tane but for a coward by this Prince.

Wherefore

78
Wherefore in hope so rich a spoile to reape,
Two houres before the rising of the sun,
All armed on *Alfons* he doth leape,
And with his lance to death are diuise done:
On *French* the *Moore*s, on *Moore*s the *French* doth
And all he meeteth he doth over-run: (heape,
So did ambition set his heart on fire,
To meet *Renaldo*, such was his desire.

79
Soon after this, each met with speare in rest,
(But neither then at first the tother knew)
Each brake his speare upon the tothers crest,
Vnto the heav'nly car the splinters flew:
Then with their swords either was ready prest,
(Their lances thrown away, their swords they drew)
Each laying on the tother so fell strokes,
As if not knights had fought, but clownes feld okes.

80
Grasso though he knew him not by sight,
(For yet the morning beames were not displaid)
Yet did he guesse both by the horses might,
And those fierce strokes the tother on him laid:
Wherefore with words that savou'd scorn and spight,
He straight begins *Renaldo* to upbraid:
And said he had his challenge disappointed,
And not appeared at the day appointed.

81
Belike you thought I should have met you never,
But now (said he) you here are met right well,
Assure your selfe I will pursue you ever,
Were you tane up to heav'n, or down to hell,
No height nor depth should hinder mine endever,
I meane to find you out where ere you dwell,
To shun the fight with me it doth not boot,
Vntill you leave your horse and go on foot.

82
At this his speech were diuise standing by,
As *Guidon*, *Richardet*, and others more,
Who would have slaine *Grasso* by and by,
Had not *Renaldo* stepped them before,
And said in wrath, what masters am not I
Well able wreake my private wrongs therefore?
Then to the Pagan gently thus he spake,
And wisht him mark the answer he did make.

83
Who ever saith, that I did fight eschue,
Or shew defect of value any way,
I say and do avouch he saith untrue,
And I will prove by combat what I say,
I came vnto the place to meet with you,
No scuses I did seek, nor no delay,
And frankly here to you I offer fight,
But first I wish you were informed right.

84
Then took he him aside, and more at large
He told what hapned him, and how by art
His cousin *Malagigi* into a barge
Conveighed him, and forc'd him to depart:
In fine himselfe of blame quite to discharge,
He brought him out to witnesse ev'ry part,
And then to prove that this was true indeed,
He offer'd in the combat to proceed.

85
Grasso that both courteous was, and stout,
Gave eare unto the tale *Renaldo* told,
And though it seem'd he stood thercof in doubt,
Yet him in all his speech he not controld:
But in conclusion, having heard it out,
He doth his former purpose firmly hold:
Which was by combat fierce to try and know,
If so he could *Bayardo* win or no.

86
The *Palladine* that passed not a point
Of no mans force, to meet him gave his word:
The place in which to meet they did appoint,
Was neare a wood, and by a pleasant foord;
There onely added was a further point,
Which was that *Durindan*, *Orlandos* sword
Should to *Renaldo* as of right accrew,
If he the Pagan overcame or flew.

87
Thus for the present time departed they,
Vntill the time approach'd of pointed fight,
Although *Renaldo* friendly did him pray,
To rest him in his tent that day and night:
And offer'd frank safe conduct for his stay,
So courteous was this same couragious knight:
Grasso greatly prais'd the noble offer,
But yet refus'd the curtsie he doth profer.

88
The feare was great that secretly did lurk
In all the minds of all *Renaldos* kin,
Who knew, the strength and cunning of this *Turke*
Was such, as doubt it was which side should win:
Faine *Malagigi* by his art would work
To end this fray, before it should begin:
Save that he fear'd *Renaldos* utter enmity,
In so base sort for working this indemnity.

89
But though his friends did feare more then was meet,
Himselfe assur'd himselfe of good successe:
Now at the pointed time and place they meet,
Both at one very instant, as I guesse,
And first they kindly do embrace and greet
The tone the tother with all gentlenesse,
But how sweet words did turn to bitter blowes,
The next booke saving one the sequell shoves.

Morall.

In this xxxj. Canto I find little worth any speciall noting, but that which in the beginning of the booke is said against
jealousie, which is one of the three incurable diseases noted in our old English Proverb: From Heresie, Phrenesie, and
jealousie, good Lord deliver me. The rest of the booke hath no new matter, but such as hath bin noted before: and ther-
fore I will end this little space with this short note.

Here end the notes of the xxxj. Booke.



78
Wherefore in hope so rich a spoile to reape,
Two houres before the rising of the sun,
All armed on *Alfana* he doth leape,
And with his lance to death are diverse done:
On *French* the *Moores*, on *Moores* the *French* doth
And all he meeteth he doth over-run: (heape,
So did ambition set his heart on fire,
To meet *Renaldo*, such was his desire.

79
Soon after this, each met with speare in rest,
(But neither then at first the tother knew)
Each brake his speare upon the tothers crest,
Vnto the heav'nly car the splinters flew:
Then with their swords either was ready prest,
(Their lances thrown away, their swords they drew)
Each laying on the tother so fell strokes,
As if not knights had fought, but clownes feld okes.

80
Gradaſſo though he knew him not by sight,
(For yet the morning beames were not displaid)
Yet did he guesse both by the horses might,
And those fierce strokes the tother on him laid;
Wherefore with words that savou'd scorn and spight,
He straight begins *Renaldo* to upbraid:
And said he had his challenge disappointed,
And not appeared at the day appointed.

81
Belike you thought I should have met you never,
But now (said he) you here are met right well,
Assure your selfe I will pursue you ever,
Were you tane up to heav'n, or down to hell;
No height nor depth should hinder mine endever,
I meane to find you out where ere you dwell,
To shun the fight with me it doth not boot,
Vntill you leave your horse and go on foot.

82
At this his speech were diverse standing by,
As *Guidon*, *Richardet*, and others more,
Who would have slaine *Gradaſſo* by and by,
Had not *Renaldo* stepped them before,
And said in wrath, what masters am not I
Well able wreake my private wrongs therefore?
Then to the Pagan gently thus he spake,
And wisht him mark the answer he did make.

83
Who ever saith, that I did fight eschue,
Or shew defect of value any way,
I say and do avouch he saith untrue,
And I will prove by combat what I say;
I came unto the place to meet with you,
No scuses I did seek, nor no delay,
And frankly here to you I offer fight,
But first I wish you were informed right.

Morall.

In this xxxj. Canto I find little worth any speciall noting, but that which in the beginning of the booke is said againe,
jealousie, which is one of the three incurable diseases noted in our old English Proverb: From Heresie, Phrenesie, and
lealousie, good Lord deliver me. The rest of the booke hath no new matter, but such as hath bin noted before: and ther-
fore I will end this little space with this short note.

84
Then took he him aside, and more at large
He told what hapned him, and how by art
His cousin *Malagige* into a barge
Conveighed him, and forc'd him to depart:
In fine himselfe of blame quite to discharge,
He brought him out to witnesse ev'ry part,
And then to prove that this was true indeed,
He offer'd in the combat to proceed.

85
Gradaſſo that both courteous was, and stout,
Gave eare unto the tale *Renaldo* told,
And though it seem'd he stood thereof in doubt,
Yet him in all his speech he not controld:
But in conclusion, having heard it out,
He doth his former purpose firmly hold:
Which was by combat fierce to try and know,
If so he could *Bayardo* win or no.

86
The *Palladine* that passed not a point
Of no mans force, to meet him gave his word:
The place in which to meet they did appoint,
Was neare a wood, and by a pleasant foord,
There onely added was a further point;
Which was that *Durindan*, *Orlandos* sword
Should to *Renaldo* as of right accrew,
If he the *Pagan* overcame or flew.

87
Thus for the present time departed they,
Vntill the time approch'd of pointed fight,
Although *Renaldo* friendly did him pray,
To rest him in his tent that day and night:
And offer'd frank safe conduct for his stay,
So courteous was this same couragious knight:
Gradaſſo greatly prais'd the noble offer,
But yet refus'd the curtsie he doth profer.

88
The feare was great that secretly did lurk
In all the minds of all *Renaldos* kin,
Who knew, the strength and cunning of this *Turke*
Was such, as doubt it was which side should win:
Faine *Malagigi* by his art would work
To end this fray, before it should begin:
Save that he fear'd *Renaldos* utter enmity,
In so base sort for working this indemnity.

89
But though his friends did feare more then was meet,
Himselfe assur'd himselfe of good successe:
Now at the pointed time and place they meet,
Both at one very instant, as I guesse,
And first they kindly do embrace and greet
The towe the tother with all gentlenesse;
But how sweet words did turn to bitter blowes,
The next booke saving one the sequell shoves.

Here end the notes of the xxxj. Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Good Bradamant Rogero long expecteth,
 But beareth newes that touch her very nie,
 How he all other loves beside neglecteth,
 To wed Marfisa, thus the same doth flie:
 To Arly Bradamant her course directeth,
 To kill Marfisa, or her selfe to die:
 Three kings and Villany she doth subdue,
 Those with her speare, and this with passing buie.

The first fifty
 stanzas of this
 32 book are
 of another
 translation, as
 you shall see
 noted in some
 part of the
 manuscript
 this booke.

I

Now remember how by pro-
 mise bound
 Before this time I should
 have made you know
 Vpon what cause faire Bra-
 damant did ground,
 The jealous humours over-
 charg'd her so:
 She never took before so sore
 a wound,

She never felt before such bitter wo,
 No not the tale which *Richardetto* told her,
 In such a fit and so great pangs did hold her.

To tell you first, when I should have begun,
Renaldo call'd my tale another way,
 No sooner with *Renaldo* had I done,
 But straight with *Guidon* I was forc'd to stay:
 From this to that thus unawares I run,
 That I forgot of *Bradamant* to say:
 But now I mean to speak of her, before
 I speak of those two champions any more.

Yet needs I borrow must a word or twaine,
 How *Agramant* to *Arly* did retire,
 And gather'd there the few that did remaine,
 Escaped from the fury of the fire:
 Where not farre off from *Affrica* nor *Spaine*,
 He plants as fit as he could well desire,
 For lying on a flood so neare the seas
 Both men and vitell were suppli'd at ease.

To muster men *Marfisa* had commission,
 That may supply the place of them were lost,

Of ships of warre there was no small provision,
 Soene had he gather'd up a mighty host:
 There was no want of armour and munition,
 There was no spare of labour nor of cost,
 That with such taxes *Affrica* was fessed,
 That all the Cities were full sore oppressed.

And further *Agramant*, that he might win
 Fierce *Rodoment* to aid him with his power,
 Did offer him a match of his neare kin,
 King *Almonts* daughter with a Realme in dower,
 But he his profer weighs not worth a pin,
 But keeps the bridge, and doth the passage scowre,
 That with his spoiles the place was welnigh fill'd,
 Of those he had dismounted, rane, and kill'd.

But faire *Marfisa* took another way:
 For when she heard how long the siege had lasted,
 How *Agramant* his camp at *Arly* lay,
 How both his men were slaine, and store was wasted,
 She sought no cause of any more delay,
 But thither straight without inviting hastened,
 Her purse and person offering in the fight,
 In just defending of his crown and right.

She brings *Brunello*, and the king she gave him,
 Who had giv'n cause of very just offence,
 Ten dayes and ten, she did of curtsie save him,
 To see who durst to stand in his defence,
 But when that no man made the means to have him,
 Though she to kill him had so good pretence,
 She thought it base, her noble hands to file,
 Vpon an abject dastard, and a vile.

She

Looke hereof
 in the Marg.

Looke in the Vn-
 derstand of
 the booke.

Looke in the
 history of
 the booke.
 Looke in the
 title of *Alc-*
 mure:
 See cum
 furor
 inspirator,
 Luciferum
 in inferis
 deservens esse

8
She will deferre reveng of all his wrong;
And unto *Arly* brought him to the King,
Whose joy to tell, would aske a learned tongue,
Both for the aid, and present she did bring:
(For shew whereof, before it should be long,
He offerd her to make *Brunello* wring:
And at what time she pleased to appoint,
To have him sent to crack his chiefest joynt)

9
Unto some desert place he banisht was,
To serve for meat for carrion crows and pyes,
Rogero that had helpt him oft (alas)
Now cannot heare his piteous mones and cries:
He lyes sore wounded, as it comes to passe,
And little knowes where poore *Brunello* lyes:
And when he understands thereof at last,
It is so late already it is past.

10
This while what torments *Bradamant* indured,
Those twenty days, how did she waile and mourne?
Against which time she thought her selfe assured,
Her love to her, and to the faith should turne:
She makes no doubt but he might have procured,
Within that space to make his home returne,
(Yea though he were in prison kept or banished)
If troth and care of promise were not vanished.

11
In this long looking she would often blame,
The fierie coursers of the heavenly light,
She thought that *Phæbus* wheelles were out of frame,
Or that his charriot was not in good plight:
Great *Iosuahs* day seemd shorter then these same,
And shorter seemd the false *Amphitrions* night: (bled
Each day and night she thought was more then dou-
So fancie blind her sence and reason troubled.

12
She now envyes the Dormouse of his rest,
And wisht some heavy sleepe might overtake her,
Wherewith she might most deadly be posselt,
Till her *Rogero* should returne to wake her:
But waking cares ay lodged in her brest,
That her desired sleepe did quite forsake her:
To sleepe so long doth so much passe her power,
She cannot frame her eyes to wincke one hower.

13
But turnes and tosses in her restlesse bed,
(Alas no turning turnes her cares away)
Oft at the window she puts forth her bed,
To see how neare it waxeth unto day,
When by the dawning, darke some night is fled,
She notwithstanding stands at that same stay:
And during all the time the day doth last,
She wishes for the night againe as fast.

14
When fiftene dayes were of the twenty spent,
She growes in hope that his approach is ny,
Then from a towre with eyes to *Paris* bent,
She waytes and watches if she can descry
At least some messenger that he hath sent,
May bring the news where her sweet heart doth ly,
And satisfie her mind by what hard chance,
He is constrained to stay so long in France.

15
If farre aloofe the shine of armour bright,
Or any thing resembling it she spies,
She straightway hopes it is her only Knight,
And wipes her face and clears her blubbred eyes:
If any one unarm'd do come in sight,
It may be one from him, she doth surmise:
And though by prooffe she finde each hope untrue,
She ceaseth not for that, to hope anew.

16
Sometime all arm'd she mounteth on her steed,
And so rides forth in hope to meet her deare,
But soone some fancie her conceit doth feed,
That he is past some other way more neare:
Then homeward hasteth she with as much speed,
Yet she at home no newes of him can heare:
From day to day she passeth on this fashion,
Hither and thither tossed with her passion.

17
Now when her twenty daies were full expired,
And that beside were passed some dayes more,
Yet not *Rogero* come, whom she desired,
Her heart with care and sorrowes waxed sore;
With cries & plaints the woods and caves she tyred,
Her breasts she beat, her golden locks she tore,
Nor while these gripes of griefe her heart embrace,
Doth she forbear her eyes or Angels face.

18
Why then (quoth she) be seemes it me in vaine,
To seeke him still, who thus from me doth slide?
Shall I esteeme of him that doth disdain
My sute, and scorne the torments I abide?
Him, in whose heart a hate of me doth raine,
Him, that accounts his verrues so well tride,
As though some goddesse should from heav'n descend,
Before that he his heart to love would bend?

19
Though stout he is, he knows how well I love him,
And how I honor him with soule and hart,
Yet can my hot affection nothing move him,
To let me of his love possesse some part:
And lest he might perceiue it would behove him
To ease my griefe, if he did know my smart,
To give me hearing of my plaint he feares,
As to the charme the Adder stoppes his cares.

20
Love; stop his course that doth so loosely range,
And sit so fast before my sorrie pace,
Or with my former state else let me change,
When I sought not to tracke thy tedious trace:
I hope in vaine, remorse to thee is strange,
Thou dost triumph upon my piteous case:
For hearts thy meat, thy drinke is lovers reares,
Their cries the Musicke doth delight thine cares.

Sentence a-
gainst love.

21
But whom blame I? it was my fond desire,
That first entist me to this killing call,
And made me past my reach so far aspire,
That now I feele the greater is my fall:
For when aloft my wings be toucht with fire,
Then farewell flight and I am left to fall:
But still they spring, and still I upward tend,
And still I see my fall, and finde no end.

Z

Desire

22
Desire quoth I? my selfe I was too light,
To give desire an entrance in my brest,
Who when he had my reason put to flight,
And of my heart himselfe was full posselt,
No roome for joy is left, or hearts delight,
Since I do harbour this unruly guest,
Who though he guide me to my certaine fall,
The long expectance grieves me worst of all.

23
Then mine the fault be, if it be a fault,
To love a Knight deserves to be beloved,
With all good inward parts so richly fraught,
Whose vertues be so knowne, and well approved;
And more, whom would not his sweet face haue
My self, I must confesse, his beautie moved: (caught?)
What blind unhappie wretch were she would shun,
The pleasing prospect of the precious Sun?

24
Beside my destinie which drew me on,
By others sugred speech I was entrained,
As though I should by this great match anon,
Another *Paradise* on earth have gained:
But now their words into the wind be gon,
And I in *Purgatorie* am restrained:
Well may I *Merlin* curse the false deceiver,
Yet my *Rogero* I shall love for ever.

25
I hop't of *Merlins* and *Melissas* promises,
Who did such stories of our race foretells:
Is this the profit of beleeving prophesies,
And giving credit to the sprites of hell?
Alas they might have found them better offices,
Then me to flout that trusted them so well:
But all for envie have they wrought me this,
So to bereave me of my former blis.

26
Thus sighs and lamentations are not fained,
Small place was left for comfort in her brest:
Yet spite of sorrows hope was entertained,
And though with much a do, yet in it prest;
To ease her mourning heart when she complained,
And giving her sometimes, some little rest,
By sweet remembrance of the words he spake,
When he was forst of her his leave to take.

27
The minding of those words did so recure
Her wounded heart that she was well content,
For one months space his absence to endure,
Yea when his dayes of promise quite were spent,
Yet still she lookt for him you may be sure,
And many a time that way she came and went,
Till by the way at last such news she hard,
That all the hope she had before, was mard.

28
For she by chance did meet a *Gascoigne* Knight,
That in the warres of *Affrica* was caught,
One that was taken captive in that fight,
Then when fore *Paris* the great field was fought.
What she requires to know, he could recite,
But careless of the other news he brought,
Of her *Rogero* chiefly she enquires,
To heare of him is all that she desires.

29
Of whom the Knight could let her understand,
(For in that Court he late his life had led)
How *Mandricard* and he fought hand to hand,
And how much blood on either part was shed:
And though by wounds himselfe in perill stand,
That he subdew'd his foe, and left him ded,
Now if with this, his story he had ended,
Rogeros scule had very well bin mended.

30
But he proceeds to tell, how one was theare,
A Ladie hight *Marfisa* in the feeld,
Whose fame for martiall acts did shine most cleare,
Whose beauty rare to few or none did yeeld,
Rogero her, she held *Rogero* deare,
They never were asunder or but seeld,
And that they two, as ev'rie one there saith,
The one the tother plighted have their faith.

31
And if *Rogero* once were whole and sound,
Their wedding should be celebrate with speed;
That such a paine as yet was never found,
And happie they should come of such a seed:
How much it joy'd the *Fagan* Princes round,
To thinke upon therace they two should breed,
Which likely were all others to excell
In feats of arms that erst on earth did dwell.

32
The *Gascoigne* Knight of all that he had sed,
Himselfe had reason to beleve was sooth,
So generall a fame thereof was spred,
There were but few but had it in their mouth.
Some little kindnesse she did use had fed
Their foolish humors of this false untrowth;
Still fame will grow if once abroad it flie,
Although the ground be troth or be a lye.

33
They came indeed together to this fight,
And many times together they were scene,
For he was warlike, stout and worthy Knight,
And she a gallant, faire, and daintie Queene,
By which, iuspition never judging right,
Did gather straight they had assured beene:
And specially because when she departed,
To visite him she was so soone reverted.

34
Of iust suspect their reason was but slender,
If they had weighed well their vertues rare,
Though of his wounds she seemd to be so tender,
And of his danger had so great a care,
Against bad tongues no goodnes can defend her,
For those most free from faults, they least wil spare,
But prae of them whom they have scantly knowne,
And judge their humors to be like their owne.

35
Now when the Knight avowd the tale he told,
(And yet in truth you know t'was but a tale)
The damels heart was toucht with shivering cold,
The little hope she had away it stole,
Almost in sound her seate she scarce could hold:
With mourning cheare, and face both wan and pale,
She said no more: but mad with griefe and ire,
Her horse she turn'd, and homeward did retire.

All

36
And all in armout on her bed she lyes,
She wisht a thousand times she now were ded,
She bytes the sheets to dampe her sobs and cries,
The *Gascoign* news still bearing in her bed:
Her heart is swolne, and blubbed be her eyes,
With trickling teares bedewed is her bed,
When griefe would be no longer holden in,
Needs out it must, and thus it doth begin.

37
Ah wretched me, whom might a maiden finde,
In whom she might be bold to put her trust?
Since you *Rogero* mine, become unkinde,
And tread your faith and promise in the dust;
You only you, mine eye so farre did blinde,
I still esteem'd you faithfull, true and just:
Ah never wench that loved so sincerely,
Was in requitall punisht so severely.

38
Why (my *Rogero*) why do you forget?
(Sith you in beantie passe each other Knight,
And do in feats of armes such honor get,
As none can match your chivalrie in fight)
This golden vertue with the rest to set,
By which your glorious name will shine more bright
If as in other graces you abound,
So in your promise constancie were found?

39
This is the vertue breeds most estimation,
By which all other vertues shew more cleare,
As things most faire do loose their commendation,
Which by the want of light can not appeare:
What glory was it by false protestation,
Her to deceive whose Saint and God you were?
Whom your fair speeches might have made belceve
That water would be carrid in a sceve.

40
From any haynous act wouldst thou refraine,
That murtherd her who beares thee so good will?
How wouldst thou use thy foe, that thus in paine
Dost let thy frend to be tormented still?
Thou that with breach of faith thy heart dost staine,
No doubt thou dost not care for doing ill;
Well this I know, that God is ever just,
He will ere long revenge my wrongs I trust.

41
For why, unthankfulness is that great sin,
Which made the Divell and his angels fall,
Lost him and them the joyes that they were in,
And now in hell detaines them bound and thrall:
Then marke the guerdon thou art like to win,
For why like faulrs like punishment do call,
In being thus unthankfull unto me,
That alwayes was so faithfull unto thee.

42
Besides of theft thy selfe thou canst not quit,
If theft it be to take that is not thine;
The keeping of my heart: no that's not it,
That thou shouldst have it I do not repine,
Thy selfe thou stalst, which I can not remit,
Thy selfe thou knowst thou art, or shouldst be mine,
Thou knowst damnation doth to them belong,
That do keepe backe anothers right by wrong.

43
Though thou *Rogero* do forsake me so,
I can not will nor chuse but love thee still,
And since there is no measure of my wo,
Death is the only way to end mine ill,
But thus to cut of life, and thou my fo
It makes me do it with a worser will,
Yet had I dyd when best I did thee please,
I should have counted death, no death but ease.

44
When with these words she was resolv'd to dy,
She tooke her sword in hand for that intent,
And forst her selfe upon the point to ly,
Her armour then her purpose did prevent,
A better spirit checkt her by and by:
And in her heart this secret reason went,
O nobl. Ladie borne to so great fame,
Wilt thou thus end thy dayes with so great shame?

45
Nay rather if thou beest resolv'd to dy,
Vnto the campe why dost thou not repaire,
Where bodies of brave Knights in heaps do ly?
Lo there to honour the directest staire,
The losse of life with glory thou mayst buy,
To die in thy *Rogeros* sight were faite,
And happily by him thou mayst be slaine,
So he that wrought thy wo may rid thy paine.

46
Thou mayst be sure *Marfisa* there to see,
Who hath so falsly stolne away thy frend;
If first on her thou couldst revenged be,
With more contented mind thy dayes would end.
Vnto this counsell she doth best agree,
And onward on this journey straight doth tend,
She takes a new device that might implic
A desperation, and a will to die.

47
The collour of her bafes was almost,
Like to the falling whitish leaves and drie,
Which when the moisture of the branch is lost,
Forsakenly about the tree doth lye.
With Cipresse trunks embroderd and embost,
(For Cipresse once but cut will alwaies die)
A fine conceipt, she thinks to represent
In secret sort her inward discontent.

48
She rooke *Astolfo* horse and *Goldelance*,
As fittest both for this her present fear,
That speare could make the bravest Knight to dance,
And caper with a ruch beside his seate.
But where *Astolfo* had it, by what chance,
Or why he gave it, need I not repeate,
She tooke it, notwithstanding her election,
Not knowing of that magicall confectiō.

49
Thus all alone without both Squire and Page,
Thus furnished she set her selfe in way,
To *Paris* ward she traveld in a rage,
Whereas the campe of *Sarçins* lately lay,
And (as she thought) kept up King *Charles* in cage,
Not understanding how before that day,
Renaldo aiding *Charles* with *Malagege*,
Had forced them from thence to raise their seege.

*Flavia.
Looks in the
allusion, of
the shield of
gold.*

50
Now had she left mount *Dordon* at her backe,
When little way behind her she descrie,
A gallant Damsell following of her tracke,
A shield of gold unto her saddle tide,
Of Squires and other servants none did lacke,
And three brave Knights were riding by her side,
But of the Squires that overtook her last,
She askt one what those were that by her past.

51
And straight the worthie Ladie it was told,
How from *Pole Artike* that same damsell came,
Sent from a Queene, with that faire shield of gold,
Vnto King *Charles* (that there was knowne by fame)
But so, as he must this condition hold,
That on a Knight he must bestow the same,
Such one as he in his imagination,
For prowess deemed most worthy reputation.

52
For she of *Island Ile* that holds the raigne,
And is (and knows it) that she is most faire,
Doth thinke she should her worth not little staine,
And her great fame and honour much impaire,
If any Knight her Ile and her should gaine,
Except he stood so high on honors staire,
As that he were adjudg'd in seats of warre,
The prymer man, and passing others faire.

53
Wherefore the cause she sends to *France* is this,
She thinks if she shall finde one any where,
That in the Court of *France* he surely is:
And therefore she doth send to greet him there.
As for those three, because you shall not misse,
To know the truth, I tell you what they were:
They were 3 Kings, of whom great fame there goth,
Of *Norway* one, one *Swethland*, one of *Goth*.

54
These three, though far they dwell from *Island Ile*,
Yet love of that same Queene hath brought them hi-
This Ile is call'd *Perduta* otherwhile, (ther,
Because the seamen leese it in foule weather:
These Kings liv'd from their country in exile,
And to this Queene were suters all together:
And she that knew not well how to forbid them,
With this same pretie shift from thence she rid them,

55
She saith, she minds to wed for her behoofe,
That wight that most excels in warlike action,
And though (quoth she) you shew no little prooffe,
Of vales here (as were in privat faction)
Yet I must have you tride more far aloofe,
Before my mind can have full satisfaction:
Wherefore I meane my selfe and crowne to yeeld
Alone to him that bringeth backe my sheeld.

56
This is the cause that these three Kings did move
Each one to come from so remote a nation,
With purpose firme their utmost force to prove,
To win the golden shield with reputation,
Or leese their lives, for that faire Ladies love,
If that they failed of their expectation.
When he had told her thus, he her forsooke,
And soone his company he overtooke.

57
The Damsell rode a softer pace behind,
And so as in a while she lost their sight,
And often she revolved in her mind,
The tale the fellow told, with small delight.
She doubts this shield bestow'd in such a kind,
Will be in *France* a cause of brall and fight,
That this will be a meanes she greatly feares,
To set her kin together all by th' cares.

58
This fancie mov'd her much, but more then this,
That former jealous fancie did her move,
That her *Rogeros* kindnesse alterd is,
That on *Marfisa* he had plapt his love:
This so posselt her sence that she did misse
Her way, nor never thought as did behove,
Till night was almost come, and Sunne nigh set,
Where she a lodging for her selfe may get.

59
Ev'n as an emptie vessell that was tide, *Simile.*
Vnto the wharfe, with some old rotten cable,
If that the knot do hap to breake or slide,
So that to hold it be no longer able,
Is borne away, as please the wind and tide:
So *Bradamant*, with mind and thoughts unstable,
Was in such muse, as she the right way mist,
And so was borne, where *Rabicano* list.

60
But when she saw the Sunne was almost set,
She tooke more heede, and asking of a clowne,
(A Shepherd that by hap there by she met)
Where she might lodging get er Sunne went downe
The Shepherd made her answer, that as yet
She was almost a league from any towne,
Or other place where she might eate or lodge,
Save at a Castle cald sir *Triframs* lodge.

61
But ev'rie one that list, is not assured,
Though he do thither come, to stay therein,
To martiall seats they must be well inured,
With speare and shield they must their lodging win:
Such custome in the place hath long indured,
And many years ago it did begin,
Wherefore tis good that one be well advised,
Ere such an act by him be enterprised.

62
In brieft thus is their order, if a Knight
Do finde the lodgings void, they him receive,
With promise, that if more arive that night,
Either he shall to them his lodging leave,
Or else with each of them shall prove in fight,
Which of them can of lodging tother reave:
If none do come that night he shall in quiet,
Have both his horsemeat, lodging, and his diet.

63
If foure or five do come together first,
The Castle keeper them must entertaine,
Who cometh single after, hath the worst,
For if he hope a lodging there to gaine,
He must (acc'rding to that law accurst)
Fight with all those, that did therein remaine:
Likewise if one come first, and more come later,
He must go fight with them yet nere the later.

*The order of
Sir Trifram
lodge.*

The

64

The like case is, if any maid or dame
Do come alone, or else accompanied,
Both they that first, and they that latest came,
Must by a Iurie have their beauties tried:
Then shall the fairest of them hold the same,
Unto the rest that come shall be denied:
Thus much the shepheard unto her did say,
And with his finger shewd to her the way.

65

About three miles was distant then the place,
The damsell thither hasts with great desire,
And though that *Rabicano* trot apace,
Yet was the way so deepe and full of mire,
The snow and drift still beating in their face,
She later came then manners good require,
But though it were as then both darke and late,
She boldly bounced at the castle gate.

66

The porter told her that the lodgings all
Were filld by Knights that late before them tooke,
Who now stood by the fire amid the hall,
And did ere long to have their supper looke:
Well (answers she) then have they cause but small
(If they be supperlesse) to thanke the cooke;
I know (quoth she) the custome, and will keepe it,
And meane to win their lodging ere I sleepe yet.

67

The Porter went and did her message bold,
To those great states then standing by the fire,
Who tooke small pleasure when they heard it told,
For thence to part they had so small desire,
Now chiefly when twas rainie, darke and cold,
But so their oth and order did require,
That they must do it, were it cold or warme,
And therefore quickly they themselves did arme.

68

These were those three great kings, whom that same day
Dame *Bradamant* had scene but few houres past,
Though they had sooner finished their way,
Because she rode so soft, and they so fast.
Now when they were all arm'd, they make no stay,
But all on horsebacke mount themselves at last:
No doubt but few in strength these three did passe,
Yet of those few, sure one this damsell was,

69

Who purpos'd (as it seemeth) nothing lesse,
Then in sower and in so cold a night,
To lack a lodging and sleepe supperlesse:
Now those within at windowes see the sight,
The men themselves on horsebacke do addresse,
To looke thereon, for why the Moone gave light:
And thus at last, though first twere somewhat late,
They did abase the bridge and ope the gate.

70

Ev'n as a secret and lascivious lover,
Rejoyceth much, when after long delayes,
And many feares, in which his hope did hover,
He heares at last the noise of pretie kayes:
So *Bradamant* that hopes now to recover
A lodging, for the which so long she staves,
Did in her mind in such like sort rejoyce,
When as she heard the watchfull porters voyce.

71

Now when those Knights and some few of their traine,
Were past the bridge, the dame her horse doth turne
To take the field, and then with speed againe,
With full careere she doth on them returne,
And coucht that speare, yet never coucht in vaine,
For whom it hits it still doth overturne,
This speare her cosin, when he went from *France*,
Gave unto her, the name was *Goldelance*.

72

The valiant King of *Swetland* was the first
That met her, and the next the King of *Goth*,
The staffe doth hit them full, and never burst,
But from their saddles it did heave them both;
But yet the King of *Norway* sped the worst,
It seem'd to leave his saddle he was loth,
His girdles brake, and he fell upside downe,
In danger with the mire to choke and drowne.

73

Thus with three blows, three kings she down did beare,
And hoist their beels full he, their heads full low,
Then enterd she the castle voyd of feare,
They stand without that night in raine and snow,
Yet ere she could get in, one caus'd her sweare
To keepe the custome, which they made her know,
And then the master doth to her great honor,
And entertainment great bestowed on her.

74

Now when the Ladie did disarme her head,
Off with her helmet came her little caul,
And all her haire her shoulders overspred,
And both her sex and name was knowne withall,
And wonder great and admiration bred
In them that saw her make three Princes fall;
For why she shewd to be in all their sight,
As faire in face as she was fierce in fight.

75

Ev'n as a stage set forth with pompe and pride,
Where rich men cost and cunning art bestow,
When curtaines be remov'd that all did hide,
Doth make by light of torch a glittering show,
Or as the Sunne that in a cloud did bide,
When that is gone, doth clearer seeme to grow:
So *Bradamant* when as her head was barest,
Her colour and her beautie seemed rarest.

Simile.

Simile.

76

Now stood the guests all round about the fire,
Expecting food, with talke their eares yet feeding,
While ev'ry one doth wonder and admire,
Her speech and grace, the others all exceeding,
The while her host to tell she doth desire,
From whence and who this custome was proceeding,
That men were driv'n unto their disquiet,
To combat for their lodging and their diet.

77

Faire dame (said he) sometime there rul'd in *France*,
King *Feramont*, whose sonne a comely Knight,
Clodian by name, by good or evill chance,
Vpon a lovely Ladie did alight:
But as we see it oftentimes doth chance,
That jealousie in love marres mans delight,
Thus he of her in time so jealous grew,
He durst not let her go out of his vew.

Z:

Nor

Simile.

78
 Nor ever *Argus* kept the milkewhite cow
 More straight, then *Clodian* here did keepe his wife,
 Ten Knightes to this place he doth allow,
 Thereby for to prevent all casuall strife;
 Thus hope and feare betweene, I know not how,
 As he prolongs his selfe-tormenting life,
 The good sir *Tristram* thither did repaire,
 And in his company a Ladie faire.

Simile.

79
 Whom he had rescude but a little since
 From *Giant* hand, with whom he did her find,
 Sir *Tristram* sought for lodging with the Prince,
 For then the Sunne was very low declin'd;
 But as a horse with galled backe will wince,
 Ev'n so our *Clodian* with as galled mind
 For casting doubts and dreading ev'ry danger,
 Would by no meanes be won to lodge a stranger.

80
 When at sir *Tristram* long had prayd in vaine,
 And still denide the thing he did demanda,
 That which I cannot with your will obtaine,
 In spite of you (said he) I will commaund;
 I here will prove your villanic most plaine,
 With launce in rest, and with my sword in hand:
 And straight he challenged the combat then,
 To fight with *Clodian* and the other ten.

81
 Thus onely they agreed upon the case,
 If *Clodian* and his men were overthrowne,
 That all then presently should voyd the place,
 And that sir *Tristram* there should lie alone:
 Sir *Clodian* to avoid so great disgrace,
 The challenge tooke, for why excuse was none:
 In fine, both *Clodian* and his men well knockt,
 And from the castle that same night were lockt.

82
 Triumphant *Tristram* to the Castle came,
 And for that night, as on his owne he staid,
 And there he saw the Princes, lovely dame,
 And talkt with her, who him not little pleased:
 This while sir *Clodian* was in part with shame,
 And more with thought and jealous feare diseased,
 Disdaining not in humble sort to woo him,
 By message mild to send his wife unto him.

83
 But he, though her he do not much esteeme,
 For why, by meanes of an enchanted potion,
Isotta fairest unto him did seeme,
 To whom he yowed had his whole devotion;
 Yet for he did the jealous *Clodian* deeme
 Some plague to merit, he denide his motion;
 And swears it were no manners nor no reason,
 A Ladie to unlodge at such a season.

84
 But if (saith he) it do his mind offend;
 To lie all night alone and keepe abode;
 Tell him I will this other Ladie send
 To him, that shall with him make her abode:
 Now tell him that to keepe this I intend,
 The which to win, I have such paine bestow'd,
 'Tis reason that the fairest should remaine
 With him that is the strongest of us twaine.

85
Clodian in mind was wondrous malcontent,
 Vs'd so not like a Prince but like a patch,
 That puffing, blowing up and downe he went
 All night, as one were set to keepe a watch:
 But whether he do chafe or else lament,
 He found the Knight for him too hard a match.
 Next day sir *Tristram* let him have his wife,
 And so for that time finisht was the strife.

86
 For openly he on his honour swore,
 That he her honour had that night preserved,
 Although discourtesies he had before
 Had at his hands a great revenge deserved;
 Yet in that *Clodian* had lod'gd out of dore,
 He was content that penance should have served,
 He nathelasse tooke it for no good excuse,
 To say that love was cause of such abuse.

87
 For love should gentle make rude hearts and base,
 And not in gentle mind breed humors vile:
 Now when sir *Tristram* parted from the place,
 Sir *Clodian* meant to stay there but a while,
 But to a Knight that stood much in his grace,
 He graunts the keeping of this stately pile:
 Keeping one law for him and for his heires,
 With ev'ry one that to the place repaires.

88
 That namely ever he that was most strong,
 Should there be lodg'd, and she that was most faire,
 And that the rest should take it for no wrong,
 To walke abroad into the open aire:
 This is the law which hath endured long,
 And no man may the strength thereof impaire:
 Now while the man this storie did repeate,
 The steward on the boord did set the meate.

89
 The boord was coverd in a stately hall,
 Whose match was scarce in all the country scene,
 With goodly pictures drawne upon the wall,
 All round about, but chiefly on the screene;
 These they did looke on, with delight not small,
 And would have quite forgot their meate I weene,
 Save that their noble host did them advise,
 To feed their bellies first, and then their eyes.

90
 Now as they downe did at the table sit,
 The master of the house began to lowre,
 And said they did an error great commit,
 To lodge two Ladies come in sundry howre:
 Needs one must be put out, where ere it hir,
 And go abroad into the cold and showre:
 The fairest (sith they came not both together)
 Must bide, the foulest must go trie the wether.

91
 Two aged men and women more beside
 He cald, and bad them quickly take a vew,
 Which of the twaine should in the place abide,
 And namely which of twaine had fairest hew:
 This Iurie do the matter soone decide,
 And gave their verdit, as it was most trew,
 That *Bradamant* past her in hew as farre,
 As she exceld the men in feates of warre.

Then

92
Then spake the Knight unto the Island dame,
Whose mind was full of timorous suspicion,
I pray you thinke it not a scorne or shame,
For hence you must, there can be no remission.
Poore *Ullany* (so was the damfells name)
Doth thinke she now is driv'n to hard condition,
Yet in her conscience true she knew it was,
That *Bradaman* in beauty her did passe.

93
Ev'n as we see the Sunne obscur'd sometime,
By sudden rising of a mistie cloud,
Engendred by the vapor-breeding slime,
And in the middle region then * embow'd:
So when the damsell plainly saw that time,
Her presence in the place was not allow'd,
She was so chang'd in count'nance and in cheare,
That ev'n unlike her selfe she did appeare.

94
But much astonysd with the sudden passion,
She readie was to sound in all their sight;
But *Bradaman* that would not for compassion
Permit that she should go abroade that night,
Did say, this triall was of no good fashion,
And that the judgement hardly could be right,
When men observe not this same chiefe regard,
As not to judge before both parts be hard.

95
I, that on me do take her to defend,
Say thus, that be I faire, or lesse or more,
I came not as a woman, nor intend
As woman now to be adjudg'd therefore,
Who knowes my sex, except I condescend
To shew the same? and one should evermore
Shun to confirme things doubtfull, or deny it,
When chiefly others may be harmed by it.

96
Yet who can say precisely what I am?
For many men do weare their haire as long,
And you do know that as a man I came,
And all my gestures to a man belong;
Wherefore in giving me a womans name,
To both of us perhaps you may do wrong;
Your law points women (if their right be donne)
By women, not by warriors to be wonne.

97
But yet admit it were as you do guesse,
That I indeed were of the female gender,
Though that it is so, I do not confesse,
Should I to her my lodging then surrender,
If that my beauty of the two were lesse?
No sure, in that the reason were but slender:
The price that unto vertue longs of dewtie,
Should not be tane away for want of bewtie.

The first fiftie staves of this booke I may call mine, as the Poet Martiall saith in a little Epigram of his, of a Gentle-
womans periwig, fiftene hundred yeares since, I thinke the verse was this, or such another,

Esse suos jurat, quos emit Galla capillos,
Dic fodes, numquid pejerat illa mihi?

To this effect in English:

The goodly haire that *Galla* weares,
Is hers, who would have thought it?
She sweares it is, and true she sweares,
For I know where she bought it.

98
And if your law were such, that needs of force,
Vnto the fairest lodging should be given,
Yet at this feast I tary would perforce,
And from my lodging I would not be driven:
Wherefore mine argument I thus enforce,
That this same match betweene us is not even,
For staving here with me, the case is plaine,
She much may leesse, and little she may gaine.

99
And where the gaine and losse unequall is,
The match is evill made in common sence,
Wherefore I thinke it were not much amisse,
With this same law for this time to dispence;
And if that any dare mislike of this,
Or seeme to take the matter in offence,
I will with sword be readie to maintaine,
That mine advice is good, and his is vaine.

100
Thus noble *Ammons* daughter mov'd with pittie
In her behalfe, who to her great disgrace
Should have bin sent, where neither towne nor citie
Was neare almost in three leagues of the place,
Fram'd her defence so stout and eke so witie,
That to her reason all the rest gave place,
But chiefe the perill great and hazard waying,
That might have grown to them by her gainfaying.

101
As when the Sunne in sommer hath most powre,
And that the ground with heate thereof is rived,
For want of raine the drie and parched flowre
Doth fade, and is as twere of life deprived,
But if in season come a fruitfull showre,
It riseth up and is againe revived:
So when the damsell this defence did heare,
She waxed faire againe, of better cheare.

102
And thus at last they fell unto their feast
In quiet sort, for none did come that night,
To challenge any of them, or molest,
No traveller, nor any wandring Knight;
All merry were but *Bradamante* least,
Fell jealousie bard her of all delight,
Her stomacke so dissembling, and her tast,
She tooke no pleasure of that sweet repast.

103
When supper ended was, they all arise,
Although perhaps they would have longer sate,
Sate for desire they had to feed their eyes,
And now the night was spent and waxed late,
The master of the house in seemly wise,
Doth call for torches to set out his state,
And straight with torch light filled was the hall,
But what they saw, hereafter shew I shall.

And so may I as truly sweare these are mine, for they were given me by my brother (Francis Harington) who made them for a proofe of his witte in this kind; and if his storb had not bin as blame-worthy, as his skill is praise-worthy, he had caused me of much of the paine that I tooke with the rest: and methinks when I reade his and mine owne together, the phrase agrees so well, as it were two brothers. Though he (in his modestie) would needs give his elder brother leave to take all the paines, and praise (if there were any,) following herein the example of divers, indeed studious and learned Gentlemen, that have either disdained to bestow so much paines on another mans worke, or at least wou'd not leese so much time from more grave or more profitable studies; or (which perhaps is the chiefeest reason) because they seele, that though it is but a sport, to write now and then a little odde sonet, yet it is some labour to write a long and sciled stile: as Tullie saith of writing in prose, *Stilus est optimus dicendi magister, sed laboris magni est, quem plerique fugimus* Writing is the best schoolmaster for eloquence, but (saith he) it is a painefull thing, and that most of us cannot away withall. And yet I find (having written in both kinds now and then, as my slender capacity would serve me) that prose is like a faire Greene way, wherein a man may travel a great journey and not be weary; but verse is a myny lane, in which a mans horse pulls out one leg after another with much ado, and often drives his master to light to helpe him out: but I shall travell anon so far in this Greene way, that I shal be out of my right way, or at least besiae my matter, and therefore I now come to the morall.

Morall.

In the Morall of this xxxij. booke, in the person of Agramant we may note, how a Generall must not upon one foyle or one ill day (as they call it) despaire of his affaires, or abandon his enterpryse, but betake him to some strong place of advantage, till they may make head againe. In which kind, the old Romans (conquerors of the world) above all other things shewed their unconquered minds; and specially then, when Terentius Vario had received that great foyle and overthrow by Hannibal, as Livie noteth in the end of the xxij. booke. *Quo in tempore ipso, adeo magno animo civitas fuit, ut Consuli ex tanta clade (cujus ipse magna causa fuisset) redeunti, & obviam itum frequenter ab omnibus ordinibus sit, & gratia acta, quod de republica non desperasset. Cui si Carthaginiensium ductor fuisset, nihil recusandum supplicij foret.* What time (saith Livie) the citie was of so great courage, that the Consul returning from so mightie an overthrow (of which himselfe had bin a great occasion) yet was publicly and solemnly met by all the companies, and had speciall thanks given him because he despaired not of the common state: who had he bin captain of the Carthaginians, no punishment had bin too much for him. Further, in Brunello that had sometimes bin Agramants secretary, and yet now was hanged for justice sake, we may note, that wicked men, though they be sometime advanced by their Princes to great honors and wealth, yet when their oppressions and thefts shall be plainly bouted out and manifestly proved, law will have his course, and justice must be done. And yet we see also in this booke, in Bradamants defence of Villany against the law of Sir Tristrams lodge that for the most part lawes are but like Spiders webs, taking the small Gnats, or perhaps sometime the fat flesh flies, but Hornets that have sharpe stings and greater strength, breake through them.

Historic.

Of Iosuas day, which he toucheth in the xi. stasse, the holy Scripture speaks of, how he made the Sunne stand still. But for the false Amphitrios night, though it seeme meere fabulous as it is told, that Iupiter made the night three nights long, to take the more pleasure of Alcmena, yet me think it is worth the observation, how the very prophane and vaine writings of old times do concur with the sacred Scriptures; for whensoever the birth of Hercules was, which I dare not affirme to have bin at that time, and yet by computation it wil not fall long after. For Hercules was a great while before the last Trojan warres, and many old writers agree, that Priamus lived in Davids time, and sent to him for succor: but howsoever that may be proved for the certaine time of his birth, certain it is, when the Sunne stood still in one part of the world, then in reason at their Antipodes and in the other Hemisphere it must needs be night all that while. And if the Sunne were almost downe when Iosua spake (as it may be conjectured) because he would not leave want of light to pursue his enemies untill the Sunne were nere setting, then it might be night, even in the same Hemisphere within a few degrees. As for example, it is night one hundred miles Eastward sooner then it is so farre Westward by a good while: (as they that are Astronomers can easily resolve the simplest that is.) But to be short, it is verified by many writers that there was one night observed to be longer then her fellows, which night either Hercules was borne upon, or else was fained to be begotten upon, and therefore they surnamed him *Ternarius* of that night that was as long as three nights. But this I submit to the judgement of learned Divines.

Allegorie.

The colour and embroidery of Bradamants bases in the 47. stasse, betokening desperation is there shewed, I need not long to stand upon: for as for those hidden mysteries of colours, with their applications, of blue to constancie, tawnye for saken, white for virginity, and the rest, they are very well knowne to all our gallant Gentlemen; who often have more cost in their clothes, and wit in their colours, then coine in their coffers, or learning in their heads.

Allusion.

Of the Island Queene that sent the shield of gold to France, which Bradamant thought would but breed quarrels, Fornarius noteth, that mine Author did therein covertly allude to a matter betweene England and France, for Ariosto lived in Henry the eight his time, and maketh very honorable mention of him. But thus it was: After the death of Lewes of France, Marie the younger sister of King Henrie the eight remaining his Dowager, our King sent for his sister to come into England: but Francis the first, loth she should go out of France, in respect of the great dower she should carry with her, which by the custome of that country was a third part of the revenue of the Crowne; and yet fearing to have warres with King Henrie, made this offer, that if he would send some brave man or armes that could win her in the field, he should have her: our King made no dainties to accept the offer, and making it knowne to his Court, Sir Charles Brandon tooke the matter on him, and in fine overcoming foure Frenchmen, with the franke consent of both Kings married the Queene Dowager, and was here in England (as we all know) made Duke of Suffolk; of whose offspring there remaine yet some most worthy branches, but the like to him for armes and cavallary (as we terme it) is my noble good Lord, the Lord Strange, whose value and vertue need not this my barren and bricfe testimonie.



And so may I as truly sweare these are mine, for they were given me by my brother (Francis Harrington) who made them for a prooofe of his veine in this kind; and if his stork had not bin as blame-worthy, as his skill is praiseworthy, he had caused me of much of the paine that I tooke with the rest: and me thinks when I reade his and mine owne together, the praise agrees so well, as it were two brothers. Though he (in his modestie) would needs give his elder brother leave to take all the paines, and praise (if there were any,) following herein the example of divers, indeed studious and learned Gentlemen, that have either disdained to bestow so much paines on another mans worke, or at least would not leese so much time from more grave or more profitable studies; or (which perhaps is the chiefe reason) because they feele, that though it is but a sport to write now and then a little odde sonet, yet it is some labour to write a long and seited stile: as Tullie saith of writing in prose; *Stilus est optimus dicendi magister, sed laboris magis est, quem plerique fugimus* Writing is the best schoolmaster for eloquence, but (saith he) it is a painefull thing, and that most of us cannot away withall. And yet I find (having written in both kinds now and then, as my slender capacity would serve me) that prose is like a faire Greene way, wherein a man may travel a great journey and not be weary; but verse is a myny lane, in which a mans horse pulls out one leg after another with much ado, and often drives his master to light to helpe him out: but I shall travell anon so far in this Greene way, that I shal be out of my right way, or at least beside my matter, and therefore I now come to the moral.

Moral.

In the Morall of this xxxij. booke, in the person of Agramant we may note, how a Generall must not upon one foyle or one ill day (as they call it) despaire of his affaires, or abandon his enterpryse, but betake him to some strong place of advantage, till they may make head againe. In which kind, the old Romantes (conquerors of the world) above all other things shewed their unconquered minds; and specially then, when Terentius Varro had received that great foyle and overthrow by Hannibal, as Livie noteth in the end of the xxij. booke. *Quo in tempore ipso, adeo magno animo civitas fuit, ut Consuli ex tanta clade (cujus ipse magna causa fuisset) redeunti, & obviam itum frequenter ab omnibus ordinibus sit, & grauius acta, quod de republica non desperasset. Cui si Carthaginensium ductor fuisset, nihil recusandum supplicij foret.* What time (saith Livie) the citie was of so great courage, that the Consull returning from so mightie an overthrow (of which himselfe had bin a great occasion) yet was publicly and solemnly met by all the companies, and had speciall thanks given him because he despaired not of the common state: who had he bin captain of the Carthaginians, no punishment had bin too much for him. Further, in Brunello that had sometimes bin Agramants secretary, and yet now was hanged for justice sake, we may note, that wicked men, though they be sometime advanced by their Princes to great honors and wealth, yet when their oppressions and thefts shall be plainly bouted out and manifestly proved, law will have his course, and justice must be done. And yet we see also in this booke, in Bradamants defence of Villany against the law of sir Tristrams lodge, that for the most part lawes are but like Spiders webs, taking the small Gnats, or perhaps sometime the fat flesh flies, but Hornets that have sharpe stings and greater strength, breake through them.

Historic.

Of Iosuas day, which he toucheth in the xi. staffe, the holy Scripture speakes of, how he made the Sunne stand still. But for the false Amphitrios night, though it seeme meere fabulous as it is told, that Iupiter made the night three nights long, to take the more pleasure of Alcmena, yet me thinke it is worth the observation, how the very prophane and vaine writings of old times do concur with the sacred Scriptures; for whensoever the birth of Hercules was, which I dare not affirme to have bin at that time, and yet by computation it will not fall long after. For Hercules was a great while before the last Trojan warres, and many old writers agree, that Priamus lived in Davids time, and sent to him for succor: but howsoever that may be proved for the certaine time of his birth, certain it is, when the Sunne stood still in one part of the world, then in reason at their Antipodes and in the other Hemisphere it must needs be night all that while. And if the Sunne were almost downe when Iosua spake (as it may be conjectured) because he would not care want of light to pursue his enemies untill the Sunne were neare setting, then it might be night even in the same Hemisphere within a few degrees. As for example, it is night one hundred miles Eastward sooner then it is so farre Westward by a good while (as they that are Astronomers can easily resolve the simplest that is.) But to be short, it is verified by many writers that there was one night observed to be longer then her fellows, which night either Hercules was borne upon, or else was sained to be begotten upon, and therefore they firnamed him *Tripurarius* of that night that was as long as three nights. But this I submit to the judgement of learned Divines.

Allegorie.

The colour and embroidery of Bradamants bases in the 47. staffe, betokening desperation is there shewed, I need not long to st and upon: for as for those hidden mysteries of colours, with their applications, of blue to constancie, tawne for saken, white to virginity, and the rest, they are very well knowne to all our gallant Gentlemen, who often have more cost in their clothes, and wit in their colours, then come in their coffers, or learning in their heads.

Allusion.

Of the Island Queene that sent the shield of gold to France, which Bradamant thought would but breed quarrels, Fornarius noteth, that mine Author did therein covertly allude to a matter betwene England and France, for Ariosto lived in Henry the eight his time, and maketh very honorable mention of him. But thus it was. After the death of Lewes of France, Marie the younger sister of R. Henrie the eight remaining his Dowager, our King sent for his sister to come into England: but Francis the first, loth she should go out of France, in respect of the great dowry she should carry with her, which by the custome of that country was a thirde part of the revenue of the Crowne; and yet fearing to have warres with King Henrie, made this offer, that if he would send some brave man at armes that could win her in the field, he should have her: our King made no dainties to accept the offer, and making it knowne to his Court, Sir Charles Brandon tooke the matter on him, and in fine overcoming foure Frenchmen, with the franke consent of both Kings married the Queene Dowager, and was here in England (as we all know) made Duke of Suffolke; of whose offspring there remaine yet some most worthy branches, but the like to him for armes and cavallary (as we terme it) is my noble good Lord, the Lord Strange, whose value and vertue need not this my barren and briefe testimony.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Faire Bradamant sees grav'n by passing art,
The future wars of France upon a screene,
Bayardos flight the combat fierce doth part,
Renaldo and the Sericane betweene.
Astolfo having past the greater part
Of all the world, and many countries scene,
Vnto Senapos kingdome last arrives,
And from his boord the foule Harpias drives.*

*Of these fa-
mous draw-
ers looks in the
history of this
book.*

TImagoras, Parrhasius, Po-
lignote,
Timant, Protogenes, Apol-
lodore,
With Zeuxis, one for skill
of speciall note:
Apelles eke, past all the rest
before:
Whose skill in drawing, all
the world doth note,
And talke of still (to writers thanks therefore)
Whose works and bodies, time and death did wast,
Yet spite of time and death their fames do last.

With others that in these our later daies
Have liv'd, as Leonard and John Belline,
And he that carves and drawes with equall praise,
Michell more then a man, Angell divine,
And Flores, whom the Flemmings greatly praise,
With Raphael and Titian passing fine,
With divers others that by due desert,
Do merit in this praise to have a part.

Yet all these cunning drawers with their skill,
Could not attaine by picture to expresse,
What strange events should happen well or ill,
In future times, no not so much as guesse:
This art is proper unto Magike still:
Orro a Prophet, or a Prophetesse.
By this rare art, the Brittish Merlin painted
Strange things, with which our age hath bin acquaint-

He made by Magike art, that stately hall,
And by the selfe same art he caus'd to be,

Strange histories ingraven on the wall,
Which (as I said) the guests desir'd to see.
Now when they were from supper risen all,
The pages lighted torches two or three,
Making the roome to shine as bright as day,
When to his guests the owner thus did say.

I would (quoth he) my guests, that you should know,
That these same stories that here painted are,
Of future warres the sequels sad do show,
That shall to Italie bring wo and care:
Whereas the French full many a bloodie blow
Shall take, while others they to harme prepare,
As Merlin here hath layd downe, being sent
From English Arthur, chiefe for this intent.

King Feramont that was the first that past
The streame of Rbine with armie great of France,
And being in possession quiet plast
Of all those parts, sturd with so luckie chance,
Straight in ambitious thought began to cast,
His rule and scepter higher to advance.
Which that he might to passe the better bring,
He made a league with Arthur English King.

Informing him how that his meaning was,
Of Italie the rule and crowne to get,
And askt his ayd to bring the same to passe,
Which never had atchieved bin as yet,
Now Merlin that did all men far surpass
In Magike art, his purpose sodight to let,
For Merlin had with Arthur so great credit,
He thought all Gospell was, if once he sed it.

This

*This part is
but a fiction
for Feramont
was many
years before
Arthur.*

*The Apelles
was a notable
proud King
of Lombardy*

*This Me
And
To A
The
As n
To
The
From*

*Like heres
the history
of the book.*

*And th
And
He r
Add
An
Th
An
The*

*And h
As
So
An
Bu
If
Th
An*

*Spoken. Lo fi
An
De
W
Bu
W
So
H*

*Next
A
B
V
V
S
V
T*

*Childerous
led confu-
and with the
pages.*

An

8

This Merlin then did first to *Artbur* show,
And then by *Artbur* was of purpose sent,
To *Fieramont* of *France*, to let him know
The cause why he misliked his intent,
As namely, many mischiefs that would grow,
To all that now, or that hereafter ment
The like attempt, advising him abstaine
From certaine trouble, for uncertaine gaine.

9

And that he might his courage more appall,
And quite remove him from this enterprife,
He made by Magicke, this so stately hall,
Adorned as you see in sumptuous wise,
And drew these histories upon the wall,
That what he saw in mind, they might with eyes,
And thereby know, that in Italian ground
The Flour de luce can near take root profound.

10

And how as often as the *French* shall come,
As friends to aid and free them from distresse,
So oft they shall their foes all overcome,
And fight with honor great, and good successe:
But be they sure to have that place their toome,
If so they come their freedome to oppresse;
Thus much the owner of the house them told,
And so went on, the storie to unfold.

11

Lo first how *Sigisbert* in hope of gaine,
And promises of Emperour *Mauricius*,
Doth passe the mountaines with a mighty traine,
With mind to *Lombardie* to be pernicious:
But *Ewtar* drives him backe by force againe,
When he of such attempt is least suspicious,
So that his enterprife is quite reversed,
Himselfe doth flie, and leave his men dispersed.

12

Next after him the proud *Clodoveus* went,
And had with him one hundred thousand men,
But him doth meet the Duke of *Benevent*,
With scarfe for ev'rie hundred souldiers, ten,
Who doth intrap him in an ambushment,
So as the *French* might well be lik'ned then,
While *Lombard* wines too greedily they took,
To fish beguiled with a baited hooke.

13

Straight *Childibertus* with a mighty host,
Doth come with mind to wipe away this blot:
But of his gainings he may make small boast,
For of his purpose he prevailed not:
His enterprife by heav'nly sword is crost,
The plague doth grow among his men so hot,
What with the burning feaver, and the flixe,
Of sixtie men, there scant returneth sixe.

14

Another picture lively doth expresse,
How that King *Pepin* and King *Charles* his sonne,
Fought both in *Italie* with good successe,
Not with intent that Realme to overrunne,
But to set free Pope *Stev'n* from sharpe distresse,
And wrongs, that by *Astolfo* were him done,
One tames *Astolfo* that was *Stev'n's* oppressor,
Tother takes *Desiderius* his successor.

15

Behold another *Pepin* yet a youth,
Not like his father, doth that Realme invade,
And thinking to procure their wofull ruth,
Of ships and boats a mighty bridge he made:
But marke what ill successe to him ensuth,
Eare he through his great enterprife could wade,
A tempest did his massie worke confound,
His bridge was broken, and his souldiers drownd.

This happened
at the siege of
Rialto in
Iland neare
Venice,
where he
would have
made the
bridge.

16

Lo *Lews* of *Burgundie*, descending theare
Where, as it seemes he taken is and bound,
And he that takes him, maketh him to sweare,
That he shall neare beare arms gainst *Larian* ground,
Low how he breakes his oth without all feare,
Lo how againe his foes do him confound,
And like a moldwarpe, make him loose his eyes:
A just reward for such as oths despise.

Lews of *Bur-*
gundie had
his eyes put
out for his
perjury.

17

See here how *Hugh* of *Arly* doth great feats,
Driving the *Beringars* from native soile,
Forcing them twice or thrise to change their seats,
And cause the *Hunnes* and *Baviers* backe recoile:
But greater force at last his acts defeats,
First he compounds, and after all his toile,
He dies, nor after long his heire doth tarie,
But yeeldeth up his crowne to *Beringarie*.

Hugh of
Arly over-
thrown by
the *Beringars*

18

Lo heare another *Charles* that by perswasion,
Of evill shepherd, sets on fire the fold,
And kill two Kings in this his fierce invasion,
Manfred and *Corradin*, which makes him bold:
But his owne faults of his fall gave occasion,
His crueltie was such, so uncontrold,
That he and his were all kild (as they tell)
Ev'n at the ringing of an ev'n'song bell.

Look of this
in the history

19

Now after these about one hundred yeares,
For so the space betweene did seeme to say,
From *France*, one shall invade those famous peeres,
The Vicount *Galeasses*, and shall lay
Siege unto *Alexandria* as appeares,
By those that here do stand in battell ray.
Lo how the Duke preventing ev'rie doubt,
Provideth strength within, deceit without.

This man
that inva-
deth the *Ga-*
leasses, as
the Erie of
Arminake.

20

And with this warie policie proceeding,
He doth the *Frenchmen* at advantage take,
Not finding his ambushment, and notheeding,
Together with the Lord of *Arminake*,
Who dieth of his hurts with overbleeding:
Lo how the streame of bloud there spilt doth make
A sanguin colour in the streame of *Poe*,
By meanes *Tanarus* into it doth goc.

Look of *Mar-*
ca in the hi-
story.

21

After all these, one comes that *Marca* hight,
And three that do of *Aniow* house proceed,
All these to those of *Naples* do much spite,
Yet none of these can brag of their good speed:
For though to *French* they joyne some *Latian* might,
Of greedie sort, that with their crownes they feed:
Yet still for all their paine and their expence,
Alfonse and *Ferdinando* drive them thence.

10

Charles the
eight. Look in
the history.

22
Lo Charles the eight descending like a thunder,
Downe from the Alps with all the floure of France,
And conqu'ring all (to all mens passing wonder)
Not drawing once a sword, nor breaking lance,
(Except that rocke that Typhens lyeth under
While he too high himselfe strave to advance)
This Ile and castle both, that *Ischia* hight,
Defended was by *Vasso* gallant Knight.

23
Now as the master of the castle told,
And pointed out each storie in his place,
It came into his fancy to unfold,
The worthy praise of *Alvas* noble race;
Which (as for certaintie they all did hold)
Wise *Merlin* propheside, who had the grace
To shew before hand, both with tongue and pen,
What accidents should hap, and where, and when.

This is spoken
in praise of
the house of
Alva.

24
And namely that this Knight whom here you see,
Defending so the castle and the rocke,
As though he feard not those same fires that flee,
As far as *Fare*, but them did scorne and mocke.
From this same Knight there shal descend (quoth he)
Out of the root of this most worthy stocke,
A Knight shall win such fame and reputation,
As all the world shall hold in admiration.

Of these look
in the Table.

25
Though *Nereus* were faire, *Achilles* strong,
Though *Ladas* swift, though *Nestor* was most wise,
That knew so much, and lived had so long;
Though bold *Ulysses* could both well devise,
And execute what doth to warre belong,
Though *Cesars* bountie prais'd be to the skies,
Yet place to give all these may thinke no scorne,
To one that shall in *Ischia* Ile be borne.

Jupiter ne-
phew to Co-
lus.

26
And if that ancient *Creta* may be proud,
Because that *Celus* nephew sprang therein:
If *Thebes* of *Bacchus* birth doth vant so lowd,
And *Hercules*, of *Delus* of their twin:
Then may that Ile no lesse be well allowd,
To vant it selfe, that hath so happie bin,
To have that *Marquesse* borne within that place,
On whom the heav'n shall powre so great a grace.

27
Thus *Merlin* us'd to tell and oft repeat,
How he should be for such a time reserved,
When *Roman* Empires high and stately fear,
At lowest should be, and welnigh starved;
That his rare parts againe might make it great,
And that by him it might be safe preserved,
Which that you may see plainly to his glory,
Marke in this table the ensuing story.

Lodowike
Sforse the
moste dis-
sembling and
Machiavelli-
an that ever
was, though
before Ma-
chiavel time
Looke the hi-
story.

28
Lo here (said he) how *Lodwicke* doth repent,
That he had thither brought King *Charles* the eight,
Which at the first he did but with intent
To weaken, not to presse with so hard weight
His ancient foe; for now gainst *Charles* he went,
Making new leagues according to his sleight,
He thinks to take him prisoner by the way,
But *Charles* by force through the doth make his way.

29
But yet the souldiers that behinde him staid,
Had not the like good fortune nor successe,
For *Ferdinando* grew by *Mantuan* aid
So strong, that soone he did the *French* distresse:
To whose great grieve, this *Marquesse* was betraid
By *Gypson* vile, when he fear'd nothing lesse,
Which doth in *Ferdinand* so great grieve breed,
As doth his joy of victorie exceed.

Looke in the
History of
this.

30
Next after these, he shews them *Lews* the twelfth,
That pulst out *Lodwicke Sforse* with mighty hand,
And gets by force, what he had got by stealth,
And plants the Flour de luce in *Millen* land;
Yet he no long time there in quiet dwelth,
The great *Consalvo* with a *Spanish* band,
His Captaines and Lieutenants oft repulses,
And in the end from *Millen* quite expulses.

Of *Lewis*
as looke in
the history.

31
Lo here (which I forgot before to show)
How *Lodwicke*'s frends, and his own men betray him,
One sells his castell never striking blow;
The *Switzers* eke that might away convey him,
And had his pay, and did him service ow,
For filthy lucre sake they do bewray him,
Whereby without once breaking of a lance,
Two victories came to the King of *France*.

Sforse being
in a common
souldiers ap-
parell like a
Switzer, was
betrayed.

32
Lo how by favour of this mighty King,
The bastard *Cesar Borgia* grew full great,
And doth the necks of many nobles wring
Of *Italie*, that had most ancient seat.
Lo how this King doth eke the akornes bring
To *Bulloign*, lo how with another feat
He doth the *Genovais* in fight subdue,
And maketh them their late revolt to rue.

Cesar Borgia
Duke of *Felina*
was a ma-
licious wicked
man.
By the
akornes he
meant the
Pope who
gave them
for their
armes.
This battle
at *Geriadad*
and the dis-
tredding him
of *Venice*,
Looke in the
History.

33
Lo here not far from thence, how all the feeld
With dead mens bones is held at *Geriadad*,
How all the cities unto *Lews* do yeeld,
How *Venice* to shut up her gates is glad;
And scarce her selfe from this great storme can sheeld:
Lo how the Pope (his part that herein had)
Doth take away unto his great rebuke,
Medone, and more, from good *Ferraras* Duke.

Venice cal-
led the *Lion*
of the sea.

34
At which King *Lews* (with right full choller moved)
Gives *Bulloign* to the *Bentivols* againe,
And thence to *Breskie* all his force removed,
And succours to *Felsina* doth ordaine,
What time the Churches souldiers felt and proved,
The *French* mens force unto their mickle paine:
Lo after where both armies meet to fight,
Neare *Chassie* shore, to trie their utmost might.

35
On this side *France*, on that the powre of *Spaine*,
United is, and deadly blows ensue,
The ditches all seemd filld with bodies slaine,
A hap to make a stonie heart to rue;
Long time in doubt doth victorie remaine,
Which way the sway would carry no man knew,
Till by the vertue of *Alfonse* alone,
The *French* prevails, the *Spanish* (forst) are gone.

Of this bat-
tle before
in the 14.
booke.

Lo

36

Lo how the Pope his lip doth bite for griefe,
Because the *Frenchmen* do *Ravenna* sack;
Lo how he sent to *Switzers* for reliefe,
Lo how they come and drive the *Frenchmen* back;
And they that with their reason caused chiefe
Of *Lodowike* the overthrow and wrack,
To make some mends for that they erst had done,
Vnto the fathers place restore the sonne.

37

But lo a Prince of *France* then new created,
Meets with the *Switzers* to their mickle cost,
And so their courage quail'd, and force abated,
As all the nation seemed welnigh lost;
And of their ritle that them animated,
Those villens vile hereafter need not boast,
Defenders of the Church, tamers of Kings,
They cleaped were, now clipped are their wings.

38

Lo how the *French* king *Francis* in despite
Of all the league, faile *Millen* doth surprife,
Bourbon defending it from *Genoas* might;
Lo while this king doth practise and devise,
Some great exploit, while by foule oversight,
His lawlesse men the town did tyrannize;
Their having too much pride and want of pitie,
Doth cause them suddenly to lose the city.

39

Lo yet another *Francis Sforse*, a man
Like to his grandsire both in acts and name,
Who to drive out the *Frenchmen* well began,
And *Millen* did recover with great fame;
Lo *France* againe endeavour all they can,
To win with praise that they had lost with shame,
But *Mantuan* worthy Duke on *Tycian* streame,
Cuts off his way, and kept him from that Realme.

40

Yong *Fredericke*, yet but a beardlesse boy,
Scant having on his chin a little downe,
Lo how he saves *Pavia* from annoy,
When furiously the *French* besiege the towne;
He makes their earnest plots turn to a toy,
The Lion of the sea he beateth downe;
Lo here two *Marquesses* both of one blood,
Both born to do their country endlesse good.

41

The first of these is that *Alfonso* sonne,
That by the *Negro* erst you saw betraid,
Behold what feats of armes by him are done,
How at their greatest need he them doth aid,
How oft he hath on *Frenchmen* glory wonne,
That of his very name they seem afraid:
The tother that so mild doth look in sight,
Is Lord of *Vasto*, and *Alfonso* hight.

42

This is that worthy knight, of whom I told,
Then when I did the Ile of *Istia* show,
Of whom I said that *Merlin* had foretold
To *Feramont* what he by skill did know,
That when this world were worn and waxen old,
And *Rome* and *Italy* were brought most low,
Then he should spring, who to his endlesse praise
Their foes should overthrow, and them should raise.

43

Lo how he with his cousin of *Pescare*,
And with *Colonnas* prosperous aid no lesse,
The *French* and *Dutch* that at *Bycocca* are,
Do foile and slay, and drive to great distresse;
Lo how againe the *Frenchmen* do prepare,
With new attempts to mend their bad successe,
One camp the king in *Lombardie* doth make,
And with another *Naples* he would take.

Francis in-
vasion of Ita-
ly with two
armies.

44

But she that useth men as wind doth dust,
First take it up and blow it very high,
And from that highest place straight when she lust,
She throwes it downe whereas it first did lie:
She makes this king devoid of all mistrust,
Think he hath men an hundred thousand nie
At *Pavie* siege, believing others muster,
(But wo to kings whose servants are no juster.)

Fortunes

45

So while this noble Prince mistrusts no harme,
His wicked Captaines greedy gaine to win,
Caus'd that the soldiers in the night alarm,
Came to their colours flow and very thin,
Within their tents they feel their skirmish warme,
The warie *Spaniards* soon had entred in
With those two guides, with whom they durst assay
In hell or els in heav'n to break a way.

King *Francis*
overthrowne
at *Pavia*, ac-
ceived by his
muster-ma-
sters in the
number of
his soldiers

46

Lo how the chiefe nobility of *France*
Lie dead on ground, a cause of many teares,
How many an hargabush, a sword and lance
This stout king hath alone about his cares:
His horse slaine under him by hard mischance,
And yet he nothing yeelds, nor nothing feares,
Though all the host assaulted him alone,
And all the rescues and supplies were gone.

47

The valiant King defends him on his feet,
Bathing his blade long time in enemies blood,
But vertue that with too much force doth meet,
Must yeeld at last, it cannot be withstood;
Lo him here prisoner, lo how in a fleet
He passeth into *Spain* the salt sea flood,
Whence *Vasto* doth the chiefeft honour bring
Of the field won, and of the prisoner king.

Francis ta-
ken prisoner.

48

Thus both that host the king had thither brought,
And that he meant to *Naples* to have sent,
Were both disperfed quite, and came to nought,
Much like a lamp when all the oyle is spent
Lo how the King againe so well hath wrought,
He leaves his sonnes for pledge, and homeward went,
Lo how abroad he doth new quarrels pike,
Lo how at home some do to him the like.

Simila.

Meaning the
king of
England.

49

Lo here the wofull murders and the rapes
That *Rome* doth suffer in the cruel sack,
Where neither thing prophane nor holy escapes,
But all alike do go to spoile and wrack:
The league that should relieve, sits still and gapes,
And where they should step forward, they shrinke
Thus *Peters* successor by them forsaken,
Is straight besieged, and at length is taken.

The sack of
Rome by
Bourbon,
who was the
first man
(back, that was kil-
led.

A 2

The

30
The King sends *Lautrek* new supplies to gather,
Not that he should to *Lombardie* do ought,
But that he might set free the holy father,
That to so low an ebb so soon was brought:
But *Lautrek* should have come a little rather,
The Popes own coyn hath his own freedome bought,
Lautrek attempts to conquer *Naples* town,
And soon turnes all the country upside down.

31
Lo how a faire imperiall navy beeds
His course to succour the distressed town,
But *Doria* back with heave and ho them sends,
And some of them doth burn, and some doth drown:
Lo, fickle fortune once againe intends
To change her cheare, and on the *French* to frown,
With agues, not with swords they all are slaine,
Scarce of an hundred one comes home againe.

This pestilent
mortality
grew by pay-
soning a wa-
ter neere to
Naples, and
then stopping
the course of
it, made it o-
verflow all
the marish
grounds, and
so infected
the aire, that
Lautrek and
all his men
died of it.

32
These and such stories had the stately hall
In marble rich ingraved on the skreen,
As were too tedious to recite them all,
Though then by them they were perus'd and seen;
Their wonder great, their pleasure was not small,
And oft they read the writings were between,
That in faire *Roman* letters all of gold,
The circumstance of ev'ry picture told.

33
Now when the Ladies faire and all the rest,
Had seen and ask'd as much as they desir'd,
Their host doth bring them to their rooms of rest,
Where sleep renewes the strength of bodie tir'd,
Onely Duke *Ammons* daughter could not rest,
Though bed were soft, room warm, and well attir'd,
Yet still she tost from left side to the right,
And could not sleep one wink all that same night.

Bradamant
dreams of
Rogero.

34
With much ado her eyes at last she clos'd,
Not much afore the dawning of the day,
And as she slept, she in her sleep suppos'd
Rogero present was, and thus did say,
My deare, what ailes thee to be thus dispos'd,
That false belife in thee doth beare such sway?
First shall the rivers to the mountaines clime,
Ere I will guilty be of such a crime.

35
Beside she thought she heard him thus to say,
Lo I am come to be baptiz'd my love,
And that I seem'd my coming to delay,
Another wound, and not a wound of love,
Hath been the cause of my constrained stay,
Suspitions vaine, and causelesse feare remove:
With this the damsell wak'd, and up she started,
But found her dreame and lover both departed.

36
Then freshly she doth her complaints renew,
And in her mind thus to her selfe she spake,
Lo what I like, are dreames vaine and untrue,
And in a moment me do quite forsake,
But ah, what me offends is too too true,
I dream of good, but none I find awake,
How are mine eyes alas in so ill taking,
That clos'd see good, and nought but evill waking!

37
Sweet dream did promise me a quiet peace,
But bitter waking turneth all to warre;
Sweet dreame deluded me, and soon did cease,
But bitter waking plagues, and doth not arre:
If falshood ease, and truth my paine increase,
I wish my selfe from trish I still might barre,
If dreames breed joy, and waking cause my paine,
Ay might I dream, and never wake againe.

38
Oh happy wights whom sleep doth so possesse,
As in six moneths you never open eye,
For sure such sleep is like to death I guesse,
But waking thus, is not like life (think I)
How strange are then the pangs that me oppresse,
That sleeping seem to live, and waking die?
But if such sleep resemblance be of death,
Come death and close mine eyes, and stop my breath.

39
Now were those Eastern parts of heav'n made red,
Where *Phæbus* beames do first begin appeare,
And all the thick and rainie clouds were fled,
And promised a morning faire and cleare;
When *Bradamant* forsook her restless bed,
And giving for her lodging and good cheare,
Right courteous thanks unto her noble host,
She leaves his house, and minds to part in post.

40
But first she found how that the damsell faire
The messenger that sup'd with her last night,
Was gone before, with purpose to repaire
To those three knights that lately felt her might,
When she did cause them caper in the aire,
Driv'n without styrops from their steeds to light,
She found they had all night to their great paine
Abid the wind, the tempest and the raine.

41
And that which greatly did increase their griefe,
Was that while those within had cheare great store,
They and their horse lack'd lodging and reliefe:
But that which did offend their stomachs more,
And was indeed of all their sorrowes chiefe,
Was lest the maid (of whom I spake before)
Would tell their mistresse of their hard mischance,
They had at their arrivall first in *France*.

42
And having full resolved and design'd,
To die or venge the foile receiv'd last night,
To th'end the messenger might change her mind,
(The messenger that *Ullania* hight)
Who thought their force and value far behind
The vaunts that they had made of their great might,
Therefore as soon as *Bradamant* they sp'd,
Straight each of them to combat her desir'd.

43
Not thinking though she should a damsell be,
For of a damsell gesture none she us'd;
The Lady gently spake unto them three,
And thought her haft the fight might have excus'd,
But they did urge her still so farre, that she
Without disgrace could not have it refus'd,
Wherefore she coucht the golden-headed lance,
And from their saddles made them all to dance.

And

64

And for that time thus ended was that fray,
For she set spurs to horse, and rode so post,
That ere they rose, she quite was gone away:
They that their seats had twice together lost,
Were so ashamed, they knew not what to say:
For why they wanted were to make their boast,
No knight of *France* should able be to stand
Against the worst of them, with speare in hand.

65

But *Ullania* further them to taunt,
That *Bradamant* a Lady was, them told,
Now sirs (said she) you that were wont to vaunt,
From *Palladins* to win the shield of gold,
Lo how a womans forces can you daunt,
Now is (I hope) your lofty courage cold:
Sure for those knights you be too weak a match,
When one poore damsell you can overmatch.

66

What need (said she) be further triall had,
You have already that for which you came,
Except that any of you be so mad,
To joyne a future losse to present shame;
Or if perhaps ye would be faine and glad,
To end your lives by men of worthy fame:
Trow you that vanquisht are by womans hand,
Renaldo or *Orlando* to withstand?

67

Now when as *Ullanie* declared had,
How that a damsell them had overthrow'n,
With griefe and with disdain they were so mad,
That scarce their wits and senses were their own,
Each one himsele, of armour all unclad, (thrown,
Their horse turn'd loose, their swords away were
And vow'd for penance of so great disgrace,
To touch no armour in a twelve-moneths space.

68

They further vow they ne'er will ride againe,
No not when that same yeare should be expir'd,
Although the way were mountanie or plaine,
And though the way were gravelly or mir'd,
Vntill they could by force of armes regaine
Such horses, as for service are requir'd,
And furniture for three such champions meet;
Till then they vow'd to travell on their feet.

69

Thus wilfully they walk'd while others rode,
But *Bradamant* went on, and that same night,
She at a castle maketh her abode,
Neare to the way that leads to *Paris* right:
Here by her host, the Lady faire was show'd,
How *Agramant* was vanquisht in the fight:
Good meat, good lodging, and good newes she had,
Yet eat she not, nor slept, nor was she glad.

70

But now of her so much I must not say,
That I forget my story out to tell,
Of those two knights that met this other day,
And tild their horses at the running well:
No lands nor townes were causes of their fray,
Nor who in rule nor office should excell,
But ev'n that he that strongest was of twaine,
Should *Bayard* win, and *Durindana* gaine.

71

There needs no signe of war, nor trumpets sound,
To warn them when to strike or when to pause,
No *Heralds* need to limit out the ground,
Nor read them lectures of their warlike lawes.
They met as they by promise firm were bound,
And each his weapon at one instant drawes,
And then they laid about them strong and nimble,
Blowes bred their smart; and smart their wrath did

*Gradasso and
Renaldo
fight.*

72

Two blades more firm in triall, and more sure,
Could not in all the world have been prepar'd,
That having been (as these were) put in ure,
Would not have been in peeces burst and mar'd:
But both these blades were of such temper pure,
So keen, so tough, and therewithall so hard,
They might a thousand times at hard-edge met,
And neither blade thereby a gap would get.

(kindle.

73

Renaldo quick hither and thither goes,
And oftentime was forc'd to change his place,
And traverse ground, for why the weight he knowes
Of *Durindana*, that would cut apace:
Gradasso ever gave the stronger blowes,
But tother still to scape them had the grace,
Or if they hit, they hit in some such part,
Where though they made great sound, they caus'd no

(smart.

74

Renaldo with lesse strength, but far more art,
Strake once or twice the *Pagan* on the arm,
And with a thrust had surely pierc'd his heart,
Save that his armour strengthened was by charm,
So that no maile out of his place would start:
But while each sought to do the other harm,
A sodaine noise did part their earnest quarrell,
They look'd and saw *Bayardo* in great parell.

Their parting

75

I say they look'd about, and spi'd at length
Bayardo fighting with a monstrous fowle,
Bigger then he, her beak three yards of length,
In other shape and making like an owle,
Her talents huge and sharp, and of great strength,
The feathers of her wings all black and fowle,
Her eyes like fire, a long and hideous taile,
Her wings so huge, they seem'd like a saile.

76

Perhaps it was a fowle, but I think nor,
Nor ever heard I erst of such a bird;
Onely so *Turpin* calle it well I wot,
If any will credit to him affoord:
Rather I deem that *Malagigi* got
Some sprite infernall, that himsele had stir'd,
To come in shape as I did shew before,
Because the champions fierce might fight no more.

77

Renaldo eke himsele believ'd the same,
And with his cousin *Malagigi* fell out,
And to his charge laid not a little blame,
And gave him evill language thereabout,
The tother sware by him that heav'n did frame,
It was not he, to put him out of doubt,
But were it fowle, or were it a foule devill,
Certaine to *Bayard* it did work much evill.

A a 2

The

78
The horse that was puissant, brake his raine,
When as the sharpnesse of her clawes he feels,
And what with terrour mov'd, and what with paine,
He yerkeith at her fiercely with his heels:
She soar'd aloft, and downe she comes againe,
And strikes him so, that Bayard almost reels,
And sith of other fence no meane he had,
He runs away as if he had been mad.

79
Vnto the nearest wood he right doth run,
And still the feather'd beast him held in chase,
Till the thick boughs help him her gripes to shun,
So that she gave him over in short space,
And seeing that her sport with him was done,
She soord up on high, and left this place,
And to another coast her flight doth frame,
Where as she thought to find some other game.

80
Gradasso and Renaldo when they saw,
The horse was fled that caused all the fray,
Do by consent themselves from thence withdraw,
To find Bayardo out and if they may:
But first each promis'd to observe this law,
That he that found him first of both, should stay
At this same well, till tother should come thither,
And then againe to fight it out together.

81
Thus when each had his word to th' other past,
That they would meet there at their coming back,
They after go, but Bayard ran so fast,
As soone they lost the sight of any track:
Gradasso rode, and therefore made more hast,
The Palladine that his good horse did lack,
Remain'd behind, all sad and grieved more,
And malecontent then ere he was before.

82
And when he travel'd had about in vaine,
In body wearie, discontent in mind,
With losse of all his travell and his paine,
He turneth to the place they first assign'd,
In hope the tother would return againe,
And bring the horse, if so he could him find:
But when he saw his looking did not boot,
He travel'd back unto the camp on foot.

83
But yet Gradasso's paine succeeded well,
For why, a while before the lights decaying,
He passed neare the place, as it befell,
Where in a cave he found him by his naying,
Still fearing that same monstrous imp of hell:
He takes him thence, and then but little waying
His promise made, he turnes another way,
And to himselfe in secret thus doth say.

84
Let them that list hold things in strife and war,
I mean to hold mine own with peace and ease;
Onely to get this horse I came so far,
And past so many lands, and many seas:
My promise breach to me shall be no bar,
To keep that I so quietly do cease:
If he desire to win his horse againe,
To come to India let him take the paine.

85
As safe as France hath been from me now twice,
So safe from him shall be my Serycane,
I thither with him come if he be wise,
Els of Bayardo now his leave is tane:
If he will have him he shall know the prise,
Now mine Bayardo is and Durindane:
This said, he mounted on the steed so warly,
And by another way went back to Arly.

86
Where finding ships new-rigg'd to sea-ward bent,
Though then at anker in the harbour lying,
With those rich spoiles, to passe the seas he meant,
In all post hast into his country hying:
Hereafter you shall heare which way he went,
And of his last conflict and of his dying:
Now him I leave, Renaldo, and all France,
And tell you what did to Astolfo chance.

87
Who mounted on his stately winged steed,
Well tamed late by Logestillas wit,
Took perfect view of France with passing speed,
And saw how ev'ry town of worth did sit,
Which having well observ'd and mark'd with heed,
From Rhine to Pyren mount he thought it fit,
In manner like all over Spaine to ride,
And many countries of the world beside.

88
To Aragon he passed through Navar,
Each man that saw him wondring at the sight,
Then Tarazon he did descry not far
Vpon his left hand, Biskie on his right,
Where Castill, Lisbon, and Galicia are,
And Cordove neare, and Sivill see he might,
With diverse crownes now joyned in one raigne,
Are govern'd by the mighty king of Spaine.

89
There saw he Gades where erst by Hercules hand,
Two pillars, marks for Mariners were plac'd,
Then over Atlant sea, to Egypt land,
And over Affrica forthwith he past,
And saw where Balearick Iles do stand,
Then travel'd to Eviza with like hast,
And to Arzilla-ward he thence departeth,
Quite ore that sea that it from Spagna parteth.

90
Oras he saw, Ippon, Marocco, Fesse,
Algier, Buzea, and those stately townes,
Whose Princes with great pomp and pride possesse
Of diverse Provinces the stately crownes,
He saw Byferta, and Tunigi no lesse,
And flying over many dales and downes,
He saw Capisse and Alzerbee Ile,
And all the cities to the flood of Nyle.

91
Tripolie, Bernick, Tolomit, and all
Between the sea and Atlas woodie sides,
Then on the Cereueys he right doth fall,
And past Carena mounts, and more besides,
Then crossing ov'r the barren fields and pass,
Where sands with wind do ebb and flow like tides,
The tombe of Battus he doth leave behind,
And Ammons temple now worn out of mind.

Then

H: comes to
Gradasso in
the 40. book,
43. f. 1.

How begins
the tale of
Sergas and
the Harpion.

I Marlowe
converted
the country
to the faith,
and because
in the Gos-
pell he saith
(he shall hap-
pen you with
the Holy
Ghost and
with fire)
therefore they
after him
the sign of
the Cross in
to some part
of their body.

Capt. some
think it that
there was Ba-
bylon.
Sergas or
Gomphat is
to say in their
language
signifying, he-
cause he
commanded
the Kings.

92
Then came he by another Tremisen,
That followes eke of Mahomet the law,
Vnto another Ethiopia then
He went, the which before he never saw,
That differs both in language and in men:
From thence he toward Nubia doth draw,
Dobada and Coallee just between,
Of which these Christen'd, and those Turkish been.

93
The bord'ers still are arm'd in heat and cold,
Senapo yet of Ethiopia is the chief,
And hath great store of jewels and of gold,
And much he varies not from our belief;
For he those principles most firm doth hold,
That can defend from everlasting grief:
Here is it (if mine author be no lier)
Where they do use to be baptiz'd with fier.

94
The Duke here lighted after travell long,
And to Senapos stately Court was led;
The castle was more sumptuous then strong;
And admiration more then terror bred;
The locks, bars, chaines, and all that did belong
Vnto the bridge and gates from foot to head,
Which we make here of iron to endure,
Was there faire wrought in massie gold most pure.

95
And though they have great store of metals fine,
Yet were the chambers and the lodgings here
Born up with crySTALL columns, that did shine
All ov'r the stately court most bright and cleare;
A stately border, caus'd unto the cyme
Red, white, green, blew, and yellow to appeare,
Enriched with divisions for the nones,
Of Rubie, Smarag, Zaphyr, Topas stones.

96
Most orient pearls and gems of passing price
Were sprinkled on the pavements here and there,
Hence balme doth come, hence other precious spice,
Which from Ierusalem men wont to beare,
Hence commeth musk, for odours sweet and nice,
And amber pure, that some in bracelets weare;
And finally all things grow there in plenty,
That in this country are esteem'd most deintie.

97
Most true it is, els some have written lies,
The Sowdan to this King doth tribute pay,
For that in this Kings power alone it lies,
Great Cayre and fertile Egypt to decay,
Because that by those means he may devise,
He may turn Nyle from them another way:
This Prince Senapo there is cal'd of many,
We call him Prester Iohn or Preter Iany.

98
Of all the Kings that ever there did raigne,
This King exceld in riches and in treasure,
But losse of sight made all his comforts vaine,
And bard him ev'ry tast of worldly pleasure,
And this did much increase his care and paine,
And grieved him indeed beyond all measure,
That all his wealth and treasure not prevented,
But that with famine he was aye tormented.

99
For when this Prince (as hunger meet him drew)
Did but prepare himself to drink or eat,
Straight of Harpias came a cursed crew,
With mighty wings, huge pawes, and bellies great,
And all the dishes quite they overthrew,
And greedily devoured all the meat;
And that they left they did so file and flaver,
As few could brook the sight, but none the savor.

100
The cause was this, why his great plague was such,
Because in youth (when men most carelesse are)
Finding himself to be extold so much,
And passing other Kings in wealth so far,
So foul a pride his lofty heart did touch,
Against his maker, he would needs move war,
To which intent a mighty power he led,
Vnto that mount whence Nylus hath his head.

101
He had been told, and did it firm believe,
That on that mount, whose top did touch the skie,
Was that same place where Adam dwelt and Eve,
Before their fall did cause them thence to flie.
He hoping some rare conquest to atchieve,
A mighty host prepared by and by,
With mind (so high his heart with pride did swell)
To make them tribute pay that there did dwell.

102
But high Zeboua their soule pride repress,
And down he sent his Angell that same night,
Who slue an hundred thousand for the least,
And him condemn'd for aye to lose his sight,
Then sent he monsters vile him to molest,
Those ugly monsters, that Harpias hight,
Which so devoure and so spoile all his meat,
Scarce they permit him once to drink or eat.

103
And that which drave him into meere despaire,
Was that one told by way of prophecie,
How those foule creatures ever should repaire
Vnto that place, till time they might espie
A gallant knight all armed in the aire;
Vpon a winged beast aloft to flie:
And for that this impossible he deem'd,
Past hope of help himselfe he then esteem'd.

104
Now when the people saw from ev'ry wall,
And from each towre the strangely flying knight,
He happy thought himselfe, that first of all
Could tell the king of this unused sight;
Who straight the prophecie to mind did call,
And with the sudden joy, forgetting quite
His trustie staffe, went groping with his hand,
To welcome him that now came down to land.

105
Affonso being lighted, nearer drew,
And as he was the great court entering in,
Behold the King stood ready in his vew,
And kneeling down, to speak did thus begin,
O heav'nly Angell, O Messias new,
Though I deserve not pardon for my sin,
Yet think to us is proper to offend,
To you, to pardon those that will amend.

Virg. Pelsuit
et depn.Looks in the
Allegory.

106

My guilt so heavy on my conscience lies,
I dare not sue thou shouldst my sight restore,
Though well I wot that thou couldst heal mine eyes,
That art of those that aye stand God before,
Let then this plague my want of sight suffice,
And let me not be sterv'd thus evermore,
At least from me these filthy monsters drive,
And let me eat with quiet while I live.

107

And I do vow a temple unto thee,
Of marble faire to build here in this place,
Whose gates and cover all of gold shall be,
Adorn'd with costly jewels in like case,
Nam'd by thy name, and grav'd that men may see
Thy miracle, which no time shall deface:
Thus saith the prostrate King that nothing fees,
And gropes to have embrac'd *Astolfo's* knees.

108

The Duke to him thus friendly doth reply,
Nor Angell I, nor new *Messias* am,
Nor come from heav'n but mortall man am I,
And thrall to sinne, unworthy so high name,
But for your sake my best skill I will trie,
To kill or drive those fowle from whence they came,
Which if I do, give God, not me the praise,
That for your help did higher guide my waies.

109

For him your Churches and your altars make,
That must of duty Church and altars have:
This said, he up from ground the King doth take,
And went with him and other Barons grave:
Straighwaies of meat provision new they make,
For so the hungry King in hast doth crave,
In hope that now the monsters would be quiet,
And not to interrupt him at his diet.

110

Forthwith a sumptuous dinner was prepar'd,
In stately sort great store and of the best,
Senaps hopes *Astolfo* can him guard
From those foule fowles that did him so molest,
But lo a sodain noise forthwith was heard,
The sent of those same viands that were drest
Had brought them thither, ere the men were able
To set down all the dishes on the table.

111

Of them came sev'n together in a knot,
With womans faces, wan with deadly cold,
So hunger-starv'd, as death it selfe might not
Be at first sight more hideous to behold, (wor,
Their wings were great, but foule blacke wings God
Their talents sharp to gripe, but strong to hold,
A large foule paunch, a filthy taile and long,
From whence there came an odour mighty strong.

112

As sodaine heard, so sodaine were they seen,
For on the table all at once they fell,
And spoil'd the meat, and from their wombs uncleen
Cast lothsome filth to see, irksome to smell:

Morall.

In this xxxiii. booke there are many things worth the observation, both for historicall matter, as also in Allegoricall sence, and therefore I would not stand long in the Morall: Only this note I will take of *Gradasso* for breach of his promise, in not bringing the horse backe to the fountaine, as was covenanted between them: that many brave and valiant men,

The Duke with blade of mettall sharp and keen,
Strikes at the monsters, thinking them to quell;
But all in vaine, his bootlesse blade turn'd back,
As he had smitten on a woollen sack.

113

Some rav'nously devour'd the sweet repast,
And did so eager fill their greedy gorge,
That by and by they were compeld as fast,
The same in beastly manner to disgorge:
The wofull King thinks now all succour past,
Till good *Astolfo* sware by sweet Saint *George*,
Sith force was vaine, he would another way
To drive these monsters from the King assay.

114

The horn which ever he about him beares,
He means against these monsters to employ,
He caus'd the King and his to stop their cares
With molted waxe, that no noise them may noy,
Els might his blast have bred in them such feares,
To drive them thence, and all the land destroy,
Then caus'd he them prepare another feast,
And up he gets him on his winged beast.

115

The steward that did know his mind by signes,
Straighwaies another dinner doth addresse,
With store of dainty meats and costly wines,
But in a trice more soon then one could guesse,
The filthy flock (as famine them inclines)
Came down, and seiz'd upon the costly messe,
But straight *Astolfo* blew them such a blast,
As on the sodaine made them all agast.

116

The noise into their open eares so enter'd,
That had no means to stop them, nor defence,
As so their stomacks and their taste distemper'd,
They fled, as feare expeld all other sence:
The *English* Duke to follow them adventer'd,
And winding still his horn, he chas'd them thence,
To that hils foot, whence *Nylus* first doth fall,
If so that *Nyle* have any head at all.

117

About the bottome of this mighty mount
There is a cave descending like a well,
By which (as dwellers by do oft recount)
A speedy passage one may have to hell;
To this the monsters fled, and made account
Within this cave safe from the noise to dwell,
Which seen, *Astolfo* from his beast allighted,
And ceast the blowing that them so affrighted.

118

And for he did with heed the caves mouth mark,
He nearer doth approach unto the same,
And with a listning eare he then doth hark
If any sound from thence unto him came,
The entrance lookt all like a dungeon dark,
With smoke that seem'd to come from smother'd
But more of this hereafter I will treat, (flame:
For now this booke begins to be too great.

Astolfo
swears af-
ter the man-
ner of the
English Duke,
Lore, by Saint
George.

Ovid of A-
neas com-
ing to Si-
bilis.
Temple of
his father,
tribune still
shows bene-
volence
but this is spe-
ken more
Christian
like.
Astolfo Sibill
and over a nos
making this.
Nec dea sum
certis, nec fa-
ori stant hy-
more
Humanum
dignare ca-
pua ne no-
scim urres.

The descrip-
tion of the
Harpias.

such as he is here described to be, how ever they stand upon termes of honour and value, yet if they may obtaine their purpose without blowes, they will many times dispence both with honour and honestie: which yet I judge rather an example to shun, then a president to bee followed. And in Senapo, that through riches and abundance grew so insolent, that hee would needs thinke to conquer Paradise; wee may see the course of young carelesse men, that being left rich by their parents, or els advanced (unworthily in their own consciences) to some extraordinary fortunes, straight in conceits begin to despise the divine providence (as Senapo assaulted Paradise) and dispute with their prophane tongues, not against this or that religion, but against all religion, having no argument so probable indeed and so forcible, as that which the Poet Martia reciteth of one Silius:

Nullos esse Deos, inane cœlum
Affirmat Silius, probatque quod se
Factum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum,

Thus in English:

That heav'n is void, and that no gods there are,
Silius affirms, and all his prooffe is this,
That while such blasphemies pronounce he dare,
He liveth here in ease and earthly blisse.

But this matter I shall touch more at large in the Allegorie.

For the histories touched in this book, they are many and divers, but the special drift that mine author hath in this book, **Historia.** is to note how those kings of France that have come to invade Italy, and to make a conquest thereof, or of any part thereof, have had ever ill successe, and been either taken or foiled: and of the other side, those that have come to rescue them, and take their parts, have many times brought back honour and victory. Now first mine author for the finer bringing in of the matter fathers it upon Merlin our English Prophet, (as they terme him) of whom I have spoken before in the notes of the third book, alledging that he by Magick framed that sumptuous ball, and therein painted upon the skreen thereof all these stories of the time to come.

First he recites all the excellent drawers of the time past, taking by that occasion to praise the excellent workmanship of some of his own time: their names he reciteth huddling together, but here I will particularly touch them for their sakes that have not read of them, and are desirous to know of whence they are.

Timagoras was a Calcydonian, and was the first that is specially noted to have compared his cunning with another of **Timago-** the same science, and to have had the glory from him. **ras.**

Parrhasius an Ephesian, noted specially for his excellent shadowing and giving good proportion to the countenance, and **Parrhasi-** in the outermost lines of the face, which is a speciall point of that art. **us.**

Polygnotus I find no extraordinary thing to speake of, onely I read that hee used first to draw women in white garments, and had a speciall grace in making the opening of the mouth. **Polygnotus.**

Timant, they praise his wit as much as his work, for making in a great table the picture of Iphigenia, standing at the altar to be sacrificed; and having drawn all the standers by very sad, and with wofull countenances, and specially her uncle, when he came to her father, he made him with a scarse asore his face, signifying thereby that his grief was greater then could be seen in his countenance. **Timant.**

Protogenes was borne in Sycaunum a country subject to the Rhodians, he was noted for somewhat too much curiosity and tediousnesse (a fault our countrymen be much noted of, that they know not when their worke is well:) howbeit his worke was held in such price, that Demetrius lying at the siege of Rhodes, and having opportunitie offered him to have fierd the towne on that side where a table of his drawing did hang, he raised his siege rather then he would burn that table. **Protogenes.**

Apollodore was so excellent (as Plinie writeth of him thus) that he opened the doore of cunning in that art, by which Zeuxes afterward entred into it in the citie of Heraclia. The story of the strife betwene Zeuxes and Parrhasius is well known I thinke to all, but yet I will briefly set it down: Zeuxes to shew his workmanship, brought a table, wherein he had painted grapes so naturally, that the birds came and peckt at them, thinking them to be grapes indeed: the other had drawn onely a curtaine, such as they use to have before pictures to keep them from the dust; which curtaine looked so like a true curtaine, that Zeuxes being proud of the judgement of the birds, bad him now to remove his curtaine to shew his picture; but being quickly aware of his error, with a kind of noble bashfulnesse granted the prise to his adversary, confessing it was more to deceive a workman then a bird. **Appollo-** **dore.** **Zeuxes.**

Appelles born at Coas, was held in such reputation for his drawing, that Alexander the great gave commandement **Appelles.** that none should make his picture but onely Appelles. He began the image of Venus, and died ere it was done, leaving the imperfect work so full of the perfection of his art, that no man durst ever take upon him to end it: so as even to this day if any begin a work in any kind with any felicity, and after leave it unfinished, they straight liken him to Appelles. Now having spoken so much of all these famous men of old times, it were an envious part to say nothing of those of this age, that have been famous, and are named by mine author also: wherefore I would touch one or two of them.

Leonard Vinci was a Florentine, a goodly man of person, and so excellent in the Idea or the conceived forme of his **Leon.** work, that though he could finish but few works yet those he did had great admiration. **Vinci.**

Also there was Andrew Mantinea (whom I forgot to put in by oversight in his due place, but I will make him amends **Andr.** here) who being but of mean parentage and very poore, yet his aptnesse to this kind being made knowne to the Marquesse **Mant.** of Mantua, and encouraged by his liberality (the speciall nurse of all good arts) grew most excellent in it: and beside other rare works that are seen and shewne of his in Rome and in Mantua, he is said to be the first that devised cutting in brasse, which how curious a thing it is, the pictures in this booke may partly testifye.

Gian Belline.

Gian Belline was a Venetian, and was the more famous because Mahomet (king of the Turks) was so farre in love with a table of his drawing, that he sent for him, but the Venetians would not spare him: marie they sent a brother of his, a very good workman. Now (albeit the Turks are by their lawes forbidden images) yet was this Prince so in love with that picture I spake of, that when the other drawer came to him, he made him draw both his own picture and the Turke, and so after sent him back againe, both highly commended and rewarded.

Michael Agnolo.

Michael Agnolo (we pronounce it Michel Angelo) was the rare man of his age for drawing and carving both, attaining to the excellency of the art very young, and doing many notable works: but there be most famous, one was carving of an Image of Pitié in Rome, another was a Giant in Florence, the third was a picture of certain naked men that went to wash themselves in Arno, and bearing of a sudden alarme in the camp, they made hast to put on their clothes: in which picture were contained all the gestures, looks and motions that men could imagine would happen in such an accident: his father surnamed him Angelo in his cradle, as a presage of some great excellency above ordinary that he should grow to. Raphael and Sebastian were but his schollers, though both very perfect: all which I have the more willingly noted, and at more length then I was wont in the former booke in like matters so lightly touched, both because my selfe (I must confesse) take great pleasure in such workes (as pleasing ornaments of a house, and good remembrances of our friends) as also to shew in what great reckning that science hath been with Emperours, and great Princes, and with Prelates and religious persons, how soever some austere or rather uncivill persons, will seeme either to condemne it or contemne it. And though indeed this Realme hath not bred any Michel Angelos, nor men of such rare perfection as may deserve his title:

Michel (more then a man) Angell divine.

M. Hilliard.

Yet I may say thus much without partiality for the honour of my country, as mine author hath done for the honour of his, that we have with us at this day one that for limning (which I take to be the very perfection of that art) is comparable with any of any other country. And for the praise that I told you of Parrhasius for taking the true lines of the face, I think our countryman (I mean M. Hilliard) is inferiour to none that lives at this day: as among other things, of his doing, my selfe have seen him in white and blacke in foure lines only set downe the feature of the Queenes Majesties countenance, that it was even thereby to bee knowne; and he is so perfect therein (as I have heard others tell) that hee can set it downe by the Idea he hath, without any patterne, which (for all Apelles priviledge) was more (I believe) then hee could have done for Alexander. But I am entred so far into pictures, that I know not how to get out againe: and though there be so much other story in this xxxiiij. booke as will ask some time, yet I thought better to set down this of these notable men here altogether, for those that have a mind to read it, then to have turned them over to the Table, where they must looke one in one place, and another in another, according as the names would fall out in the order of the Alphabet. But now to the French story.

12 staffe.

Clodoveus was the first King of France, after that Clodoveus that first received the Christian Religion. This Prince what time Grimoaldo Duke of Benevent had civill wars in Lombardy with Perderite and Gondiberto two brothers, taking this opportunity, made war on Grimoaldo: but Grimoaldo doubting his strength to meet them in the field, with a notable stratagem vanquished them, he fained as if he fled and forsook his tents, leaving them full of vitall and strong wines, which the French men so eagerly devoured, and drank so devoutly of the wine, that it made them sleep more soundly that night then was for their safety: for the Duke of Benevent set on them in the dead of the night, and so more by force of his wine then of his weapons vanquished them.

13 staffe.

In the time of Pope Urban the fourth, mentioned covertly in the 13 staffe, one Charles Duke of Anjou was called into Italy by the said Pope, and pronounced King of Sicily. But in a short time having done many great feats, the Sicilians conspired against him by the meanes of one Iohn of Procida, and murdered them all with great cruelty at the sound of an even song bell: so as it is to this day a by-word used in Italy, if any notable cruelty be done, that is withall sodainly executed, they call it the Sicilians even song: for they did at one even song kill not only all the Frenchmen, but also all the women they thought to be with child by them.

21 staffe.

The Earle of Marca mentioned in the 21 staffe, married Queen Ioan of Naples (the matter for the strangeness of the president, I thought worth the noting) this Ioan being sister to Charles the third, and heire generall to the Crown of Naples, was contented, for avoiding the soule infamie that she had by her over great familiarity, and the too much inward acquaintance of one Pandolfo, a mean man, to marry with one Iames Earle of Marca, and of the blood royall of France: but first she indented with him, that he should only have the bare title of King, but she would have the government wholly in her hands: he being once in possession, brake his covenant, and would needs governe all: but she by the help of Francis Sforse, in the end deprived him of the whole, and sent him backe into his countrey againe, where the poore Gentleman was glad to make himselfe an Hermit.

23 staffe.

Lodwike Sforse spoken of in the 23 staffe, for emulation of the King of Naples, first brought Charles the eighth into Italy, and made him so strong, that in the end he was not able to get him out againe. This Lodwike his manner was still to be plotting of new devices, to set other Princes at variance; now taking part with one side openly, and seeding the other with money secretly; never fast friend to any, never so proud as when with his smooth tongue and faire promises hee had beguiled some plaine and open man, not so fine headed as himselfe. Now though we might perhaps note some men of our time held for notable wise men, and leaning much to this kind of course, yet I see small encouragement, either by his beginning, or proceeding, or ending, why any should thinke him worth the following: hee began an usurper, hee lived a dissembler, hee died a beggar, and (which is worse) a prisoner. Further it is noted in Guichiardine, that hee spent (as I remember) eight hundred thousand Duckets in that kind I spake of, setting Princes together by the eares: and he gat this for his labour, that no Prince loved him, as appeared when being ten yeares a prisoner in France, no man ever made suit in a manner for his liberty. Wherefore Tully saith to Anthonie in one of his Philippiks, Te minor Antori, quorum acta imitatis eorum exitus non perhorrescere. I marvel (saith he) friend Anthonie, that you are not afraid of their ends,

ends, whose evil acts you do follow. So surely I would wish none of my friends neither in private nor publick affaires, to follow these halting courses, but hold it for a maxim, that he that is not a true friend, shall not have a true friend.

The Marquis of Pescara touched in the xxix. stasse, at the assault of Castellano in Naples, being impatient of all stay, bargained with an Ethiopian slave to burn the French navie, and to let him in at the Church called Santa Croce; but the slave having greater rewards given him of the Frenchmen, betrayed him, and shot him in with a braked arrow, and so killed him.

In the xxxij. stasse where he speaks of Geriudad, where Liviano the Venetian Captaine was taken, I will refer the reader to Guicciardine for the whole discourse of the matter, beginning at the league of Cambray. But the substance of the matter briefly is this: Maximilian the Emperour, Lewis king of France, and all the kings of Europe in Effect, together with Pope Iulio, made a league at Cambray, combining themselves against the Venetians, and indeed prevailed so farre against them, that they left them almost nothing in terra firma as they call it, dividing all their townes, some to the king of Spaine, some to the Pope, some to Lewis himselfe, divers to the Emperour, and two or three to the Duke of Ferrara. But in the end (as commonly in songs of so many parts they cannot long keep perfect harmony, but that some sing out of tune) so it fell out, that in parting the spoiles, they of the league could not well agree among themselves, and so gave breath to the Venetians, who thereby recovered much of their state againe.

In the xxxvij. stasse he speaks of the overthrow of the Swizzers, that had been before wonderfull proud of their glorious title given them by the Pope, who sent them the pontificall banner, with this title unto it, Defenders of the liberty of the Church against the pride of Princes. But after that king Francis came into Italy and besieged Millan, the Swizzers that were in the towne refusing to make a peace with him, which he offered them, coming after to battell, were overcome, and seven thousand of them slaine.

In the xliij. stasse and so forward for three or foure more, he mentions the battell of Pavia, where the king of France was taken, a thing so generally known as I need not stand long on it: only mine author touches one chiefe oversight of this king, which was, that his master-masters deceived him in the number of his men: but howsoever it was, sure it is this Prince was a most worthy man, and wanted no quality of an excellent king, valiant and bountifull, and such a favourer of learned men, that the Italians termed him Padre e madre, the father and mother of learning and liberall sciences.

In the xlix. stasse he toucheth the sack of Rome, which the Duke of Burbon was ringleader of, though himselfe was at the very first assault slaine, with a barguebush shot in the head, but the other Capitaines sacked the town, and in fine drave the Pope to his ransome. And thus much for the story of this book: now I come to the Allegory.

Diverse excellent good Allegories may be taken out of this prettie fiction of Prester Iannic, called Senapos. One is, as I partly touched in the morall, when men through wealth and honour grow proud, and despisers of God and religion, whose state is damnable and incurable, except a flying knight come downe from heaven, I meane some Angell of God, or speciall grace of God, to remove these monsters and monstrous opinions out of their minds. The punishment of blindness laid upon him for that his presumptuous assaulting Paradise, shewes that no men are indeed more blind, then those that think they see so much more then other men, specially when they enter into that wilfull blindness, of not seeing the way to their own salvation. Italy had been noted long to have had many irreligious men in it: and no marvell, for our old English proverb is, the nearer the Church, the further from God: yet surely those despisers of religion, are themselves despised of many: in so much as it is grown for a by-word among them; when they speake of such a man, they will say, Oh, he is grown a profound wise man, he begins now not to believe in Christ, thereby ironically noting his passing folly. I would stand longer in applying the particulars of this Allegory, but that I doubt I am somewhat too tedious in these notes already.

In the Harpias that snatch away the meat from the mouth of this king, he alludes (as himselfe expoundeth plainly in the beginning of the next book) to the Swizzers and other strangers that spoile Italy. But a like story, which this may seem to allude unto, is told of Calais and Zet, sonnes of Orithya daughter to Eriatheus king of Athens, who are said to have delivered Phineus king of Thrace from the Harpias in such a like sort.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxiiij. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Astolfo heares of Lydias plague in hell,
 Untill the smoke annoyd and fould him so,
 That he was faine to wash him at a well;
 Which done, to Paradise he straight doth go,
 Where he doth meet Saint Iohn, who doth him tell
 Strange things, and as strange things to him doth shew:
 And there Orlandos wit he doth receave,
 And sees the fatall threds the sisters weave.



O H foule Harpias, greedy, hun-
 gerstarv'd,
 Whom wrath divine for just
 revenge hath sent
 To blinded Italy, that hath
 deserv'd
 For sinnes both old and late
 so to be shent.
 The sustenance that should
 for food have serv'd,
 For widowes poore, and orphanes innocent,
 These filthy monsters do consume and wast it
 Oft at one meale, before the owners tast it.

He doubtlesse guilty is of grievous sin,
 That first set open that long closed cave,
 From which all filth and greedinesse came in
 To Italy, and it infected have,
 Then ended good then did bad dayes begin,
 And discord foule so fane off all peace drave,
 That now in warres, in poverty and paine,
 It long hath tari'd, and shall long remaine.

Untill she can her slothfull sonnes awake,
 From drowfie sleep, that now themselves forget,
 And say to them, for shame example take,
 Let others valiant deeds your courage whet:
 Why should not you the like acts undertake,
 As in time past did Calai and Zet?
 That erst like aid to Phineas did bring,
 As did Astolfo th' Ethiopian king.

Who having driv'n away these monsters fell,
 From blind Senapors board, as erst I told,

And chased them so farre, untill they fell
 Into the cave most fearfull to behold;
 That fearfull cave that was the mouth of hell,
 To hearken at the same he waxed bold,
 And heard most wofull mourning, plaints and cries,
 Such as from hell were likely to arise.

Astolfo minds into the place to enter,
 And visit those that have forgone this light,
 And pierce the earth ev'n to the middle center,
 To see if ought may there be worth the sight;
 For why he thought, what need I feare to venter,
 That have this horn, with which I can affright
 Foule Sathan, Cerberus with triple chaps,
 And safely keep my selfe from all mishaps.

He ties his flying beast fast by the reines,
 With mind to hell it selfe to bid defiance,
 His horn fast t' d about his neck remains,
 In which much more then sword he puts affiance:
 But at his very entrance he complaines
 Of that same smoke that bred him much annoyance,
 That savour'd strong of brimstone and of pitch,
 Yet still Astolfo goeth thorow stich.

But still the further that he forward goes,
 He feels the smoke more noisome and more thick,
 That in himselfe he gan now to suppose,
 If further he should wade he should be sick,
 When lo a shadow seemed to disclose
 It selfe to him, of tomwhat that was quick,
 And to his thinking hither way'd and thither,
 Much like a carcasse hang'd long in weather.

Here begins
 the tale of
 Lydia.

The

8
The English Duke that had desire to know,
If so he saw a body or a vision,
Strake with his sword thereat so fierce a blow,
As would indeed thereof have made division,
If it had been as it did seem in show:
But when he saw his sword made no incision,
He guessed that it was (by that blowes giving)
A passed spirit, not a body living.

9
Then heard he how thus wofully it said,
Oh you that to these lower parts descend,
Bring us no hurt, though you can bring no aid,
And be not so to those whom none can friend.
The Duke amaz'd, both hands and footsteps staid,
And said unto the ghost, so God thee send
Some speedy ease of this thy painfull smart,
As thou wilt deane to tell me who thou art.

10
And if to work your good lay in my lot,
Above or here I should be glad to do it.
Ah (said the ghost) my plague with such a knot
Is tied, as mortall strength cannot undo it,
Yet your request deny you will I not,
Because you have so great a mind unto it,
I will declare to you my stock and name,
And eke the cause why to this place I came.

11
My name is *Lydia*, born of princely birth,
And bred in pomp and solaces delightfull,
Though now in place excluded from all mirth,
I lie condemn'd by Gods high doom and rightfull,
Because while I did live above on earth,
Vnto my love I shew'd my selfe so spightfull,
And many more be here for like offences,
As he that all doth rule, their plague dispences.

12
Here lies that faire, but cruell *Anaxaritee*,
Whose corps a stone divine revenge did make,
Her ghost in smoke that no light ay shall clarifie,
Doth most severe, but most just penance take,
Because she could without all sense of charity,
Behold her lover hanging for her sake:
Here *Daphne* lies, that now repents her shunning
Of *Phaebus*, whom she scap'd with over-running.

13
Too tedious it would be for me to tell
The severall names of ev'ry female spirit,
That for reward of their hard hearts, in hell
Appointed are such portions to inherit.
Yet farre more are the men that there do dwell,
For like offence, who for their evill merit (them,
Are placed much more low, though somewhat nigh,
Where fume doth smother them, and flame doth fry (them,

14
And reason good, for sith our sex is weak,
The greater sinne it is us to deceive,
As * *Thefeus* and *Jason* well can speak,
And he that * *Latin* did of rule bereave,
With him, on whom faire *Abfolon* did wreak
The wrong that ravish't *Thamar* did receive,
With diverse that of tone and tother gender,
Refus'd or left their loves for causes slender.

ad T

15
But that I may particularly touch
The cause that brought me to this endlesse paine,
My beauty while I liv'd, and pride was such,
As none or few did to the like attaine,
And both of them in me excel'd so much,
'Twas hard to say which greater was of twaine:
But this I know full well, my proud mind grew
Out of conceit of my well pleasing hev.

16
It hapned that a valiant knight of *Thrace*
In state and living of the better sort,
And hearing praise of my praise-worthy face,
Confirmed oft by more then one report,
He purpos'd, and perform'd it in short space,
Vnto my fathers kingdome to resort,
That he might sue to me, and only serve me,
In hope by his great value to deserve me.

17
In gallant sort when he to *Lydia* came,
And saw with eye what he had heard with eare,
He callerh scant report, and niggard fame,
That did to him so barren tidings beare:
And ravish't with my look, he straight doth frame
Himselfe to wait in court, and raie there,
And shew'd such worth, and used such behaviour,
As justly might deserve my fathers favour.

18
Exceeding was his service and desert,
If to a gratefull Prince it had been done,
So perfectly he had of warre the art,
That for my sire, by his conduct he won
All *Caria*, and of *Cilicia* part,
And after these exploits, he then begun,
For recompence of these his merits rise,
To pray my father I might be his wife.

19
My father him repuls'd with answer sowre,
Because to match me higher was his will,
Not to a private knight, whose chiefest dowre
Was vertue, of whose worth he could not skill,
His greedy thoughts did nought but gaine devoure,
And coverise the branch and root of ill,
Made him no more regard his vertuous sure,
Then doth an Ass the sound of sweetest Lute.

20
Alceste (so was nam'd the worthy Knight)
Took this so foul repulse in great disdain,
Proceeding thence, from whence he ought of right
Expect great recompence for his great paine,
Wherefore he parted thence in great despight,
And vow'd revenge, nor was his vow in vaine,
Vnto th' *Armenian* king he thence doth go,
My fathers emulous and ancient foe.

21
Him (ready to accept each light occasion)
He soon perswades, without all intermission,
To make upon my father fierce invasion,
And make him chiefe Lievtenant by commission:
And having won him thereto by perswasion,
They thus agreed of spoiles to make partition,
As namely all the towns he won should be
The kings, and for himselfe he ask'd but me.

This

Look in the
marad of the
inveritade
of Princes.

Simile.

22

This league thus made, what woes my fire he wrought,
I know not how in speeches to expresse,
Foure royall armies quickly came to nought,
Dispers'd or dead in half a yeare and lesse,
In fine *Alceste* by his value brought
My father and his friends to such distresse,
They took them to a fort with such small treasure,
As in so Scarbrow warning they had leasure.

23

When here a while he us besieged had,
To such despaire he then my father drave,
To yeeld me up he would have been full glad,
To be his wife, yea ev'n to be his slave;
Nor would my fire have thought the bargain bad,
If halfe the Realme with me for dowre he gave,
So sore he fear'd, ere long to leese it all,
And die in wofull bands a captive thrall.

24

Wherefore in season to prevent the worst,
Me that had been the cause of all this ill,
He minds to offer to *Alceste* first,
To win thereby his favour and good will:
I went (for why none other do I trust)
With mind herein my fires mind to fulfill,
And offer mine own self at his devotion,
With halfe the Realme, if he accept the motion.

25

Alceste hearing I came him to look,
Against me forth he comes all pale and trembling,
Not like a conqueror was then his look,
But rather a captived man resembling;
Which when I found, my first plot I forsook;
For well I saw that this was not dissembling,
With lowering look I held my peace a while,
Then fit for his estate I fram'd my stile.

26

I waxed bold the more I see him faint,
And first I curst this unluckie love,
And of his cruelty I made complaint,
Which harm'd my friends, and chiefe that he would
Against my will to have me by constraint, (prove
I further did most sharply him reprove,
That he so parted with the first deniall,
And never sought to make new friendly triall.

27

I told him that his manners were too fierce,
That though my father his just suit deny'd,
Because perhaps his nature is perverse,
And would not at the first attempt be ply'd,
He should not though, all his good deeds reverse;
But rather ought with constancy have try'd,
By patient suffering, and by painfull serving,
To come unto reward of well deserving.

28

And if my father would not have been won,
I would (I said) his favour have procur'd,
And would have paid him, to make him his sonne,
If I had found his love to me had dur'd;
Or else in secret I would that have done,
By which of me he should have been assur'd,
But sith he needs would trie another mean,
I told him plaine, my love was alter'd clean.

29

And though I now came in this humble sort,
To yeeld my body, as the price of peace,
Because my father, whom he held so short,
Intreated me to sue for his release;
Yet did I vow to marre his hoped sport,
And if to offer force he would not cease,
I sware that rather I my selfe would kill,
Then grant such joyes constrain'd against my will.

30

These words and such as these to him I spake;
Finding my power was over him so great,
Wherewith I did him as repentant make,
As ere was Saint in Hermits desert seat:
He fell down at my feet, and praid me take
His naked dagger, and did me intreat,
To stab him with the same into his heart,
To take just vengeance of his lewd desert.

31

Now when I saw him at this passe, I thought
To follow this great conquest to his end,
And straight a little hope to him I brought,
Of favour, if his error he would mend,
And if my fathers freedome might be wrought,
And state restor'd, and he continue friend,
And not attempt hereafter to constrain me,
But with his serviceable love to gaine me.

32

He promised hereof he would not misse,
And back unto my fire me safe did send,
Nor once presumed he my mouth to kisse;
Think you, how he unto my yoke did bend;
I think that love plaid well his part in this,
And needed not for him more arrowes spend;
Hence straight unto th' *Armenian* king he went,
Whose all the winnings should be, by consent.

33

And in the mildest manner that he could,
He prayeth him to grant his good assent,
That my poore fire might *Lydia* quiet hold,
And he would with *Armenia* be content.
The king *Alceste* sharply then controld,
And in plaine terms he told he never meant
To cease that bloody warre at any hand,
While that my father had a foot of land.

34

What if (said he) *Alcestes* war'ring braine
Is turn'd with womans words? his dammage be it:
Shall I therefore lose all a whole yeares gaine
At his request? I never will agree it:
Again *Alceste* prayes him, and againe,
But all in vaine, he sees it will not be yet:
And last he waxed angry, and did sweare,
That he should do it, or for love or feare.

35

Thus wrath ingendred many a bitter word,
And bitter words did breed more bloody blower,
Alceste in that fury drew his sword,
And straight the guard on each side him inclose,
But he among them so himselfe bestir'd,
He slue the king, and by the help of those
Of *Thrace*, and of *Cilicia* in his pay,
Th' *Armenians* all he put to flight that day.

B b

And

36
And then his happy victory pursuing,
First he my fathers friends did all enlarge,
And next the Realme within one month ensuing,
He gat again, without my fathers charge,
And for the better shunning and elchuing
Of all unkindnesse, with amends most large,
For recompence of all harms he had done,
He gave him all the spoiles that he had won.

37
Yea fully to content him to his asking,
In all the countries that did neare confine,
He rais'd such summes of coine, by cursed tasking,
As made them grieve and greatly to repine.
The while my hate in loves faire vizar masking,
In outward show, I seem'd him to incline,
Yet secretly I studi'd to annoy him,
And many wayes devised to destroy him.

38
In stead of triumph by a privy train,
At his return to kill him we intended,
But from such fact feare forc'd us to refrain,
Because we found he was so strongly friended,
I seem'd of his comming glad and fain,
And promis'd when our troubles all were ended,
That I his faithfull yokefellow would be,
In we or weale, to take such part as he.

39
Wherefore I paid him first, that for my sake,
He would subdue some of our private foes,
And he each hard exploit doth undertake,
And now alone, and then with few he goes,
And safe returns, yet oft I did him make,
To fight with cruell Giants, and with those
That past his strength, oft with some monstrous beast,
Or Dragon fell, that did our Realme molest.

40
Don Hercules never by his cruell Aunt,
Nor by the hard Euristheus was so wrought
In Lerna, Thrace, in Nemea Eremaunt,
Numid, Etolia, Tebrus where he fought,
Nor Spaine, nor no where els, as I might vaunt,
With mild perswasion, but with murthering thought,
I made my lover still to put in ure,
In hope hereby his ruine to procure.

Hercules labours appointed by his aunt Juno, and Euristheus his halfe brother.

Simile.

41
But as the Palm the more the top is prest,
The thicker do the under branches grow,
Ev'n so, the more his vertue was oppress'd
By hard attempts, the brighter it did show:
Which when I found, forthwith I thought it best,
Another way to work his overthrow,
A way by which indeed I wrought the fear,
Which yet I shame and sorrow to repeat.

42
Against all such as bare him best affection,
I secretly did still his mind incense,
And ever one and one by my direction,
I made him wrong, till all were driv'n from thence:
So was his heart and soul in my subjection,
So had my beauty blinded all his sence,
Had I but wink'd, or up my finger bild,
He had not car'd whom he had hurt or kild.

43
Now when I thus had foil'd my fathers foes,
And by Alceste, had Alceste won,
And made him for my sake forsake all those,
That for his sake no high attempt would shun,
I then began my self plain to disclose,
And let him know what wise thred he had spun,
With bitter spitefull words I all to rated him,
And told him plain that in my heart I hated him.

44
And that I wish'd his life and dayes were ended,
And would have kild him, if I could for shame,
Save then I should of all men be condemned,
Because his high deserts were of such fame;
Yet him and them I utterly contemned,
And loath'd to see his face, or heare his name,
And sware I would wish him thenceforth no better,
Nor heare his message, nor receive his letter.

45
At this my cruell usage and ungrate
He took such grief, that in a while he di'd:
Now for this sin, he that all sin did hate,
Condemnes me here in this smoke to be ti'd,
Where I in vain repent my self too late,
That I his suit so causlessly deni'd,
For which, in smoke eternall I must dwell,
Sith no redemption can be had from hell.

*The end of
Lidia's tale.*

46
Here Lidia this her wofull tale doth end,
And faded thence; now when her speech did cease,
The Duke a farther passage did intend,
But this tormenting smoke did so increase,
That backward he was forc'd his steps to bend,
For vitall sprites already did decrease,
Wherefore the smoke to shun, and life to save,
He clammerd to the top of that same cave.

47
And lest those woman-faced monsters fell
Might after come from out that lothsome ledge,
He dig'd up stones, and great trees down did fell,
(His sword sufficing both for axe and sledge)
He hevd and brake, and labour'd it so well,
That gainst the cave he made a thick strong hedge,
So stop'd with stones, and many a ragged rafter,
As kept th' Harpies in a great while after.

48
But now the Duke, both with his present toile,
That did with dirt and dust him all to dash,
And with the smoke that erst did him so foile,
As black as soot, was driv'n to seek some plash,
Where he himself might of his clothes dispoile,
And both his raiment and his armour wash,
For why the smoke without and eke within,
Did taint his clothes, his armour, and his skin.

*Looke in the
Allegory.*

49
Soon after he a chrystall stream espying,
From foot to head he wash'd himself therein,
Then up he gets him on his courser flying,
And of the aire he more and more doth win,
Affecting heav'n, all earthly thoughts defying:
As fishes cut the liquid streame with fin,
So cutteth he the aire and doth not stop,
Till he was come unto that mountaine top.

Simile.

This

36
This hill nigh touch'd the circle of the Moone,
The top was all a fruitfull pleasant field,
And light at night, as ours is here at noone,
The sweetest place that ever man beheld;
(There would I dwell if God gave me my boone)
The soyle thereof most fragrant flowres did yeeld,
Like Rubies, Gold, Pearles, Saphyrs, Topas stones,
Chrysolites, Diamonds, Iacints for the nones.

51
The trees that there did grow were ever green,
The fruits that thereon grew were never fading,
The sundry colour'd birds did sit between,
And sing most sweet, the fruitfull boughs them sha-
The rivers cleare as crystill to be seen, (ding:
The fragrant smell the sense and soule invading,
With aire so temperate and so delightfome,
As all the place beside was cleare and lightfome.

52
Amid the plaine a pallace passing faire
There stood above conceit of mortall men,
Built of great height, unto the clearest aire,
And was in circuit twenty mile and ten,
To this faire place the Duke did straight repaire,
And viewing all that goodly country then,
He thought this world, compared with that pallace,
A dunghill vile, or prison void of solace.

53
But when as nearer to the place he came,
He was amazed at the wondrous sight,
The wall was all one precious stone, the same,
And then the carbuncle more sanguine bright,
O workman rare, O most stupendious frame,
What *Dedalus* of this had oversight?
Peace ye that wont to praise the wonders seav'n,
Those earthly kings made, this the King of heav'n.

54
Now while the Duke his eyes with wonder fed,
Behold a faire old man in th'entrie stood,
Whose gown was white, but yet his jacket red,
The tone as snow, the tother look'd as blood,
His beard was long and white, so was his head,
His countenance was so grave, his grace so good,
A man thereby might at first sight suspect,
He was a Saint, and one of Gods elect.

55
He comming to the Duke with chearfull face,
Who now alighted was for reverence sake,
Bold Baron (said the Saint) by speciall grace,
That suffer'd wast this voyage strange to make,
And to arrive at this most blessed place,
Not knowing why thou didst this journey take,
Yet know that not without the will celestiall,
Thou comest here to *Paradise* terrestriall.

56
The cause you came a journey of such length,
Is here of me to learn what must be done,
That *Charles* and holy Church may now at length
Be freed, that erst were welnigh ovenun,
Wherefore impute it not to thine own strength,
Nor to thy courage, nor thy wit, my son,
For neither could thy horn nor winged steed
Without Gods help stand thee in any need.

57
But at more leisure hereof we will reason,
And more at large I mind with you to speak,
Now with some meat refresh you, as is reason,
Lest fasting long may make your stomach weak,
Our fruits (said he) be never out of season:
The Duke rejoyced much, and marvel'd eke,
Then chiefe when by his speeches and his coat
He knew 'twas he that the fourth Gospell wrote.

58
That holy *John* whom *Christ* did hold so deare,
That others thought he death should never see,
Though in the Gospell it appeares not cleare,
But thus he said, What if it pleased me,
O *Peter*, that thy fellow tarry here
Untill my comming, what is that to thee?
So though our Saviour not directly spake it,
Yet sure it was, so ev'ry one did take it.

59
He here assumed was in happy houre,
Whereas before *Enoch* the Patriark was,
And where the Prophet bides of mighty power,
That in the fierie coach did thither passe:
These three in that so happy sacred bowre
In high felicity their dayes did passe:
Where in such sort to stand they are allow'd,
Till *Christ* return upon the burning cloud.

60
These Saints him welcome to that sacred seat,
And to a stately lodging him they brought,
And for his horse likewise ordained meat,
And then the Duke himselfe by them was taught,
The dainty fruits of *Paradise* to eat,
So delicate in tast, as sure he thought
Our first two parents were to be excus'd,
That for such fruit obedience they refus'd.

61
Now when the Duke had nature satisfi'd,
With meat and drink, and with his due repose,
(For there were lodgings faire, and all beside
That needfull for mans use man can suppose)
He gets up early in the morning tide,
What time with us a low, the Sun arose,
But ere that he from out his lodging mov'd,
Came that Disciple whom our Saviour lov'd.

62
And by the hand the Duke abroad he led,
And said some things to him, I may not name,
But in the end (I think) my son he sed,
Although that you from *France* so lately came,
You little know how those in *France* have sped,
There your *Orlando* quite is out of frame,
For God his sinne most sharply now rewardeth,
Who most doth punish whom he most regardeth.

63
Know that the champion your *Orlando*, whom
God so great strength and so great courage gave,
And so rare grace, that from his mothers wombe,
By force of steel his skin no hurt might have,
To th'end that he might fight for his own home,
And those that hold the Christian faith to save,
As *Sampson* erst enabled was to stand,
Against *Philistins* for the *Hebrew* land.

He saith,
your *Orlan-*
do, because he
was his cousin
Sampson.

64
This your *Orlando* hath bin so ungrate
(For so great grace receiv'd) unto his maker,
That when his country was in weakest state,
And needed succour most, he did forsake her,
For love (O wofull love that breeds Gods hate)
To woo a *Pagan* wench, with mind to take her,
And to such sin this love did him intice,
He would have kild his kinsman once or twice.

65
For this same cause doth mighty God permit
Him mad to run, with belly bare and breast,
And so to daze his reason and his wit,
He knowes not others, and himselfe knowes least;
So in times past our Lord did deem it fit,
To turn the king of *Babel* to a beast,
In which estate he sev'n whole yeares did passe,
And like an oxe did feed on hay and grasse.

66
But for the *Palladins* offence is not
So great as was the King of *Babels* crime,
The mighty Lord of mercy doth allot
Vnto his punishment a shorter time,
Twelve weeks in all he must remaine a sot,
And for this cause you suffer'd were to clime
To this high place, that here you may be taught
How to his wits *Orlando* may be brought.

67
Here you shall learn to work the feat I warrant,
But yet before you can be fully sped
Of this your great, but not forethought on arrant,
You must with me a more strange way be led,
Vp to the *Planet* that of all starres errant
Is nearest us, when she comes over head,
Then will I bring you where the medicine lies,
That you must have to make *Orlando* wise.

The Moone
the lowest
Planet.

68
Thus all that day they spent in divers talk,
With solace great, as never wanteth there,
But when the Sun began this earth to balk,
And passe into the tother hemisphere,
Then they prepar'd to fetch a further walk,
And straight the fire chariot that did beare
Elia, when he up to heav'n was carri'd,
Was ready in a trice, and for them tarr'd.

69
Foure horses fierce, as red as flaming fire,
Th' *Apostle* doth into the chariot set,
Which when he framed had to his desire,
Astolfo in the carre by him he set,
Then up they went, and still ascending higher,
Above the fire region they did get,
Whose nature so th' *Apostle* then did turn,
That though they went through fire, they did not

70
I say although the fire were wondrous hot,
Yet in their passage they no heat did feel,
So that it burn'd them, nor offends them not,
Thence to the *Moone* he guides the running wheel,
The *Moone* was like a glasse all void of spot,
Or like a peece of purely burnisht steel,
And look'd, although to us it seem'd so small,
Weligh as big as earth and sea and all.

71
Here had *Astolfo* cause of double wonder,
One, that that region seemeth there so wide,
That unto us that are so farre asunder,
Seems but a little circle, and beside,
That to behold the ground that him lay under,
A man had need to have been sharply ey'd,
And bend his browes, and mark ev'n all they might,
It seem'd so small, now chiefly wanting light.

72
Twere infinite to tell what wondrous things
He saw, that pass'd ours not few degrees,
What towns, what hills, what rivers, and what springs,
What dales, what pallsaces, what goodly trees,
But to be short, at last his guide him brings
Vnto a goodly valley, where he sees
A mighty masse of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on earth were lost, or were abus'd.

This fitting
agreeing
with an En-
glish Pro-
verb we use
that men
wits are be-
yond the
Moone, and
they have
laid up
things in the
circle of the
Moone.
Looke in the
Allegory.

73
A store-house strange, that what on earth is lost,
By fault, by time, by fortune, here is found,
And like a merchandize is there ingross,
In stranger sort then I can well expound;
Nor speak I sole of wealth, or things of cost,
In which blind fortunes power doth most abound,
But ev'n of things quite out of fortunes power,
Which wilfully we wast each day and houre.

74
The precious time that fooles mis-spends in play,
The vaine attempts that never take effect,
The vovyes that sinners make, and never pay,
The counsels wise that carelesse men neglect,
The fond desires that lead us oft astray,
The praises that with pride the heart infect,
And all we lose with folly and mis-spending,
May there be found unto this place ascending.

75
Now as *Astolfo* by those regions past,
He asked many questions of his guide,
And as he on one side his eye did cast,
A wondrous hill of bladders he esp'd,
And he was told they had been in time past,
The pompous crowns and scepters full of pride,
Of monarchs of *Affrya* and of *Greece*,
Of which now scanty there is left a peece.

Pride of
Princes, and
vanity of
their titles.

76
He saw great store of baited hooks with gold,
And those were gifts that foolish men preferd
To give to Princes covetous and old,
With fondest hope of future vaine reward;
Then were there ropes all in sweet garlands rold,
And those were all false flatteries he heard,
Then heard he crickets songs, like to the verses
The servant in his masters praise reherces.

Gifts given
to Princes in
hope of re-
ward.

Coming
flatteries.

Base flatter-
ies.

77
There did he see fond loves, that men pursue,
To look like golden gives with stones all set,
Then things like Eagles Talents he did view,
Those offices that favourites do get;
Then saw he bellows large that much wind blew,
Large promises that Lords make, and forget,
Vnto their *Ganimeds* in flowre of youth,
But airt nought but beggery ensueth.

Fond loves
Favourite
rewards.

Ornaments
promises.

He

78
He saw great Cities seated in faire places,
That overthrowne quite topsie turvie stood,
He ask'd and learn'd, the cause of their defaces
Was treason, that doth never turne to good:
He saw foule serpents with faire womens faces,
Of coyners and of theeves the cursed brood,
He saw fine glasses all in peeces broken,
Of service lost in Court, a wofull token.

79
Of mingled broth he saw a mighty masse
That to no use all spilt on ground did lie,
He ask'd his teacher, and he heard it was
The fruitlesse almes that men give when they die:
Then by a faire green mountaine he did passe,
That once smelt sweet, but now it stinks perdyce,
This was that gift (be't said without offence)
That *Constantine* gave *Silvester* long since.

80
Of birdlime-rods he saw no little store,
And these (O Ladies faire) your beauties be,
I do omit ten thousand things and more
Like vnto these, that there the Duke did see:
For all that here is lost, there evermore
Is kept, and thither in a trice doth flee,
Howbeit more nor lesse there was no folly,
For still that here with us remaineth wholly.

81
He saw some of his own lost time and deeds,
But yet he knew them not to be his own,
They seem'd to him disguis'd in so strange weeds,
Till his instructor made them better known:
But last, the thing which no man thinks he needs,
Yet each man needeth most, to him was shown,
By name mans wit, which here we leese so fast,
As that one substance all the other past.

82
It seem'd to be a body moist and soft,
And apt to mount by ev'ry exhalation,
And when it hither mounted was aloft,
It there was kept in pots of such a fashion,
As we call jarrs, where oyle is kept in oft:
The Duke beheld (with no small admiration)
The jarrs of wit, amongst which one had writ
Vpon the side thereof, *Orlandos* wit.

83
This vessell bigger was than all the rest,
And ev'ry vessell had ingrav'n with art
His name that erst the wit therein posselt:
There of his own the Duke did find a part,
And much he mus'd, and much himselfe he blest,
To see some names of men of great desert,
That think they have great store of wit, and boast it,
When here it plaine appear'd they quite had lost it.

84
Some lose their wit with love, some with ambition,
Some running to the sea, great wealth to get,
Some following Lords, and men of high condition,
And some in faire jewels rich and costly set:
One hath desire to prove a rare Magician,
And some with Poetrie their wit forget,
Another thinks to be an Alcumist,
Till all be spent, and he his number mist.

85
Astolfo takes his own before he goes,
For so th' *Evangelist* doth him permit;
He set the vessels mouth but to his nose,
And to his place he snuft vp all his wit:
Long after wise he liv'd, as *Turpin* shewes,
Vntill one fault he after did commit:
By name the love of one faire Northerne lasse,
Sent up his wit into the place it was.

86
The vessell where *Orlandos* wit was clos'd,
Astolfo took, and thence with him did beare;
It was far heavier then he had suppos'd,
So great a quantity of wit was there;
But yet ere back their iourney they dispos'd,
The holy Prophet brought *Astolfo*, where
A pallas (seldome seen by mortall man)
Was plac'd, by which a thick dark river ran.

87
Each room therein was full of diverse fleeces,
Of wooll, of lint, of silk, or els of cotten,
An aged woman spun the diverse peeces,
Whose look and hew did shew her old and rotten:
Not much unlike unto that labour, this is,
By which in Sommer new made silk is gotten,
Where from the silk worme his fine garment taking,
They reave him of the clothes of his own making.

88
For first in one large roome a woman span
Threds infinite, of diverse stufte and hew;
Another doth with all the speed she can,
With other stufte the distaves still renew,
The third in feature like, and pale and wan,
Doth sever faire from foule, and old from new:
Now who be these? the Duke demands his guide,
These be the fatal sisters, he repli'd;

89
The *Parcees* that the thred of life do spin
To mortall men, hence death and nature knowe
When life must end, and when it must begin:
Now, she that doth divide them, and bestow
The course from finer, and the thick from thin,
To that end works, that those that finest grow,
For ornaments in *Paradise* may dwell,
The course are curst to be consum'd in hell.

90
The Duke did further in the place behold,
That when the threds were spent that had been spun,
Their names in brasse, in silver, or in gold
Were wrote, and so into great heapes were done,
From which a man that seemed wondrous old,
With whole loads of those names away did run,
And turn'd againe as fast the way he went,
Nor ever wearie was, nor ever spent.

91
This aged man did hold his pace so swift,
As though to run he onely had been born,
Or had it giv'n him as a speciall gift:
And in the lappet of his cloke were born,
The names of men, with which he made such shift:
But now a while I crave to be forborn,
For in the book ensuing shalbe show'd,
How this old fire his cariage ill bestow'd.

This is writ-
ten in the
fourth booke
of the five
Cantos added
to *Ariosto*,
which many
thinke were
none of his
doing, and
are very im-
perfect.

Simila:

Morall.

In this xxxiiij. booke is to be noted in the tale of Lydia, the punishment of ingratitude, and what an odious sinne the same is in the sight of God and the world: also here are to be observed many kinds of ingratitude: as first her despising of Alcestes long service, and approved good will, and secondly of the fathers ingrate recompences, for his great desert by services in the wars, in which kind, it is not onely slanderous but dangerous for a Prince to show a niggardly mind, and much more a contemptuous disposition. For though indeed no subject (rightly considering his duty) ought to be moved by any ingratitude or injury of his soveraigne, to forget his allegiance, yet seeing the nature of most men, and specially of brave and resolute minded men, is subject to the passion of revenge, and can hardly bridle the same when they shall find themselves (as they think) disdained, or their services not well regarded: therefore the wisest and safest way, and fittest for the Majestie of a Prince, is to be liberall in rewarding, or at least thankfull in accepting such mens services, and to consider that love and bounty are stronger bands of allegiance, than feare and duty.

Historic.

Concerning the History of this booke, I have quored some briefly by the side, and some is so plaine it expounds it selfe: onely I meane to add a word or two what I have read, concerning that which is here delivered by mine author, about the Assumption of S. Iohn. First, how far the Scripture toucheth the same in the Gospell, every one knoweth, and how upon the speech of our Saviour (If I will be tarry till I come, what is that to thee) it was noised among the Disciples that that Disciple should never see death. After this, as other of good credit have delivered, S. Iohn lived till he was an hundred ycare old, and then made himselfe a tombe, and entred therein to alive in presence of many, and on the sodaine, a light shone all about the place, and tooke the tombe for the time quite from their sights; but the light being gone, the coffin was found empty, and the body of that Saint was no more scene upon the earth. Whereupon it was certainly thought that he was taken up into heaven or paradise, as Enoch and Elias were. Though this of S. Iohn be not recorded in the Scripture, (nor no more is the assumption of the blessed virgin) and consequently, no man is bound to believe it as an article of our Creed: Yet for mine owne opinion, I thinke it may be very true: and I would in such cases believe a great deale more than I need, rather than any thing lesse than I ought, for the tone (if it be a sinne) is surely pardonable, but the other doubtlesse is very damnable. But I will briefly note the Allegory that is meant hereby.

Allegorie.

First, where as Astolfo washeth himselfe in a christall well of cleare water before he can flie up to Paradise, it signifieth, that after a man shall by remorse, and devout consideration, weigh and behold the filthinesse of his sinne, he must then wash himselfe with the cleare spring-water of prayer and repentance; and then and not before, he may mount to Paradise, which may here be understood the comfortable peace of consciences, the onely true Paradise of this world. And where as Astolfo cometh to S. Iohn (whose name signifieth grace) to receive by his help Orlando's lost witts, for so it is set downe that that was the secret cause why he was guided thither, though unawares to himselfe: thereby it is to be understood, that no hope nor meane is left for any man that hath lost his wit, with following the vanities and pleasures of this world (as diverse careless Christians do, in forgetting and omitting their duties to God, which is the very highest point of folly) I say there is no meane for them to recover their wit againe, but onely by the help of this S. Iohn, that is this grace of God, which can miraculously restore it againe.

In the description of S. Iohns apparell, (His gown was white, but yet his jacket red, The tone was snow, the tother look'd as blood, &c.) by the red is signified charity, which burneth with zeale and ferventnesse of love; by the white is meant virginity and purenesse of life.

All those things that he saies to have been showed Astolfo in the circle of the Moone, are but similitudes, and likeness of such follies, as be that will marke them well, shall easily discern.

The old man that ran away so fast with the printed names of men, and flang them in the darke streame, figureth time, as in the next booke mine author very artificially explaneth it: affirming in the person of S. Iohn, as if it were (as our proverbe saith) as true as the Gospell, that the onely defence against the malice of time, is the pen of the learned: and that same outlasteth and outshyereth all things, as the well learned Gentleman, and my very good friend M. Henry Constable wrote in his Sonnet to the now king of Scotland.

Where others hooded with blind love do flie
A low on ground, with buzzard Cupids wings,
A heav'nly love from love of love thee brings,
And makes thy Muse to mount above the skie.

Young Muses be not wont to flie so hie,
Age taught by time such sober dittie sings,
But thy youth flies from love of youthfull things,
And so the wings of time doth over-flie.

Thus thou disdain'st all worldly wings as slow,
Because thy Muse with Angels wings doth leave
Times wings behind, and Cupids wings below:
But take thou heed, lest Fames wings thee deceive;
With all thy speed from fame thou canst not flee,
But more thou fleest, the more it followes thee.

Allusion.

For the punishment of Lydia's ingratitude by hanging in the eternall smoke, makes me call to mind a story of the Emperour Severus as I remember, who hearing that a favourite of his accustomed to promise many men great furtherance in their suits, by his favour with the Prince, and having taken their reward, his promise vanished into the aire like a vapour, and left the poore suiters nothing but his vaine breathed words: the just Emperour caused him to be smothered to death with smoke, saying, Fumo percat, qui fumum vendidit Let fume him choake, that selleth smoke.
Here end the annotations upon the xxxiiij. Booke.





Morall.

In this xxxiiij. booke is to be noted in the tale of Lydia, the punishment of ingratitude, and what an odious sinne the same is in the sight of God and the world: also here are to be observed many kinds of ingratiitudes: as first her despising of Alcestes long service, and approved good will, and secondly of the fathers ingrate recompences, for his great deserts by services in the wars, in which kind, it is not onely slanderous but dangerous for a Prince to show a niggardly mind, and much more a contemptuous disposition. For though indeed no subiect (rightly considering his duty) ought to be moved by any ingratitude or injury of his soveraigne, to forget his allegiance, yet seeing the nature of most men, and specially of brave and resolute minded men, is subject to the passion of revenge, and can hardly bridle the same when they shall find themselves (as they think) disdain'd, or their services not well regarded: therefore the wisest and safest way, and fittest for the Majestie of a Prince, is to be liberall in rewarding, or at least thankfull in accepting such mens services, and to consider that love and bounty are stronger bands of allegiance, than feare and duty.

Historic.

Concerning the History of this booke, I have quored some briefly by the side, and some is so plaine it expounds it selfe: onely I meane to add a word or two what I have read, concerning that which is here delivered by mine author, about the Assumption of S. Iohn. First, how far the Scripture toucheth the same in the Gospell, every one knoweth, and how upon the speech of our Saviour (If I will he tarie till I come, what is that to thee) it was noised among the Disciples that that Disciple should never see death. After this, as other of good credit have delivered, S. Iohn lived till he was an hundred yeare old, and then made himselfe a tombe, and entred therein to alive in presence of many, and on the sodaine, a light shone all about the place, and tooke the tombe for the time quite from their sights, but the light being gone, the coffin was found empty, and the body of that Saint was no more scene upon the earth. Whereupon it was certainly thought that he was taken up into heaven or paradise, as Enoch and Elias were. Though this of S. Iohn be not recorded in the Scripture, (nor no more is the assumption of the blessed virgin) and consequently, no man is bound to believe it as an article of our Creed: Yet for mine owne opinion, I thinke it may be very true: and I would in such cases believe a great deale more than I need, rather than any thing lesse than I ought, for the tone (if it be a sinne) is surely pardonable, but the other doubtlesse is very damnable. But I will briefly note the Allegory that is meant hereby.

Allegoric.

First, whereas Astolfo washeth himselfe in a christall well of cleare water before he can flie up to Paradise, it signifieth, that after a man shall by remorse, and devout consideration, weigh and behold the filthinesse of his sinne, he must then wash himselfe with the cleare spring-water of prayer and repentance, and then and not before, he may mount to Paradise, which may here be understood the comfortable peace of conscience, the onely true Paradise of this world. And whereas Astolfo cometh to S. Iohn (whose name signifieth grace) to receive by his help Orlando's lost witts, for so it is set downe that that was the secret cause why he was guided thither, though unawares to himselfe: thereby it is to be understood, that no hope nor meane is left for any man that hath lost his wit, with following the vanities and pleasures of this world (as diverse carelesse Christians do, in forgetting and omitting their duties to God, which is the very highest point of folly) I say: there is no meane for them to recover their wit againe, but onely by the help of this S. Iohn, that is this grace of God, which can miraculously restore it againe.

In the description of S. Iohns apparell, (His gown was white, but yet his jacket red, The tone was snow, the rother look'd as blood, &c.) by the red is signified charity, which burneth with zeale and ferventnesse of love; by the white is meant virginity and purenesse of life.

All those things that he saies to have been showed Astolfo in the circle of the Moone, are but similitudes, and likeness of such follies, as he that will marke them well, shall easily discern.

The old man that ran away so fast with the printed names of men, and flang them in the darke streame, figureth time, as in the next booke mine author very artificially explaneth it: affirming in the person of S. Iohn, as if it were (as our proverbe saith) as true as the Gospell, that the onely defence against the malice of time, is the pen of the learned: and that same outlasteth and outshyeth all things, as the well learned Gentleman, and my very good friend M. Henry Constable wrote in his Sonnet to the now king of Scotland.

Where others hooded with blind love do flie
A low on ground, with buzzard Cupids wings,
A heav'nly love from love of love thee brings,
And makes thy Muse to mount above the skie.
Young Muses be not wont to flie so hie,
Age taught by time such sober dittie sings,
But thy youth flies from love of youthfull things,
And so the wings of time doth over-flie.
Thus thou disdain'st all worldly wings as slow,
Because thy Muse with Angels wings doth leave
Times wings behind, and Cupids wings below:
But take thou heed, lest Fames wings thee deceive;
With all thy speed from fame thou canst not flee,
But more thou flees, the more it follows thee.

Allusion.

For the punishment of Lydias ingratitude by harging in the eternall smoke, makes me call to mind a story of the Emperour Severus as I remember, who hearing that a favourite of his accustomed to promise many men great furtherance in their suits, by his favour with the Prince, and having taken their reward, his promise vanished in to the aire like a vapour, and left the poore suiters nothing but his vaine breathed words: the just Emperour caused him to be smothered to death with smoke, saying, Fumo peccat, qui fumum vendidit. Let fume him choake, that selleth smoke.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxiiij. Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Saint Iohn the praise of writers doth recount :
 Bradamant doth with good successe recover
 The prisoners that were tane by Rodomount :
 This done, she sends a challenge to her lover,
 And sends withall an horse of good account,
 Which makes Rogero long in doubt to hover ;
 The while before his face the fall he saw,
 Of Serpentine, Grandonio, and Ferraw.*

E AIRE mistresse who for me to
 heav'n shall flie,
 To bring againe from thence
 my wandering wit,
 Which I still lose, since from
 that piercing eye
 The dart came forth that first
 my heart did hit ?
 Nor of my losse at all com-
 plaine would I,
 Might I but keep that which remaineth yet :
 But if it still decrease, within short space
 I doubt I shall be in *Orlandos* case.

Yet well I wot where to recover mine,
 Though not in Paradise nor *Cynthias* sphere,
 Yet doubtlesse in a place no lesse divine,
 In that sweet face of yours, in that faire heare,
 That rubie lip, in those two starlike eyne,
 There is my wit, I know it wanders there ;
 And with my lips (if you would give me leave)
 I there would seatch, I thence it would receave.

But to retume unto that *English* Prince,
 Whom (if you do remember) with *S. Iohn*,
 By ugly streame I left a little since,
 The fatall sister spinners looking on,
 Who sometime do prolong, and sometime mince
 Our thred of life, I say he saw anon,
 Among a million more, one passing sleece,
 More fine than that that *Iason* brought to Greece,

So shone the thred that from that sleece out came,
 No gold, nor orient pearle could look so bright,

As *folso* much desir'd to know his name,
 And time of birth, that to that thred had right.
 Straightwayes this answer unto him doth frame,
 He that the darke *Apocalyps* did write ;
 The number of his name shall noted be,
 When twenty shall be tane from M and D.

And as the sleece which here so faire doth show,
 In finest substance passeth all the rest ;
 So shall the person that the same doth owe,
 Make that same age in which he liveth, blest,
 For all the gifts that nature can bestow,
 Or with which study can a man invest,
 Shall powred be on him with large proportion,
 Assigned from above to be his portion.

There stands (said he) neare to the banks of *Poe*
 A village, now of small or none account,
 Whose mourish seat the streame doth overflow,
 But in that time that I to you recount,
 Vnto a City of such state shall grow,
 As all the neighbour townes it shall surmount ;
 Nor sole in walls, and buildings fine and stately,
 But in good arts of old found out, or lately.

Nor think you this preferment to proceed
 By peradventure, or as 'twere by chance,
 But ev'n as a thing by God himselfe decreed,
 For one mans sake his native soile t'advance,
 As still we see those that good fruit will breed,
 Do graffe the stock, and prune and pick the branch,
 Or as the goldsmith pollieth the mettell,
 In which he means a gemme of price to settell.

Never

The golden
sleece.

Simile.

Simile.

For a
Wi
N
Th
Th
Th
Hip
To

For all
To
Sha
Vn
Ma
All
Wh
Orl

Thus
Th
Fro
On
Th
Da
Wh
To

This v
Bo
He
An
A
Or
Int

This
Vn
Bu
Or
He
Wh
An
Th

Yet all
As
An
Th
Th
Int
Wh
To

For e
To
Th
Th
Or
In
Th
An
or

8
For nere shall soule that shall to earth descend,
With mortall garment be more comly clad,
Never did God a soule from hence down send,
That more choice gifts, nor more rare vertues had
Then this, which unto him he doth intend,
That shall his country and his friends make glad,
Hippokite of *Est* his name shall be,
To whom the heav'n's such favours do decree.

9
For all those vertues great that wonted are,
To set forth diverse, diversly divided,
Shall joynd be in this same man most rare,
Vnto such place, by heav'n's appointment guided,
Maintain'd shall studies be by his great care,
All quarrels cease, and broiles shall be decided,
Whose vertues all, if I to tell prolong,
Orlando should expect his wit too long.

10
Thus much the follower of *Iesus* spake,
The while *Astolfo* those same webs doth view,
From whence our lives end and beginning take:
One spun, one cut, the third doth stufie renew.
Then came they to the foul and lothsome lake,
Dark, deep, and miry, of a deadly hew,
Where was the aged man that never flinted
To carie bundels of the names imprinted.

11
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Both use and nature so swift pac'd had made,
He never rested, but ran evermore,
And with his running he did use this trade,
A heap of names within his cloke he bore,
And in the river did them all unlade,
Or (plaine to speak) away he cast them all
Into this stream, which *Lethe* we do call.

12
This prodigall old wretch no sooner came
Vnto this cursed rivers barren bank,
But desp'rately, without all feare of blame,
Or caring to deserve reward or thank,
He hurld therein full many a precious name,
Where millions soon into the bottome sank,
And scant in ev'ry thousand one was found,
That was not in the gulf quite lost and drownd.

13
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carren crows, and chattering pies,
And many more of sundry kinds and hew,
That made lewd harmony with their lowd cries:
These when the carelesse wretch the trefor threw
Into that stream, did all they could devise,
What with their talents some, and some with beak,
To save those names, but find themselves too weak.

14
For ever as they sought themselves to raise,
To beare away those names of great renown,
The weight of them so heavy downward waies,
They in the stream were driv'n to cast them down,
Only two swans sustain'd so great a praise,
In spite of him that sought them all to drown,
These two do still take up whose names they list,
And beare them safe away, and never mist,

15
Sometime all under that foule lake they div'd,
And took up some that were with water cover'd,
And those that seem'd condemned they repriv'd,
And often, as about the bank they hover'd,
They caught them ere they to the stream arriv'd:
Then went they with the names they had recover'd
Vp to a hill that stood the water nigh,
On which a stately Church was built on high.

16
This place is sacred to immortall fame,
And evermore a Nymph stands at the gate,
And took the names wherewith the two swans came,
(Whether they early come, or whether late)
Then all about the Church she hang'd the same,
Before the sacred image in such rate,
As they might then well be assur'd for ever,
Spite of that wretch in safety to persever.

17
Astolfo had a great desire to know
The mysteries most high, and hidden sence
Of that old man, that still ran to and fro,
And precious things so lewdly did dispence,
And of the birds, and of the nymph also,
That from the swans took names, and bare them
And therefore asked what they signifi'd, (thence,
To whom the man of God thus wise repli'd:

18
Know first (said he) there cannot wag a straw
Below on earth, but that the signe is here:
And each small ast doth correspondence draw,
Although in other shew it doth appeare:
That aged man, that running erst you saw,
And never baits, nor resteth all the yeare,
To work the like effects above is bound,
As time doth work below upon the ground.

19
When here the fatall threed of life is spun,
Then doth below the life of man decline,
There fame, and here their names in metall done,
Would make them both immortall and divine,
Save here this aged sire that so doth run,
And there below, time doth thereat repine,
He here flings all their names into a puddle,
Time there doth all in dark oblivion huddle.

20
And ev'n as here Rav'ns, Vultures, Pies, and crows,
And such like birds, endeavour all they may
To save those names that worthiest they suppose,
But wanting strength, the names stil downward sway:
So there promoters, ruffins, bawds, and those
That can the parasites and jesters play,
That by great Lords are oft more made of, then
The true, and plaine, and vertuous minded men,

21
And these (forsooth) good fellowes call you must,
Because they learn like Ass and Pork to be,
But when their Lords be laid full low in dust,
Their line of life cut off by sisters three,
Yea oft by their own surfering an' lust,
Then these same goodly squires of base degree,
In their vile mouthes their names beare up and down
A while, and after in oblivion drownd.

The explication
of the former
Allegory

The Ass and
Pork are
things, the
Pork is
himselfe

But as the swans that here still flying are,
With written names unto the sacred port,
So there *Historians* learn'd and *Poets* rare
Preserve them in cleare fame and good report;
O happy *Princes*, whose foresight and care
Can win the love of writers in such sort,
As *Cæsar* did, so as you need not dread
The lake of *Lethe* after ye be dead.

But surely God their reason so doth blind,
And takes from them all sence of wit and skill,
That when their rooms on earth they have resign'd,
Death both their bodies and their fames might kill;
Where at the least some fame would stay behind,
(Admit in part their manners were but ill)
Had they but wit to get some grace with *Cirra*,
Their fame should sweeter smel then nard or minha.

*Cirra a town
on the side of
Parnassus
taken for the
Muses.*

Perhaps *Æneas* was not so devout,
Nor *Hector* nor *Achilles* were so brave,
But thousands have as honest been and stout,
And worthy by desert more praise to have;
But those faire lands and castles out of doubt,
That their successors unto writers gave,
Made them so famous over forraigne lands,
Canoniz'd by the *Poets* sacred hands.

Augustus Cæsar was not such a Saint,
As *Virgil* maketh him by his description,
His love of learning scuseth that complaint,
That men might justly make of his proscription;
Nor had the shame that *Neros* name doth taint,
Confirm'd now by a thousand yeares prescription,
Been as it is, if he had had the wit,
To have been frank to such as *Poems* writ.

Blind *Homer* writ how *Agamemnon* fought;
And wan at last great *Troy* that long resisted;
And how *Penelope*, though greatly fought
By many suiters, yet in faith persisted;
Yet sure (for ought you know) he might have taught
The contrary to this, if he had listed,
That *Troy* prevail'd, that *Greeks* were conquer'd
And that *Penelope* was but a quean; (clean,

On tother side, we see *Queen Didor* name
That worthy was indeed to be commended,
Is subject now to slander and to shame,
Because that she by *Virgil* is not friended;
But on this point I now more tedious am
Then I was ware, or then I had intended,
For I love writers well, and would not wrong them,
And I my self do count my self among them.

I wrote a volume of my masters praise,
For which to me he hath not been ungrate;
But to this height of honour me doth raise,
Where (as you see) I live in happy state;
I pitie those that in these later dayes
Do write, when bounty hath shut up her gate,
Where day and night in vaine good writers knock,
And for their labours oft have but a mock.

So as indeed this reason is the chief,
That wits decay, because they want their hire,
For where no succour is, nor no relief,
The very beasts will from such place retire.
Thus said the Saint, and (as it were with grief
Of such offence) his eyes did flame like fire,
But turning to the Duke with sober lafter,
He pacifi'd himself a little after.

*Senneca,
This is likely
such an of-
fence as
would anger
a Saint.*

But here I leave *Astolfo* safe and sound
With holy *John*, for forthwith leap must I,
As far as from the Moon unto the ground,
My wings would faile, if I still soar'd so hie:
Now come I unto her that had the wound,
That ever smarting wound of jealousie,
I told she had, when last of her I spoke,
Vnhorst three kings with goldelaunces stroke.

*He returns to
Astolfo in
the 38 book,
24 stave.*

*Can. xxxij,
stave 69.*

And how she lay all at a castle sad,
Although in vaine she sought her grief to smother,
How at that place she perfect knowledge had,
That *Agramant* was foiled by her brother,
And that to flie to *Arlic* he was glad,
With good *Roger* and with many other;
This made her unto *Provence* then to hast,
Because she heard that *Charles* pursu'd him fast.

Now unto *Provence* onward as she went,
A comely damsell in her way she view'd,
Who though she lookt like one that did lament,
Yet could not grieve her comly grace exclude;
This dame had travel'd long, with this intent,
To find some knight that from the Pagan rude,
(Fierce *Rodomont*, that prisoner held her lover)
By force of arms againe might him recover.

Fiordeligi

Now when the comfortlesse dame *Bradamant*
Had met a dame as comfortlesse as she,
Such sympathy she felt of griefe, that scant
She kept in teares, so sad a sight to see,
She ask'd her what misfortune or what want,
Of her sad plight, unworthy cause might be;
Faile *Fiordeligi* that for a knight did hold her,
The circumstance of all the matter told her.

And in most rufull sort she did recount,
Both of the tombe and bridge the wofull storie,
And how the cruell Pagan *Rodomont*
Had taken him, for whom she was so sorie,
Not that he could in value him surmount,
That for his value had obtain'd much glory;
But that the Pagan not to strength did trust,
But to a bridge, and vantages unjust.

Wherefore most noble minded knight (said she)
If such you be, as by your speech I guesse,
Help my deare spouse from bondage vile to free;
And plague the Pagan that doth him oppresse;
Or if you cannot so, yet counsell me,
Where I may find some aid for my distresse,
Some knight so stout of heart, and strong of hand,
As may this cruell Sarazen withstand.

So

36
So shall you do a brave and noble deed,
That wandering knights do think they ought of due,
So might you aid a worthy man indeed,
And one in love most faithfull and most true:
As for his other praise, it is no need
For me to tell mine own griefes to renew,
Sith well I know they plainly are appearing,
To all that have their sense of sight and hearing.

37
The worthy Dame that thirsted still for praise,
Agrees to take this hard exploit in hand,
As one that ready was at all assaies,
On horse, on foot, by water, or by land:
For either thus she shall her glory raise,
If so she shall the Pagans force withstand,
Or die she shall, which danger lesse doth move her,
Because she thinks *Rogero* doth not love her.

38
And thus she said, most lovely loving Dame,
Gladly I shall my utmost forces prove,
To succour one that merits so great fame,
Yet of his praises chiefly me doth move,
Because you give him such a noble name,
That he is true and faithfull in his love:
Which sith you speak by triall, I must ween so,
Els I durst sweare no man alive had been so.

39
These last words ending with a scalding sigh,
A sigh that came indeed from grievous thought,
Then on they went, till they approched nigh
The parlous bridge, that *Rodomont* had wrought:
And straight the watch descri'd them from on high,
And blew a horn, by which the Pagan thought,
That travellers were come the bridge to passe,
Came out all armed, as his manner was.

40
But when that he one all in armour saw,
He greets them lowd with this lewd salutation:
Ho stay, and ere you passe observe this law,
Vnto this tombe, humbly to make oblation,
Of horse and armes, with feare and rev'rent aw:
Els with this speare expect sharp castigation.
She that before had heard of *Isbels* death,
And of this tombe thus stoutly to him seth,

41
Ah damned wretch, why should the innocent
Indure the penance of thy grievous guilt?
Thy self shouldst die, or suffer punishment,
That killedst her, if please her ghost thou wilt:
Her soule (upon my soule) would be content,
If by my hand thy guilty blood were spilt,
More then with all the armors, men, and horses,
That thou dost win by thy unlawfull forces.

42
And so much more it will accepted be
To her, if thou by my right hand maist die,
Because I am a woman as was she,
And onely come on thee my force to trie:
But let us first upon these points agree,
That if you hap to vanquish me, then I
Shall suffer at your hands, so and no more,
Then other prisoners have done before.

43
But if I vanquish you (as sure I trust)
Then I will have the spoile of all the rest,
And make your horse, and armes, a gift more just,
Vpon the tombe of her for ever blest:
And then withall, to me you promise must,
That all your prisoners straight shall be releast,
When thus the Dame her mind had signifi'd,
Thus the fierce Turk mildly to her repli'd.

44
Faie Dame, you seem to me to speak but reason,
And thereto I my frank assent affoord:
But true it is, that I for feare of treason,
My prisoners all, have sent from hence aboard,
So as I cannot free them at this season,
But firmly here to you I passe my word,
If you foile me, of which there is small jeoberty,
I will send word to set them all at liberty.

45
But if I conquer you, as sure I shall,
(For so it is most likely, and most meet)
I will not hang your armour on the wall,
Nor send you hence a prisoner in my fleet,
I will remit to you my conquest all,
For that faie faces sake, and look so sweet;
Suffice it that this curtesie may move thee,
Where now thou seem'st to hate me, then to love me.

46
Be not (faie Dame) in your own strength beguil'd,
I offer not such grace to ev'ry stranger,
For I am strong, at this the damsell smil'd,
But such a smile, as shew'd not mirth, but anger;
And whether courage had all feare exil'd,
Or that despaire made her to doubt no danger,
She spur'd her horse, nor other answer made him,
But with her speare in rest she doth invade him.

47
This so did move the cruell *Rodomont*,
Vpon his horse he doth himself advance,
Not making doubt, but that he would dismount
Out of her seat, the noble Dame of France;
But he was quite deceiv'd of his account,
No sooner was he toucht with *Goldelance*,
But ev'n as if of strength he had bin reav'd,
Quite from the saddle backward he was heav'd.

48
But yet the Dame her self in danger was,
To fall into the streame so swift and fleet,
By meane the bridge so narrow was to passe,
That hardly two at once thereon could meet;
But *Rabican*, whose swiftnesse did surpass
All foure foot beasts, did firmly keep his feet;
Although so straight and narrow was the bridge,
He was constrain'd to run upon the ridge.

49
Now when the Pagan lay thus overthrown,
She turn'd to him, and sporting, thus she spake;
Now sir (said she) I hope it may be known,
Of us two which the worse cause did take.
But he, like one whose wits were not his own,
He either could or would no answer make;
But still he stood, looking on ground and musing,
Neither his foile denying nor excusing.

And

50
And having walk'd some half a dozen paces,
He suddenly cast all his armour off,
And hurles it gainst the stones, and it defaces,
That scant he left unbroke one peece thereof:
Determining after such foule disgraces,
To hide himselfe, and go a great way off:
But ere he went, he granted full commission,
To free his prisoners without intermission.

He comes
not to him
till the latter
end of the
last Booke,
where Ro-
gero killeth
him.

51
So thence he went, and what of him became,
Or what he did, no notice cleare I have,
But onely this, that ev'n for very shame,
He long liv'd close within a secret cave:
The while his armes by that victorious Dame,
Were hang'd up at the tombe for triumph brave,
The tother armes and furnitures among,
That erst to Pagan Princes did belong.

Bradamant
son to Mono-
dante.

52
But for all those that were from Christens won,
She laid them up, and did in safety set,
Among the which was Monodantes son,
And Olivero and stout Sansoner,
Who late before with ill successe did run,
So that the Pagan did their armour get,
And them themselves as prisoners did convey
Vnto *Algerie*, farre from thence away.

53
Among the rest that had their armour lost,
Was *Sacrapant* the fierce *Circassen* Prince,
Who sought for *Frantlet*, to his paine and cost,
And with the Pagan fought but little since,
But being foil'd, he quite forsook that coast,
Where men, of such disgrace might him convince,
And with great shame, but what could shame him
He came on horback, & went thence on foot. (boot)

He speaks no
more of Sa-
crapant.

54
Wherefore asham'd in such sort to return,
He minds to follow that his former quest
Of her, whose love long since his heart did burn,
Although her love he never yet possesseth:
For still her froward mind did ever spurn,
Against his earnest, and most just request.
Of her return he late had heard the newes,
(I know not how) but now he her pursues.

55
And let him her pursue, for I proceed,
Of noble *Bradamant* acts to tell,
Who having done this brave and worthy deed,
To free the passage where so many fell,
She wrote it, so as ev'ry one might read,
How all the circumstance thereof befell,
Which having done, then she demands to know,
Which way Dame *Fiordeliege* did mind to go.

56
Who straight her purpose unto her unfolding,
Told her, to passe the sea by ship she meant,
At *Arly*, least the *Turke* his word nor holding,
Might keep her spouse too long in prison pent:
Then shall you (saith the Dame) be more beholding
To me, for sure (saith she) tis mine intent,
Vnto that town to guard you in your passage,
So you will do for me but one embassage.

57
And that withall, you me this grace afford,
To give *Rogero* this same horse for me,
And say an unknown champion sends him word,
To challenge him, that all the world may see
He hath been false of promise and of word,
Of which our combat shall the triall be:
And tell him plainly there is no deniall,
But that by challenge I will make this triall.

58
This say, and say no more, and if he ask
My name, then tell him plaine you may not tell;
The while mine armes shall serve me for a mask,
This I desire, do this, and so farewell;
This is (saith *Fiordeliege*) an easie task
From you, that have of me deserv'd so well,
As binds me both to this that you demand me,
And to what ever els you would command me.

59
This said, she takes the bridle in her hand,
And with her leads *Frontino* on the way,
Vntill they both came to the salt sea sand,
That next unto the town of *Arly* lay;
But *Fiordeliege* goes to the town by land,
And *Bradamant* doth in the suburbs stay,
To th'end she may convenient respite give her,
To him the horse and message to deliver.

60
Who when the bridge and gate she quite had past,
She prayeth one of those that kept the ward,
To bring her to *Rogero* in great hast,
And through the town of curisie her to guard,
This done, she to *Rogero* came at last,
And did her message with most due regard,
And gave *Frontino*, and then went her way,
Nor would she once to heare his answer stay.

61
Rogero standeth still all in a muse,
The messenger and message so begulle him,
He wonders who it is, that both doth use
Such curtesie, and yet withall revile him,
He thinks the partie doth him much abuse,
With fowlest blot of breach of word to file him:
And of all others, least of all he thought,
That *Bradamant* of him the combat sought.

62
To think it *Rodomont* he was inclin'd,
But yet it could not sink into his reach,
Why of a sudden he should be so kind,
And wherein he could blame his promise breach,
And save with him, he cannot call to mind,
With whom he had of friendship any breach:
The while the Lady with a stately scorn,
In token of defiance blew her horn.

63
Straightwayes the newes to *Agramant* doth fly,
That one without did challenge some within,
And *Serpentine*, that then by chance was by,
Ask'd leave to fight, with sure hope to win,
And swears the knight should yeeld or els should dy,
And then the people flockt both thick and thin,
And stood upon the walls with young and old,
Between these two the combat to behold.

Out

64

Out *Serpentino* came in brave array,
And bravely with his speare in rest he ran,
But at the first encounter downe he lay,
The horse runnes leere away without the man,
But noble *Bradamant*, the horse doth stay,
And backe restore: then finely as she can,
She prayes him to King *Agramant* to speake,
To send a stronger Knight, sith he was weake.

65

The mightie Kings of *Affricke* and of *Spaine*,
That from the wall the courteous act did vew,
From praising of the same could not refraine,
Though none of them, thereof the author knew;
Now *Serpentino* backe returnd againe,
And to his Prince he told his message trew,
How that same champion did desire to fight,
With some more stout and more renowned Knight.

66

And then *Grandonio* fierce of *Volaterne*,
The proudest Knight that *Spaine* long time had bred
Obtain'd next place, and with a visage sterne,
And threatening voice thus to the damsell sed:
Your curtsie small reward for you shall earne;
For either here in fight you must be ded,
Or at the least, I will you prisoner bring,
Vnto *Marsilio*, of great *Spaine* the King.

67

Well (answer'd she) keepe these your threats in store,
Your villany my curtsie shall not ler,
But that ile frendly monish you before,
That backe againe unto your King you get,
Ere that your fall, may make your body sore;
And say that I desired to have met
A man indeed of courage, and of worth,
And not your selfe, nor him that last came forth.

68

This her replie so mild, and yet so bitter,
The Pagan with more furie did enflame;
With speare then speech, he thought an answer fitter
And toward her in full career he came,
Intending sure, some deadly blow to hit her,
But she that was accusom'd to this game,
Bare well his blow, and with her *Goldelance*,
She taught him how the somersault to dance.

69

But yet his horse, that loose about did runne,
She brought him backe, and thus to him she said,
Loe sir, you had bin better to have donne
My message, when I curteously you prayd;
Yet here I will release my prisoner wonne,
So you will tell your King that I have stayd,
To combat with a man in fight well seene,
And not with novices, of skill so greene.

70

The lookers on that sure thought nothing lesse,
Then that a virgin so could guide a speare,
With murmurings their wonder great expresse,
Still ayming with surmises who it were;
Some *Brandimart*, and some *Renaldo* guesse,
Or others whom the *Turks* had cause to feare,
But most they would *Orlando* have suspected,
Save they had heard his sences were distracted.

71

Next stout *Ferraw* desir'd to have the place,
Not that he hop't the conquest to have wonne,
But that these Knights may have the lesse disgrace,
If I (quoth he) shall do as they have donne:
A strong swift horse he takes, and sure of pace,
Well made to beare the shooke, and free to runne,
The choifest of an hundred that he kept,
And thus all arm'd upon the beast he lept.

72

Against the semall champion forth he goes,
And first they interchangeably salute,
Please it you (said the Ladie) to disclose
Your name to me? that shall be all my sute:
He (that what longs to civill manners knowes,)
To satisfie her therein was not mute,
And I refuse you not, then said the tother,
Although I rather would have had another.

73

Whom? (quoth *Ferraw*) *Rogero* (she replied)
And scarce she fully could bring forth his name,
But that a blush with rosie colour dyed
Her lovely cheekes, with secret honest shamer:
(Further she addeth) him whose vallew tryed,
And so much pray'd, was cause I hither came,
None else I seeke, nor for none else care I,
Onely his manhood I desire to try.

74

She spake the word in plaine and simple sence,
Which some perhaps will sublie wrest awry,
Well (said *Ferraw*) yet now ere I go hence,
Let me with you have leave on course to try:
To see if I can make no more defence,
Then those whom last you made on earth to ly,
If I fall as did they, then I will send
That gentle Knight, that may our errour mend.

75

Her beaver open was while they confard,
At which, when her the *Spaniard* well had vewed,
And markt her bewtie worthy of regard,
He was alreadie more then halfe subdued:
He thought an Angell of the heav'nly guard,
Could not with greater bewtie be endowed,
Against her speare, what fence can he devise,
That is already conquerd with her eyes?

76

Now tooke they field, and ran with all their force,
And now *Ferraw* is from his saddle borne,
The damsell doth of curtsie stay his horse,
The *Spaniard* lyeth like a man forlorne,
But backe he must unto the King perforce,
Nor true to do his message doth he scorne;
He tels *Rogero* plaine before them all,
How this same Knight onely for him doth call.

77

Rogero who it is yet little knowing,
In hast to make him readie doth begin,
A settled hope of conquest plainly showing,
Willing to fight, with mind assur'd to win:
As for their foyles, and their fowle overthrowing,
That went before, he weigh'd them not a pin,
But how they met, how kindly him she served,
Vnto the booke ensuing is reserved.

C c

Morall.

In the beginning of this booke, after the excessive prayſes of Hippolito, he returnes to the former matter of the ſecond of time, the Allegory whereof I will continue in this place: onely for the Morall, I will touch two ſpeciall faults, which mine author reproveth in men of the better ſort, one is the great account they make of Paraſites, Promoters, and Teſters, and ſuch like: for their baſenes and filthines, likened to the aſſe anporke: and other in their veneric & drunkenes, which he noteth by theſe words; anzi veneric e bacco: I English it, by their owne ſurſetting and luſt, becauſe ſurſetting contains both kinds of exceſſe in meat and drinke. And ſurely I muſt grant, that our Realme of England hath bin noted for riot in meats many yeares ſince, and not without cauſe (though not alone) for Plato found the like fault with Italie in his time. But for this other vice of drinking, which, with the name of a health, overthrowes all health and ſobrietie, it is now growne as uſuall and more odious then the former, and I doubt it will not ſo eaſily be driven out, as it is ſodainly crept in. I have heard a prettie tale not impertinent to this matter, of a Gentleman that had his ſonne at the Univerſity, who being beſide of ſo good a conſcience (as moſt of us are in that kind) to take but a little for his money, and growing (as it ſeemed) more in yeares, then either in learning, or good manners: his tutor to diſcharge his duty, ſent his father word, how he miſdoubted the young mans well doing, becauſe he found him given to dicing and gaming: the father was ſorry, but yet answered, that he hoped when his ſonne grew to have more wit, he would leave that, or at leaſt not loſe by it. The next news he heard of his amendment, was that now he began to follow women: this touched the father ſomewhat nearer, yet he replied againe, that he made no queſtion but he would leave that ere long for his owne eaſe, and therefore yet he would not diſpaire of him. The laſt news he heard, was that he began to mend his former two faults; but that now he fell to bibbing and drinking. Out upon the villan (ſaid the father) I will ſurely diſinherit him: for that fault the elder he waxeth, the more he will be ſubject to it. Wherefore I conclude this Morall with this exhortation: that if wit cannot make men leave play, nor their owne eaſe make them eſchew veneric, at leaſt let the uglines, openneſſe, and beaſtlines of this ſin make them leave it, which hath no defence, nor no praiſe: I ſay praiſe, becauſe the Scripture ſaith, The wicked man is praiſed in his wickednes. But I never heard praiſe aſcribed to a drinker, but the well bearing of drinke, which might be a good praiſe for a brewers horſe, or perhaps a brewers man, but ſure it is a ſmall boſt for a Gentleman.

Augustus Cæſar was not ſuch a Saint, &c.

Hiſtoric.

Of Auguſtus Cæſars faults both Suetonius, and Plutarke have written at large, and I am loth to renew the memorie of them, except I did alſo recite his many vertues, which made large recompence for his few vices: ſufficeth it to aſſirme that which mine author ſaith, that his bountie and love to learned men covered his faults: and of his bounty, among other things witneſſeth the faire Pallace he gave Virgil, with a goodly Mannor, or rather indeed territorie, in the field called Ager Crenionenſis, neare Mantua.

Staffe 26. Whereas it is ſaid, in the perſon of S. Iohn.

But yet (for ought you know) he might have taught
The contrarie to this, if he had liſted,
That Troy prevayld, that Greeks were conquerd cleane,
And that Penelope was but a queene.

True it is that one Dionan Hiſtoriographer, writeth to that effect, and inſorceth very far to prove, that the Greeks had the worſe end of the ſtaffe, and onely that Homer favoring the Greeks, wrote the contrary. Further ſome have carped at Penelopes chaſtite (for what may not a malicious wit carpe at?) and they ſay Homer himſelfe inſinuateth ſomewhat of her lightneſſe; where he ſaith in his Odiffeas, that ſhe objected unto her ſuters that none of them could ſhoot ſo ſtrong a ſhoot as her husband: but howſoever it is, for my part, ſeeing it hath bene received ſo long for a truth, that Penelope was a chaſt and vertuous wife, I will not take upon me (by S. Iohn) to write the contrarie, though mine author make S. Iohn to caſt a doubt of it.

Allegorie.

Of the Allegory I have not much to ſay, becauſe mine author himſelfe expounds it ſo plainly; onely I pray you mark how rightly and with what decorum, he likens Promoters, and Paraſites, to vultures, carren crows, and chartering pyes, as likewiſe in the beginning of the 14. booke, he likeneth them to Harpias.

The ſuſtenance that ſhould for food have ſerved,
For widowes poore, and orphanes innocent,
Theſe filthie monſters do conſume and waſt it,
Of at one meale, before the owners taſt it.

As if one would ſay, the gifts and rewards that belong to old ſervitours, and well deſerving ſouldiers, are catched at the vulture by theſe ravenous birds, and never come to the ground, or if they doe, they make ſo jaſe a bound, that a man ſhall make a fault in offering at them, and many times haſt and loſe both game and ſet for them.

Alluſion.

Bradamant a woman overcoming Rodomont a moſt terrible Turke, alludes to the notable Hiſtory of Iudith, that cut off Holofernes head: which ſtory, the Lord Du Bertas, and rare French Poet, contrived into an excellent Poeme in French, and the ſame is tranſlated into a verie good and ſweet English verſe, by one M. Thomas Hudſon, which worke I the rather mention, becauſe in the 6. booke of the vice of ſurſetting, which I reprov'd afore in the Morall, it is notably deſcribed and withall ſharply rebuked as followeth:

O plague, O poyſon to the warriour ſtate,
Thou mak'ſt the noble hearts effeminate,
While Rome was rulde by Curioes and Fabrices,
Who fed on rootes, and ſought not for delices,
And when the onely Creſſon was the food,
Moſt delicate to Perſia, then they ſtood, &c.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxv. Booke.



Morall.

In the beginning of this booke, after the excessive prayes of Hippolito, he returnes to the former matter of the former of time, the Allegory whereof I will continue in this place: onely for the Morall, I will touch two speciall faults, which mine author reproves in men of the better sort, one is the great account they make of Parasites, Promoters, and Iesters, and such like: for their basenes and filthines, likened to the asse anporke: and other in their venerie & drunkenes, which he noteth by these words; anzi venerie e bacco: I English it, by their owne surfetting and lust, because surfetting contains both kinds of excesse in meat and drinke. And surely I must grant, that our Realme of England hath bin noted for riot in meats, many yeares since, and not without cause (though not alone) for Plato found the like fault with Italie in his time. But for this other vice of drinking, which, with the name of a health, overthrowes all health and sobriety, it is now growne as usuall and more odious then the tother, and I doubt it will not so easily be driven out, as it is sodainly crept in. I have heard a prettie tale not impertinent to this matter, of a Gentleman that had his sonne at the University, who being belike of so good a conscience (as most of us are in that kind) to take but a little for his money, and growing (as it seemed) more in yeares, then either in learning, or good manners: his tutor to discharge his duty, sent his father word, how he misdoubted the young mans well doing, because he found him given to dicing and gaming: the father was sorry, but yet answered, that he hoped when his sonne grew to have more wit, he would leave that, or at least not lose by it. The next news he heard of his amendment, was that now he began to follow women: this touched the father somewhat nearer, yet he replied againe, that he made no question but he would leave that ere long for his owne ease, and therefore yet he would not dispaire of him. The last news he heard, was that he began to mend his former two faults; but that now he fell to bibbing and drinking. Out upon the villan (said the father) I will surely dismember him: for that fault the elder he waxeth, the more he will be subject to it. Wherefore I conclude this Morall with this exhortation: that if wit cannot make men leave play, nor their owne ease make them eschew venerie, at least let the ugliness, opennesse, and beastlines of this sin make them leave it; which hath no defence, nor no praise: I say praise, because the Scripture saith, The wicked man is praised in his wickednes. But I never heard praise ascribed to a drinker, but the well bearing of drinke; which might be a good praise for a brewers horse, or perhaps a brewers man, but sure it is a small host for a Gentleman.

Augustus Cæsar was not such a Saint, &c.

Historic.

Of Augustus Cæsars faults both Suetonius, and Plutarke have written at large, and I am loth to renew the memorie of them, except I did also recite his many vertues, which made large recompence for his few vices: suffice it to affirm that which mine author saith, that his bountie and love to learned men covered his faults: and of his bounty, among other things witnesseth the faire Pallace he gave Virgil, with a goodly Mannor, or rather indeed territorie, in the field called Ager Cremonensis, neare Mantua.

Staffe 26.

Whereas it is said, in the person of S. Iohn.

But yet (for ought you know) he might have taught
The contrarie to this, if he had listed,
That Troy prevayld, that Greeks were conquerd cleane,
And that Penelope was but a queane.

True it is that one Dionan Historiographer, writeth to that effect, and inforce it very far to prove, that the Greeks had the worse end of the staffe, and onely that Homer favoring the Greeks, wrote the contrary. Further some have carped at Penelopes chastitie (for what may not a malicious wit carpe at?) and they say Homer himselfe insinuateth somewhat of her lightnesse; where he saith in his Odisseas, that she objected unto her suiters that none of them could shoot so strong a shoot as her husband: but howsoever it is, for my part, seeing it hath bene received so long for a truth, that Penelope was a chaste and vertuous wife, I will not take upon me (by S. Iohn) to write the contrarie, though mine author make S. Iohn to cast a doubt of it.

Allegoric.

Of the Allegory I have not much to say, because mine author himselfe expounds it so plainly; onely I pray you mark how rightly and with what decorum, he likens Promoters, and Parasites, to vultures, carren crows, and chattering pyes, as likewise in the beginning of the 24. booke, he liketh them to Harpias.

The sustenance that should for food have served,
For widowes poore, and orphanes innocent,
These filthie monsters do consume and wast it,
Of at one meale, before the owners tast it.

As if one would say, the gifts and rewards that belong to old servitours, and well deserving souldiers, are catched at the vulture by these ravenous birds, and never come to the ground, or if they doe, they make so false a bound, that a man shall make a fault in offering at them, and many times hazard both game and set for them.

Allusion.

Bradaman a woman overcoming Rodomont a most terrible Turke, alludes to the notable History of Iudith, that cut off Holofernes head: which story, the Lord Du Bertas, and rare French Poet, contrived into an excellent Poeme in French, and the same is translated into a verie good and sweet English verse, by one M. Thomas Hudson, which worke I the rather mention, because in the 6. booke of the vice of surfetting, which I reprov'd afore in the Morall, it is notably described and withall sharply rebuked as followeth:

O plague, O poyson to the warriour state,
Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate.
While Rome was rulde by Curioes and Fabrices,
Who fed on rootes, and fought not for delices,
And when the onely Cresson was the food,
Most delicate to Persia, then they stood, &c.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxv. Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Duke Ammons daughter with revengefull heart
Doth meet Marfisa, minding her to kill,
Untill the battels joyn'd on either part,
And so did sunder them against their will:
Bradamant and Rogero talke apart:
Marfisa gets of both great evill will,
By troubling them: but when she knew her brother,
She reconciled into one and tother.*

*Arguement
only.*



I Is mee: a gentle heart should
ever show
By curtesie the fruits of true
gentilitie,
Which will by practice to an
habit grow,
And make men do the same
with great facilitie:
Likewise the dunghill blood
a man shall know

By churlish parts and acts of incivility,
Whose nature apt to take each lewd infection,
Custom confirms, and makes ill in perfection.

Summe.

Of courteous acts, old stories he that reads,
In ancient times shall find there hath been store;
But in our dayes of bloody cruell deeds
Is greater plenty then hath been before;
For charity brings forth but barren seeds,
And hatred still is sow'd in so great store,
That when the fruits of both come to be reap'd,
The one is scarce, the tother over-heap'd.

What fierce Barbarian, Tartar, Moore, or Turke,
Could use more cruelty then now of late
In Latian land Venetian force did work?
Not by consent of the wise men of state,
But by the filthy nature that did lurk
In wicked hirelings, and a hidden hate;
I speak not of the dammage and defaces,
They did by fire in all our pleasant places.

*Looke in the
history of this
booke, concerning
the cru-
elty in com-
plaints of.*

Though that revenge was soule and too too cruell,
And chiefe against Hippolito, who late,

When *Caesar* sieged *Padoa*, as they knew well,
And brought it to low ebbe and wofull state,
He both withdrew the matter all and fell,
And quencht the fires kindled by deadly hate,
Preserving many a Church and many a village
By his rare clemency from fire and pillage.

Not those I meane, nor many actions more,
That cannot be excused or defended,
But such an act as stones might weep therefore,
As oft as it is talk'd of or remembered:
Then when my Lord his household sent before,
There where his foes were secretly assembled,
And left their vessels on the saltish sand,
While in ambusement close they lay on land.

As *Hector* and *Aeneas* did by fire
Assault the Greekish fleet with hardy fight,
So saw I two, whose hearts to fame aspire,
(One *Alexander*, tother *Heracles* high)
Assault their foes, and drive them to retire
Vnto their trenches, nay within them quie;
But one of them returned thence full hard,
The tother of returning clean was bar'd.

For *Feruffine* scap'd, *Castelmo* slaid,
O Duke of *Sore*, what great sore didst thou find,
To see thy noble sonne so foule betraid,
Among a thousand blades left there behind?
His naked neck on side of gally laid,
And chopped off: now surely in my mind,
When that same bloody stroke his neck smit off,
You felt like stroke, even a with the sight thereof.

Slavonian

*The first part
of this booke
is the same
story, as it
was an Epi-
caph on Can-
telmo. Paulus Iru-
as both might
be: his
name, and
further said,
that Castel-
mo being ca-
ried him into
danger of
death, he
will payes
he reproves
their cruelty
that put him
so death, say-
ing it was
done, I hope
Dalmatian
servant.*

8

Slavonian vile, where didst thou learne to know
Such lawes of warre? within that *Scythian* land,
Use men to kill a prisoner taken so,
That yeelds, and hath no weapon in his hand?
Or was it such a grievous sinne you throw,
The foes of his deare country to withstand?
Why hast thou Sunne, so long on this age shinde,
That breeds of *Atreus* and *Thiestes* kinde?

9

Barbarian vile, that kild so sweet a youth,
To satisfie thy rancor and thy rage,
So rare a youth, as to confesse the truth,
His match could not be found in this our age,
Whose beautie might have bred sufficient ruth,
Fierce *Poliphemus* anger to assuage,
But not fierce thee, more cruell and more fell,
Then any monsters that in deserts dwell.

10

The valiant men did studie in time past,
With clemencie their honors to increase,
And hate no longer then the fight did last,
With victorie revenge did ever cease
So *Bradamant*, of whom I told you last,
The prisoners she had tane, did still release,
And staid their horses when themselves were downe,
And sent them backe againe into the towne.

11

And praid them but her challenge to deliver,
Vnto *Rogero*, and to call him out,
Who meant with speare in rest her answer give her,
Vnto her challenge that she sent so stout.
Now when the other Knights were all together,
In presence of the Kings, they cast a doubt,
Who this should be, and then they aske *Ferraw*,
That talkt with her, and her bare visage saw.

12

Sure (said *Ferraw*) it is not tone nor tother,
Of those on whom before your thoughts were set,
I tooke it first it was *Renald's* brother,
Who is in yeares a very youth as yet;
But now I rather judge it is another,
For so much force is not in *Richardet*,
I thinke it is his sister by her usage,
Who I have heard is like him much in visage.

13

She hath ere this of value had great fame,
Renalde and the *Palladins* among,
I must confesse I found it to my shame,
Her, then her brothers to be farre more strong:
Rogero, when he heard them her to name,
Was guiltie straight that he had done her wrong,
And blusht in countenance with bashfull grace,
And oft his heart shot blood into his face.

14

Yea feare invaded him, nor feare of danger,
For force he feared not of any wight,
Of *Turke* nor *Christen*, countryman or stranger,
The very cause of this his dolefull plight
Was love, for love feares nothing more then anger,
He doubts least she conceiv'd not of him right:
Thus waving thoughts his mind do both waies cary,
If so he better were to go or tary.

15

The while *Marfisa* that was present there,
And ever had a forward will to just,
Could now no longer from the same forbear,
Though seeing some before her lie on dust.
For all their fals did breed in her no feare,
So much in her great value she did trust,
Wherefore least good *Rogero* might prevent her,
First she rides forth, and in the lists doth enter.

16

And mounted on her horse came swiftly running,
Vnto the place where *Bradamant* did stay,
With panting heart to wait *Rogeros* coming,
With mind to take him prisoner if she may,
She thinks how she might guide her staffe with cun-
As with her stroke do him least hurt she may: (ning,
Thus commeth out *Marfisa*, nothing fearing,
Vpon her lofty crest the *Phoenix* bearing.

17

Or that thereby to boost her strength she ment,
Of her rare strength, of which she tooke some pride,
Or else thereby to note her chaste intent
She had, a warlike virgin still to bide;
But *Bradamant*, who first to meet her went,
And not to be *Rogero* now espide,
Did aske her name, and by her name she knew
That this was she that made her love untrew.

18

Or to say better, whom she did surmise,
To be the sole withholder of her deare,
Her whom she hates, gainst whom her blood doth
And minding now to make her buy it deare, (rise,
With furie great and rage at her she flies;
And that she may make all suspicions cleare,
With couched speare she fiercely runneth on her,
And meanes to kill her, or to die upon her.

19

Marfisa was constrained with the stroke,
To kisse the ground as those before her had,
Which to such rage her courage did provoke,
That with disdain she seemd as one halfe mad,
Nor knowing how so great a foile to cloke,
She drawes her sword with an intention bad;
But *Bradamant* cry'd out with lofty hart,
What dost thou traitor? thou my prisoner art.

20

And though I used curtsie to the rest,
To use it unto thee I am not tide,
Whose mind (as I have heard) is ev'n a nest,
Wherin is bred all villanie and pride:
Looke how great waters rage and do not rest,
When as the winds do strive against the tide,
So rag'd *Marfisa* rather more then lesse,
And for meere spite could not a word expresse.

21

But hurles about her blade with all her force,
Not caring what she strikes, nor where, nor how,
Vpon the horseman or upon the horse,
Her rage in her no reason did allow:
And *Bradamant* as void of all remorse,
With mind to breake that, that refus'd to bow,
Ranne at her with the speare that would not misse,
And made her once againe the ground to kisse.

C c 3

But

The device
of the Phoenix
may be ap-
plied either
to pride or
chastitie.

Simile.

22
But once againe upon her feet she getteth,
And with her sword revengement she intends,
Each fall she hath, her furie sharper whetteth,
Yet still she fals, and can have no amends,
Nor goldelance his wonted force forgetteth,
For all it touches, to the ground it sends,
Had not the speare bene (as it was) inchaunted,
It could not so *Marfisa* force have daunted.

23
Some of our men were hither come the while,
I meane some of the Christen host, that lay
Encamped neare the towne within a mile,
So as the wals of *Arle* see they may,
And thinking (for her sex did them beguile)
Some Knight of theirs maintain'd so great a fray,
They thither came with will and with delight,
To see so fierce and well maintaind a fight.

24
Whom when as *Agramant* from far espide,
And thinks they came to bring their knight assistance
He thought it best in wisdom to provide,
If they should offer force to make resistance,
Wherefore he pointed some that of their side,
May stand from that same place a little distance,
Of this last crew *Rogero* was the first,
With whom the damsell so to fight did thirst.

25
And seeing now how fierce the combat groweth,
Betwixt these two, to whom he wisht none ill,
Although in sundry kinds he favour'd both,
For one was love, the tother bare good will,
To suffer them to fight he was full loth,
Although for honors sake he must be still,
Else sure he could have found it in his hart,
To step betwene them, and the fray to part.

26
But they that with him from the citie came,
And saw the Christen champion was so strong,
Stept in betwixt her and the tother dame,
And so withdrew *Marfisa* them among,
Which act the other Christens did inflame,
So that with mind to venge so foule a wrong,
They stept in too: thus both sides cride alarme,
And soone the skirmish waxed fresh and warme.

27
Such as before were armed, out do runne,
They that unarmed were, their armor take,
And some runne out on foot, on horsebacke some,
Each to his standerd doth himselfe betake,
The divers sound of trumpet and of drum,
That doth the horsemen this the footmen wake,
But *Bradamant* is malcontent and wrath,
To thinke *Marfisa* thus escaped hath.

28
Then lookt she wishly all about the place,
To finde out him that caused all her care,
At last she knew him, though not by his face,
Yet by the argent *Eagle* that he bare,
And viewing well his person and good grace,
His goodly stature and his feature rare,
She rag'd to thinke another should possesse it,
And in these secret words she doth expresse it.

29
Shall any other then that sweet lip kisse?
And I in love therof still mourne and pine?
Shall any other then possesse my blisse:
Shalt thou anothers be, if none of mine?
No certes, rather then to suffer this,
Thou by my hand shalt die, or I by thine,
If in this life we shall be joynd never,
Death onely be the meane to joyne us ever.

30
Although that thou shouldst fortune me to kill,
Thy death by right should pacifie my spirit,
For lawes appoint, who guiltlesse blood do spill,
Shall for reward the doome of death inherit,
Yet still I shall sustaine the greater ill,
For I should guiltlesse die, but thou by merit,
I killing thee, kill one that hates me meereley,
Thou killing me, killst one that loves thee deerly.

31
Why shouldst not thou (my hand) be strong and bold,
That by thy stroke his hard heart may be riven?
Who unto me sharp wounds and manifold,
In time of loves sweet peace and truce hath given,
And doth ev'n now with stonie heart behold
The wofull state to which poore I am driven,
Heart now be stout to take thy just revenge,
Let this one death thy thousand deaths avenge.

32
With that at him she runs, but first aloud,
Defend thy selfe (*Rogero* false) she said,
And think not thou shalt scape with spoiles so proud
Of heart subdued of a silly maid.
Rogero, who to her himselfe had vow'd,
And to offend her greatly was afraid,
Held up his gantlet unto her in token,
That he with her desired to have spoken.

33
He would her wrath with kind words have appeased,
And shew'd her how the cause he brake his day,
Was that with grievous wounds he lay diseased,
Which forced him against his will to stay,
But at this timeshe was so sore displeased,
She would not hearken what he had to say,
But with her speare in rest, on him she runneth,
Who such unkind encounter greatly shunneth.

34
But when he saw she was so rash and headie,
And that her choler now so great did grow,
That she was in her full careere alreadie,
He puts his speare in rest, at least for show,
And forward sets, but when she was ev'n readie,
Him to have giv'n a sharpe disgracefull blow,
(Or that it were that she ev'n then recanted,
Or that her heart to harme him courage wanted)

35
She bare her launce aloft quite ore his crest,
And so of purpose that same course she mist,
Yet so, as by the manner might be guest,
She could have hit him surer, had she list,
And wrath and rage still boiling in her brest,
To bend her force gainst him she did desist,
But in that mood no little harme she workes,
Vnto the other souldiers of the *Turkes*.

Bradamant
complain.
Proprium
habet the
of a man.
Passum est
in alterius
p. f. l. a. v. m.
Nec mea di.
citur qua
modo dila
men est.

She calls him
perfid. Rog.
r. as Dido
A. v. m.
Diffimulat
curam suam
perfid. tam
p. f. l. a. v. m.

36
In little time, she with her gilded lance
Had caus'd three hundred men on ground to lie,
So that the conquest to the part of France,
Was thought to have bene gained sole thereby:
Rogero seekes her out, and last by chance,
He speaks to her, and saith, my deare I die,
But I may talke with you, what have I done
Alas, that you my conference should shunne.

37
As when the Southerne wind with luke-warme blast,
Doth breath on hills where winter long had dwelt,
Resolves the rocks of ice that hung so fast,
And all the new made mounts of snow doth melt:
So with this gentle prayre, though spoke in hast,
The damsell such an inward motion felt,
That sodainly her hardned heart did soften,
As unto women kind it chanceth often.

38
Yet answer made she none, but held her peace,
She onely turned *Rabican* aside,
And hasting to get out of that same prease,
She beckned him that after her he ride:
Thus went she thence, with mind inclin'd to peace,
Vnto a valley, where on either side,
A grove of Cypres so ev' a set was scene,
As if they all of one selfe stampe had beene.

39
Amid this grove a goodly sepulture
Was built, which these faire Cypres trees did shade,
Of Porphyrie and marble white and pure,
And faire engrav'n, to shew why it was made;
But of the tombe she tooke no care nor cure,
But there expected in the open glade,
Vntill Rogero having made good hast,
Approcht the wood and damsell at the last.

40
But of *Marfisa* now I must you tell,
Who having got by this her horse againe,
Her loftie heart with rancor great did swell,
To be reveng'd of this foule sufferd staine,
And seeing where she went, as it befell,
And how Rogero followd her a maine,
She little thinketh that it is for love,
But rather that they may the combat prove.

41
Wherefore to follow them she thinks it best,
So as she came almost as soone as they,
But what a tedious and unwelcome guest
She seem'd to both, one soone conjecture may:
Much sure it did the *Dordon* dame molest,
Who sole to her Rogeros faults did lay,
She deemd that to come thither nothing mov'd her,
But that Rogero in ill sort had lov'd her.

42
And false, Rogero she againe doth name,
And was it not enough false man, said she,
That of thy falshood I should heare by fame,
But that I with these eyes the same should see?
But sith I find thou dost thy actions frame,
To drive me with unkindnesses from thee,
I am content to die, but ere I die yet,
She that did cause it, dearly shall abuy it.

43
Thus as a Viper angrie and malicious,
With mind indeed to do her best to kill
Her, that was come in manner so suspicious,
(Though she came more for wrath, the for good wil)
With gilded lance she gives a blow pernicious,
That quite unhorsed her for all her skill,
Backward *Marfisa* fell, and in the dust,
Her beaver stucke, but had no further hurt.

44
Duke *Ammons* daughter that resolves to die,
Or kill her so, so much her selfe forgetteth,
That thinking to dispatch her by and by,
Before her head out of the mire she getteth,
The golden lance she will no farther trie, (teth,
But throwes it downe, as wrath her courage whet-
And to performe the feate, her sword she drawes,
Therewith of feare to cut away the cause.

45
But ere she came so neare, *Marfisa* met her,
Like one with rage, with spite and scorne halfe mad,
To thinke that now againe she sped no better,
And that a while before she sped so bad,
So that Rogero could by no meanes let her
From fighting, which to stop great will he had,
But both of them with choler were so blinded,
They fought like bedlem folk, and desprat minded.

46
They came unto the halfe sword at the first,
And with their rage forgetting rules of skill,
Their overmuch desire to do their worst,
Was only cause that they could do none ill,
Their hearts were ready for despite to burst,
And either purposing to die or kill,
Did leave her sword aside, in mind supposing,
With stab to kill each other at the closing.

47
Rogero sunders them, and both intreateth,
To pacifie themselves, but all in vaine,
Then of their daggers he them both defeateth,
And by perswasions mov'd them both againe;
Sometime he speaketh faire, sometime he threateth,
Except they wii at his request abstaine,
But these viragoes will not thoe desist,
Though weapons want, they fight with feet and fist.

48
He steps betwene againe, and back he drawes,
Now one, and then the tocher by the sleeves,
And makes them both against their wils to pause,
At which *Marfisa* not a little greeves,
Her selfe too greatly wronged in the cause,
And him to be too partiall she beleeves,
Wherefore his friendship she doth quite disclaime,
And open warres with him she doth proclaime.

49
And taking up her sword, in termes most vile,
She saith he plaies the churlish villens part,
And that he greatly doth himselfe beguile,
To thinke her fight against her will to part,
She sweares she will, within a little while,
Of his owne folly make him feeble the smart,
And that she will henceforth so short him curbe,
He shall not dare her combat to disturbe.

50

Rogero still bare all her words as words,
And sought by speech her to have pacified,
But seeing that it needs must come to swords,
And that with blowes, not speeches she replied,
No longer time to walking he affords,
But to his weapon he himselfe applied,
And being moved now with rightfull anger,
To save himselfe, he oft put her in danger.

51

But nere did spectacle breed more delight,
In stately Rome or Athens so well learned,
Then *Bradamant* did take to see this fight,
In which she now apparently discerned,
That of their love she had not judged right,
Now jealousie, and all that it concerned,
Suspicion, feare, mistrust, and wrath, and franzie,
Are of the sodaine quite put from her fancie.

*These two ci-
ties be names
chiefly be-
cause by
means of the
fiere of lear-
ned men, they
had many no-
table devices
presented on
their stages
and Theaters*

52

And taking up her sword, she stands not farre,
With mind not yet awhile the fray to part,
She thinks in him she sees the God of warre,
Such grace *Rogero* us'd, such skill, such art:
And to her seem'd in that unpleasant jarre,
Some hellish furie, (so she playd her part)
Yet true it is that he a while forbore her,
Nor did his worst, but did of purpose spare her.

53

He knew the secret vertue of this blade,
Which he had tride in many battels well,
That evermore a way and entrance made,
Whose charme all charmed armes did far excell,
Wherefore he doth not fiercely her invade,
With bloody blowes, nor fearfull thrusts and full,
But startling still he caus'd his blowes to light,
Till once he was of patience put out quite.

54

For once *Marfisa*, with intention shrowd,
Strake with such furie at *Rogeros* beaver,
That with that blow she very plainly showd,
That to have kild him she did her endever,
Rogero with his *argent Eagle* trowd,
From danger of the stroke himselfe to sever,
But though the shield brake not, gramercy charme,
Yet underneath the shield it stound his arme.

55

It happie was *Don Hector's* shield was there,
Else had she put him unto further paine,
Scarce could he now the massie target beare,
Scarce now the silver bird he could sustaine:
Now he intends no longer to forbear,
But hurleth out a foyne with force so maine,
In rage with that late blow so fierce and bitter,
Wo unto poore *Marfisa*, had it hither.

56

I know not what good Angell did her keepe;
The thrust mist her, and in a tree it strake,
And enterd in the same a shaftman deepe,
And on the sodaine all the hill did quake:
A secret horror on them all did creepe,
They see the hill, the trees and tombe to shake,
Till from that sepulcher a voice proceeding,
Spake unto them all humane voice exceeding.

*The like is in
Virgil of
Polidam.
Geminus la-
chrymabilis
immo audire
tumulo &
vox rediit
prior ad
curru.*

57

The voice to them with no small terror cride,
File not your hands and hearts with so great sin,
It is a kinde of cruell parricide,
To seeke to kill, and be so neare of kin:
Wherefore I charge you lay all hate aside,
And marke my speech, and all containd therein,
I say you both were gotten of one seed,
One wombe you bare, one brest you both did feed.

58

My deare *Rogero*, my *Marfisa* deare,
Let not the sister seeke to kill the brother,
But learne of me some things that touch you neere,
Which former times in ignorance did smother,
Your sire, *Rogero* hight, who that same yeare
He gat you of dame *Gallace* your mother,
Was by your uncles of his life deprived,
Who also your destruction thus contrived.

59

They put your mother in a steerlesse bote,
Who was as then of you twaine great with child,
And in the Ocean wide they let her flote,
There to be starv'd or drown'd in waters wilde:
But lo how fortune holpe the lucklesse lor,
And ere you yet were borne, upon you smild,
For why against all hope or expectation,
Your mother made a happie navigation.

60

And being safe arriv'd at *Syrtee* shore,
There at one burden she brought forth both you,
And then (as if she ought this world no more)
Her blessed soule to Paradise up flew;
But there by hap (to God be thanks therefore)
Was I at hand, and when the cause I knew,
I did as much, ere I the place did leave,
As such a barren soile would give me leave.

61

Your mother then in dust of earth I lap,
(Our auncient mother) whereto all must go,
And in my cloke your little selves I wrapt,
To seeke some meanes to nourish you, when lo,
A Lionesse that late had whelp't there hap,
To come in sight while I went to and fro,
Her did I make to leave her proper whelpes,
And give you sucke, then wanting other helpes.

62

Ten months and ten in forrests wilde and moorish,
The Lions teets you used were to sucke,
I after learn'd with wilde flesh you to nourish,
Such as I could, of Beares, or Stag and Bucke;
But when you now began in strength to flourish,
One day while I was lacke, by evill lucke,
A band of fierce *Arabians* comming thither,
Would have convoid you both from thence together.

63

But thou *Rogero* when thou sawst them comming,
Didst save thy selfe from that mishap by flight,
But thou *Marfisa*, not so swiftly running,
Werttane, and quickly carri'd out of sight,
To fetch thee backe againe I wanted cunning,
For which I soride many day and night,
But as the losse of tone did make me sad,
So of the tother greater care I had.

Al

64

Ah my Rogero, thou thy selfe canst tell,
If thine *Atlanta* lov'd thee while he liv'd,
I saw the starres some evill haps foretell,
That thou shouldst have, which me no little griev'd:
Yet I endeavour'd still, as thou know'st well,
That by my means thou mightst have been reliev'd;
But finding thee still contrary inclin'd,
For very griefe at last I did and pin'd.

65

But here I built this tombe afore I did,
Where I foresaw you two should make this fray,
And being dead, to *Charon* lowd I cri'd,
To suffer in this wood my ghost to stray,
Vntill this fight, to me foresignifi'd,
Should happen, which was done this present day,
Now shall my soule from hence depart in peace,
Now *Bradamant* thy jealousie may cease.

66

Thus said the voice, and left them all amaz'd,
With wonder great, and strangenesse of the case,
And when a while each had on other gaz'd,
They met in kindest manner, and embrace,
Nor *Bradamant* her selfe, who erst was craz'd
With jealousie, now took it in disgrace,
To see her spouse, when he most kindly kist her,
Now well assured that she was his sister.

67

Thus they agreed at last, and either twin
Do call to mind some acts of childish yeares,
What they had said and done, where they had bin,
Which ev'n with tender heart did move their teares;
At last the worthy brother doth begin
To tell *Marfisa* what great love he beares
To *Bradamant*, whom he to wed intends,
And so at length he made them faithfull friends.

68

Then all parts pacifi'd so well at length,
Marfisa doth intreat her noble brother,
To tell to her the story more at length,
Of that so strange exiling of her mother,
And if their sire were slaine by fraud or strength,
And who it was that wrought the tone or tother,
For sure (said she) I think I never heard it,
Or childishnesse did make me not regard it.

69

Rogero tells her, how of *Trojan* race,
From *Hector* they be lineally descended,
By meanes *Astianax* (of speciall grace,
That scap'd *Ulysses* and the snares intended)
Did leave a child of like yeares in his place,
And from that country to the sea descended,
And came to *Sicill* after travell long,
And took *Mesina* and grew very strong.

70

His of-spring still increasing in renown,
Calabria rul'd in part, and thence to *Phare*,
And came at last to dwell in *Mars* his town,
And many a noble Emperour and rare
In stately *Rome* have worn th' Imperiall crown,
Of such as from this stock descended are,
From *Constance* and from *Constantine* accounting,
To *Pepin* and his sonne, them all surmounting.

71

Rogero first, and *Iambaron* of these,
Rovus, *Rambaldus*, and *Rogero* againe,
Of whom (as *Atlant* told) sav'd from the seas,
Our mother by the shore brought forth us twaine,
Their acts in ancient stories they that please
To look, may find them there recorded plaine:
Then tels he how there came king *Agolant*,
With *Almont*, and the sire of *Agramant*.

72

How that Kings daughter, a most noble maid,
In feats of armes so valorous did prove,
That diverse *Palladines* she overlaid,
And then with that *Rogero* fell in love,
And of her fathers anger not afraid,
Did match in Christen state, as did behove,
How after this one *Beltram* sought by treason,
Incestuous love of her without all reason.

73

And for that cause his brothers and his sire,
And his own native soile he did betray,
And open *Risa* at his foes desire;
Which being tane, and seiz'd on as a pray,
Fierce *Agolant* and his inflam'd with ire,
Took *Gallacell* our mother where she lay
Six months with child, and put her in a boat,
And in the *Ocean* wide they let her float.

74

Marfisa all this while with glad some cheare,
Vnto her new known brothers tale attended,
And in her mind rejoyced much to heare,
That of so noble house she was descended,
From which *Mongrana* came, as doth appeare,
And that of *Clarimount* so much commended,
Which houses both long in great fame had flourish'd,
For divers noble persons they had nourished. (ed,

75

But when of *Agramant* she heard him say,
How both his grandfire, uncle, and some other,
Consented had their father to betray,
And in so cruell sort to use their mother,
She could not suffer any longer stay,
But breaking of his tale, said, noble brother,
(With your good favour) you have too much wrong
To leave your father unreveng'd so long.

76

If not in *Almont* nor *Trajanos* blood,
You can avenge this ill sith they be gone,
Yet ought you to avenge it on their brood,
Live you, and let you *Agramant* alone?
This blot, except it quickly be withstood,
Will shame you ever, if it once be known,
That he that did this wrong not onely liveth,
But that to you he entertainment giveth.

77

But for my part (said she) by *Christ* I vow,
(Whom as my father did, so serve I will)
That I will not leave armes till I know how
To venge my fathers and my mothers ill,
And much I shall lament, and do ev'n now,
If in that *Pagan* camp you tarry still,
Or ever should be scene therein hereafter,
Except it were to work their harm and slaughter.

In this nar-
ration my
Author fol-
lows not a
my true story,
but a worke
imagined *Al-*
mont, which
was withstan-
ding had
some credit,
though not
much.

Risa is a city
of good im-
portance in
the country of
Rhegium,
where mount
Appenninus.

Oh

78
Oh how did Bradamant at this rejoyce,
Advising him to follow that direction,
And to give care unto his sisters voice,
To leave so vile a place and base subjection,
And cleave to Charles as to the better choice,
Who gladly would receive him in protection,
Of which (she said) one sure signe she did gather,
She heard him often so extoll his father.

79
Rogero answers thus with great regard,
(My deare) to have done this at first I ought,
But then indeed the troth I had not heard,
Whereby I might my duty have been taught:
Now sith that Agramant hath me prefer'd,
If his destruction should by me be sought,
That am his servant and a daily waiter,
The world might justly deem I were a traitor.

80
But this my meaning was, and so it is,
To find some means I may (with honour) part,
Which when I have, then sure I will not misse,
To come and to requite your great desert;
And that (quoth he) I had perform'd ere this,
Save that a cause (of which I felt the smart)
Enforc'd my stay, the wounds the Fartar gave me,
So as my friends had much to do to save me.

Morall.

In the beginning of this Canto, he speaks against cruelty, the most unnoble thing that can be used in peace or war: for though war of it selfe is and must needs be bloody in the heat thereof, yet hath it ever been detested, and contrary to all warlike discipline, to kill those that have no weapons in hand. Wherefore noble Princes will ever make faire warres, as Pyrrhus said in Ennius:

Quorum virtuti belli fortuna pepercit,

Horundem me liberati parcere certum est.

Whose life the fortune of the warres doth save,

Frankly I grant that they their freedome have.

Cruelty ever proceeds from a vile minde, and often from a cowardly heart, that have nothing in their mindes nor moutbes, but Mortui non mordent, which beside it is unchristen, is also false: for the Scripture saith, The blood of Abel cried for vengeance: and it is a better approved proverb in England, blood will have blood.

In Bradamant we further note the bad effects of jealousy. In Rogero, that after his long forbearance, at last thought to be revenged on Marfisa, we may see that Læsa patientia fit furor: Patientie provoked turnes to fury.

Historie.

Camelinus whose death he so much bewailed, was taken in an ambushment by the Venetian army, having very courageously sallied out (though Iovius writes it was against his will, with another companion of his, who scaped very hardly. Camelinus had his head chopt off on the side of a galley in sight of his father, against which truly Ariosto justly inveighs. Astianax sonne of Hector (as the most credible authors write) was thrown down from a high tower by Ulysses, who in his bloody policy thought good that none of the race of Priamus should be left alive: but my author here by Poeticall licence (for I know no historical ground of it) saith that he was saved, and a boy put in his stead, and that thence (forsooth) are descended many houses of great account. But this is not credible, and the president thereof is perillous, as I will shew in the next Canto.

Allegoric.

By Atlantis parting the fray between the brother and sister, we may in Allegoricall sense understand, that when divers that are near of kin fall at variance, there is nothing so availeable for reconciling of them, as the memory of some of their worthy ancestors, which in well disposed minds will stirre a great reverence, and be a strong motive unto them to give over their naturall contentions.

Allusion.

Concerning the saving of Astiana, it puts me in mind of one or two perillous examples recorded in our Chronicles, of the like device of one Perkin Warbeck, who fained himselfe to be Richard the younger sonne of Edward the fourth, that was murdered in the Tower. But what a trouble grew by that puppet for a time, may there be seen, which the Chronicles set out very largely.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxvj. booke.

81
As she knowes well that help me at my need,
And ev'ry day did sit by my beds side:
Thus much he said, but they that took good heed
To all he said, in earnest sett repli'd,
Howbeit at the last it was agreed,
That he so long with Agramant should bide,
Till he some honourable cause might find
To leave his master and to change his mind.

82
Well (quoth Marfisa) if he needs will go,
Then let him go, but I will you assure,
That shortly I will use the matter so,
He shall not long with Agramant endure:
This said she unto Bradamant, but tho
She told not how she would the same procure:
Thus for that time Rogero brake this parlie,
And turn'd his horse to turn againe to Arlie.

83
When lo they chanc'd a sudden crie to heare,
Proceeding from the next adjoyning vale,
The voice did seem (when they approached neare)
To be some damfels that for help did call:
But who it was, hereafter you shall heare,
For now of force I must cut off my tale,
And pray you my abruptnesse to excuse,
For in the next you shall heare further newes.



78
Oh how did Bradamant at this rejoyce,
Advising him to follow that direction,
And to give care unto his sisters voice,
To leave so vile a place and base subjection,
And cleave to Charles as to the better choice,
Who gladly would receive him in protection,
Of which (she said) one sure signe she did gather,
She heard him often so extoll his father.

79
Rogero answers thus with great regard,
(My deare) to have done this at first I ought,
But then indeed the troth I had not heard,
Whereby I might my duty have been taught:
Now sith that Agramant hath me prefer'd,
If his destruction should by me be sought,
That am his servant and a daily waiter,
The world might justly deem I were a traitor.

80
But this my meaning was, and so it is,
To find some means I may (with honour) part,
Which when I have, then sure I will not misse,
To come and to requite your great desert:
And that (quoth he) I had perform'd ere this,
Save that a cause (of which I felt the smart)
Enforc'd my stay, the wounds the Tartar gave me,
So as my friends had much to do to save me.

Morall.

In the beginning of this Canto, he speaks against cruelty, the most unnoble thing that can be used in peace or war: for though war of it selfe is and must needs be bloody in the heat thereof, yet hath it ever been detested, and contrary to all warlike discipline, to kill those that have no weapons in hand. Wherefore noble Princes will ever make faire warres, as Pyrrhus said in Ennius:

Quorum virtuti belli fortuna pepercit,
Horundem me liberari parceret certum est.
Whose life the fortune of the warres doth save,
Frankly I grant that they their freedome have.

Cruelty ever proceeds from a vile minde, and often from a cowardly heart, that have nothing in their mindes nor mout bes, but Mortui non mordent, which beside it is unchristen, is also false: for the Scripture saith, The blood of Abel cried for vengeance: and it is a better approved proverb in England, blood will have blood.

In Bradamant we further note the bad effects of jealousy. In Rogero, that after his long forbearance, at last thought to be revenged on Marfisa, we may see that Læsa patientia fit furor: Patience provoked turnes to fury.

Historie.

Canielmus whose death he so much bewailed, was taken in an ambushment by the Venetian army, having very courageously sallied out (though Iovius writes it was against his will, with another companion of his, who escaped very hardly. Canielmus had his head chopp'd off on the side of a galley in fight of his father, against which cruelty Ariosto justly inveighs. Astianax sonne of Hector (as the most credible authors write) was thrown down from a high tower by Vlisses, who in his bloody policy thought good that none of the race of Priamus should be left alive: but my author here by Poeticall licence (for I know no historicall ground of it) saith that he was saved, and a boy put in his stead, and that thence (forsooth) are descended many houses of great account. But this is not credible, and the president thereof is perillous, as I will shew in the Allusion.

Allegoric.

By Atlantes parting the fray between the brother and sister, we may in Allegoricall sense underst and, that when divers that are neare of kin fall at variance, there is nothing so availeable for reconciling of them, as the memory of some of their worthy ancestors, which in well disposed minds will stirre a great reverence, and be a strong motive unto them to give over their unnaturall contentions.

Allusion.

Concerning the saving of Astianax, it puts me in mind of one or two perillous examples recorded in our Chronicles, of the like device of one Perkin Warbeck, who fained himselfe to be Richard the younger sonne of Edward the fourth, that was murdered in the Tower. But what a trouble grew by that puppet for a time, may there be seen, which the Chronicles set out very largely.

81
As she knowes well that holp me at my need,
And ev'ry day did sit by my beds side:
Thus much he said, but they that took good heed
To all he said, in earnest sort repli'd,
Howbeit at the last it was agreed,
That he so long with Agramant should bide,
Till he some honourable cause might find
To leave his master and to change his mind.

82
Well (quoth Marfisa) if he needs will go,
Then let him go, but I will you assure,
That shortly I will use the matter so,
He shall not long with Agramant endure:
This said she unto Bradamant, but tho
She told not how she would the same procure:
Thus for that time Rogero brake this parlie,
And turn'd his horse to turn againe to Arlie.

83
When lo they chanc'd a sudden crie to heare,
Proceeding from the next adjoyning vale,
The voice did seem (when they approached neare)
To be some damfels that for help did call:
But who it was hereafter you shall heare,
For now of force I must cut off my tale,
And pray you my abruptnesse to excuse,
For in the next you shall heare further newes.

Here end the annotations upon the xxxvj. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero with his sister and his sponse,
Find Vllanie halfe stript and strangely used,
Straight each of them, but chiefe Marfisa vowes
To be aveng'd on him that her misused:
She heares the law that women none allowes;
She finds the man that hath the sex refused:
She plagues the tyrant, for his proud behaviour,
And makes another law in womens favour.

The praise of
women.

L F worthie Ladies would
but take such paine,
In studies that immortall
glorie raise,
As they do often take in
matters vaine,
Deserving none at all, or
little praise,
Which notwithstanding
that they might obtain,
They have employed many nights and dayes,
To have thereby some trifling want supplied,
That niggard nature had to them denied.

And further, if they could with their owne pen,
Set forth the worthie praise of their owne kind,
And not to be beholding unto men,
Whom hate and envie often so doth blind,
To make us heare the good but now and then,
But ev'rie place full of their ill we find,
Then sure I judge, their praises would be such,
As hardly men should have attained so much.

For many writers do not onely strive,
Too highly to extoll our sexes fame,
But that they thinke they must withall contrive,
To publish womens blemish and their blame;
As fearing haply, lest they might arrive,
By their most due desert, to greater name;
And so they might thereby obscure our praise,
As doth a cloud the Sunnes bright shining rayes.

But yet, for all such sparing pens do write,
Or lavish tongues can speake in their disgrace,

Enforcing ev'rie ill report for spite,
That may their credit slander and deface,
We still shall find their glorie shining bright
We still shall see, it keepes a worthie place,
Though wanting of that height the greater part,
To which it should attaine to by desert.

Harpalice and Thomeris beside,
With those that Turnus did and Hector ayd,
Besides that dame that in an Oxes hide,
The first foundation of faire Carthage layd,
Zenobia eke, and she that quayld the pride
Of Assur, and both Inde and Persia frayd:
I say there have bin many more then these,
That have bin famous both by land and seas

Nor only Rome and Greece have bred such store
Of faithfull matrons, chaste, and stout, and wise,
But all the world beside, some lesse, some more,
From whence it sets, to where the Sun doth rise:
Though now their names obscured are so soe,
That few or none are laid before our eyes:
And all because that they in those dayes wrate,
Were envious, and false, and full of hate.

Yet cease not Ladies, ye that vertue love,
To follow that your course, and so good way,
And let not feare your minds from it remove,
That your great fame hereafter may decay;
For true it is, as we do daylie prove,
No good nor ill can still stand at a stay:
Though writers in time past were not your friends,
The present time shall make you large amends.

The

8
The worthe writers of this present time,
Have set your worthy praises so to view,
Some in grave prose, and some in learned rime,
As none shall need this want here after rew:
And though they were infected with this crime,
Yet in this age, to learn & are some of you,
So well acquainted with the noble muses,
You could your selves remedie such abuses.

9
And if I should recite the names of those,
That by the writers of our times are prais'd,
Or that themselves have wrote in verse or prose,
And have their owne and others glory rais'd,
As I might please some few, so I suppose,
I might be blam'd of others and disprais'd,
Or in omitting some, to do them wrong,
Or reckning all, too tedious wax and long.

10
Shall I then allowe it that were not well,
Sith that to please them all I do desire:
Then will I chuse some one, that doth excell
The rest so faire, as none may dare envie her,
Whose name doth in such height of honor dwell,
As hard it is, for any to come nye her,
Whose learned pen such priviledge can give,
As it can make ev'n those are dead to live.

11
For ev'n as *Phebus* shines on ev'ie star,
Yet on his sister casts his fairest light,
So eloquence and grace ay shining are,
Much more on her, then any other wight,
And maketh her to passe the rest as farre,
As *Phebe* doth the other stars in night,
Her light so splendent is, and so divine,
As makes another *Sunne* on earth to shine.

12
Vittoria is her name, a most siename,
For one in triumphs borne, in triumphs bred,
That passeth *Arminia* in the same
Of doing honor to her husband ded;
For though she did erect a wondrous frame,
For her *Mausoleo*, with a *Pyramid*,
Yet which is more, to lay the dead in grave,
Or else from death, with learned pen to save.

13
If *Laodamia*, and if *Brutus* wife,
Argia, *Arria*, and *Evadne* chaste,
Be to be praised, as they are faine,
Because when as their husbands dayes were past,
They willingly forooke their mortall life,
Then in what height must the of right be plait?
That such a gift unto her soules doth give,
That being dead, she still doth make him live.

14
And if the great *Macedon* envie bare,
Vnto *Achilles*, son *Medon* and *Lyron*,
Much more to noble *Francis* of *Poisy*,
He would have borne, whose praise is founded hye,
By such a wife, so vertuous, chaste, and rare,
As ev'n thy soule it selfe could not desire:
A louder triumph thy praises out to sound,
Sith hardly can a match to this be found.

15
But to conclude both these and others prayse,
That I may follow on my present storie,
I say that both in these and former dayes,
Faie dames have merited great fame and glorie,
Which though by writers envie much decayes,
Yet need you not therefore now to be forie,
Because amongst us all it is intended,
That this foule fault hereafter shall be mended.

16
New of *Marfisa* and of *Bradamant*,
I meane to tell, that still were so victorious,
As both my voice too faint, and skill too scant
Would be, to count their famous deeds and glorious,
Yet shall good will so faire supply my want,
As I will reckon those were most notorious,
And were my might agreeing to my mind,
I would deserve as well of all their kind.

17
If you remember, I declared erst,
How good *Rogero* purpos'd to returne,
And how he heard the sound I then reherst,
Of some that seemed wofully to mourne,
Which wayling so his mind with pittie pierst,
As he a while his journey did adjourne,
Both that to know the parties he desired,
And ment to succour them, if cause required.

18
With him those dames the noble cosins went,
And when they nearer came unto the place,
They saw three damels wofully lament,
Appareld strangely and in soie case,
Their clothing all had bene clipt off and rent,
Vp to their navel, to their foule disgrace,
They sitting on the ground and durst not rise,
To hide their secret parts from strangers eyes.

19
As *Vulcans* sonne (by *Pallas* pointment must)
Whom (without mother) got of earth he had,
(For whom *Aglaure* was plagu'd, because she durst
Looke on him when the Goddess had forbad)
Sat in a coach (by him deviled fust)
To hide his leggs, that were deform'd and bad:
So far the wofull maids their secrets hiding,
Scarse from the ground to lift their looks abiding.

20
The foule prospect, did with great wrath inflame,
The worthe dames when they did plaine it vew,
And in the maids behalfs, they blam'd for shame,
As do in *Pestus* garden roses new:
But *Bradamant*, when as more neare she came,
Was grieved more for one of them she knew,
Whose name was *Ullanie*, that since a while,
Was unto *France* sent from the *Island Ile*.

21
She also knew both tother in effect,
For she had met them trayling on that coast,
But yet her speech she chiefly did direct,
To *Ullanie*, whom she regarded most,
And askt her what vile wight did so neglect
All law, and had all humane nature lost,
As that without remorse he could abide,
To leave that bare, that nature seekes to hide?

He makes
them cosins
though very
far off, which
we cannot
deed the no-
blest kind,
though not
the kindest.

Erichonius
son of *Vulca*,
deviled a
coach to hide
his disfigured
leggs which
were like
serpents.
Aglaure
lookt the table

Pestus gar-
den are at a
castle so cal-
led in *Luca*.
mia, & beare
roses twice in
the yeare.

22
Poore *Ullanie*, that both by speech and sight,
The worthie damsell *Bradamant* did know,
To be a Ladie, whom she saw last night,
To give three Princes such an ouerthrow,
When first a while she sobbed had and sigh,
The manner and the matter plaine doth show,
How people neare that place, did ill intreat them,
And clippe their cloths, and also whip and beat them

23
Fast by (said she) the Castle you may see,
Where they do keepe, that us so ill did use,
As for the shield of gold and Princes three,
That came to win it, she could tell no newes:
We only ment to trudge on foote (said she)
To make complaint of those did us abuse,
Vnto the noble *Christen* Emp'rour *Charles*,
Who punish will I trust such lawlesse earles.

24
Brave *Bradamant* and stout *Marfisa* longs,
To go immediatly unto this place,
And be aveng'd on such enormous wrongs,
Done as they deeme, to all the sexe disgrace:
Rogero eke, that knows well what belongs,
Vnto the law of Knight-hood, in such case,
(To succour all that are by wrong oppress,
But chieflic women) goes without request.

25
Looks into the allegory of the application of this.
With one consent, they all put off their bases,
Which serv'd the maidens very fit to hide
The secret parts, of those same privie places,
That modestie to show cannot abide.
Then *Bradamant* straightway behind her places
Faile *Ullany*, and makes her so to ride,
Marfisa and *Rogero* take the paine,
Behind themselves, to place the other twaine.

26
Here begins the tale of Marganor that made the law against women.
The dame of *Dardan* led them all the way,
The tother two do follow with great hast,
But *Ullany* shew'd where the Castle lay,
To which they many a hill and valley past.
But now so much was spent of that same day,
That they were quite benighted at the last,
At night to take a village they were glad,
Where they good meat, good drinke, good lodging

27
But when to looke about them they began,
They none could see but women in the place,
The women drest, brought all, and not a man,
In all the village that did show his face:
Among themselves, they on the matter scan,
And much they mused at so strange a case,
Among so many, fayre, soule, young, and old,
As there they saw, not one man to behold.

28
Before men were called Argonauts, because they with a ship called Argo
I thinke that *Jason* never marveld more,
Nor those his *Argonauts*, that with him came,
Then when they first arriv'd at *Lemnos* shore,
Where they found none but women void of shame,
That had their fires, and brethren slaine before,
And did a common wealth of women frame:
Then did *Rogero* with the Ladies wonder,
To see no men, but women such a number.

29
Wherefore (when first they had in seemly sort,
Provided raiment for the damfels three,
If not so sumptuous, certes not so short,
But to conceale that which men should not see)
Then they desir'd some dweller there, report
To them, what might the cause and reason be,
Why in this towne there were allow'd no men,
And in this sort the woman answerd then.

30
This order at the which you seeme to wonder,
Was by a tyrant pointed for our paine,
A tyrant, whose subjection we are under,
Who by his proclamation doth ordaine,
From mothers sons, from husbands wives to sunder,
And in such hard exile we must remaine,
And suffer not by merit, but by force,
From our deare spouses, such a long divorce.

31
Thrice have the trees with winter bene delev'd,
Since we have bene into this place confin'd,
Of husbands, fathers, and of sonnes bereav'd,
So sore the tyrant hateth all our kinde:
And if that any chance to be perceav'd,
(As some perhaps there be, that are so kinde)
To come but once to looke upon his wife,
The man and woman both, shall loose their life.

32
The lawlesse wretch, that makes this cruell law,
Dwels two leagues hence, and is of such behaviour,
As from his purpose no man can him draw,
How much so ever he be in his favour,
He doth all women from his land withdraw,
As if he were infected with their savour,
He is so fierce, so sturdie, and so strong,
That none dare once protect, whom he will wrong.

33
And which is strange, he useth strangers worst,
If any happen to his house arrive,
(It seems he hath of womens bloud some thirst)
For though he let them part from thence alive,
Yet first with whipping, and with usage curst,
He doth their torment, and reproch contrive:
Wherefore if you your safeties do regard,
I wish you not to travell thither-ward.

34
At this *Marfisa* and the *Dorden* dattie,
Were much incens'd, and did desire to know,
How he was cald, and whence his furie came,
That made him first to such a madness grow:
The woman maketh answer thus, his name
Is *Marganor*, and if you please he show
The whole discourse to this they all agreed,
And she then on her tale did thus proceed.

35
This *Marganor*, that makes full many weepe,
Was bloodie from his birth by disposition,
But yet a while he did dissemble deepe,
That of the same there was but some suspition,
His sonnes did make him it the closer keepe,
Because they were of contrary condition,
Both bounteous, frank, & courteous, of good qualitic,
Of strangers lovers and of hospitalitic.

Faile

36

Faire dames and Knights that hapt to passe this way,
Were still by them so frendly entertained,
That by such kind of curtesie usage, they
The love and praise of ev'rie one had gained;
Their honors also farther to display,
The sacred right of Knighthood they obtained,
Both stout, both strong, comly and of good stature,
Not wanting ornaments of art or nature.

37

Cyandro and *Tanacro* nam'd they are,
And long they liv'd with no dishonor stained,
And longer had, if they had bene so ware,
As not in *Cupids* snares to have bene trained;
This foolish passion foild all their welfare,
The passion men call love, this them constrained,
To change the worthie course they had begonne,
And do that by the which they were undonne.

38

It happend that there thither came a Knight,
Belonging to this Emperour of *Greece*,
Who brought with him a Ladie faire and bright,
Of good behaviour, and a lovely peece,
With whom *Cyandro* fell in love that night,
And fully bent of her to have a fleece,
He thought her beaurie so posselt his hart,
That he should surely dye, if she depart.

39

And, for he deemd it labour lost to pray,
To open force he doth himselfe dispose,
And secretly all arm'd, unto the way
Where tother needs must passe, afore he goes,
And seeing him he would no longer stay,
But trusting to his manhood, comes to bloes,
Not seeking vantage, but with lance to lance,
He minds to trie of fight the doubtfull chance.

40

Not thinking though but with his fuer running,
To bear him downe, and beare away his wife,
But this same Knight, that in this art was cunning,
Did pierce his shield, and rest him of his life;
The newes hereof unto his father comming,
Fild all the court with plaints and sorrows rise,
At last, when long the time had bene deferred,
By his great ancestors they him interred.

41

Nor did this foule mishap and ill successe,
Make *Marganor* to minish ought his port,
Tanacro still did courtesie professe,
To strangers all, and us'd them in good sort;
But loe, chanc' within a yeare and lesse,
A noble Baron thither did resort,
A comely man of personage to see,
With him a Ladie faire as faire might be.

42

And to her beaurie her behaviour fitted,
Her looks are modest, manners sober are,
Her words are ware, and shew her sharply witted;
Likewise her Lord, himselfe most comely bare,
As fit to whom the charge should be committed;
Of one in shape and qualities so rare:
He high *Olindro*, Lord of *Longavilla*,
The lovely Lady named was *Drusilla*.

43

No lesse *Tanacro* doted on this Dame,
Then had his brother done on that before,
But that foule end to which his brother came,
Made him more warie, though not honest more;
By former good report that bred him fame,
And all his passed praise, he sets no store:
Be fame, be vertue woden in the dust,
So he may but fulfill his present lust.

44

Thus caring onely to avoid the danger,
In which he saw before his brother dyde,
He secretly that night way-laid the stranger,
There as he knew next day he needs must ride,
Not meaning his owne person to endanger,
In fine, the Baron that to save his bride,
Did stoutly give and take full many a wound,
At last they left foule murderd on the ground.

45

Drusilla se'ing her deare *Olindro* ded,
In deadly sound unto the ground she sanke,
But thence in curteous sort the men her led,
Whom to have kild her, she would give more thanke:
But grieve in her such will to die had bred,
That wilfully she leapt downe from a banke,
To kill her selfe, but poore soule could not dy,
But all her head and face was brus'd thereby.

46

Tanacro gets some surgeons and Phisicians,
To looke unto her health, and hurts to cure,
He causeth her to heare most rare musicions,
To cheare her heart, and solace to procure:
He makes great brags of her so chaste conditions,
With mind by marriage to make her sure,
He thinks a woman of so vertuous life,
Must not be term'd a lemman, but a wife.

47

To marrie her he inwardly intends,
This outwardly in shew he doth make knowne,
And evermore he highly her commends,
And though her grieve was by his doings growne,
He saith he will for this make large amends,
And that he will her love, and be her owne:
But still the more that on that point he grateth,
The more in heart she him detests and hateth.

48

But yet her hate did not so blind her wit,
But that to keepe it close she tooke good heed,
She knew full well she must dissemble it,
If she will be reveng'd of him indeed:
Wherefore untill the time may serve her fit,
She seemes unto his meaning halfe agreed,
And did in shew the same so smoothly carrie,
That lastly she consented him to marrie.

49

Sweet peace and love were written in her eyes,
Revenge and hate were in her heart engraved,
To kill him, in her thought she doth devise,
When with most kindnesse she her selfe behaved:
He needs must die, needs die in any wise,
But ev'n thus long to live of God she craved:
How can I better end my life (she sech)
Then in revenging my deare husbands death?

D d s

Thus

50
Thus seeming to forget all former wrong,
She chearfully expects the wedding day,
As though that she did for this maniage long,
And so she did, although another way,
She shortens all that might the time prolong,
And paints her selfe, and tricks her trim and gay:
She onely crav'd thus much for *Christ* his Passion,
She might be marry'd of her country fashion.

51
Not that her speech herein indeed was trew,
That such the custome was as she pretended,
But she doth mind to forge a custome new,
With trust assuredly to be revenged
On him, that her beloved husband slew;
Revenge, revenge was all that she intended:
She pray'd, she might observe her countrie guise,
Which in this sort, she doth to them devise.

52
The widdow that to marrie new intends,
According as our countrie law allows,
Must first appease the ghost whom she offends,
I meane (saith she) that of her former spouse,
And make unto his spirit some amends,
By Dirges, trentals, masses, pray'rs and vows,
In that same Church, whereas his bones be resting,
Then may she marrie new, without molesting.

53
But when of her new spouse she takes the ring,
The Priest in sight of all that stand about,
Of hallowd wine, a bottle then must bring,
And in the Challice he must powre it out,
Then over it he must both say and sing,
Effectual prayers, and Psalmes, and hymnes devout,
Then must the woman take it of the Vicker,
And drinke unto her spouse the blessed licker.

54
Tanacro liketh well of this her motion,
Respecting little how much it imported,
To let her marrie with so strange devotion,
He onely wish't to have the season shorted,
And not mistrusting that same hallow'd potion,
To cut of all delays he her exhorted,
Each makes like hast, though sundry in construction,
He to her wedding, she to his destruction.

55
Among her women servants that were there,
Drusilla had one old ilfavord trot,
She calleth her, and bad her in her eare,
That some strong sodaine poyson may be got,
You know (saith she) to get it, how and wheare,
Convay it safe into some pretie pot,
For I (quoth she) have found the way and skill,
The wicked sonne of *Marganor* to kill.

56
And doubt not, I know how to save us both,
As I will let thee know at better leasure,
The woman doth the feat though seeming loth,
Save onely that it was her mistres pleasure:
Then for a cup of *Candie* wine she goth,
And mingles this and that in so due measure,
As made it with but little alteration,
Not slowre in tast, yet sure in operation.

57
Now came *Drusilla* on the wedding day,
With gorgeous gowns and costly jewels deckt,
There where *Olindros* corps inombred lay,
Rais'd high on columns as she did direct;
The Priest began the solemne Masse to say,
To which came great resort, without suspect,
And *Marganor* himselfe now most contenting,
Came with his son and frends the place frequenting.

58
When all the solemne rites to end were brought,
Then in a cup of massie gold and fine,
The Priest powrd out, as she before had taught,
The cursed poyson, with the blessed wine,
She soberly drinks a convenient draught,
Inough to do the feat she did designe,
Then to *Tanacro* with a lovely cheare,
She gave it, who supt up the challice cleare.

59
And rendring then the challice to the Fire,
He thought in open arms her to embrace,
But then she sodainly began retire,
Then her sweet lookes, and words so full of grace,
Were gone, her eyes did seeme to flame like fire,
Then wrath and spire were written in her face,
She cries with grisly looke, and voice unpleasant,
Avaunt, and touch not me thou traitor peasant.

60
Thoughtst thou of me solace to have and sport,
And bring me cause of torment, teares, and woe,
No, now I trow that I have cut thee short,
That drinke was poyson, if you do not know:
But ah this death is of too gentle sort,
And I too noble hangman am I trow,
A hangman ought with halter stop thy breath,
This was for thee, too honorable death.

61
My onely sorrow is that ere I dyde,
My sacrifice was not in full perfection,
And that thy wicked fire and more beside,
Did not with thee, tast of that strong confection:
But pardon me (my deare dead spouse) she cride,
If I have sayd for fault of good direction,
If I perhaps have not done all I should do,
Yet sure I have performed all I could do.

62
And looke what I do want in all or part,
In working him torture condigne, and shame,
I hope the world to come, with greater smart,
Will pay it him, and I shall see the same.
Thus much she said, and then with chearfull hart,
Still calling on her former spouses name,
Take here in worth (saith she) this sacrifice,
That thy poore wife did for thy sake devise.

63
And of our Lord for me a place obtaine,
In Paradise, with thy most blessed spirit,
And if he say that none must there remaine,
But they that by good works the same inherit;
Tell him I have a cruell tyrant slaine,
Of tyrants death I bring with me the merit;
To kill a tyrant, what can be more glorious,
Or in the sight of God more meritorious?

Thus

Drusilla
speech at
her death.

Old in the
day of La-
tina.
In moriens
non re-
cumbat ho-
mili respectu.

Ev

Quoniam

An

C

I

I

I

V

V

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

64

Thus much she said, and fell dead therewithall,
And being dead, she kept a chearfull looke,
And sure to her the comfort was not small,
That for her spouse so sharpe revenge she tooke.
I know not if *Tanagro* in his fall,
Did follow her, or else her overtooke,
He overtooke her sure, as may be thought,
That dranke the bottome, and the greater draught.

65

Tell *Marganor* that heard his sonnes last grone,
And seeing him lie dead past all reliefe,
Made at the first so great and grievous mone,
As though he would have dide of very griefe:
Two sons he had of late, now hath he none,
Two women had hereof bin causes chiefe,
One mov'd the first to hazard life, the tother
With her owne hands gave poison to his brother.

66

Love, pitie, griefe, disdain, and hate, and wrath,
Desire of death and of revenge together,
The dolefull parent so enraged hath,
Like to the roaring seas in fowlest wether:
Faine to *Drusilla* he would do some scath,
But she was dead before, yet goes he thether,
As blinded hate did him still forward pricke,
He seeks to harme the corse that was not quicke.

67

Ev'n as a snake whom speare to ground doth naile,
Doth bite the Steele and wood that sense hath none,
Or as a dog that doth a man assaile,
If one do sling at him a sticke or stone,
Doth runne and bite the same without availe,
Till he that hurled it is past and gone:
So *Marganor* more fierce then dog or snake,
Seeks on the senselesse corse revenge to take.

68

And when that harrying it, and all to tearing,
Could not in any part his wrath assuage,
Ev'n in the Church on us, no such thing fearing,
He drawes his sword, and in his senselesse rage
Doth hew and mangle women, none forbearing,
For dignity, for beautie, nor for age,
While we cride out, and at his furie wondred,
He thirtie kild, and hurt and maimd an hundred.

69

So sorely of his people he is dreaded,
That no man dare against his acts oppose him,
Vnto his will he is so firmly wedded,
That for the time starke mad ye would suppose him,
Who would reforme him, hang'd shall be & headed,
For guerdon of his paine, when once he knows him:
His servants do, as doth the proverbe say,
When furie runs, let furie have her sway.

70

But when at last himselfe was almost tired
With killing us, though voyd of all remorse,
Then by his friends request he was desired,
And as it were constrain'd by honest force,
And to his castle he himselfe retired,
Appointing there this law of our divorce,
And clemencie forsooth he doth it call,
In that he did forbear to kill us all.

71

Thus whether they obeyd or else repined,
Men are from wives, babes frō their dames devided,
And hither all the women be confined,
This towne of purpose is for us provided,
Where if that any man to love inclined,
And by a good and kind affection guided,
Come but to see his wife, and thereby show it,
Wo be to him if *Marganor* may know it.

72

And worse then this, he hath ordaind an order,
Such one I thinke was never heard before,
All women that are tane within his border,
Must first be whipt with rods till they be sore,
And then he doth their vestiments disorder,
By clipping them behind and eke before,
And so away he sendeth them halfe stripped,
When first they have bin beaten well and whipped.

*Marganor's
Law against
women.*

73

And if that any hope to have assistance,
Or bring some Knights them to defend and save,
Forthwith he killeth them and their assistants,
As sacrifices on his childrens grave:
So as no hope there is to make resistance,
For evermore he if he list can have
At his command, of men a mighty powre,
By name one thousand ev'n within an houre.

74

And further all men in his realme he takes,
By either faire perswasions or by feare,
Vpon the Sacrament to sweare he makes,
That ay they shall to women hatred beare.
Now for your owne and these faire Ladies sakes,
Iudge you if you have reason to forbear,
Vnto his castle nearer to approach,
Except you will be sham'd with foule reproch.

75

This tale so much did move the warriors three,
With pitie first, and then with high disdain,
That save it was so darke they could not see,
They would have gone ev'n then him to have slaine:
Now for that night they rest, but they decree,
So soone as *Phebus* should retorne againe,
To arme themselves, and boldly to advenyer,
Vpon the tyrants hold by force to enter.

76

Now as they were about their horse to take,
They saw before them at the mountaines roote,
Some twentie men, that no great hast did make,
But some on horseback were, and some on foote,
All arm'd, these three them soone did overtake,
Before they full had rode an arrow shoot,
And then they saw how they did beare by force,
An aged beldam on a sumpter horse.

77

This was forsooth *Drusilla's* chamber mayd,
That to her mistress that same poison gave,
And being then mistrustfull and afraid,
What strange effect it fortune might to have,
Vpon the wedding day from Church she staid,
And so by secret flight her selfe did save,
And kept her selfe three yeares from law and triall,
Till *Marganor* had found her by espiall.

D d 3

What

Supra. What cannot gaine and hope of money worke?
 First by his coyne he learned where she lay,
 Then with his coyne he set these men a worke,
 Who in this sort did fetch her thence away,
 And of a Lord (in whose land she did lurke,
 With promise that she safely there should stay)
 With coyne of that same Baron her he bought,
 Ah noble men, can nobles make you nought?

Simile. Look how the great and stately streame of Poe,
 The nearer he unto the sea descends,
 When *Lambra*, *Tycin*, *Adda*, with some mo,
 Fall into him, and their due tribute sends,
 The broader and the deeper still doth grow:
 Ev'n so the more that *Marganor* offends,
 The greater will in these three champions breeds,
 To be avenged on so vile misdeeds.

Yet first to free this woman they intend,
 Who else (at least) should have bin hang'd in chaines,
 Straight on those lowts all three their forces bend,
 They couch their speares and slacke their horses reins:
 An host of men could scarce such force defend,
 Much lesse a sort of dastard hireling swaines:
 Wherefore they cast away their warlike tooles,
 Their pargie left, and went away like foolcs.

Simile. Ev'n as a greedie wolfe that runneth loden
 With his desired pray unto his den,
 That finds unwares the way to him forboden,
 By hunting dogs, or by the hunting men,
 Hurles downe his pray, and by the paths untroden
 Doth flie for life, so did these cullions then,
 Not onely that their prisoner enlarge,
 But leave their horses and their other charge.

Some, others force, some, their owne feare unhorses,
 By meanes whereof they did at ease provide,
 For those three damfels good convenient horses,
 That yesterday behind them three did ride:
 Also *Rogero* that old trot inforces,
 (Though she in vaine refused and denide)
 To go with them, lamenting sore and wailing,
 But all her lamentation nought availing.

Now were they come unto the towne at length,
 About the which there was no ditch nor wall,
 Yet were the houses built in bredth and length
 Both orderly and very strong with hall:
 A castle in the midst of mightie strength,
 Stood on a rocke that overlookt them all:
 To this they march with great desire and longing,
 Because it was to *Marganor* belonging.

Within this towne no sooner set they feet,
 But that the guard that kept the watch, began
 Behind them step, and chained fast the streets
 Some others, with the greatestt hast they can,
 Cald *Marganor*, that straight came them to meet,
 With guard of many a tall and sturdie man,
 Who with a speech but short yet full of pride,
 The leud law of his Cite signified.

Marganor who before hand had agreed,
 Vpon the matter with the other two,
 Sets spurs to herse, and galloping in speed
 Of making answer, makes no more ado,
 But being of her person strong indeed,
 Employing neither launce nor sword thereto,
 With bended fist she gives him such a boxe,
 As stonid him, and would have feld an oxe.

Nor doth *Rogero*, nor the dame of *France*,
 Grant to the others any time of ease,
 But chiefe the damsell that with *Goldelance*,
 Doth throw to ground as many as she please;
 No man there was that durst himsele advance,
 To stand unto the shocke with one of these,
Rogero seven, she threw downe seven times seaven,
 Ev'n as if thunder had falne downe from heaven.

The hurtlesse people to their houses fled,
 The hartlesse souldiers followd them as fast,
 None stayd behind but those were maimd or dead,
 And *Marganor* alone was left at last,
 And by *Marfisa* now is captive led,
 Who (with his armes behind him piniond fast)
 Gave him *Drusillas* maid to be tormented,
 And would have burnd the town, had they consented.

But all consent the law to abrogate,
 The people easily were wonne thereto,
 And to accept one of another rate,
 Which there was ratifide with small ado,
 His law and him they did detest and hate,
 Yet as him list they were content to do,
 As still we see the foolish common use,
 Obey him best that doth them most abuse.

And why, they dare not one another trust,
 Nor tell to one another their complaints,
 They let him kill and banish whom he lust;
 Ones goods he takes, anothers house he taints,
 The silent soule yet cries for vengeance just
 Vnto the mighty God and to his Saints,
 Who though they seeme in punishing but slow,
 Yet pay they home at last, with heave and how.

So now these silly soules inflam'd with ire, (knowne,
 With speech and deeds do make their stomacks
 And (as the proverbe saith) each man beares fire,
 To burne the tree the wind hath overthrowne.
 Ye Princes that to tyrannize desire,
 Marke this mans end and make his case your owne,
 Beleewe it well, that God doth ever send
 Vnto a wicked life a wretched end.

Out came the yong and old, the great and small,
 In words and workes to do him great disgrace:
 He that so terrible was erst to all,
 Is now despiide of all (a wondrous case)
 Yea those three warriors had ado not small,
 To keepe him now from killing in the place;
 Not that they car'd to have his life preserved,
 But unto greater paines they him reserved.

They

92
They gave him bound unto that woman aged,
That erst upon *Drusilla* did attend,
And to those three, whose minds were yet enraged,
Whom whipt and stript he lately thence did send,
These with sharp goads and knives his body gaged,
And to torment him, all their wits did bend, (him;
Now some cast stones, and some with needles pricke
Some scratch, some bite, with feet some spurn & kick

98
She further made this notable decree,
That lodging, meate and drinke should be forbode
To travellers, of whatsoere degree,
Admit they go on foote, or that they rode,
(Within that towne) except they first agree
To sweare by some great Saint, or else by God,
That they should evermore be womens friends,
And foe unto their foes to their lives ends.

93
Eyn as a brooke new swolne with rage of raine,
Or with a sodaine thaw of melting snow,
Oft bears down rocks and trees with force so maine,
As heards doth drowne and houses overthrow,
A drouth doth come, and then that brooke againe
Abates his pride, and is at last so low,
A woman, yea a child with small adoe,
May passe the same, and never wet their shoes

99
And whatsoever stranger there arrives,
Must further sweare, before they go their way,
If, or they have, or meane to marry wives,
That evermore they shall their wils obey:
This must they keepe on perill of their lives,
For why she vowes to come ere twelve-months day,
And if she find her law broke in that Citie,
To sacke and burne the same without all pitie.

94
So *Marganor* that erst in pompe and pride,
Made hearts of men to quake when he was named,
To lowest ebb now turned sees his ryde,
His combe now cut, his furie now is tamed;
Now kennel-rakers scorne him, and deride,
To looke men in the face he is ashamed,
Small children, yea the babes, be not affeard,
To pull away his haire from head and beard.

100
This done, the warriors three did hasten hence,
But yet their going they so long deferred,
Vntill *Drusilla*'s corse was tane from thence,
Where (as it seem'd) it was but homely berred,
And order tane, with cost and good expence,
Her spouse and she might nobly be interred,
With Epitaphs, by which was signified,
In how great honour they both liv'd and died.

95
The while *Rogero* with those championswaine,
The castle summon'd that did gladly yeeld,
Here *Ullanie* recovered againe,
Which lately she had lost, her golden shield:
Here met they those three kings, which to their pain,
Dame *Bradamant* had twice ov'rthrowne in field,
At the same castle, where before I told
She wan their lodging, and made them lie cold.

101
Marfisa made her law in marble faire,
Vpon a pillar to be written downe,
And then *Rogero* with the warlike paire
Of damfels, took their leaves of all the towne:
But *Ullanie* her garments doth repaire,
And stayes to make some new and costly gowne,
She thinks to come to Court were great dishonor,
Except she had some sumptuous clothing on her.

96
Since which, on foote unarm'd they vow'd to go,
Which want faire *Ullanie* from death did save,
For all that went with arm'd men garded so,
Were sacrificed on *Tanacros* grave,
Yet better of the twaine it was to show,
The parts that modestie conceald would have,
For why both this and ev'ry other shame,
Is halfe excus'd, if force procure the same.

102
Therefore she staid behind, and in her powre
Was *Marganor*, by those same warriors given,
Who had new torments taught him ev'ry howre,
And was at last by his shiarpe judges driven,
To leape downe headlong from a mighty towre,
Where all his bones and flesh were broke and riven:
Of him nor these I have no more to say,
But of those three that went the tother way.

97
Marfisa straight a Parliament did call
Of all the towne, and made them take an oth,
Of high and low, rich, poore, and great and small,
Although they were content, or else were loth,
That to their wives they should be subject all;
That in their houses and the Citie both,
The women should have rule, such powre, such gra-
As men are wont to have in other places. (ces,

103
The rest of that same day together riding,
And halfe the next in company they spent,
Vntill they found a way in twaine dividing,
One to the campe, tother to *Arlic* went,
Here oft they take their leaves, yet still abiding,
For ever parting makes friends ill content:
In fine the Knight the way to *Arlic* tooke,
They to the campe, and thus I end this booke.

*Ovid de tri-
stibus.
Sapientia
disertus
sum multa
loquutus.*

In this xxxvij, booke, the praises of women are set downe to the encouragement of all vertuous minded yong Ladies, Morall.
and likewise the miserable end of *Marganor* and his two sonnes, for their unbridled lust and cruelty, to the terrifying
of all great men that dispose themselves to lawlesse and tyrannous behaviour. Lastly in the law made for women, we
may see that that sexe is capable of rule and government, and not to be excluded from the highest degree thereof (as a
noble learned, and learned noble man hath most amply and excellently proved in a discourse of his, which I happened by Lord Henrick
fortune to light upon, though as yet I thinke imparted to few.) Howard.
Concerning the historie of this booke, first it should seeme that the whole booke it selfe was inserted into the rest of the Historie.

work by mine author, to take occasion thereby to speake in praise of women, and specially of the Ladie Vittoria, wife
D d 4 19

to the famous Francis of Pescara: but concerning the famous women by him briefly touched, I will here set downe as briefly as I can their storie.

Arpalice or Harpalice a woman of Thrace, whose father being taken prisoner by the Geties, a nation of Scythia, with great courage and expedition recovered him from their hands: of whom Virgil speaks in his *Æneids*:

Vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat

Harpalice volutemq; fuga prævertitur Hæbrum.

Tomeris Queene of the Massagerians. Cyrus became a suter to her to marry her, but she thinking (as it was most likely) he wooed not her, but her kingdome, refused him: hereupon Cyrus made warre on her. Tomeris sent her son against him, who was taken by Cyrus with an ambushment, and slaine. But she faining as though she fled for feare, drew Cyrus to the straits of the hills, where (they write) she slue his whole army, being two hundred thousand men, and left not a man alive to carry newes; and after in revenge of her son, she put Cyrus head into a great boule of bloud, using that wel knowne speech: *Satia te sanguine qui sanguinem sitiisti, Filli by selfe with bloud that didst thirst for bloud. In the 5. staffe.*

With those that did Turnus and Hector ayd:

Those two were Camilla and Penthesilea, of both which Virgil writes in the *Æneids*:

Penthesilea furens, medijsque in millibus ardet

Bellatrix, ardētque vins concurrere virgo.

She that in compasse of buls hide, &c.

That was Dido: The storie is well knowne of Pigmaliions crueltie in murdering Sycheus for hope of his money, but Dido warned in a dreame by the gift of Sycheus, took away all the gold, and fled with divers confederates to Lybia in Affrik, and there bargained to buy as much ground as she could compasse with a buls hide: which bargain being made she cut the hide into an infinit cōpany of smal thongs, and so built the famous city of Carthage within that cōpasse, as Virgil noteth:

Mercatique locum facti de nomine Birsen,

Taurino quantum poterant circundare tergo.

Zenobia Queene of the Palmyrens, widow, or as we call it, dowager of Odenatus: she rebelled against the Romane Empire, and fought many battels very prosperously, but afterward by Aurelianus she was besieged in the citie of Palmyra, and in her flight from thence she was taken and brought to Rome in Triumph.

She that Inde and Assure frayd: this was Semiramis wife of Nynus, who was a notable warriour, had not her unbridled lust of the flesh stained the honour of her other vertues, which as it became her owne destruction, so it bath left a notable example to all other Princes of her sex, to take heed and eschew the like insamie, and specially (though they be above all positive lawes) yet not to pollute the lawes of nature.

Allegory. In that it is said Marfisa and Bradamant put off their bases, therewith to hide the privities of the damfels, it may thereby be understood, that the vertues of some excellent women are so great, as not onely serve themselves to make them famous and most honorable, but also extend themselves so farre, as to serve to hide and cover the deformitie of others not so well apparelled with the garments of honor, and so (as it were with works of supererogation) beautifie those that had defects of their owne.

Allusion. Concerning the great praise mine author ascribeth to Madam Vittoria:

Whose learned pen such priviledge can give,

As it can cause those that are dead to live.

And for that cause preferreth her before Porcia wife of Brutus, and divers others that died voluntarie soone after their husbands, it was because she wrote some verses in manner of an Epitaph upon her husband after his decease: In which kind, that honourable Ladie (widow of the late Lord Iohn Russell) deserveth no lesse commendation, having done as much for two husbands. And whereas my author maketh so great boast onely of one learned woman in Italie, I may compare (besides one above all comparison, that I have noted in the twentieth booke) three or foure in England out of one family, and namely the sisters of that learned Ladie, as witnesse that verse written by the meanest of the foure to the Ladie Burlic, which I doubt if Cambridge or Oxford can mend.

The faire daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke.

Lady Burlic.

Lady Russell.

Lady Bacon.

Mistress Killy.

grew.

Si mihi quem cupio cures Mildreda remitti,

Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi sola soror:

Sin malè cessando retines, & trans mare mittis,

Tu mala, tu peior, tu mihi nulla soror.

Is si Cornubiam, tibi pax sit & omnia læta,

Sin mare Ciciliz nuncio bella. Vale.

In the 14. staffe.

And if the great Macedon envie bare,

Vnto Achilles for Meonian lyre, &c.

This place M. Alexander Nevell imitated, in his verses upon Sir Philip Sidneys funerals, with farre sharper conceits then mine author here useth it. For whereas the now King of Scotland had written among others, that pretie Epitaph of the foresaid Knight:

Vidit vt extinctum nuper Citherea Philippum,

Flevit, & hunc Marrem credidit esse suum.

Abripuit digitis gemmas, colloque monile,

Marti iterum nunquam seu placitura foret:

Mortuus humana qui lussit imagine diuam,

Quid faceret jam si vident ille, rogo?

She wrote to the Lady Burlic, to send a husband man of her into Corn-wall, where she dwelt, and to stop his going to yond sea.

To this effect in English,

When Venus saw the noble Sidney dying,
She thought, it her beloved Mars had beene:
And with the thought thereof she fell a crying,
And cast away her rings and carknet cleene,
He that in death a goddesse mockt and grieved,
What had he done (trow you) if he had lived?

The verse hath a fine conceit, and perhaps better then it shewes for. Now (as I say) M. Nevell praising Sir Philip Sidney in the like manner, useth the like application, as mine author doth in this place, preferring his fortunatenesse in this kinde, before his, whom Alexander envieth: for he saith (as I remember)

Plectra canant alios, cecinerunt sceptrum Philippum,
Ista coronatis sunt carmina digna cothurnis.

Harpes, other praise; a scepter his doth sing,
Of crowned Poet, and of Laureat King.

Concerning the tale of Drusilla, it is taken out of Plutarke, and thought a true Story: it is both in the Courtier of Castiglion and in Apulejus, but somewhat amplified by mine author.

The end of the annotations upon the 37. Booke.





THE ARGUMENT.

Marfisa doth present her felfe before
 King Charles, and in his prefence is baptized:
 Aftolfo doth Senapos fight reftore,
 By whom fuch hardie feats are enterprised,
 That Agramant therewith molefted fore,
 Is by Sobrino finally advifed,
 To make a challenge on Rogeros hed,
 To end the troubles that the warre had bred.

It mainte-
 nance of
 honour.



I
 Aire Ladies, you with gra-
 cious care that heare
 My prefent ftorie, now me
 feemes I fee,
 By this unwonted changing
 of your cheare,
 That with Rogero you of-
 fended be,
 For thus againe departing
 from his deare,

And that you take the fame as ill as ſhe,
 As though you thought, and durſt affirme it boldly,
 That fire of love in him did burne but coldly.

2
 And ſure had he bin moved hereunto,
 By any other cauſe, then that I told,
 No though thereby he had attained to
 Rich *Craſſus* wealth, or richer *Crefus* gold,
 Yet would I thinke (as now it ſeemes ye do)
 Loves darts in him had tane but ſhallow hold:
 For ſo ſweet joy, as this was to be thought,
 With gold nor ſilver never could be bought.

3
 But when ones honour ſhall thereon depend,
 Then ſhould it merit not excuſe but praiſe,
 And chiefe when one ſo truly may pretend,
 He cannot ſave his honor otherwayes:
 And that ſame woman that her ſelfe ſhould bend,
 To ſtop the ſame by prayre, or by delayes,
 Should give juſt cauſe to ev'rie one to queſſe,
 Her love were little, or her wit were leſſe.

4
 For if a woman ſhould of him ſhe loves,
 Eſteeme the life and ſafetie as her owne,

(I ſpeake of ſuch, whoſe choice no change removes,
 And whoſe affections are not raſhly growne)
 Then ſure much more in reaſon it behoves,
 That of his honour ſhould more care be ſhowne;
 By how much more, it ſhould in due account,
 Both pleaſures all, and life it ſelfe ſurmount.

5
 In following of his Lord ſo faithfully,
 Rogero did but ev'n as he was bound,
 And if he ſhould have left him then, thinke I,
 He ſhould have done it but on ſlender ground:
 What though *Almonte* made his father die?
 On *Agramant* that fault could not redound,
 Who had for all his anceſtors offences,
 Giv'n to Rogero many recompences.

6
 He did but well in going to his Lord,
 And ſhe as well (it cannot be denied)
 In that ſhe thereto granted her accord,
 Which ſhe might hap have ſtopp'd, had ſhe replied,
 That from the ſame her liking had abhoid,
 What now ſhe wants, henceforth may be ſupplied,
 But if that honor have one minutes ſtaine,
 An hundred yeares ſcant can it cleaſe againe.

7
 Now while Rogero unto Arly went,
 As duty bound him to *Trajanus* haire,
 Vnto the Chriſten campe incontinent,
 Rogeros ſpouſe and ſiſter (noble paire)
 As loving friends and coſins now they went,
 And unto Charles his tent they did repaire,
 Who minds by ſiege, or battels doubtfull chance,
 To drive theſe tedious troubles out of France.

Worn



THE ARGUMENT.

Marfisa doth present her felfe before
King Charles, and in his prefence is baptized:
Aftolfo doth Senapos fight reftore,
By whom fuch hardie feats are enterprised,
That Agramant therewith molefted fore,
Is by Sobrino finally advifed,
To make a challenge on Rogeros head,
To end the troubles that the warre had bred.



Alre Ladies, you with gra-
cious eare that heare
My prefent ftorie, now me
feemes I fee,
By this unwonted changing
of your cheare,
That with Rogero you of-
fended be,
For thus againe departing
from his deare,

And that you take the fame as ill as ſhe,
As though you thought, and durft affirme it boldly,
That fire of love in him did burne but coldly.

And ſure had he bin moved hereunto,
By any other cauſe, then that I told,
No though thereby he had attained to
Rich *Craſſus* wealth, or richer *Crefus* gold,
Yet would I thinke (as now it ſeemes ye do)
Loves darts in him had tane but ſhallow hold:
For ſo ſweet joy, as this was to be thought,
With gold nor ſilver never could be bought.

But when ones honour ſhall thereon depend,
Then ſhould it merit not excuſe but praiſe;
And chiefe when one ſo truly may pretend,
He cannot ſave his honor otherwayes:
And that ſame woman that her ſelfe ſhould bend,
To ſtop the ſame by prayre, or by delayes,
Should give juſt cauſe to ev'rie one to gueſſe,
Her love were little, or her wit wereleſſe.

For if a woman ſhould of him ſhe loves,
Eſteeme the life and ſafetie as her owne,

(I ſpeake of ſuch, whoſe choice no change removes;
And whoſe affections are not raſhly growne)
Then ſure much more in reaſon it behoves,
That of his honour ſhould more care be ſhowne;
By how much more, it ſhould in due account,
Both pleaſures all, and life it ſelfe ſumount.

In following of his Lord ſo faithfully,
Rogero did but ev'n as he was bound,
And if he ſhould have left him then, thinke I,
He ſhould have done it but on ſlender ground:
What though *Almonte* made his father die?
On *Agramant* that fault could not redound,
Who had for all his anceſtors offences,
Giv'n to Rogero many recompences.

He did but well in going to his Lord,
And ſhe as well (it cannot be denied)
In that ſhe thereto granted her accord,
Which ſhe might hap have ſtop, had ſhe replied,
That from the ſame her liking had abhord,
What now ſhe wants, henceforth may be ſupplied,
But if that honor have one minutes ſtaine,
An hundred yeares ſcant can it cleaſe againe.

Now while Rogero unto *Arly* went,
As duty bound him to *Trajanos* haire,
Vnto the Chriſten campe incontinent,
Rogeros ſpouſe and ſiſter (noble paire)
As loving friends and coſins now they went,
And unto *Charles* his tent they did repaire,
Who minds by ſiege, or batrels doubtfull chance,
To drive theſe tedious troubles out of France,

When

When in the campe it was made knowne and beuted,
That *Bradamant* was come, her noblest brothers
Came forth to her, and kindly her saluted,
With *Guidon*, though they came of sundry mothers,
And she, as for her sexe and calling suted,
Did receive both them, and divers others,
By kissing some, and speaking to the best,
And making friendly gestures to the rest.

But when *Marfisa* name was heard and knowne,
Whose noble acts ev'n from *Catalay* to *Spaine*,
And over all the world beside were blowne,
To looke on her all were so glad and faine,
With plesse and thurst not few were overthrowne,
And scarce a man could in the tents remaine,
But heaving, shoving, hisber-ward and thither,
To see so brave a paire as these together.

Now when to *Charles* his presence come they be,
Vpon her knee *Marfisa* did decline,
And (as *Turpin* writes) no man did see
Her knee to touch the ground before that time,
To none of any calling or degree,
Nor unto *Christ* the Prince or *Sarah* the
She onely doth esteeme *King Pepins* sonne,
As worthe whom such honor should be donne.

But *Charles* arose, and met her halfe the way,
And in kinde stately sort did her embrace,
And seker by his side that present day,
Above the Princes all, and gave her place,
Then vnder was the room that none might stay,
But *Lords* and *Knights* well worthe so great grace,
Excluding all the sawcie baser sort,
And then *Marfisa* spake in such like sort.

Marfisa
waite.

Most mighty *Caesar*, high renown'd and glorious,
That from our *Indies*, to *Tyrinbian* shore,
From *Synthia* frozen hill with breath of *Boreas*,
To *Ethiopia* scorching evermore,
Mak' it thy white crosse, so famous and victorious,
By value much, but by thy justice more,
Thy praise (O Prince) and thy renowned name,
Were cause from countries farre I hither came.

And to say truth, that envie mov'd me chiefe,
Because thy power to reach so fane I saw,
I must confesse I took dislike and griefe,
That any Prince that favord not our law,
And was to us of contrarye believe,
Should grow so great, to keepe us all in awe,
Wherefore I came with mind to have destroyed thee,
Or by all meanes I could, to have annoyd thee.

The manner
she came out
of the temple,
in the later
end of the 26
booke.

For this I came, for this I stayd in *France*,
To seeke your ruine and your overthrow,
When lo a shape (if such a thing can chance)
Made me a friend and subject of a so,
I will not stay to tell each circumstance,
But this in substance, it did make me know,
That I, your bloodie enemy *Marfisa*,
Was daughter to *Rogero* late of *Rysa*.

He by my wicked uncles was betraid,
And left my wofull mother big with child,
Who neare to *Syrte* downe her bellic land,
As strangely laide, as wrongfully exild,
She brought a twin, a man child and a maid,
We fosterd were, seven yeares in forrest wild,
By one that had in Magicke art great skill,
But I was stolne from him against his will.

For some *Arabians* sold me for a slave,
Vnto a *Persian* King, whom (growne in yeares)
Because he my virginity would have,
I killed him and all his *Lords* and *Peeres*
And then such hap, God and good fortune gave,
I gat his crowne and armes, as yet appears,
And ere I fully was twise ten yeare old,
Seven crownes I gat beside, which yet I hold.

And being envious of your endlesse fame,
(As erst I told) I came with firme intent,
By all the meanes I could, to quail the same,
And haply might have done the hurt I ment,
But now a better minde, that minde doth tame,
Now of my malice I do much repent,
Since by good hap, I lately understood,
That I was neare allide to you in blood.

And sith I know my father was your man,
I meane no lesse then he did, you to serve,
As for the hate and envie I began,
To beare you I now do the same reserve,
For *Agramant*, and all the harme I can,
To all his kin, that do the same deserve,
Because I now do know, and am assured,
His ancestors my parents death procured.

This said *Marfisa*, and withall did adde,
That she would be baptiz'd out of hand,
And when that *Agramant* she vanquish'd had,
Returne (if *Charles* so pleas'd) to her owne land,
And Christen them, and farther would be glad,
Against all those, that would *Christ* stand withstand,
Ay to beare armes, with vow that all her gaine,
To *Charles* and holy Church should ay remaine.

The noble *Charles* of tongue as eloquent,
As wise in head, as valorous in heart,
Did much extoll the Ladie excellent,
And all her kin and sue by just desert,
And of her former speech incontinent,
Most gracionslie he answered ev'ie part,
Concluding that he would for ever after
Accept her as his cousin, and his daughter.

And he againe he did embrace of newe,
And kist her forehead at his child indeed,
It long would be to tell how brave a crew
From *Clarinmont*, and *Mongrane* did proceed,
To welcome her, or when *Renaldo* knew
Marfisa name, what joy in him did breed,
He call'd to mind what force in her he found,
Then when *Albracca* he besieged round.

Long

It was the
manner in
the old time
for men to
kisse their
children as
of neare a
kin, in the
freed, as
on the man

It long
Wi
Th
Th
No
Re
To
Wh

Now
A
Se
W
Th
Be
An
Th

Then
In
Ch
An
Bu
Fo
Fr
C

And
A
T
O
L
A
T
H

For
H
H
H
H
H
A
V

The
A
A
T
S
A
C

Gr
A
A
A
A
A
A
A

22

It long would be to tell of *Guidons* joy,
With *Griffin*, *Aquilant* and *Sanfouet*,
That scape with her their land, that do destroy,
Those men that in their Realme they hap to get:
No lesse did *Malagige* and *Uivian* joy,
Remembring how the joynd with *Richardet*,
To rescue them, as long before I told,
When unto *Bertolage* they had bene sold.

23

Now was prepar'd against th'ensuing day,
A place, as was by *Charles* himselfe devised,
Set stately forth, and hang'd with rich aray,
Where this most worthy dame should be baptised,
Then Bishops were employ'd by whom she may
Be taught the *Christen* faith and Catechised,
And all that day a learned *Clarke* and *Preacher*,
The principles of *Christen* faith did teach her.

24

Then *Turpin* Archbishop of chiefe account,
In his robes pontificall doth baptise her,
Charles with great reverence standeth by the fount,
And what to answer, he did still advise her.
But now tis time that to the Moone I mount,
For that receipt must make *Orlando* wiser,
From whence the Duke, descending by strange byas,
Came with *S. John* in charret of *Elyas*.

25

And by his guide he backe againe was led,
And keeps still in his hand that pot or Jarre,
That should againe make wise the mased hed,
Of that same *Palladin* well scene in warre.
Likewise the Saint unto *Astolfo* led,
Assoone as they allighted from the carre,
That with an herbe (of which there grew great store)
He should againe *Senapos* sight restore.

26

For which, and for his former great desert,
He should have men t'assault *Biserta* land,
He teacheth him those people unexpart,
He should so traine, to make them to his hand:
He further learned him the way and art,
How he might safely passe th'unstable sand,
And plainly thus *S. John*, from point to point,
What th'English Duke should do, did him appoint.

27

Then did *Astolfo* take his winged steed,
And of the Saint devoutly tooke his leave,
And soaring downe, he makes no little speed,
To do that which in charge he did receive,
So farre by *Nylus* bankes he doth proceed,
Vntill that *Nubia* he did plaine perceave,
And following the course of that same streame,
Came to *Senapo*, head of that same Reame.

28

Great was the pleasure, triumph, and the joy,
Senapo tooke when he thereof had woord,
Remembring well the trouble and annoy,
The foule *Harpias* brought him at his boord:
But when he made him eke his sight enjoy,
And did so rare a grace to him affoord,
That by his meanes his eye sight was restord him,
He worshippt him and like a God ador'd him.

29

Nor onely did he give him souldiers then,
Wherewith he might *Biserta* towne invade,
But for each one he askt he gave him ten,
That soone two hundred thousand men he made:
Scarfe had the fields roome for so many men,
But footmen all: so is that cuntryes trade,
For horses in that Region are but dentie,
But *Elephants* and *Camells* they have plentie.

30

Now that same day that went before the day,
In which the men of *Nubia* made account,
To march on forward, some part of their way,
Astolfo on his Griffith horse doth mount;
And Southward he doth passe, and doth not stay,
Vntill he came neare to a mighty mount:
At foote whereof a vast cave he doth finde,
Which was the lodging of the Sotherne winde.

31

The mighty cave had but a narrow mouth,
At which the Duke (as *Christ's* Apostle taught)
Did watch so long, untill the wind of South,
Came home to ease his spirits overwrought,
To enter in *Astolfo* him allowth,
But when anone, to have come out he thought,
Within a leather sacke the Duke had plapt
At that caves mouth, he caught and tyde him fast.

32

The *Palladin*, full proud of such a pray,
Returns to *Nubia* ward, before twas night,
And to the *Negros* then he show'd the way,
Appointing them how they should travell right;
He victuals doth and cariages convey,
All safe unto that hill, that *Atlas* hight,
Quite ore those fields where many have bene found,
With wind for want of water, more then drownd.

33

And being come unto the mountaines side,
There, where he might discover all the plaine,
He doth his bands and companies deuide,
And chuseth those that are most apt to traine,
And those he parts and putterth them aside,
And orders for the rest he doth ordaine,
Then he in sight of all the hill ascendeth,
And lookt like one that some great feat intendeth.

34

And kneeling downe (as one that did beleve,
His prayre should granted be, as well as hard)
He prayd his master their great want reliever
Then casting stones that were before prepar'd,
(What cannot firme beleefe in *Christ* atcheeve?)
The very stones (a thing to cred it hard)
Did grow, and live, and move by hidden cause,
And had both bellies, legges, and necke, and jawes.

35

And naying lowd, filld all the place with sound,
Of horse, some bay, some roane, some duple gray,
And of all them were readie horses found,
The spurre, the wand, the leg and voyce t'obay;
To stop, to start, to passe carier, to bound,
To gallop straight, or round, or any way:
Thus werethe men well horst, with litte paines,
For ev'ie horse had saddle, bit and raines.

E c

Thus

Look in the
Allusion.

Because the
wind was
want to raise
the (and some-
times in such
sort as is
overwhelm'd
the men that
went in it.

Ovid. Met. 7
Saxa quae
huc credant
missi sunt
virescentes

36
Thus by this vertuous Duke, within one houre,
Were fourescore thousand footmen, horsemen made,
With which so great and unexpected powre,
Full fiercely he all *Affrike* did invade,
And burnt and spoild full many a towne and towre,
All giving way to his victorious blade,
Vntill three Princes, *Agramants* vicegerents,
Made head against the Duke, with their adherents.

37
The King of *Aldyter*, and he of *Ferfe*,
With stout *Bransardo*, all thre mighty Kings,
That find their enemies to grow so fierce,
Do send their Lord by sea, word of these things.
A little ficker straight the waves doth pierce,
And of these evill newes quicke notice brings
To *Agramant* that lay that time in *Arlie*,
Belieged by an army strong and warlike.

He turns to
Aholfo in
the next booke
38 flaffe.

38
Who hearing of his countries wofull case,
And by his absence what did them betide,
He cald his Lords and Princes to the place,
Consulting how for this harme to provide,
And looking once or twise with stately grace,
Now on the one, then on the tother side,
But on *Marfilio* and *Sobrino* chiefe,
In such like words he told to them his griefe.

Agramants
Orations.

39
Although I wot it worst becommes of all,
A Generall to say, I had not thought,
Yet so say I, for when a harme doth fall,
Beyond the reach of humane sence or thought,
Then sure the blame is either none or small,
And in this compasse may my fault be brought:
My fault it was, *Affricke* to leave unarmed,
If of the *Nubians* now they could be harmed.

40
But who could thinke (but God that understands
The things to come as well as those are past)
So great an host could passe so many lands,
That were from us so great a distance past,
Twixt whom and us lies those unstable sands,
That dangerously are mov'd with Southerne blast,
Yet are they come, and have so farre prevailed,
Biferta selfe is now by them assailed.

41
Now on this point your counsels here I crave,
If so I shall all fruitlesse hence retire,
Or trie before I go, if I can have
The crowne of *France*, to which I do aspire,
Or how I may at home my country save,
And this destroy, which is my most desire,
If any know the meane, then speake he to it,
To th'end that we may know the best, and do it.

42
Thus much the sonne of great *Trajans* spake,
And on *Marfilio* fixt his eyes, that he
As chiefe in place, thereby might notice take,
That first by him he would advised be:
Who when he had stood up for reverence sake,
And bow'd his body, and withall his knee,
Downe fate him in his honorable seate,
And spake such words as I shall here repeate.

43
What ever fame doth bring, of good or ill,
To make it greater it doth ever use,
Wherefore (my soveraigne Lord) I never will
Be bold or basht with hearing flying newes,
But move such doubt and such assurance still,
As though I would not all reports refuse,
Yet would I thinke the truth of other sort,
Then as so many mouthes shall make report.

Marfilio
oration to
perfwade
them to con-
quer the
warres in
France.

44
And I beleve each tale so much the lesse,
By how much more from likelihood it doth arree:
Now in this present cause let any guesse,
If like it be, a King that dwels so farre,
Could come with such an host, as they expresse,
To *Affrica*, so often us'd to warre,
And passe those parlous sands, where to his cost,
Cambises erst did leese his mighty host.

Looke by the
flame.

45
But they be *Nubians*, let it be allowd,
By miracle come in a showre of raine,
Or closely carrid thither in some clowd,
Sith by the way none saw so large a traine:
Hath *Affricke* ever to such people bow'd,
Must they have aide to drive them home againe?
I sure may think you kept a sorie garison,
If them and yours betweene there be comparison.

46
I rather thinke th' *Arabians* are come downe,
From those their hills, and done some spoile or wast,
And tane some men, and burnt some baggage towne,
But small resistance finding as they past,
And that *Bransardo* for his owne renowne,
Whom as your deputie you there had past,
For one sets downe one hundred in his letter,
To th'end that his excuse may seeme the better.

47
But if you will but send some ship or twaine,
That but your standard may therein appeare,
No doubt but they will hie them home againe,
By that time these but weigh their ankers here,
If they *Arabians*, that can bide no paine,
Or if they *Nubians* be, the case is cleare,
Who onely taken have this heart of grace,
To know your person absent from the place.

48
This therefore is the sum of my perswasion,
Make sure the conquest here ere you go hence,
Charles can no more endure your sharpe evasion,
Now that his nephew is distraught of sence:
Now by the forehead let us take Occasion,
Least after all our travell and expence,
He hide away his haire, and turne his bald,
And we unprovident be thought and cold.

Seemeth

49
With these so wanie words, and such as these,
The subtle *Spaniard* labour'd to perswade,
The King of *Affricke* not to passe the seas,
Till of the warres in *France* an end were made:
But sage *Sobrino*, that espide with ease,
How deepe he seemd in shallow streames to wade,
Respecting privat more then publike cause,
Did answer thus after a little pause.

That he had
strongly in
inward
weakness
saw.

My

50
My Liege, when first to peace I counsell'd you,
I would I had not bin so true a Propheer,
Or if my sayings needs must prove so true,
I would you had believ'd them for your profit,
Not *Rodomont*, with that rash youthfull crue
Of *Alcyon*, *Marbalust*, that then did scoffe it,
Whom now I wish here present, face to face,
But chiefly *Rodomont* I wish in place.

51
He that then undertooke to make all *France*,
But like the dust that flies before the wind,
He that did vow, in heav'n or hell, your lance
To follow, nay to leave it farre behind,
Now when he should the matter most advance,
Unprofitably lurkes in corners blind,
And I that then (because I told you true)
Was call'd a coward, still abide with you.

52
And still I will abide, what ere ensuth,
During this life, which though made weake with age,
I will not feare, against the strongest youth
That lives in *France*, in your defence to gage;
Nor yet can any charge me with untruth,
Not from the proudest Prince to poorest page,
And well I wot, I have done more then some,
That promist much ere they were hither come.

53
Thus much I say, thereby more plaine to prove,
That what I then did say, or now impart,
Came from true service, and of loyall love,
And not of faint, much lesse of hollow hart:
Now I advise you hence with speed remove,
And that you homeward in all hast depart,
For well you wot, that wisdom it is none,
In winning other mens, to leese ones owne.

54
Yet know not I why we should call it winning,
If of our losses just account we yeeld,
Thirtie two Kings we were at the beginning,
A third part now scarce carries in the field,
And we our selves here up in corners pinning,
Scant safe within these rampiers can us shield,
We so decay, except in time we cease,
At last we shall be driv'n to sue for peace.

55
Orlando is not there, tis true, what tho?
Had he bin there, we had all dide ere this,
His want doth but prolong our ouerthrow,
By other men, our state in danger is:
They have *Renaldo* there, that plaine doth show
His force and courage not much lesse then his,
There are his cousins, all the *Palladins*,
Eternall terror to our *Saracins*.

56
They further have a man in strength and hart,
(I needs must praise my foe against my will)
A second *Mars*, I meane King *Brandimart*,
Whose great puissance joynd to active skill,
My selfe in single fight have found in part,
And further prooffe have seene by others ill:
Besides, *Orlando* wanted long ago,
Since which we more have lost then won you know.

57
Now if we sped no better in time past,
We shall speed worse hereafter I do dread,
We see *Gradaffo* over sea is past,
And that the valiant *Mandricard* is dead,
Marfisa hath forsaken us at last,
And *Rodomont*, of whom it may be sed,
Were but his faith with force to be compared,
The rest might in a manner have bin spared.

58
Now when as so great helpes and succors faile us,
So many thousands of our souldiers slaine,
And all supplies that should at all availe us,
Already come from *Affrike* and from *Spaine*;
They have of late got foure new Knights to quail us,
Compar'd with any of the Christen traine,
Foure Knights, that if you search from hence to *Inde*,
Foure Knights to march these foure you shal not find

59
I know not if you ever heard before,
Of *Oliveros* sons, and *Sansonet*,
With *Guidon* savage, whom I value more
Then all their other succors that they get,
From *Almanie* the higher or the lower,
Although such aids at nought we cannot set,
And we do plainly see before our eyes,
That ev'ry day they may have fresh supplies.

60
We may assure our selves if any more
We take the field, our side goes to the pot,
For if when we were two for one before,
Yet we must needs confesse we gained not,
Now they so much increased have their store,
With forraine powre, both *English*, *Dutch* and *Scot*,
What can we hope but after all our toyle,
To have bad recompence of shame and foyle.

61
Yet all is well, if you will part betime,
And hie you home before it prove too late,
But if you tarry any longer time,
You here will leese your men, at home your state:
Now if to leave *Marsilio* seeme a crime,
For feare the world condemne you for ungrate,
To save him harmlesse you for peace must sue,
Which they will so accept, if so will you.

62
But if you thinke such motion may not stand,
With honour of your state and high degree,
And hope by fight to make a surer hand,
Which yet how it succeeded hath you see,
Yet seeke at least to have the upper hand
By this device, and herein follow me:
Put all the quarrels triall, if you can,
To one, and let *Rogero* be the man.

63
I know, and you do know, and so we all
Do know, that our *Rogero* hath such might,
No Christen can so sturdie be or tall,
As hand to hand to conquer him in fight:
But if you meane to make warre generall,
Though he in strength far passe each other Knight,
Yet in the fight he but for one can stand,
And what is one against a mightie band?

64
I thinke it best, if so you thinke it good,
To offer this to Charles, that if he will,
If with his worthy courage so it stood,
For saving those, whom you on both sides kill,
And shunning of the shedding guiltlesse blood,
Which both of you, on each side dayly spill,
Each side to chuse one champion at whose parrell,
To make a full conclusion of the quarrell.

65
Provided first, that which so ere of these
Shall dye, his Prince shall pay the tother tribute;
I know this motion will not Charles displease,
For all his Lords, will there-unto contribute;
And this would worke our safetie, and our ease,
For to Rogero, so much I attribute,
That such his vallew is, this cause so just,
Were Mars Antagonist, yet yeeld he must.

Antagonist
is derived
from a Greek
word signi-
fying the ad-
versarie
that fights
hand to hand.

66
These words Sobrino spake with such effect,
As Agramant thereto gave his consent,
And then Interpreters he did direct,
Who straight to Charles with such a challenge went:
Charles meanes not such occasion to neglect,
He thinks the combat wonne incontinent,
He had such store of champions, nere the latter,
Vnto Renaldo he commits the matter.

67
Glad were both armies of this new accord,
Henceforth to live in quiet they intend,
And either part doth praise his soveraigne Lord,
That of these broyles would make so speedie end.
Each one in mind these foolish bralls abhorde,
That made them thus in warres their dayes to spend,
Each man could say, and no man then denyd it,
That warre is sweet to those that have not tryd it.

Renardus.
Dulce bellis
inexpertis.

68
Renaldo, he in mind doth much rejoyse,
To thinke his Prince had done him such a grace,
To make of him above so many choise,
For triall of so great importing case.
And though Rogero were by common voyce,
The chiefe man deemd of all the Turkish race,
And hand to hand had killed Mandricard,
Renaldo this but little did regard.

69
But good Rogero he was nothing glad,
Though of so many gallant men and stout,
His King to his great praise, him chosen had,
Above all other Knights, and pickt him out.
His heart was heavie, and his looke was sad,
Not that in mind he ought did dread or doubt,
Renaldos forces, or Orlandos either,
No scarce and if they had beene both together.

70
But this procur'd his griefe, because he knew,
Renaldo brother was unto his deare,
Who did her plaints with letters oft renew,
And charged him so deepe, as toucht him neare.
Now if he should to old wrongs add this new,
To kill Renaldo, then the case is cleare,
She should have to great reason to reprove him,
He doubts she never will hereafter love him.

71
Now if Rogero do in silent sort,
Lament this combat tane against his will,
No doubt his spouse which heard this sad report,
Was worse appaid then he, at least as ill,
She beats her brest, and breake her tresses short,
And many teares with sorrow she did spill,
And calls Rogero oftentimes ungrate,
And curseth evermore her cruell fate.

72
It needs must turne unto her griefe and paine,
Who ere is overcome, who ever win,
She dare not thinke Rogero can be slaine,
Her heart such anguish doth conceive therein;
And if it pleased Christ so to ordaine,
For chastising his wretched peoples sin,
That man should dye, that of her house was chiefe,
Besides his death, that brought a further griefe.

73
A griefe that was indeed beyond all measure,
To thinke she never might henceforth for shame,
Go to her spouse, without the flat displeasure,
Of all her kin and house of whence she came:
And when she weigh'd the case at better leasure,
Each thing to her seemd worse and worse to frame,
For why she knew, her tongue that knot had tyde,
That while she liv'd, might never loose, nor slide.

74
But that deare friend of hers, that never faild,
To helpe at chiefest needs, the noble maid,
I meane the sage Melissa, so prevaild,
That Bradamantes griefe was part alaid,
For when she knew the cause, and what she aild,
Against the time, she promised her aid,
And undertooke, that of that bloody quarrell,
To her nor hers, there should arise no partell.

75
This while the gallant Knights against the fight,
Themselves, and eke their weapons do provide,
The choise whereof did appeaine in right;
Vnto the champion of the Christen side,
Who, as a man that tooke but small delight,
(Since he had lost his famous horse) to ride,
Did chuse to fight on foot, and in this sort,
All arm'd, with axes long, and daggers short.

76
Or were it chance, or were it in regard,
That Malagige advised him thereto,
Because he knew the force of Balford,
Of powre all charmes of armour to undoe,
(Of whose sharpe edge you have ere this time hard)
But this they did appoint betweene them two,
About the place likewise they do agree,
A plaine neare Arlie walls, the same to be.

77
Now when Aurora left the lothed bed,
Of Tytan (unto whom she hath no list)
To th'end that no disorder may be bred,
On either side the marshalls part the list,
At e d whereof, were rich pavillions spread,
Where nothing that belongs to state was mist,
And distant from each tent a litle space,
On either side, they did an alter place.

Looke in the
Table

78
Not long time after this, in battell ray,
The *Turkish* armie with their King came out,
Gliftring in gold, and stately rich aray,
In show, with all *Barbarian* pompe set out,
A swift *Arabian* horse, of colour bay
He rode, and by his side *Rogero* stout,
Rode cheeke by cheeke, and to his greater fame,
On him to wait, *Marsilio* thought no shame.

79
His helmet (for the which the *Tartar* dyde,
Slaine by *Rogero* as I did rehearse)
(Which since a thousand yeares, and more beside,
Was celebrated in more stately verie)
Marsilio carrid, by *Rogeros* side,
Well mounted on a *Spanish* genet scarce,
His arms, and all that did thereto belong,
Some other states divided them among.

80
On tother side came worthie *Charlemayne*,
From out his tents, strongly intrencht, anone,
And all his bands of men he did ordaine,
So as if to battell he should then have gone:
About him was of Peers a noble trayne,
Renaldo in the mids, with armour on,
That onely helmet erst from *Mambryn* tane,
Was by *Uggero* borne, the noble *Dane*.

81
Two axes, both alike in each respect,
Salemon and Duke *Namus* beare before,
The Chieftaines on each side their men direct,
To keepe within their limits evermore;
And in the midst was left a large prospect,
Betweene each company, and roome good store,
For present death it was, if any venter,
Save those two champions, in the list to enter.

82
When second choise of weapon (as was fit)
Was giv'n *Rogero* to avoid suspect,
Two Priests before the rest came forth, to wit,
Of each side one, and one of either sect,
Each had a booke, ours had *Christs* holy writ,
Theirs *Alcoran*, with errours foule infect,
With ours came forth the *Christen* Prince devout,
With that of theirs, the King of *Turks* came out.

83
Now first King *Charles* neare to his altar stands,
And this great protestation there did make,
And lifts to heaven both heart, and eyes and hands,
O God, O *Christ*, that sufferdst for our sake,
O blessed Ladie, that in swathing bands,
Heldst him that mortall flesh of thee did take,
And didst nine months inclose that high divinitie,
In sacred wombe, still keeping true virginie.

84
Be witnesses, that here I make it knowne,
And promise faithfully for me and mine,
To *Agramant*, and who so ere shall owne
The crowne of *Affrike* in ensuing time,
That if my champion shall be overthrowne,
To pay to them, each yeare of gold most fine,
Ten horslode, and forthwith the warres to cease,
And evermore hereafter to have peace.

85
And if I sayle, then let the fearfull wrath
Of both, on me at once this folly wreake,
And worke unto my sect all wo and seath,
That all ensuing ages plaine may speake,
Loe what a plague, and just reward he hath,
That durst his oth to you, and promise breake:
This said, his hand he laid upon the booke,
And up on heaven he fixt his stedfast looke.

86
When this was done, then all departed thence,
There where the *Turks* had with much superstition
Adorn'd their altar with no small expence;
And their King *Agramant*, with like condition,
Vow'd never after this, to do offence
To *Charles*, but passe the seas with expedition,
And ay keepe peace, and equall tribute pay,
If that *Rogero* vanquish't were that day.

87
And in like sort he did protest alowd,
And cald on *Mahomet*, his Idol great,
And by that booke, that his Priest held, he vow'd
To keepe most duly all he did repeat:
This done, to part from thence were all allow'd,
And either Prince retired to his seat,
Then in like sort they sweare the champions both,
And thus much in effect containd their oth.

88
Rogero promiseth, that if the fight,
By *Agramant* shall be disturb'd or parted,
That never after he will be his Knight,
But serve King *Charles*, and be to him true harted.
Renaldo in like sort his faith doth plight,
That if to him, *Charles* any aid imparted,
Before that one of them were overcome,
That then himselfe to *Agramant* would come.

89
Now when these ceremonies all were ended,
That ev'rie man departed to his side,
And then the warriors onely now attended,
The trumpets sound, that battell signifide,
Which when both heard, then each of them intended,
To show the utmost of his vallew tride:
Now sounds the Steele with blows, nor few nor soft,
Now they themselves, strike low and now aloft.

90
Sometime they would beguile the tone the tother,
With mind unto their strength, to ad their art,
They profer at one place, and strike another,
Invading still the least defended part:
But good *Rogero*, that against the brother,
Of her did fight, that did possesse his hart,
Did oft bestow his blows, with such regard,
Most thought *Renaldo* was for him too hard.

91
He seemed readier to ward then strike,
For he himselfe well knew not what he ment,
To kill *Renaldo*, that he did not like,
To dy himselfe that was not his intent:
But now I hope that none will it mislike,
Sith in this booke so much time hath bene spent,
And least my tediousnesse may some molest,
In this ensuing booke to heare the rest.

Metall.

In the beginning of this booke is set downe how great a regard a man ought to have of true honor indeed, namely to do nothing wherein it may be justly touched: not as our young gallants in these dayes, that sit and upon their puntos in trifling matters, having neither honor in their hearts, nor truth in their mouths. No doubt but to a noble nature and disposition, honor is the tenderest thing that may be: And therefore it may well of them be said:

Ma al honor chi mancha in vn momento,

Non puo in cento anni satisfar, ne in cento.

But if that honor have one minutes staine,

An hundred yeares scant can it cleanse againe.

But as in Religion, the true usage thereof is most necessary to the good of the soule, but heresies and superstition be most damnable; so in this desire of worldly reputation, the good and constant regard thereof, is the most worthy and Gentlemanly thing that can be: but the vaine and frivolous maintenance thereof is as ridiculous and to be scorned. For example, imagine some man so chaste, (as Cæsar was called) omnium mulierum vir, or to use our homely English phrase (as the towne Bull of the Parish) so true of his word, as he that Heywood writes of that kept all the commandments, and namely that concerning false witness.

With witness false thou hurtest none, for why, Each word thou spak'st, each man doth know a ly.

So temperat in eating and drinking that he surfeits but once a weeke, viz. from Saturday to Saturday; and enderred with other magnificall qualities, as swearing and gaming, and now and then (of the gentleness of his nature) not scorning a Panders occupation. Can you marvell (I say) if such a man sit and somewhat nicely upon his honour, if he be touched therein? but the true honorable person indeed, will neither give just cause of offence, nor beare any wrong or disgrace; and whosoever sailes either in the first of these, for want of stayd government, or saims in the later of these, for want of true courage, let him know his honour goeth lame on one legge, onely the first of these two mayms may be cured, but the tother is called a privie maim, and is utterly incurable.

Concerning the Orations of Agramant, Marsilio, & Sobrino, a man might make a long, & not unnecessary discourse of the matter, but that I have taken upon me to note, and not to discourse: First therefore in Agramant we may observe how young couragious Princes (such as he is described to have bin) are egged on by their grand minions (to whom peace is a penance) to warre upon other mens countreys, and many times leave their owne unguarded: In which kind, fooles sometimes give wiser counsell than they. As in the time of that good King of France Francis the first, they report that when he invaded Italy, he consulted with his counsell, where he were best to enter Lombardy: some advising one way, some another, a foole standing by, and hearing their consultation, came in amongst them and swaie that they were all fooles: for (saith he) here is every man that adviseth the King how to enter into Italy, but none of you takes care how he shall get out againe: this though accounted (as it was) but a fooles bolt for the time, yet proved too true afterward: for in that journey the King was taken, and was sent prisoner to a Castle in Spaine called Madrillo.

In Marsilio and Sobrino, we may see the qualities of a good counsellor to a Prince, and a bad, one having only a regard to his owne privat, the tother plaine and faithfull, and carefull for his Princes best safetie. In that Sobrino the good and faithfull counsellor, adviseth to make an end of the war one way or other, either by taking or paying tribute, one may observe that indeed it is no policy for Princes, but the utter ruine & beggering of their Realmes, to prolong their wars, & to trifle away money & time in such serious causes, & be as uncertain in the end as in the beginning. The saying of a noble and wise counsellor (another Sobrino) in England, is worthy to be remembred, that with a pretty tale he told, utterly condemned such lingring proceedings. The tale was this, a poore widow (saith he) in the country, doubting her provision of wood would not last all the winter, and yet desiring to roste a joyn of meat, and a hen one day to welcome her friends; laid on two sticks on the fire, but when that would not scarce heat it, she fetcht two more, and so still burning them out by two and two (whereas one sagot laid on at the first would have rosted it) she spent foure or five sagots more then she needed; and yet when all was done, her meat was scorched of one side, and raw of the tother side: her friends ill content with their fare, and she enforced ere winter went about, to borrow wood of her poore neighbours, because so many of her owne sagots were spent.

Historic.

Cresus was the King of Lydia, who thought himselfe happie for his riches: but Solon was of another opinion, and therefore thought afoole by him, till in the end Cresus being bound at a stake, to be burned by his victorious enemy, he cryed out on the name of Solon, and through that thicke and darke smoke, he could see that wisdom, which before his eyes dazzled with foolish worldly felicitie could not see.

Crassus called also the rich Crassus, a Citizen of Rome, his saying was, that no man was rich that could not with his bare revenue maintaine a Royall army: which if it be a true saying, I doubt whether any Prince Christened at this day be rich. Crassus in reproch of his covetousnesse, had molten gold poured into his mouth by the Parthians, who took him prisoner and slew him. Cambises sonne of Cyrus King of Persia having conquered Egypt, invaded the Ammonians with a great army, but for want of vittuals was forced to give over his enterprise. Further he sent an army before him of fifty thousand men, with commandement to destroy the Temple of Jupiter Amon, and they entring the deserts of that country were never seene againe, so as it was thought that while they sate at dinner in the field, a furious Southerne wind raised such store of dust and sand, as overwelmed them and quite covered them.

Allegory.

In the miracles done by Astolfo, is meant Allegorically, that a man guided by vertue, and assisted by grace, makes all kinde of creatures to serve his turne.

Allusion.

His turning of stones to horses, alludes to the like thing in Ovide Metamorphosis, where Prometheus and Epime-theus made men of stones.

Inque brevi spacio superiorum numine saxa,

Iacta viri manibus faciem traxerunt virorum,

Et de formica reparata est formica jactu.

In his taking the Southerne winde in a bagge, it alludes to a like thing in Homers Odysseas of Vliesses, that had the winde bound in a bagge, and some say, the Sorcerers neare the North sea, use to sell the winde to saylers in glassses, and it is so common among them, that they will laugh as much at those that beleeve it not, as we would be to beare one tell it.

The end of the annotations upon the 38. Booke.



Morall.

In the beginning of this booke is set downe how great a regard a man ought to have of true honor indeed, namely to do nothing wherein it may be justly touched: not as our young gallants in these dayes, that sit and upon their puntos in trifling matters, having neither honor in their hearts, nor truth in their mouths. No doubt but to a noble nature and disposition, honor is the tenderest thing that may be: And therefore it may well of them be said:

Ma al honor chi manca in vn momento,
Non puo in cento anni satisfar, ne in cento.

But if that honor have one minutes staine,
An hundred yeares scant can it cleanse againe.

But as in Religion, the true usage thereof is most necessary to the good of the soule, but heresies and superstition be most damnable; so in this desire of worldly reputation, the good and considerat regard thereof, is the most worthy and Gentlemanly thing that can be: but the vaine and frivolous maintenance thereof is as ridiculous and to be scorned. For example, imagine some man so chaste, (as Cæsar was called) omnium mulierum vir, or to use our homely English phrase (as the towne Bull of the Parish) so true of his word, as he that Heywood writes of that kept all the commandements, and namely that concerning false witnesse,

With witnesse false thou hurtest none, for why, Each word thou spak'st, each man doth know a ly.

So temperat in eating and drinking that he surjets but once a weeke, viz. from Saterday to Saterday; and endew'd with other magnificall qualities, as swearing and gaming, and now and then (of the gentleness of his nature) not scorning a Panders occupation. Can you marvell (I say) if such a man sit and somewhat nicely upon his honour, if he be touched therein? but the true honorable person indeed, will neither give just cause of offence, nor beare any wrong or disgrace; and who so ever failes either in the first of these, for want of stayd government, or failes in the latter of these, for want of true courage, let him know his honour goeth lame on one legge, onely the first of these two mayms may be cured, but the latter is called a privie maim, and is utterly incurable.

Concerning the Orations of Agramant, Marsilio, & Sobrino, a man might make a long, & not unnecessary discourse of the matter, but that I have taken upon me to note, and not to discourse: First therefore in Agramant we may observe how young courageous Princes (such as he is described to have bin) are egged on by their grand minions (to whom peace is a penance) to warre upon other mens countreys, and many times leave their owne unguarded: In which kind, fooles sometimes give wiser counsell than they. As in the time of that good King of France Francis the first, they report that when he invaded Italy, he consulted with his counsell, where he were best to enter Lombardy: some advising one way, some another, a foole standing by, and hearing their consultation, came in amongst them and swaie that they were all fooles: for (saith he) here is every man that adviseth the King how to enter into Italy, but none of you takes care how he shall get out againe: this though accounted (as it was) but a fooles bolt for the time, yet proved too true afterward: for in that journey the King was taken, and was sent prisoner to a Castle in Spaine called Madrillo.

In Marsilio and Sobrino, we may see the qualities of a good counsellor to a Prince, and a bad, one having only a regard to his owne private, the other plaine and faithfull, and carefull for his Princes best safetie. In that Sobrino the good and faithfull counsellor, adviseth to make an end of the war one way or other, either by taking or paying tribute, one may observe that indeed it is no policy for Princes, but the utter ruine & beggering of their Realmes, to prolong their wars, & to trifle away money & time in such serious causes, & be as uncertaine in the end as in the beginning. The saying of a noble and wise counsellor (another Sobrino) in England, is worthy to be remembred, that with a pretty tale he told, utterly condemned such lingring proceedings. The tale was this, a poore widow (saith he) in the country, doubting her provision of wood would not last all the winter, and yet desiring to roste a joyn of meat, and a hen one day to welcome her friends, laid on two sticks on the fire, but when that would not scarce heat it, she fetch'd two more, and so still burning them out by two and two (whereas one fagot laid on at the first would have rosted it) she spent foure or five fagots more then she needed; and yet when all was done, her meat was scorched of one side, and raw of the other side: her friends ill content with their fare, and she enforced ere winter went about, to borrow wood of her poore neighbours, because so many of her owne fagots were spent.

Historic.

Cresus was the King of Lydia, who thought himselfe happie for his riches: but Solon was of another opinion, and therefore thought a foole by him, till in the end Cresus being bound at a stake, to be burned by his victorious enemy, he cryed out on the name of Solon, and through that thicke and darke smoke, he could see that wisdom, which before his eyes dazzled with foolish worldly felicitie could not see.

Crasus called also the rich Crassus, a Citizen of Rome, his saying was, that no man was rich that could not with his bare revenue maintaine a Royall army: which if it be a true saying, I doubt whether any Prince Christened at this day be rich. Crassus in reproch of his covetousnesse, had molten gold poured into his mouth by the Parthians, who tooke him prisoner and slew him. Cambises sonne of Cyrus King of Persia having conquered Egypt, invaded the Ammonians with a great army, but for want of vittuals was forced to give over his enterprise. Further he sent an army before him of fifty thousand men, with commandement to destroy the Temple of Iupiter Amon, and they entring the deserts of that country were never seene againe, so as it was thought that while they sat at dinner in the field, a furious Southerne wind raised such store of dust and sand, as overwhelmed them and quite covered them.

Allegory.

Allusion.

In the miracles done by Astolfo, is meant Allegorically, that a man guided by vertue, and assisted by grace, makes all kinde of creatures to serve his turne.

His turning of stones to horses, alludes to the like thing in Ovids Metamorphosis, where Prometheus and Epime-

theus made men of stones. Inque brevi spacio superiorum numine saxa,
Iacta viri manibus faciem traxere virorum,
Et de femineo reparata est semina iactu.

In his taking the Southerne winde in a bagge, it alludes to a like thing in Homers Odysseas of Vliesses, that had the winde bound in a bagge, and some say, the Sorcerers neare the North sea, use to sell the winde to saylers in glasses, and it is so common among them, that they will laugh as much at those that believe it not, as we would be to beare one tell it.

The end of the annotations upon the 38. Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*King Agramant breakes oth, and is constrained,
Vnto his native soile by sea to flye,
Where then Astolfo many townes had gained,
And at Biserta siege as then did lye:
Orlando thither commeth, madly brained,
But th' English Duke did cure him by and by:
Brave Dudon, with his navie made of leaves,
Meets Agramant, and hotly him receives.*



Hat tongue can tell, or
learned pen expresse
The woes, to which *Rogero*
now did runne?
In mind, and body, driv'n
to such distresse,
That of two deaths, the
tone he cannot shun:
If he be slaine, and if he
kill no lesse,

Both wayes he sees he shall be quite undone:
By shame in death, and if he win and live,
By that offence he shall his true love give.

Renaldo.

The tother Knight whom no such thought encombred
Lets frankly fly his blows without regard,
In so great store as was not to be numbred,
No time, no place, nor no advantage spard:
Rogero seem'd to him as if he slumbred,
Small list he had to strike, but all to ward,
And if he did, in such a place he strake,
His blow great sound, but little signe did make.

The *Pagan* Lords now doubt it will go wrong,
They see the combat so unequall grow,
Renaldo seem'd too lustie and too strong,
Rogero seem'd too lasie and too slow.
But *Agramant* that sate the rest among,
Doth fret, and fume, and chafe, and sweat, and blow,
Doth blame *Sobrino* chiefly, whose perswasion,
Was of this combat chiefe and sole occasion.

Melissa.

This while *Melissa* sage, whose skill was great
In Magicke art, repaired to the place,

And with some secret words she did repeat,
She chang'd her voice, her stature, and her face,
In mind hereby to worke a wondrous feat;
She seem'd all armed in a Dragons case,
In sword, in shield, in shew, in ev'rie thing,
She seemed *Rodomont* the *Sarzan* King.

To wofull *Agramant* she straight doth ride,
(In likeness of an horse, she rode a sprite)
And comming to his presence, lowd she cride,
(My Liege) this was too fowle an oversight,
To match a beardlesse boy so meanly tride,
With such a famous and renowned Knight,
And chiefe in matter that imports so much,
As doth the whole estate of *Affricke* touch.

Wherefore that you in time this losse may save,
Permit the combat to proceed no more,
Let *Rodomont* the blame and blemish have,
Of breaking that, which you so rashly swore;
Now each man shew how well his sword can shave,
Now I am here, each man is worth a score.
These words in *Agramant* had so much force,
That without more advice, he straight tooke horse.

And thinking sure fierce *Rodomont* was theare,
Forthwith the *Christens* host he doth invade,
Of oth nor promise he hath now no feare,
This one mans presence him so bold had made:
Each man doth in a moment couch his speare,
Or charge his pike, or draw his glittering blade:
Melissa having set them thus together,
With this illusion vanish (God knows whither.)

The

8
The two stout champions when they plainly saw,
Their combat, that all quarrell should decide,
Disturb'd against all promise, and all law,
They cease all force, and lay all wrath aside,
And by consent, themselves they do withdraw,
Vntill it might more plainly be decide,
In whether Prince of faith were found such want:
In aged *Charles*, or youthfull *Agramant*.

9
And each of them of new doth vow and swear,
That unto him that first did cov'nant breake,
They will for ever endlesse hatred beare,
And joyne together such offence to wreake:
The while the hosts of neither side forbear
To make quick triall who be strong or weake,
For lightly at the first conflict they shoe,
Their hearts if they be resolute or no.

10
Even as a grewd which hunters hold in slip,
Doth strive to breake the string, or slide the collar,
(That sees the tearfull *Deare*, before him slip,
Pursued belike with some *Atheons* scholler)
And when he sees he can by no meanes slip,
Doth howle, and whine, and bites the string for choler
In such like case within the tents did stay,
Marfisa with dame *Bradamant* that day.

11
All that same day unto that present howre,
They had beheld with great despite and paine,
Such tempting baits, yet had they not the powre,
To set their foote in that forbidden plaine:
But now they do the field on each side scowre,
Though erst for duties sake they did abstaine,
Now finding such a true and just excuse,
That *Agramant* had lewdly broke the truse.

12
Marfisa ran the first quite through the brest,
And made the speare come forth a yard behind,
Then with her sword she flies among the rest,
There chiefe where most resistance she doth finde:
And *Bradamant* puts *Goldelance* in rest,
With like effects, but of another kind,
For all she toucht therewith she overthrew,
And yet not one among them all she slew.

13
Thus these two warriours ever as they went,
Subdewd their enemies, and kept them under,
Who ever met them surely should be shent,
And each of them at others force did wonder:
But being both to sharpe revengement bent,
At last they part themselves, and went asunder,
Each by her selfe, such high exploits performing,
As gave the *Turks* long after cause of mourning.

14
As when the Southerne winds do melt the snow,
Congeald on tops of mountaines many dayes,
It often happens that two streames do flow,
And taking in their course, two sundrie wayes,
At last so violent and furious grow,
That bearing downe, and breaking usuall bayes,
They wast the fields, and sceme on vye to runne,
By which of them most damage may be donne.

15
Ev'n so these twaine, incens'd with rage and wrath,
And each in sev'ral acts their forces trying,
Do worke the *Turks*, no little woe and scath,
And leave them overthrowne, or maymd, or dying:
Scarfe *Agramant* the powre by this time hath,
(Say what he list) to keepe his men from flying,
Himselfe not shrinking though, nor once retiring,
But evermore for *Rodemont* enquiring.

16
By onely his advise and exhortation,
(For so the unadvised Prince doth thinke)
He broken had his solemne protestation,
He marvels now, to find him so to shrink:
Likewise *Sobrino* with great lamentation,
(Religion in his mind to deepe did sinke)
Retird to *Arly*, evermore protesting
His faultlesse mind, that perjurie detecting.

17
Marfilio eke unto his cuntry fled,
The shamefull promise breach of *Agramant*
Strake in his mind such superstitious dread,
He leaveth him to beare the brunt, who scant
Against the *Christen* souldiers could make head:
That no supplies of forren powres did want,
With *Palladines* among them fierce and bold,
Mixt like rich gemmes in faire embroidered gold.

18
But now a while I linquish this conflict,
And passe beyond the seas without a barke,
For to this tale I am not tyde so strict,
But that I will repeat (if you will harke)
Astolfo acts, who forward dayly prickt,
With new made horsemen, as (if you did marke)
I told you erst, and did all *Affrike* wast,
Vntill three Kings resisted him at last.

19
The King of *Algarer*, and stout *Bransard*,
Did levy powres, such as in hast they could,
And put them all in armes without regard,
That some too young were found and some too old,
Yea from the musters, women scant were spar'd,
For *Agramant* (as hath before bene told)
With hope of vaine revenge, without advise,
Of able men, unpeopled *Affrike* twise.

20
Thus few were there, and of those few were theare,
(So quite his cuntry weale he did neglect)
The greater part unskillfull, armes to beare,
As was more plainly proved in effect,
For at first brunt they fled from thence for feare,
In hope *Biserta* walls should them protect:
Brave *Bucifer* was taken in the fight,
Bransardo scapt, and say'd himselfe by flight.

21
For *Bucifer* alone, he tooke more grieve,
Then all the rest (he did him so esteeme)
Because *Biserta* asked great reliefe,
For which this *Bucifer* most fit did seeme,
Who was an all those parts of credit chiefe,
Wherefore *Bransardo* faine would him redeeme,
He many wayes doth cast, but none conclude on,
Till at the last he did remember *Duden*.

Simile.

He turnes to
Agramant
in the book
the 64. page.

This

22
This *Dudon* was by blood and birth a *Dane*,
But yet esteemd the *Palladins* among,
He lately at the Bridge was prisoner tane,
Where *Rodomont* the sturdie Turke and strong,
Brought many worthy men unto their bane:
To Affrike *Dudon* then he sent ere long,
Now *Bransford* thinkes (nor was his thought amisse)
Stout *Bucifer* by change to get for this.

23
He perfect notice had, by true espiall,
The *Nubians* leader was an *English* Lord,
"Who love a *Dane* (there can be no deniall)
"And once were *Danes*, as writers do record:
Wherefore he sends a messenger for triall
Vnto *Astolfo*, who doth soone accord,
To free his kinsman, whom he lov'd so dearly,
And joynd was in blood to him so nearly.

24
Thus *Dudon* by the *English* Duke was freed,
Who afterward his service did employ,
Now (as *Saint Iohn* had wild him to proceed)
He sought to worke the *Turks* some more annoy,
And that he might set *Provence* free with speed,
Which *Agramant* and his did then enjoy,
He maketh of his men a new election,
Whom he may send to free them from subjection.

25
And having chosen forth some men of these,
As best from his huge armie might be mist,
Whose number was so great, as he at ease
With halfe of them three *Affricks* might resist:
He caus'd them to be trained for the seas,
And praying God his purpose to assist,
That night was shew'd *Astolfo* in a vision,
How he of ships might make a large provision.

26
Next day the weather being faire and calme,
Astolfo walketh to the salt sea shore,
And holding in his hands in either palme,
Great store of leaves that he had tane before,
Of Bayes, of Cedar trees, of Oke, of Palme;
Into the sea he flang them in great store;
O metamorphosis beyond all credit,
O admirable powre divine that bred it!

27
No sooner had the water wet the leaves,
But presently they chang'd their former hue,
The veins that were in them, each man perceaves
To grow to ribs and posts in order due,
And still at each end sharp each leaf receaves,
Ev'n of a sailing ship proportion true:
And of the ships as many sorts there were,
As there were trees that those same leaves did beare.

28
A miracle it was to see them growne
To ships and barks, with gallies, bulks and crayes,
Each vessell having tackling of their owne,
With sailes and oares to helpe at all assayes.
The Duke provided, when it once was knowne,
Both mariners and masters in few dayes,
For with his present pay he soone allured
From *Sard* and *Corse* men to *Teas* inured.

These two
Islands have
store of good
sailers.

29
Those that take shipping then, were counted more
Then six and twentie thousand strong of hand,
Great Admirall was *Dudon*, who before
Had leard the service both of sea and land:
Now while they lay at anker nigh the shore,
To wait when wind would for their purpose stand,
It fortun'd a man of warre came by them,
Full lode with prisoners, and cast anker nie them.

30
These were those prisoners whom fierce *Rodomont*,
(As oft I have declar'd) did daily get,
When at the bridge he did them so dismount,
And sometime backward in the river set:
Here were (among some more of good account)
Brave *Brandimart* and worthy *Sanfonet*,
With *Oliver*, and some I now not tutch,
Both *French*, *Italian*, *Gascoigne* Knights and *Dutch*.

31
The master of the barke had first assign'd,
His prisoners at *Algier* to unlode,
But being driv'n by overblowing wind,
Farr past the place, he thought to make abode
Neare great *Biserta*, where he thinks to find
None but his countrymen within the rode;
To which he thinks himselfe as welcome guest,
As *Progne* is unto her chirping nest.

32
But after, when th'Imperiall bird he saw,
Conjoynd to the *Pard* and flowre of *France*,
He was abash't, and looked pale for aw,
Much like to him that waking new, doth chance
On poisond serpent tred, and faine would draw
Himselfe from thence, for feare of more mischance;
He quakes, and from the serpent doth retire,
Whose poison swels, and eyes do flame like fire.

Simile.

Simile.
Virgil. In.
provisum
aspra velut
qui sentibus
anguem,
Prostratus humi
miseret, &c.

33
But now the wretched Pilot could not flie,
And lesse could keepe the prisoners he had caught,
For both himselfe, and all they by and by,
Vnto the place against his will were brought,
Whereas the Duke and *Dudon* then did lie,
Who welcom'd well the *Christians* as they ought,
And he that brought them thither, for his paines,
Was made a gally slave, and bound in chaines.

34
Thus were the Knights most frendly entertained,
And greatly welcomed by *Otons sonne*,
Who horse and furniture for them ordained,
And caus'd to them great honor to be donne:
Eke *Dudon* with these Knights some days remained,
And thanks the time so spent, not lost but wonne:
His journey purposely three dayes deferring,
To spend the same with these brave knights confer-
(ring.

35
By their relation he doth understand,
In what estate King *Charles* and th'empire stood,
What are the hav'ns, where he may safely land,
And where they thought & fame would be withstood.
Thus while discreetly on each point they scand,
And each man told what he thought ill or good,
There suddenly rose in the campe alarme,
The cause unknown, but ech man cride, arme, arme.

The

Quid de fa-
la. Deque
vult colla
dilec. repen-
tu omni.

36
The Duke *Astolfo* with his noble crew,
That at that time conferring were together,
Straight arm'd themselves, and out their swords they
And went enquiring hither still and thither, (drew
To learne of whence this sudden tumult grew,
But yet no cause they could suspect or gether,
At last they saw a madman stare and stampe,
That nak't alone did trouble all the campe.

37
Those that had seene him first belike did flout him,
But when some few unto their cost had found,
That with a bat he so did play about him,
His blowes made many fall in deadly sound:
They now began so much to dread and doubt him,
That they had giv'n to him no little ground,
And none of them to meet him had the harts,
They onely shot at him, or cast some darts.

38
The noble Duke, and those with him did see,
The wondrous force and most stupendious wracke,
The madman wrought, and marveld much that he
Alone could drive so many souldiers backe:
When lo, a Ladie of no meane degree,
Rode towards them attyred all in blacke,
And unto *Brandimart* she came in hast,
And claspt her arms about his necke full fast.

39
I know you know, without my further showing,
This was the spouse of noble *Brandimart*,
Who ever since his wofull overbrowing;
By *Rodomont*, did with a pensive hart,
Seeke his release, till at the last she knowing,
(As I before did more at large impart)
How he beyond the seas was prisoner sent,
Herselfe at *Arly* to take shipping went.

40
But while that loving purpose she pursueth,
Bardino met with her, an Easterne Knight,
Who brought up *Brandimart* in tender youth,
And kept him at a Castell (*Silvan* high)
He hearing at her mouth at large the truth,
And how in *Affrica* they find him might,
They soone agreed, no long time overslipping,
To seeke him out and so forthwith tooke shipping.

41
No sooner they on *Affrike* shore did land,
(*Bardino* sage, and faithfull *Fiordeliege*)
But first the people let them understand,
Astolfo great *Biserta* did besiege,
With many a Captaine brave, and gallant band;
Likewise a brute of *Brandimart* their liege
Was spread, that he was there arived newly,
But none was able to confirme it truly.

42
Vntill so long they traveld on the coast,
At last she found and saw him with her eyes,
Among those Lords, amid the *Nubian* host,
With which such joy did in her thoughts arise,
As vitall sprites did faile in her almost,
Nor any word to speake could she devise,
But hang'd about his necke a burden sweet;
And he as lovingly his spouse did greet.

43
Full glad was he to see her, and as glad
To see his ancient tutor and his friend,
And further talke with them he would have had,
But he was forst to make a speedie end,
By meanes the man that naked ran and mad,
Did keepe such rule as did them all offend.
Fa're *Fiordeliege* that lookt with eye more curious,
Cride, ah my deare, this is *Orlando* furious.

44
Astolfo eke when as he did behold him,
And saw how madly he about did range,
And no man durst him meet, nor none could hold
He wonderd greatly at the sight so strange, (him,
And by the marks that erst *S. Iohn* had told him,
He knew it was the man, but such a change
There was in all his shape, from top to toe,
He rather seemd a beast, more then a man in show.

45
Astolfo straight did call unto the rest,
And said my Lords, this man that you had vewd,
Orlando is at this themselves they blest,
And ev'rie one his wofull pickle rew'd:
Well (said the Duke) to helpe our friend is best,
And not to wayle, and therefore to conclude,
Come joyne your force to mine, and let us take him
And I do hope ere long he sober make him.

46
To this they soone assent, and *Brandimart*,
With *Sanfonet* and *Olivero* jolly,
And *Dudon* clos'd him round, on ev'rie part,
But he as full of strength, as foole of folly,
At *Dudon* strake, and save the blow in part
Was broke by *Oliver*, and fell not wholly
On *Dudon*, sure I thinke that staffe accurst,
His shield, his headpeece, head and all had burst.

47
His shield it brake, and thunderd on his scull,
That noble *Dudon* therewithall fell backe,
But *Sanfonet* strake with his sword so full,
That of the staffe three yards he made him lacke:
Now *Brandimart* thinks backward him to pull,
And leaps behind, a pick pack, on his backe,
And holds his armes: the Duke doth then devise,
To hold his legs, and *Oliver* his thyes.

48
Orlando shakes himselfe, and with a springe
Ten paces off, the *English* Duke he cast,
But *Brandimart* from him he could not fling,
That was behind him, and did hold him fast,
But yet with *Oliver* he was to bring,
For with his fist he smote him as he past,
That downe he fell, and hardly scaped killing,
From mouth, nose, eyes, the bloud apace distilling.

49
Of headpeece strong he never had more need,
For sure he could not have escaped death,
Except it had a good one bene indeed.
This while *Astolfo* now had taken breath,
And *Dudon* both who late for want of heed,
Were by *Orlando* tumbled on the heath,
With *Sanfonet*, that par'd his staffe so well,
All these at once upon *Orlando* fell.

Good

50
Good *Dudon* that endeavors him to cast,
With *Brandimart*, about his shoulders hangs;
Astolfo and the rest his arms hold fast,
He seeks to loose himselfe with sudden pangs:
Simile. Who so hath seene a Bull with mastives chaff,
That in his eares have fixt their cruell fangs,
How he doth runne, and rore, and with him beares
The eager doggs, that still hold fast his eares.

51
Let him imagine that *Orlando* now,
In such sort drew the warriours on the plaine;
But *Oliver*, that had the broken brow,
Againe on foote recoverd up againe,
Did cast within his mind a reason how,
To do with ease, that they did seeke with paine:
He doth bethinke a way, that will not misse:
To do the feat: and his device was this.

52
Full many a halser, and full many a cord,
With sliding knots all knit he doth provide,
And to the leggs and armes of this mad Lord,
He made them on the sudden to be tyde,
And then their end on each side by accord,
They all of them amongst themselves devide,
Thus were those Princes faine to do unto him,
As Smiths do to an oxe, when they do shoe him.

Simile.

53
Then fell they on him when he lay on ground,
And then they bind him sure, both hand and foote:
Orlando when he felt himselfe thus bound,
Doth strive in vaine, for striving will not boote.
Astolfo that doth meane to make him sound,
And saw his skin looke blacke as any foote,
Requested them unto the shore to beare him,
Which soone was done, for now they need not feare

(him.

54
Then seav'n times was he washed in the place,
And seav'n times dipped over eares and hed,
To get the scurfe from of his skin and face,
Which with his naked going had bene bred:
Then with some herbs, the Duke gat in this space,
He made them stop his mouth, for why he sed,
For certaine secret reasons that he knowes,
He must not fetch his breath but at his nose.

55
Then kneeling downe as if he askt some boone
Of God, or some great Saint, that pot he brought,
Which he had caride from beyond the Moone,
The Larre, in which *Orlando*'s wit was caught,
And clos'd it to his nostrills, and estooone,
He drawing breath, this miracle was wrought,
The Larre was void, and empty'd ev'rie whit,
And he restord unto his perfect wit.

56
Simile. As one that in some dreame or fearfull vision,
Hath dreamt of monstrous beasts, and ugly fends
Is troubled when he wakes with superstition,
And feareth what such ugly light intends,
And lying wake, thinks of that apparition,
And long time after in that fancie spends:
So now *Orlando* lay, not little musing,
At this his present state, and uncouth using.

57
He holds his peace, but lifting up his eyes,
He sees his ancient friends King *Brandimart*,
And *Oliver*, and him that made him wife,
All whom he knew, and loved from his hart;
He thinks, but cannot with himselfe devise,
How he should come to play so mad a part,
He wonders he is nak't, and that he feelles
Such store of cords about his hands and heeles.

58
At last he said, as erst *Sileno* said,
To those that tooke him napping in the cave,
Solvite me: with countenance so stayd,
And with a cheare so sober and so grave,
That they unloosed him, as he them prayde,
And sufferd him his liberty to have,
And clothed him, and comforted his sadnesse,
That he conceived of his former madnesse.

*Look in the
Borne.*

59
Thus being to his former wits restord,
He was likewise delivered cleane from love,
The Ladie whom he erst so much adord,
And did esteeme all earthly joyes above,
Now he despisde, yea rather quite abhord:
Now onely he applies his wits to prove,
That fame and former glory to recover,
Which he had lost, the while he was a lover.

60
This while *Bardino* told to *Brandimart*,
How that his father *Monodant* was dead,
And how his brother *Gylant* on the part
Of all that those East lies inhabited,
Him sent of purpose these new's to impart,
And pray him (as he ought) to be their head:
Sith all the world had not a Realme more wealthy,
Nor any Prince could wish a seate more healthy.

61
Wherefore (saith he) deare sir, it is most meet,
That you should now repaire to your owne home,
For home though homely twere, yet is it sweet,
And native soile is best: you would not come
About the world, did you once tast and see't,
Thus much he said, but *Brandimart* in whome
True love and great renown were bands more strong
Then privat profit, answerd this ere long.

Seemeth

62
My brothers message, and your frendly paine
I kindly take, but lo, my word is past,
With *Charles* and with *Orlando* to remaine,
And them to serve while these garboyles do last:
Now in my steed, I will my brother raigne,
Let him be my vice-roy, and I will hast,
When once these warres are at a finall end,
To come, and there my life with them to spend.

63
Thus these did part, and next ensuing day,
Went *Dudon* with his fleet to *Provence* ward,
Orlando with the British Prince doth stay;
And when the state of those same warres he hard,
Vnto *Biserta* straight a siege they lay,
But evermore *Orlando* had regard,
That (as *Astolfo* follow'd his advise)
To give him th' honor of each enterprise.

But

64

But how they did the great *Biserra* win,
When they assauled it, and on which side,
How at the first assault, the men within
Did yeeld, and durst no longer tryall byde,
I cannot farther now proceed herein,
But must deferre it to another tyde:
Now I do purpose unto you to show,
How *Agramant* receiv'd an overthrow.

65

Who was welnye abandond of his men,
Ev'n in the very furie of the fight,
For why *Marsilio* and *Sobriño* then
Were gone, in minde to save themselves by flight,
In walled townes they feard themselves to pen,
But went to sea with all the hast they might,
And many Princes of the *Turkish* trayne,
The sample follow giv'n them by these twayne,

66

Yet *Agramant* did beare it out a space,
But when he saw there was no other shift,
Then from his enemies he turnd his face,
To get into the towne was all his drift:
Him *Bradaman* pursu'd a wondrous pace,
Still spurring *Rabican*, that ran full swift,
She wisht upon his corps to venge the wrong,
In keeping of her deare from her so long.

67

On tother side *Marsisa* rode as fast,
To venge though late, her fathers wofull end,
She makes her horse to feele she is in hast,
But each of them doth misse that they intend:
He got within the gates and made them fast,
And then to sea he doth himselfe commend,
He sees he was not able to withstand,
The forces of his enemies by land.

68

As two couragious Pards, that held in chafe
An Hart, or bearded Goat upon a plaine,
That scaped then by swiftnesse of his pace,
With no small wrath, and chafe tyme backe againe,
As though they thought they had a great disgrace,
In that they follow'd had the prey in vaine,
So did the damfels chafe, and sigh, and fret,
That they to *Agramant* no neare could get.

69

But though he scap't their hands, yet sure the rest
Escaped not, full dearely then abuying,
Some wounded in the side, in backe, and brest,
Some slaine outright, some worse then dead a dying,
How sorily (poore soules) had they bene drest,
Whose safetie was not wrought, no not by flying,
For *Agramant*, himselfe more sure to save,
To shut the Citie gates commandment gave.

70

He made the bridges eke to be cut downe,
On *Rodon* streame, that was both large and deepe,
Ah wofull subjects unto tyrants crowne,
Who that they may their persons safely keepe,
Regard not if their people swim or drowne,
But deeme of them like beasts, or silly sheepe,
That so themselves they pamper may and cherish,
They care not if their men in millions perish.

71

Twat infinite the number that was slaine,
In this same last conflict, nor fewer drownd,
While they attempted despratly in vaine,
To passe the streame, so brode and so profound,
Of which great slaughter yet the signes remaine;
For dayly neare to *Arlie* walls are found,
Huge heapes of dead mens bones, and of their skulls,
Whose flesh was then devourd by crows and gulls.

72

Now *Agramant* made speedie preparation,
And caus'd his ships forth in the deepe to lanch;
Providing all that longs to navigation,
In mind for ay to bid farwell to *France*:
Two dayes the winde stopt his determination,
The third it serv'd, and then he did advance
His sayles, and ev'rie one did ship his oare,
And so away they parted from the shore.

73

Marsilio doubting least his Realme of *Spaine*,
Should now be driv'n to pay this costly shot,
And fearing to be forced to sustaine
That storme alone, which fell in *France* so hot,
Doth land at *Valence*, where he did ordaine
All furniture, that might for warre be got,
Repairing all his townes against that warre,
That after him, and all his friends did marre.

74

But *Agramant*, his ships to *Affrike* bent,
Ill arm'd, halfe void of men, but full of griefe,
For most of them were sad and malcontent,
Three parts of foure were lost past all reliefe:
And though for feare perhaps, of being shent,
None dare in publike speake to his reprieve,
Yet secretly, their burning hate to coole,
Some cald him proud, some cruell, some a foole.

75

But (as I say) they speake this in their sleeves,
For feare of blame, except some two or three,
That each to other open dare their greeves,
Yet wretched *Agramant*, he doth not see,
How he is scorned; but he still beleeves,
That he is lov'd, and why, because that he,
Saw never lookes but fawningly disguised,
Heard never words, but fainingly devised.

Looke in the
Morall.

76

Now he was fully purpos'd in his landing,
To leaue *Biserra* and seeke harbour nyer,
Because he late had perfect understanding,
The *Nubians* spoild those parts with sword and fier:
Wherefore for doubt of dangerous withstanding,
He meant to shun that port, and land farre hyer,
And thence withall unto his parts addicted,
To bring reliefe unto the towne afflicted.

77

But loe his cruell fate doth overthrow
His counsell sage, and quite his hope deceaves,
For whilescant winde did make him sayle but slow,
Stout *Dudon* with that navie made of leaves,
Met him full butt, that no such thing did know,
And with a fierce assault him there receaves,
Enforcing him to unexpected fight,
In that darke, cloudie, and tempestuous night.

F f

For

78
For Agramant no spyall had till now,
Of these same ships, and would have deem'd a fable,
If one had told him of a little bow,
To make a hundred ships, a man was able:
Wherefore he sayled on he car'd not how,
And doubts no for but waye, and wind unstable,
And not expecting such strange sodaine stops,
He never set his watchmen in his tops.

79
On tother side, our men that had espyde
Their enemies at sea, an houre ere night,
Came with great speed, although all underide,
For ev'ry ship kept close their fire and light:
At last when as they saw their time, they tryde
Their utmost force, and with full sayles they light
On their foes shipping, that at first did shrinke,
And many did unto the bottome sinke.

80
Now Dudos men began to play their parts,
Some using fire, some heave stones, some Steele,
Vpon the Turkes fell such a storme of darts,
As they before, the like did never feel:
On our side God with courage fill'd their hearts,
On their side, each mans hart was in his heele,
They stood amaz'd with feare, and quite astonished,
The time now come their old sins should be punished.

The descrip-
tion of a
bloody sea
fight.

81
Thus Agramant was clos'd on ev'ry side,
With many a pike, and sword, and hooke, and axe,
The stones that fell from high, made breaches wide,
And much sea enterd at the new made cracks,

Morall.

In Rogeros irresolute fighting, may be noted how necessary it is for a man before he goe to fight, to put on a good and firme resolution, and chiefly of the goodnesse of his cause. In Agramants breach of the oth and promise, we may see how odious a thing it is before God and man to be Feedifragi, Truce-breakers; which maketh them indeed, to be forsaken of their friends, prosecuted with great malice of their enemies, lothed, detested, and scorned of their owne subjects, and in the end breeds their utter confusion. In that Agramants souldiers doe mutine against him and revile him secretly, and bee notwithstanding thinkes himselfe to be well beloved of them, and well thought of, we may see, in what a lamentable case those Princes are, that (as is said of them)

Never see lookes, but fawningly disguised,
Never heare words, but fawningly devised.

Historic.

Of the History of this booke, first for Sileno that was Virgils Schoolemaster, it is written of him, he was one day laid to sleep, after he had bene made drunke with wine, and his schollers merily bound him, whereupon he waking, said that verſe,
Solvite me pueri, satis est potuisse videri.

Concerning this great battell at Arlie, certaine it is (as divers Historiographers have noted it) that there remaine to this houre great heapes of bones, beokening some great slaughter of men in that place: but when it should be done, I cannot precisely affirme.

Allegorie.

In that Melissa by the helpe of the devill, taking upon her a false image of Rodomont, moved Agramant to breake truce, the Allegorie thereof is, that they be devils or devellish persons, that will move Princes to breake their word and their promise.

Of Orlandos restoring to his wit, which indeed is the chiefe Allegorie of all the booke, and where-upon the booke taketh this name, Orlando Furioso, this in brieſe is the meaning thereof.

Orlando a man of noble birth, Erie of Anglant, nephew to Charles the great, falls so farre in love with Angelica, by which (as I have often noted) is meant pleasure, or honor, that he leese his wits and becomes mad: by which may be meant any folly that young men fall into with love, with prodigality, with ambition or vaine studies; (which are at large recited in the 34. booke.) A holfo with the receipt he had of S. Iohn, makes him wise againe, that is, by the grace of God and by the Gospell, which teacheth us how to despise all these worldly things, and either quite leave them or turne them to our good and benefite.

Allusion.

The sea fight which is in the later end of this booke described, is like that which Lucan sets forth in the civil wars betweene Caesar and Pompey: or rather indeed, so that he speaks of in the next booke of Cardinall Hippolito against the Venetians.

Here end the annotations upon the 39. Booke.

But most the fire, which they could least abide,
That takes in pitched boords, and wreathed flax,
To kindle very quicke, but slow to quench,
Annoyd them sore with heat, and smoke, and stench.

82
Some over boord do fall in water cold,
And there are drown'd: some take them to their swim-
But on another bark while they take hold, (ming,
They now full fraught, and fearing overtrimming,
With cruell sword (a foule fight to behold)
Cut of their bads, with which they now were climbing
The bleeding stumps all mingled their remained,
And with fresh blood, the water salt was stained.

83
Some few to save their lives that had desier,
Or at the least, to leese them with least paine,
Do leape in water to escape the fier,
Till with new feare of drowning, they againe,
Vnto the flaming shipwracks do retier,
And there, with much ado are glad and faire,
To catch some burning boord: and being loth
To dye of either death, they dye of both.

84
Some one for feare of sword, or axe, or pike,
Doth all in vaine, unto the sea betake him,
For why some stone, or arrow, or such like,
Ere he be farre from thence, doth overtake him:
But least the reader haply may mislike,
My too long tale, this motion I would make him,
That to another season he deferre,
To heare the sequell of this bloody warre.



78
For Agramant no spyall had till now,
Of these same ships, and would have deem'd a fable,
If one had told him of a little bow,
To make a hundred ships, a man was able:
Wherefore he sayled on he car'd not how,
And doubts no foe but wave, and wind unstable,
And not expecting such strange sodaine stops,
He never set his watchmen in his tops.

79
On tother side, our men that had espyde
Their enemies at sea, an houre ere night,
Came with great speed, although all undefende,
For ev'ry ship kept close their fire and light:
At last when as they saw their time, they tryde
Their utmost force, and with full sayles they light
On their foes shipping, that at first did shrinke,
And many did unto the bottome sinke.

80
Now Duden men began to play their parts,
Some using fire, some heaue stones, some Steele,
Vpon the Turkes fell such a storme of darts,
As they before, the like did never feeles:
On our side God with courage fill'd their harts,
On their side, each mans hart was in his beele,
They stood amaz'd with feare, and quite astonished,
The time now come their eld sins should be punished

The descrip-
tion of a
bloudie sea
figh:
81
Thus Agramant was clos'd on ev'ry side,
With many a pike, and sword, and hooke, and axe,
The stones that fell from high, made breaches wide,
And much sea enterd at the new made cracks,

Morall.

In Rogeros irresolute fighting, may be noted how necessary it is for a man before he goe to fight, to put on a good and firme resolution, and chiefly of the goodnesse of his cause. In Agramants breach of the oth and promise, we may see how odious a thing it is before God and man to be Fœdistragi, Truce-breakers; which maketh them indeed, to be forsaken of their friends, prosecuted with great malice of their enemies, loth'd, detested, and scorn'd of their owne subjects, and in the end breeds their utter confusion. In that Agramants souldiers doe mutine against him and revile him secretly, and bee notwithstanding thinks himselfe to be well beloved of them, and well thought of, we may see, in what a lamentable case those Princes are, that (as is said of them)

Never see lookes, but fawningly disguised,
Never heare words, but fayningly devised.

Historic.

Of the History of this booke, first for Sileno that was Virgils Schoolemaster, it is written of him, he was one day laid to sleep, after he had bene made drunke with wine, and his schollers merily bound him, wherupon he waking, said that verſe,
Solvite me pueri, satis est potuisse videri.

Concerning this great battell at Arlie, certaine it is (as divers Historiographers have noted it) that there remaine to this houre great heapes of bones, betokening some great slaughter of men in that place: but when it should be done, I cannot precisely affirme.

Allegoric.

In that Melissa by the helpe of the devill, taking upon her a false image of Rodomont, moved Agramant to breake truce, the Allegoric thereof is, that they be divels or divellish persons, that will move Princes to breake their word and their promise.

Of Orlandos restoring to his wit, which indeed is the chiefe Allegoric of all the booke, and where-upon the booke taketh this name, Orlando Furioso, this in brieſe is the meaning thereof.

Orlando a man of noble birth, Erle of Anglant, nephew to Charles the great, falls so farre in love with Angelica, by which (as I have often noted) is meant pleasure, or honor, that he leese his wits and becomes mad: by which may be meant any folly that young men fall into with love, with prodigality, with ambition or vaine studies; (which are at large recited in the 34. booke.) At last with the receipt he had of S. Iohn, makes him wise againe, that is, by the grace of God and by the Gospell, which teacheth us how to despise all these worldly things, and either quite leave them or turne them to our good and benefite.

Allusion

The sea fight which is in the later end of this booke described, is like that which Lucan sets forth in the civill warre betweene Cæsar and Pompey: or rather indeed, to that he speaks of in the next booke of Cardinall Hippolito against the Venetians.

Here end the annotations upon the 39. Booke.

But most the fire, which they could least abide,
That takes in pitched boords, and wreathed flax,
To kindle very quicke, but slow to quench,
Annoyd them sore with heat, and smoke, and stench.

82
Some over boord do fall in water cold,
And there are drown'd: some take them to their swim-
But on another bark while they take hold, (ming,
They now full fraught, and feareing overtrimming,
With cruell sword (a foule fight to behold)
Cut of their bads, with which they now were climbing
The bleeding stumps all mingled their remained,
And with fresh blood, the water salt was stained.

83
Some few to save their lives that had desier,
Or at the least, to leese them with least paine,
Do leape in water to escape the fier,
Till with new feare of drowning, they againe,
Vnto the flaming shipwracks do retier,
And there, with much ado are glad and faime.
To catch some burning boord: and being loth
To dye of either death, they dye of both.

84
Some one for feare of sword, or axe, or pike,
Doth all in vaine, unto the sea betake him,
For why some stone, or arrow, or such like,
Ere he be farre from thence, doth overtake him:
But least the reader haply may mislike,
My too long tale, this motion I would make him,
That to another season he deferre,
To heare the sequell of this bloudy warre.



THE ARGUMENT.

Great Agramant doth fly, and in his flight
 Would kill himselfe, but Sobrin him forbode,
 Biserta being fir'd, a wefull fight;
 At last they meet Gradasso in a rode,
 They send a challenge, three to three to fight,
 Unto Orlando, where he then abode;
 Rogero fights with Dudon to set free
 Sev'n Kings, whom bound in chaines he chaunst to see.

Looke in the
 History of
 the familliar



Were long (my Lord) to
 tell of all that fought,
 In that sea fight, and certes
 all the while,
 That I should tell it you, I
 should be thought,
 To beare pots (as they say)
 to Samos Ile,
 Where earthen vessels in
 great store are wrought.

Or Owles to Athens, Crocodils to Nyle,
 For more then can of this by me be told,
 Your selfe have caused many to behold.

Your faithfull people had a long prospect,
 When all a day upon the streame of Poe,
 Your men, as your great vallew did direct,
 The shipping of your foes assaulted so,
 That with their blood the streame they did infect,
 And brought up on them all, a world of woe;
 Then both your selfe, and others plaine did see,
 How sundry deaths, in fights of sea there be.

Aristo was
 sent post to
 Rome to pe-
 cise Pope
 Julio the
 second, which
 he toucheth
 in one of his
 Satyres.
 The Lyons
 teeth and
 pawes mea-
 ning the Ve-
 neclians, cal-
 led the Lyons
 of the sea.

It was not then indeed, my hap to see't,
 (Sent then to Rome six dayes before in post,
 To crave then, at the holy fathers feet,
 Reliefe and aid against so great an host)
 And in that time your grace with them did meet,
 In such a sort, so sorely to their cost,
 And so you par'd the Lyons teeth and pawes,
 That since that time to feare we had no cause.

But Alfonso, and Moore that saw the same,
 Affranio, Anniball, and Zerbinet,

Albert, and Bayn, and three that beare my name,
 Declar'd to me the conquest you did get;
 Also their bannets, monuments of fame,
 Which offerd in the Churches you did set,
 With fiftene Gallies tane a thousand botes,
 Of that rich conquest, give us open notes.

Three of the
 names of
 Arigha

He that had seene the fire and wondrous wreake,
 That at that time was wrought upon your foes,
 When for your few, their many were too weake,
 He might describe the deaths and divers woes,
 Of Agramantes host, of which I speake,
 And of their great and grievous overthrowes,
 Then when amidst the surging waves and salt,
 Stout Dudon in the night did them assault.

When first the fight began, the night was darke,
 But when the flame upon the pitch tooke hold,
 The fire gave light, and did so clearly sparke,
 That Agramant might plainly now behold
 His enemies, and their great number marke,
 Incredible, if any had it told.
 Wherefore in season to prevent the worst,
 He chang'd the course he had intended furst.

And chusing out a vessell swift of sayle,
 And placing there his things of greatest price,
 With Brigliadore (with all hope now doth sayle)
 To steale from thence he closlie doth devise;
 And while that Dudon doth his men assayle,
 In all the hast he can away he flies,
 His men the sword, the sea, the fire destroyes,
 And he is fled that caused their annoyces.

And

8
And in that Barke, with him *Sobrino* fled,
Who much complain'd and was not little grieved,
That that which he before so truly sed,
Yet then by *Agramant* was not beleev'd:
But tell we now how good *Astolfo* sped,
And what exploits *Orlando* had achieev'd,
Who counsell'd so to raze *Biserta* towne,
That it might never noy th' Imperiall crowne.

9
And so it was in publicke sort proclaym'd,
That the third day th' assault they should expect,
Astolfo had some ships before ordayn'd,
(For *Dudon* had not all) for this effect,
And these same ships with *Sanfonet* remayn'd,
A man that could by sea and land direct,
Who rode at anker neere *Biserta* shore,
But distant from the hav'n a myle and more.

10
The Brittish Duke, and valiant *Palladine*,
That like good Christens used evermore,
To pray to God for grace and aide divine,
Proclaimed in the campe, three dayes before,
That to assault the towne they did assigne,
By fast and publicke prayre, *Christ* to adore,
And crave his aid against that wicked towne,
That they might raze it quite and beat it downe.

11
And having ended that their solemne fast,
And made their vowes, accusom'd in such case,
Then friendly they together take repast,
And each his friend, and parent doth embrace,
And spake as if those words should be their last,
The kindly tears, oft trickling downe their face,
And ev'ie one resolv'd by and by,
Either to win the towne, or in the place to dy.

12
Also the wretched Priests within the towne,
With fayned show of foolish superstition,
Pray unto *Macon*, that he do not frowne
On them: and vow to him on that condition,
Great Holocausts, with cost of many a crowne,
Of him they seeke to have their sinnes remission,
And as if he the fates could mend or alter,
They offer sacrifices on his alter.

13
Then when they were by their great Cady blest,
They went (but faintly) to their Citie wall,
Yet did the fayre *Aurora* take her rest,
And scarce the *Esterne* coast yet looked pale,
When *Sanfonet*, *Astolfo*, and the rest,
That had the needfull things provided all,
The noble enterprise did take in hand,
And did assault the towne by sea and land.

14
Biserta hath this manner situation,
Two parts thereof with water are enclosed,
Two parts with goodly wall of ancient fashion,
But not so strong, as one would have supposed:
And though to make new strength and reparation,
The King *Bransardo* all the towne disposed,
His time and warning were so short and small,
He could do little good, or none at all.

15
Astolfo did appoint the Nubian King
Such wise to noy the keepers of the wall,
With darts, and Turkish bowes, and many a sling,
That from the battlements he drave them all,
That now he might both horse and footmen bring,
Vpon the ditch in perill none or small,
And each according to his powre and skill,
Brought matter wherewithall the ditch to fill.

16
Some fagots brought, and some brought store of helme
Some heavy stones, and some light planks and beords
And lest the streame their worke might overhelme,
They turned it away by other fowds,
Great store of wood there grew in that same Realme
The which to them great store of stufte affords,
And now that Proverbe see perform'd you might,
That many hands make heavie works but light.

*Helme is the
best of the
fowls with
which they
thatch houses*

Proverbe.

17
The Nubians fierce impatient of all stay,
And by desire of gaine all headlong led,
The perill great and danger do not way,
But each man clapps his target on his hed:
And then their battie to the walls they lay,
With rammes, and engines strongly furnished,
With which to shake the walls they do begin,
Nor were they all unfurnished within.

18
Darts, stones, and planks, yea ev'n their houses tyle,
They flang down on the, whē they drew more neare
By which they brake and pierced otherwhile,
Their engines huge, so as it might appeare,
Dame Fortune seem'd at first on *Turks* to smile,
But after soone againe she chang'd her cheare,
No sooner night was gone, and Sun once up,
But that they tasted of another cup.

19
Then on each side they had so hot a charge,
As hardly they were able to sustaine:
Sanfonet of the shipping had the charge,
And he by sea assaults them to their paine,
And, for their powre was great, and place was large,
Each Captaine tooke with him a severall traine,
Thereby the more to trouble all their foes,
And of their vertue, to make larger shoes.

20
And for that speciall cause, they do divide,
Their mightie host into foure sev'ral parts,
To th' end that by that meanes it might be spide,
Which men had stout, and which had fainting harts,
Great towres on mighty wheeles did seeme to ride,
Drawne with great force like ordinary carts,
And Elephants did carrie towres so tall,
As did in height surpasse the Citie wall.

21
A scaling ladder *Brandimart* doth beare,
And clymes himsef and causeth others clyme:
For what man having such a guide, could feare?
Each man to stay doth thinke it haynous crime:
The ladders strength was weigh'd by no man there,
Each rounge a man, and some beares two sometime:
Now *Brandimart* to conquest wholly bent,
Gets to the top, and winnes a battlement.

F f 3

With

23
With hand and foote he clammerd in such sort,
He wan a battlement and did it keepe,
Then with his sword he made them all such sport,
As caus'd the lookers on, not laugh, but weepes:
The ladder now charg'd with too great resort,
Standing aslope, and not upright and sleepe,
Brake in the midst, so that save *Brandimart*,
All of them fell, unto their paine and smart.

*Looke in the
Allegory.* 23
Their Captaine though, with this no whit dismayd,
Keepes still his place though he the hap did marke,
Although he saw his men him could not ayd,
Though he alone were all their shooting marke,
His men below cryde out to him, and prayd
Him to retire, but he no whit could harke,
But boldly from the wall into the towne,
Which was thrise ten foote deepe, he leaped downe.

24
As if the pav'ment had bene straw, not stone,
So leapt he downe, so nimble and so light,
And being there, layd so about alone,
He made them all give place unto his might:
Of those that fought he killed many a one,
The rest thought best to save themselves by flight.
But they that saw him leape downe from without,
Within their minds were full of dread and doubt.

25
Straightwayes about the campe a rumor spred,
From mouth to mouth, and man to man doth come,
And fame doth fly, and flying gath'rs hed,
Of that hard feat, that *Brandimart* had done,
And comes at last whereas *Orlando* led
His band, and after to King *Oton* sonne,
And then to *Olivero*, never ceasing,
But in her going still her tale increasing.

26
All these but chiefe *Orlando* all among,
That *Brandimart* in minde did dearly love,
And hearing it from thence they tarried long,
It would be hard his danger to remove;
Unto the walls set scaling ladders strong,
Resolved now their utmost force to prove;
And up they mount, with looks so grim and bold,
As scant their enemies durst them behold.

Simile. 27
As when the seas are wrought with sturdie wind,
The ventrous vessell tost with many a wave,
Is sometime smote before, sometime behind,
And each surge strives a passage free to haue;
The fearfull Pilot with astonish'd minde,
Knowes not which way himselfe he should behave,
Till at the last one surge the whole possesseth,
And so both Pilot, ship, and all oppresseth.

28
So when those three, of whom before I spake,
Had got the wall, they did the souldiers teach,
To follow them, and so large path did make,
As thousands of them now the wall did reach:
Thus while the monstrous rammes the walls did shake
In other places, and made such a breach,
That now in many parts without resistance,
They might to *Brandimart* bring good assistance.

29
Looke how that streame surnam'd of streams the king, *Simile.*
With damage great above his bankes doth grow, *For called*
When some strong wind or rye of highest spring, *the king of*
Makes him beyond accustom'd bounds to flow, *streams.*
And thereby hurt unto the fields doth bring,
And drowneth flockes, and houses overthrow,
Then trees do harbour fish, as new come guests,
Where flying birds were wont to build their nests.

30
So now *Biserta* walls were farre too weake,
To save the Citie from both sword and fire,
The valiant Captaines first the Ice do breake,
To follow whom, the souldiers do aspire;
And what with will their ancient wrongs to wreake,
And what with hope of booties, and desire,
They ruind soone that Citie, that had beene
Of *Affrica*, the sole triumphant Queene.

31
Now multitudes lay slaine in ev'ry street,
And with the bloud that of their wounds did runne,
The channells flow'd vermillion under feet;
But when the fire to take had once begunne,
No doubt it was a wofull sight to see,
What spoile upon the towne by fire was done:
Such cryes, such plaints were over all the Citie,
As might have moved any hearts to pittie.

32
Their helpes Gods now under foot were troden,
Their sacred jewells taken all for pray,
The conquerers come forth of houses, loden,
With gold, with plate, with faire and rich aray;
And though the souldiers flatly were forbidden
Foule beastly lust, this was to them no stay,
Young children and old matrones could not scape,
Deflouring forced, nor ungodly rape.

33
Stout *Olivero* with a sound blow slew,
King *Bucifer*, and brought him to his end,
Bransardo kild himselfe, when as he knew,
The Citie could not now it selfe defend,
Astolfo did in single fight subdew
Fulvo, and tooke him prisoner in the end:
These three were those, whom (as before you hard)
King *Agramant* those countryes left to guard.

34
But *Agramant*, who as before I told, *Agramant.*
Stole from his men, and so away did sayle,
When as he did these flames from farre behold,
Much did the state of that same towne bewaile;
But when a messenger did plaine unfold,
How farre his foes in *Affricke* did prevaile,
He would have slaine himselfe, of woes to rid him,
Save that the sage *Sabrino* did forbid him.

35
Ah sir said he (in friendly sort him chiding) (thought,
Drive from your worthy minde such wretched
What could be to your foes more welcome tiding,
Then that your selfe, your owne destruction sought?
They doubt, while you in safetie are abiding,
But hard to keepe, that they have easlie caught;
Nor one of them but dreads, and greatly feares,
That *Affricke* while you live, cannot be theirs.

*Sabrino's
Oration to
Agramant,
to persuade
him not to
kill himselfe.*

36
Your death would all your friends of hope deprive,
(The onely helpe that in our case is left)
All they have got, while you remaine alive,
They can but count it robbérie and theft:
But if you die, who shall against them strive?
Both *Affricke* lost, and we of hope are rest:
Wherefore though for your selfe you life abhorde,
Live for our sake (at least) my soveraigne Lord.

37
The Souldan sure will helpe your cause t' advance,
To him you may for men and money send,
Be sure he will be loth the King of *France*
Should nest in *Affricke*, being not his friend:
If *Ngrandino* knew of your mischance,
He would both men, and horse, and monie send,
The states of *Media*, *Persia*, and *Armenie*,
With *Arabia*, will helpe you with their menie.

38
These words then spake the grave wise man and old,
To move his Prince a better minde to carrie,
And bad him cheare himselfe, and still he told,
What hopes there were (tho sure he thought contrary)
He saw and knew their comfort was but cold,
That long they use to pray, and sue, and tarie,
Who having lost their crownes, to sue are faine
To other Kings, to helpe them home againe.

39
Both *Hannibal* and *Iugurth* samples be,
To Princes all, that trust in forren ayd,
With *Lodwicke Sforce* whom this last age did see,
Vnto a stronger *Lodwicke* foule betraid:
Wherefore unto that sentence I agree,
The Duke *Alfonso* of *Ferrara* said,
A greater signe of folly is not showne,
Then trusting others force, distrust ones owne.

40
Wherefore in that conflict and bitter warre,
In which he found Christs Vicar not his friend,
And that the Venice state with him did jarte,
And he that promised him to defend,
From *Italie* was driv'n and absent farre,
Yet never would *Alfonso* condescend,
To put himselfe in other mens subjection,
And leave his state to forren powres protection.

41
But *Agramant* of comfort all bereft,
Forlooke the shore, and lanch'd to the deepe,
To thinke in what estate his Realme was left,
Does make him bitterly to wayle and weepe,
From right hand now they sayd unto the left,
And Eastward all the night their course did keepe,
Vntill a storme that rose within a while,
Did cause them harbour in a little Ile.

42
A little Ile voyde of inhabitants,
But full of Hares, and Conies, and of Deare,
With coverts great, of trees and slender plants,
That had not bene cut downe in many a yeare:
Else there was nothing to supply their wants,
Onely some tokens plainly did appeare,
That fishers used there their nets to drye,
The while the fish in sea do quiet lye.

43
Here onely in the harbour they did find,
A ship that had bene weatherbeaten sore,
Gradaffe forced by contrary wind,
Came in that ship from *Ary* late before,
With princely gesture, and behaviour kind,
Each King salutes the tother on the shore;
For well they lov'd together, and were late,
Fellows in arms neare *Paris* walles and gate.

Gradaffe.

44
The King of *Sericane* with no small grieve,
Did heare the storie of their late distresse,
And which did comfort *Agramante* chiefe,
His person offerd these harms to redresse,
But that he shall in *Egypt* finde reliefe,
He greatly doubts, and thinketh nothing lesse,
Pompeys example teacheth you (he said)
That banisht men finde there but soorie aid.

Pompey be-
trayed in
Egypt.

45
But sith the case so stands, and that you say,
English *Astolfo* with a *Nubian* host,
And mad *Orlando*, who this other day
As I did heare, for love his wit had lost,
Have done such hurt, I have bethought a way,
That at this time I thinke will profite most:
I will *Orlando* challenge hand to hand,
Who (sure I am) in my hands cannot stand.

46
Were he once dead, the rest I count as straw,
And for the *Nubians*, though I cannot dreame
How they should come, yet know I how to draw
Them backe againe from yours, to their own Reame
Those other *Nubians*, whom a divers law
Sunders from these, as well as *Nylus* streame,
Shall with *Arabian* and *Macrobian* forces
Assaile them, (these have gold, & those good horses)

The Arabian
horses of
great account

47
The King of *Affricke* prais'd this offer kind,
And called it a good and blessed storme,
That caus'd him such a friend as this to find,
And thanks him for his offer: but the forme
Of it (he said) doth no whit please my mind,
No though thereby I might all harmes reforme,
And that I might *Biserta* towne regaine,
I would not do mine honor such a stain.

48
If any man must challenge him, then I
It is, that am in honor ride unto it,
And whether I shall kill or else shall die,
I am resolved, surely I will do it
Nay then sir (said *Gradaffe*) I will trie
Another way, if you assent but to it,
We two will make one challenge thus: to fight
Against *Orlando* and some other Knight.

49
So I be one (then *Agramant* replide)
I care not, though I second be or first,
For in the world is not a man beside,
To trust whose courage more then yours, I durst.
Sobrino that stood all the while aside,
Into such speech, upon the sudden burst,
Hath age (quoth he) brought me in such contempt,
To be excluded from so brave attempt!

P f 4

Disgrace

Look in the
Moral of
the.

50
Disgrace me not so much, to leave out me,
Age hath not rane away my vigor cleene,
Skill and experience good companions be,
Age knoweth whatsoever youth hath beene,
Wherefore let me be one, and you shall see,
That I am stronger, then perhaps you weene:
To this request of his they soone agree,
And so they send their challenge three to three.

51
They send a Herald, as it is the use,
The challeng to Orlando stout to beare,
With number like to meet at Lippaduse,
And so by combat, end all matters theare:
The while each side should grant the other truse,
And all acts of hostilitie forbear,
This Lippadusa is a little Ile,
Distant from Affricke shore some twentie mile.

52
The Herald made good hast, and went apace,
And us'd all helpe of oares and sailes he could,
And comming to Orlando with good grace,
His message and the challenge plaine he told:
Amids Biserta in the market place,
He found him parting summes of coyne and gold,
(Of that same sacked towne the many spoiles)
Vnto his men for guerdon of their toiles.

53
Now when Orlando this brave challenge hard,
He did accept it, and did much rejoyce,
And gave unto the Herald in reward,
Of many sumptuous gifts great store and choise:
He knew before the death of Mandricard,
And heard of Durindan by common voice,
How that Gradaffa had it, whom to find,
A voiage unto th' Indies he assign'd.

54
But knowing that he need not go so farre,
And that his great good fortune so had wrought,
That he should send to offer single warre,
Whom he farre of had purpos'd to have sought,
He now doth hope that long they should not barre
Him of his sword, that he so deare had bought,
Eke Brigliadore he hopes now to regaine,
That did in Agramantes hands remaine.

55
He chuseth for his friends to take his part,
In this so great and dangerous a fray,
His cousin, and that faithfull Brandimart,
Both whom he oft saw tride before that day,
Armours and horse, and swords on ev'ry part,
He seekes to get for them the best he may,
For none of them had armour of his owne,
As I before this time have made it knowne.

56
Orlando when he first of all fell mad,
Lost both his sword and armour that same howre,
The tothers twaine, the Sarzan taken had,
And now they were safe lockt up in a towre:
In Affrica their armour was but bad,
The warres in France did dayly theirs devowre:
They seldome had in those parts any store,
And Agramant what was, had had before.

Orlando's cousin
as Orlando.

57
Such as he could, though it were old and rustie,
He caused to be scowrd and surbush't new,
And ev'rie day with his companions trustie,
He talked of the fight that should ensue.
One day, as in a morning fresh and lustie,
They walkt upon the shore, they saw in vew
A great ship under saile with treble top,
Saile to the shore, without all stay or stop.

58
No saylers, passengers, nor anie guide,
Within the ship to be discoverd were,
But as the tempest drave her and the tide,
She came, and safely so arived there:
But here a while the emptie ship shall bide,
And these three Knights, because the love I beare
Vnto Rogero and Renaldo both,
To overpasse them longer makes me loth.

He comes in
aborn against
in the next
booke, the 24.
Raffe.

59
You heard how they themselves aside did draw,
And of their owne accords their combat cease,
When as they saw, against all right and law,
On either side the battell to increase:
They were so earnest, neither of them saw
Which side was first, that brake their vowed peace:
Wherefore they aske of those that neare them came,
Which King of this foule breach should have the

Rogero,

60
Rogero had a valiant trustie man,
That served him with faithfulnessse and care,
Who never since the combat first began,
Had lost the sight of him, and being ware
Of this new breach, with all the speed he can,
He did his masters sword and horse prepare,
And brought it him, and wished him to use it,
But for that day Rogero did refuse it.

(blame,

61
Howbeit from thence he did his course direct,
And promise with Renaldo doth renew,
That if his King were first did oath neglect,
And shew'd himsele in promise so untrue,
That he would leave him and his wicked sect;
This said, he bad Renaldo then adew,
Demanding all he met, who was in fault,
Of this ungodly and unjust assault.

62
Of all the world he heares it plainly spoken,
How that of youthfull Agramantes part,
The law of armes, and late sworne truce was broken
Which now was turn'd unto his losse and smart:
Yet thinks he, men would deeme it were a token
In him of faint or of unfaithfull hart,
To leave his Master in so great distresse,
Although his falshood had deserv'd no lesse.

63
The thought thereof drave him to no small muse,
If better were for him to goe or tarrie,
If he do go, he much shall her abuse
Whom he so oft had promised to marrie,
Againe he thinketh that he cannot chuse,
In his returne to Affricke but miscarie,
He knowes how perjurie offendeth God,
How over it ay hangs a heavie rod.

On

A phrase of
such that
the flood
which a
man could
could not cast
away into
the water for
him.

64
On tother side, he feares the great disgrace,
Men would impute to him his Lord to leave,
And thinke it comes of fearfull heart and base:
What if some men perhaps his scuse receave,
When they do know, and understand the case?
Yet most will say, he doth his Lord deceave:
And that a man such promise may forsake,
As at the first, unlawfull was to make.

65
All that same day, and all that night ensuing,
He did the matter with himselfe debate,
His love, his Lord, on either side renewing
The doubtfull question, each in divers rate:
But noble minde, the greater shame eschewing,
Chose lastly to releve his masters state,
Much lov'd he *Bradamant*, much thought he on her,
But more he lov'd his duty and his honor.

66
Wherefore resolved to depart the Reame,
He sought at *Arly*, ships him to transport,
But neither at the sea, nor in the streame,
Could he there find a ship of any sort,
For *Agramant* in hast and feare extreme,
Had all from thence, or burn'd them in the port,
Which when *Rogero* once did understand,
He went unto *Marsilia*-ward by land.

67
In *Arly*, nor from *Arly* all the way,
He saw no living *Turke*, but many a corse,
He mindeth at *Marsilia*, if he may,
To get a ship, by faire meanes or by force,
That into *Affrica* shall straight convey
Him and *Frontino*, his well tried horse:
But while such thoughts he in his mind contrived,
Great *Dudon* with his navie there arrived.

68
That *Dudon*, whom King *Agramant* on seas
Met to his cost, when erst his men were slaine:
He fled, his friends tane prisoners, and in thease
Seaven Kings that erst in *Affrica* did raigne,
A man as then, might hardly cast a pease
Into that streame, or any little graine,
The Navie, and the prizes, in such number,
Did so the river pester up, and cumber.

69
But *Dudon* selfe was newly come on land,
And his chiefe prisoners he had set on shore,
And as in way of triumph made them stand,
The chiefe behind, the meaner set before,
With souldiers garded of his choicest band,
Who with their warlike voices evermore,
Made that same towne, and all the places round,
Of *Dudons* praise, and *Dudons* name to sound.

70
Rogero when he saw these bands appeare,
First thought it was the fleet of *Agramant*,
But when as he approached now more neare,
He saw how much his guesse of truth did want;
He sees his captive friends, with heaveie cheare,
Bambyrage, *Agricault*, and *Ferurant*,
Balaistro, *Rimadont*, and *Manilard*,
And *Nasamon*, that wayle their hap so hard.

71
Rogero could by no meanes it endure,
To see in misery his noble friends,
He doubts his prayre no succour can procure,
And therefore he to trie his force intends:
His lance he presently doth put in ure,
With which not few unto the ground he sends,
His sword he drawes, and therewith in short space,
He doth an hundred hurt, kill, maime, displace.

72
Now *Dudon* heares the noise, the harme doth see,
Done by *Rogero*, yet to him unknowne,
He sees his men displac't and foyled be,
And by one onely man their hurt is growne:
He takes his horse, and to that end that he
May venge these harms, or joyne thereto his owne,
He setteth in his rest, a mightie lance,
To prove himselfe a *Palladine* of France.

73
He bids his men in order to retire,
That of the field they two may have good scope:
Rogero, that to rescue did desire
His friends, and now had put them in some hope:
And seeing vertuous *Dudon* did aspire,
In combat hand to hand with him to cope,
Did deeme he was the Captaine chiefe and guide,
And with great courage toward him did ride.

74
First *Dudon* came, but when he nearer came,
And saw *Rogero* had no speare in sight,
He cast away his owne, as counting shame
To use advantages in any fight.
Then saith *Rogero* to himselfe, this same
Is token of a most brave minded Knight;
And sure, except mine aime be much amisse,
One of the *Palladines* of France he is.

75
Wherefore he minds, ere any more ensue,
Or any force of either part were donne,
To learne his name: and asking him, he knew
How that he was the Dane *Uggeros* sonne,
Now (saith good *Dudon*) let me know of you
Your name, before our combat be begonne:
Rogero in like sort him satisfied,
And so they both each other then defied.

76
Now *Dudon* had that Axe or iron Mace,
Wherewith he wonne such fame in many fights,
As proved him to be of that same race
Of *Palladines*, so brave and worthie Knights:
Rogero hath the sword that cuts apace,
And frustrateth all charms, where ere it lights,
So that he had the vantage, had he us'd it,
But for that time, it seemed he refus'd it.

77
The cause was this, he was afraid perchance,
It would offend his loving *Bradamant*,
For being skilfull in the lines of France,
He knew that *Dudons* mother was her Ant:
So though his conquest might his name advance,
He doubts her love it may not little daunt:
For *Turpin* thinks, this was the onely reason,
That *Dudon* scaped killing at that season.

Rogero

Rogero never foynd, and seldome strake,
But flailing, and his sword was so good Steele,
The hacke so thicke, as it no hurt did take,
Yet oft therewith he made good Dudon feele

Such thundring knocks, as caus'd his head to ake,
And made him readie many times to reele,
But least much reading may annoy your eyes,
To lay this booke aside I you advise.

Morall.

In Agamant that from being so victorious, fell into so great extremity, Princes may consider the great mutability of Fortune: or to speake more truly and Christianly, they may see how God can overthrow them, when in their own conceits they are at the very highest. In that their folly is dispraised that trust to others protection, and stand not upon their owne strength, the lamentable examples of many Princes that we have heard of in this age, and some that we have seene, may prove the truth of that principle, nor doth it only hold in Princes affairs, but eve in the case of meaner subjects, according as a good friend of mine, perhaps upon some good, or (peradventure) bad experience of his owne, wrote many yeares since:

If you be wise, this rule well minde,
Trust none for you to sue or pray,
Not friend most fast, nor kin most kinde,
In that your selfe can do or say.

Further whereas Sobrino notwithstanding his age, is chosen to be one of the three in the challenge, offering himselfe thereto, we may note thereby, that old men are not only to be honored for their wisdoms, but also employed in service for their constant courage, if themselves be willing thereto, and not to be contemned or scoffed, (a vice that our time is too much given unto) specially by young men that thinke they know all things, and indeed know lesse then nothing. It is a tale well knowne, and worthy to be well marked, how one day, the people of Athens being set in their theater to behold playes, two old men came in, & no man once offered to give the place, til they came where the Lacedemonian Ambassadors sate: they straight rose, and in reverence of their gray heads, not knowing the men, they gave them place, which act when the people commended with great applause, the forenamed Ambassadors gave them that pretie ruck, which hath ever since stucke by them: That the Athenians knew what was honest and commendable, but would give others leave to do it.

Historic.

In the first staffe of this booke, he useth three similitudes to this effect, as we say in English, to sling water into the Teams

To beare pots (as is said) to Samos Ile,
(Where earthen vessels in great store are wrought)
Or Owles to Athens, Crocodyles to Nile.

Of Samos vessels I will recite onely that verse that was made of Agathocles:

Fama est, si quis huius omnis Agathoclea regem
Atque ab acum Samio saepe onerasse luto,
Fercula gemmarum cum poneret horrida vasis,
Et miseret opes, pauperumque simul.
Querenti causam, respondit, rex ego qui sum
Sicaniae, sigulo sum genitore natus.
Fortunam reverenter habere, quicunque repente
Dives, ab exili progrediere loco.

Concerning the Owles of Athens, Tully useth the phrase, Hoc est Athenas noctuam mittam. But the saying rose not so much for the plenty of those birds, as because they had a coigne stamped with the same: as appeares in Plutarke in the life of Lysander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gilippus, that he roosted too many Owles in the penthouse of his house, which was indeed, money that he had stoln in that kinde of coigne, and hidden there.

The Crocodiles of Nilus are famous, neither are any of those beasts in any other river, but one in Affrica called Senega that falls into the Atlantike Ocean: and because it hath Crocodiles, some hold it for an arme of Nilus, though, in my opinion, with as little reason, as some say Lundy the Ile betweene Cornwall and Wales, to be part of Ireland, because it hath no snakes in it. Of the Crocodile I count this worth the noting, that being bred of an egge, he groweth to be twelve or fourteene foot long, which no creature doth beside. Hanniball being overcome by Scipio, fled to Antiochus, and doubting of his fickle disposition went to Prusia King of Bithinia, who by his counsell and policie overcame Eumenes in a sea fight, which benefite and service notwithstanding, the said Prusia would have betrayed him to the Romanes, but Hanniball seeing no meaner of escape, tooke poyson, which he carried about him of purpose in a ring, and so made away himselfe.

Iugurth likewise betaking himselfe to the protection of Bocchus king of Mauritania his sonne in law, was by him taken and bound, and delivered to Sylla, who carried him to Marius, in whose triumph he was after led at Rome, and forced (as some write) to leape off an high arch, or as other will have it, starved after in prison.

Pompey being vanquished by Caesar, fled to Egypt to Ptolomey, whose father had bene much beholding in times past to Pompey, but he for feare of Caesars displeasure made his head to be cut off.

Allegoric.

In Rogero that notwithstanding all his othes and promises to marrie Bradamant, and become a Christian, yet with a regard of worldly reputation is caried away, and taketh shipping into Affrica, may be allegorically understood, how our sense and understanding, not having the helpe of grace to confirme it, is carried away into the sea of errors, and tossed with waves of divers passions, and in the end suffers shipwracke as here Rogero did, though after delivered by prayer and faith, as is shewed in the next booke.

Allusion.

The great perill that Brandimant was in, leaping of the wall of Biserta into the towne, alludes to the like fall of Alexander, who as in the like perill at the Citie of Ostracus in India, where also (as Iustin testifieth) he received a very dangerous wound.

The end of the annotations upon the 40 Booke.



Rogero never foyn'd, and seldome strake,
But flatling, and his sword was so good Steele,
The hache so thicke, as it no hurt did take,
Yet oft therewith he made good Dudon feele

Such thundring knocks, as caus'd his head to ake,
And made him readie many times to reele,
But least much reading may annoy your eyes,
To lay this booke aside I you advise.

Morall.

In Agramant that from being so victorious, fell into so great extremity, Princes may consider the great mutability of Fortune: or to speake more truly and Christianly, they may see how God can overthrow them, when in their own conceits they are at the very highest. In that their folly is dispraised that trust to others protection, and stand not upon their own strength, the lamentable examples of many Princes that we have heard of in this age, and some that we have seene, may prove the truth of that principle; nor doth it only hold in Princes affairs, but eve in the case of meaner subjects, according as a good friend of mine, perhaps upon some good, or (peradventure) bad experience of his owne, wrote many yeares since:

If you be wise, this rule well minde,
Trust none for you to sue or pray,
Not friend most fast, nor kin most kinde,
In that your selfe can do or say.

Further whereas Sobrino notwithstanding his age, is chosen to be one of the three in the challenge, offering himselfe thereto, we may note thereby, that old men are not only to be honored for their wisdoms, but also employed in service for their constant courage, if themselves be willing thereto, and not to be contemned or scoffed, (a vice that our time is too much given unto) specially by young men that thinke they know all things, and indeed know lesse then nothing. It is a tale well knowne, and worthy to be well marked, how one day, the people of Athens being set in their theater to behold playes, two old men came in, & no man once offerd to give the place, til they came where the Lacedemonian Ambassadors sate: they straight rose, and in reverence of their gray heads, not knowing the men, they gave them place, which act when the people commended with great applause, the joienamed Ambassadors gave them that pretie tuck, which hath ever since stucke by them; That the Athenians knew what was honest and commendable, but would give others leave to do it.

Historie.

In the first staffe of this booke, he useth three similitudes to this effect, as we say in English, to sling water into the Teams

To beare pots (as is said) to Samos Ile,
(Where earthen vessels in great store are wrought)
Or Owles to Athens, Crocodyles to Nile.

Of Samos vessels I will recite onely that verse that was made of Agathocles:

Fama est, fictilibus ornasse Agathoclea regem
Atque abacum Samio saepe onerasse luto,
Fercula gemmaris cum poneret horrida vasis,
Et misceret opes, pauperiemq; simul.
Quærenti causam, respondit, rex ego qui sum
Sicania, figulo sum genitore natus.
Fortunam reverenter habe, quicunque repente
Dives, ab exili progrediere loco.

Concerning the Owles of Athens, Tully useth the phrase, Hoc est Athenas noctuam mittam. But the saying rose not so much for the plenty of those birds; as because they had a coigne stamped with the same: as appeares in Plutarke in the life of Lysander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gilippus, that he roosted too many Owles in the penthouse of his house, which was indeed, money that he had stolen in that kinde of coigne, and hidden there.

The Crocodiles of Nilus are famous, neither are any of those beasts in any other river, but one in Affrica called Senega that falls into the Atlantike Ocean: and because it hath Crocodiles, some hold it for an arme of Nilus, though, in my opinion, with as little reason, as some say Lundy the Ile betwene Cornwall and Wals, to be part of Ireland, because it hath no snakes in it. Of the Crocodile I count this worth the noting, that being bred of an egge, he groweth to be twelve or fourteen foot long, which no creature doth beside. Hanniball being overcome by Scipio, fled to Antiochus, and doubting of his fickle disposition went to Prusia King of Bitunia, who by his counsell and policie overcame Eumenes in a sea fight, which benefite and service notwithstanding, the said Prusia would have betrayed him to the Romanes, but Hanniball seeing no meanes of escape, tooke poyson which he carried about him of purpose in a ring and so made away himselfe.

Jugurth likewise betaking himselfe to the protection of Bocchus king of Mauritania his sonne in law, was by him taken and bound, and delivered to Sylla, who carried him to Marius, in whose triumph he was after led at Rome, and forced (as some write) to leape off an high arch, or as other will have it, starved after in prison.

Pompey being vanquished by Caesar, fled to Egypt to Ptolomey, whose father had bene much beholding in times past to Pompey, but he for feare of Caesars displeasure made his head to be cut off.

Allegoric.

In Rogero that notwithstanding all his othes and promises to marrie Bradamant, and become a Christian, yet with a regard of worldly reputation is carried away, and taketh shipping into Affrica, may be allegorically understood, how our sense and understanding, not having the helpe of grace to confirme it, is carried away into the sea of errors, and tossed with waves of divers passions, and in the end suffers shipwracke as here Rogero d'd, though after delivered by prayer and faith, as is shewed in the next booke.

Allusion.

The great perill that Brandimant was in, leaping of the wall of Biserta into the towne, alludes to the like fall of Alexander, as how as in the like perill at the Citie of Osiatraus in India, where also (as Iustin testifieth) he received a very dangerous wound.

The end of the annotations upon the 40 Booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

His prisoners Dudon to Rogero gives,
 Who in a tempest all were drowned quite,
 Rogero onely scapes the storme, and lives,
 And then is Christend, and beleeves aright.
 Neare Lippadusas sleepe and craggie chyes,
 Sixe valiant Knights, a combat fierce do fight,
 Where Sobrine hurt, the Marquesse lame on ground,
 Good Brandimart receives a deadly wound.

Simile.



That odor sweet wherewith
 an amorous youth
 Of either sexe, their gar-
 ments do perfume,
 Or head or beard, when
 (full of loving ruth)
 In flames of Cupids fire
 they do consume:
 We say that odor perfect
 was in truth.

And of his goodnesse we do much presume,
 If so a good while after it be felt,
 And that the sweetnesse be long after smelt.

Simile.

Thy Icarus
 was not son
 of Daidalos,
 but of Bac-
 chus.

That pleasant juyce that Icarus unwise,
 Did cause his men (to his greatharme) to tast,
 And did the Gauls to Italie entise,
 Where they committed so great spoile and wast,
 Was doubtlesse perfect good, and of great price,
 If so at twelvemonths end it pleasant last.
 The tree that doth his leaves in winter nourish,
 Without all question did in sommer flourish.

Simile.

Huaco saith,
 Fortes crea-
 tur fortibus.
 Est in Turco-
 cia, est in e-
 quis patrum
 virtus, &c.
 That vertue
 is cleme-
 ncy and grate-
 fulnesse.

The bountie that so many hundred yeare,
 In your most Princely stocke did ever shine,
 Is to the world an open prooffe and cleare,
 That he, from whom was first deriv'd your line,
 Was sure a great, and worthie minded leare,
 And had that noble vertue and divine,
 Which chiefly makes a man so rare and od,
 As in that one, they most resemble God.

I shew'd you in the booke that went before,
 How good Rogero tooke great care and heed,

That as in other acts he shew'd great store
 Of vertues rare, that other men exceed,
 So in this fight he shew'd as much or more,
 Then he had done in any other deed:
 With noble mind ambitious to all good,
 For glory thirsting still, but not for blood.

Good Dudon found (for well discern he might)
 How that Rogero him to hurt forbare,
 How though he had great vantage in the fight,
 Yet that to use the same he still did spare,
 Wherefore though he were overmatcht in might,
 Yet therewithall he shew'd his speciall care,
 That though Rogero were in force superiour,
 Himselfe in courtesie would not be inferiour.

Perdie sir let (saith he) our combat cease,
 Your courtesie hath already conquerd me,
 I cannot winne, and therefore seeke I peace;
 And I (saith tother) will to peace agree:
 I onely crave this grace, that you release
 Those seav'n, whom standing there in bonds I see,
 Those were the Kings, whom late near Affrike shore
 Had taken bene a day or two before.

At his request thus Dudon gave remission,
 But ere they went, he made them first to sweare,
 That neither they, nor none by their permission,
 Gainst any Christen state, should armour beare,
 He gave them also leave on like condition,
 To take the choifest vessell that was there,
 Who no convenient season overslipping,
 For Affrike immediatly tooke shipping.

Thus

Thus had those kings their ransomes all remitted,
And with *Rogero* shipt themselves that day,
And then to faithlesse winds themselves committed,
They weigh their ankers, and their sailes display:
A friendly gale at first their journey fitted,
And bare them from the shore full far away:
But afterward within a little season,
The wind discoverd his deceit and treason.

First from the poop, it changed to the side,
Then to the prore, at last it turned round,
In one place long it never would abide,
Which doth the Pilots wit and skill confound:
The surging waves swell still in higher pride,
While *Proteus* flock did more and more abound,
And seem to him as many deaths to threaten,
As that ships sides with divers waves are beaten.

Now in their face the wind, straight in their back,
And forward this, and backward that it blowes,
Then on the side it makes the ship to crack,
Among the Mariners confusion groves;
The Master mine doubts, and present wrack,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knowes,
To whistle, becken, crie it nought availes,
Sometime to strike, sometime to turn their sailes.

But none there was could heare, nor see, nor mark,
Their eares so stopt, so dazeld were their eyes,
With weather so tempestuous and so dark,
And black thick clouds that with the storme did rise,
From whence sometime great gastly flames did spark,
And thunderclaps that seem'd to rend the skies:
Which made them in a manne deaf and blind,
That no man understood the Masters mind.

Nor lesse, nor much lesse fearfull is the sound
The cruell tempest in the tackle makes,
Yet each one for himselfe some businesse found,
And to some speciall office him betakes:
One this untid, another that hath bound,
He the Main bowling, now restraines, now flakes:
Some take an oare, some at the pump take paine,
And powre the sea into the sea againe.

Behold a horrible and hideous blast,
That *Boreas* from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the saile against the mast,
And makes the waves unto the skies ascend:
Then brake their oares and rudder eke at last,
Now nothing left from tempest to defend,
So that the ship was swaid now quite aside,
And to the waves laid ope her naked side.

Then all aside the staggering ship did reel,
For one side quite beneath the water lay,
And on the rother side the very keel,
Above the water cleare discern you may.
Then thought they all hope past, & down they kneel,
And unto God to take their soules they pray,
Worse danger grew then this, when this was past,
By means the ship gan after leak so fast.

The wind, the waves to them no respite gave,
But ready ev'ry houre to overthrow them,
Oft they were hoist so high upon the wave,
They thought the middle region was below them,
Oft times so low the same their vessell drave,
As though that *Caron* there his boat would show the
Scant had they time and power to fetch their breath,
All things did threaten them to present death.

Thus all that night they could have no release,
But when the morning somewhat nearer drew,
And that by course the furious wind should cease,
(A strange mishap) the wind then fiercer grew,
And while their troubles more and more increase,
Behold a rock stood plainly in their view,
And right upon the same the spitefull blast
Bare them perforce, which made them all agast.

Yet did the master by all means assay
To steare out roomer, or to keep aloof,
Or at the least to strike sailes if they may,
As in such danger was for their behoof.
But now the wind did beare so great a sway,
His enterprizes had but little proof:
At last with striving yard and all was torn,
And part thereof into the sea was born.

Then each man saw all hope of safety past,
No means there was the vessell to direct,
No help there was, but all away are cast,
Wherefore their common safety they neglect,
But out they get the ship-boat, and in hast
Each man therein his life strives to protect,
Of King, nor Prince no man takes heed nor note,
But well was he could get him in the boat.

Among the rest, *Rogero* doth suppose
The safest way to be, to leave the ship,
And being in his dublet and his hose,
He nimble down into the boat did skip,
But after him so great a number goes,
Before they could the rope unwind or slip,
The boat at length did sink with over-lading,
And to the bottome car'd all her lading.

'Twas lamentable then to heare the cries,
Of companies of ev'ry sort confus'd,
In vaine to heav'n they lift their hands and eyes,
And make late vowes, as in such case is us'd,
For over them the wrathfull sea doth rise,
As though to give them eare it had refus'd,
And made them hold their peace by hard constraint,
And stopt the passage whence came out the plaint.

Some swam a while, some to the bottome sank,
Some flore upon the wave, though being dead,
Rogero for the matter neuer shranke,
But stil above the water keeps his head,
And not farre off he sees that rockie banke,
From which in vaine he and his fellowes fled:
He thither labourerth to get with swimming,
In hope to get vpon the same by climbing.

G g

With

Vir. i. A.
nead. Prostr.
sem. vari
inientant
omnia mor-
tem.

They that
have been at
the sea do
understand
this phrasen.

22
With legs and armes he doth him so behave,
That still he kept upon the floods aloft,
He blowes out from his face the boistrous wave
That ready was to overwhelm him oft.
This while the wind aloof the vessell drave,
Which huld away with pace but slow and soft,
Frō those, that while they thought their deth to shun
Now di'd perhaps before their glasse was run.

23
O hopes of men uncertaine, vaine and fraile,
The ship that all forsook, as quite forlorn,
When all her wonted guides and helps did faile,
Her sailers drownd, and all her tackle torn,
A safe course held with broken mast and saile,
And by an Eddie from the rock was born,
And ev'n as if the storm had chang'd his mind,
It went with metry gale afore the wind.

Hee turnes to
Roger's a-
gaine in the
47. li. of this
booke.

24
And where with mariners it went awry,
Now wanting them it went to *Affricke* right,
And came on land unto *Biserta* ny,
And gently on the sands it did alight,
Orlando. What time *Orlando* then was walking by,
Conferring with his fellowes of their fight,
The which was undertaken by them three,
Against three Princes of no mean degree.

25
And for they saw the ship was fast on ground,
They took a boat, and went on her aboard,
With mind to question whether she was bound,
Or what good merchandise she can afford;
But under hatches lading none they found,
Save good *Rogeros* armour, horse, and sword,
Which he behind him left, when in bad taking,
He took the boat, the ship it self forsaking.

26
Orlando view'd them well with good regard,
And having chiefly mark'd the noble blade,
He knew it was that famous *Ballisard*,
With which he did some yeares before invade
Fallarius garden, spite of all her guard,
Who by strong charms, the sword and garden made,
It may be you ere this have heard the tale,
And how this sword from him *Brunello* stole.

All this hath
reference to
Brardos
booke.

27
And after to the good *Rogero* gave it,
Who late had left it in this wofull wrack,
Glad was *Orlando* now againe to have it,
That oft had triall both of edge and back;
He deem'd that God did ev'n of purpose save it,
Now to supply therewith his present lack:
And after oft he said, and thought indeed,
That God did send it him at so great need.

28
At so great need, when as he was to fight,
Against *Gradaſſo* king of *Sericane*,
Who had, beside his great and passing might,
Renaldos horse, and fearfull *Durindane*.
Rogeros armour though it looked bright,
Yet was it not as thing so precious tane,
As being priz'd more for the sumptuous show,
Then for the goodnesse, which they did not know.

29
And sith himselfe for armour did not care,
And never did the dint of weapon feare,
He doth that armour to his cosin spare,
But not the sword, for that himselfe doth weare:
The horse that was of shape and goodnesse rare,
Had *Brandimart*, and thus divided were,
Among these three, in guerdon of their paines,
An equall share and portion in the gaines.

30
Now each prepar'd against the day of fight
Brave furniture, with cost of many a crown:
Orlando on his quarter, bare in sight
High *Babels* tower with lightning stricken down:
His cosin had a *Lyme* hound argent bright,
His *Lyme* laid on his back, he couching down,
The word or mot was this, *untill he commeth*,
The rest was rich, and such as him becommeth.

Looke in the
Allusion.

31
But *Brandimart*, who as I erst made mention,
Had heard his fathers death, went all in black:
Of braveries he now had no intention,
Lest men might think he did discretion lack,
He car'd for no device, nor new invention,
Nor ware he sumptuous clothing on his back,
He only had one border richly set
With stones, but darkned over with a net.

32
A net that *Fiordeliege* his dearest *Queene*
With her own hands against that day did make,
But neither then, nor all the time between
That first she undertook it for his sake,
Till she had done it, was she ever seen
To laugh or smile, or any joy to take:
Her heart still heavy was, her look still sad,
And yet her self did know no cause she had.

Fiordeliege.

33
But still in feare, and still in doubt she is,
Her spouse by death shall now from her be sunderd:
Oft times her self hath seen him be, ere this
In greater fights an hundred and an hundred,
Yet never did her heart so give amisse,
Wherefore at her own feare she greedly wonder'd:
And ev'n that reason made her feare the more,
Because she was not us'd to feare before.

34
Now when each thing in order fit was set,
The champions three were shipped with their horses:
Vnto *Astolfo* and to *Sanſonet*,
The charge was left of all those *Christen* forces,
But dolefull *Fiordeliege*, although as yet
To hide her sorrow, she her self inforces,
Yet when the wind away the vessell beares,
She bursteth out to open cries and teares.

35
With *Sanſonet* *Astolfo* took much paine,
To bring her to her chamber from the shore,
Who lying on her bed, she still doth plaine,
That she hath lost her spouse for evermore:
To seek to comfort her it was in vaine,
For talking made her feare increase the more,
But now the worthy champions in this while
Were safe arriv'd at *Lippadusa* Ile.

No

36
No sooner set they foot upon the land,
But (on the Eastern side) they pitch a tent,
Because perhap that part was nearest hand,
Or els upon some politick intent:
On tother side, with such an equall band,
Came *Agramant*: but sith this day was spent,
They all agreed all fight to be forborn,
Vntill the very next ensuing morn.

37
A watch was charged then on either part,
That neither side the tother may deceive,
But ere it yet was dark, king *Brandimart*,
(Though not without *Orlando's* speciall leave)
Doth mean a wondrous favour to impart
To *Agramant*, if he the same receiue:
For why the tone the tother oft had seen
As friends, and had in *France* together been.

38
Now after joyning hands and salutation,
The noble minded *Brandimart* begun
To use unto the *Turke* an exhortation;
That with *Orlando* he the combat shun:
Affirming unto him with protestation,
Would he believe but in the *Virgins* Son,
That he both present peace would then assure him,
And all his Realmes in *Affricke* safe procure him.

39
Brandimart Because you are, and have been deare to me,
Therefore (he saith) this counsell I you give,
And sith I follow it my self you see,
Thereby you may be sure I it believe;
Christ is a God, a God indeed is he;
An Idol *Mammet* is, that doth not live:
Wherefore deare sir, I do desire to move
From errors soule, your self and all I love.

40
This is indeed the way of truth and life,
All other wayes but this do lead astray;
Why should you live in error and in strife,
When in true peace and knowledge live you may?
Tempestuous cares this world hath ever rife,
And if your present state you would but way,
You plainly may perceive your venter such,
As you to win but little hazard much.

41
What if you could the sonne of *Milo* kill?
Or us that come with him to win, or die?
Think you that then you shall have all you will?
Think you your state you can restore thereby?
No sure, the state of *Charles* is not so ill,
But that he quickly can our lack supply:
Wherefore deare Sir unto my counsell listen,
All would be well, if you would be a Christen.

42
Thus much said *Brandimart*, and more beside
He would have said, to peace him to exhort,
Save that with scornfull speech and full of pride,
Fierce *Agramant* this wise did cut him short;
A madnesse meer it is (thus he repli'd)
In you, or any man that in such sort
Will counsell and advise men what to do,
Not being cal'd of counsell thereunto.

43
And where you say, to this love mov'd you chief,
That you have born, and still do beare to me,
Herein you pardon must my hard belief,
While in *Orlando's* company you be;
I rather think despaire, and spite, and grief
Hath mov'd you hereunto, because you see
Your soule is damned to eternall fire,
To draw us thither with you, you desire.

44
What victories, or els what overthrowes
I shall hereafter have, God onely knoweth,
Nor you nor I, nor yet *Orlando* knowes,
God onely where he list the same bestoweth:
But as for me, no feare nor foolish shewes
Shall daunt my courage, howsoere it goeth,
Die first I will with torment and with paine,
Much rather then to yeeld, my stock to staine.

45
Now when you list, depart from hence you may,
As little thank, and slenderly rewarded,
And if to morrow you the Champion play
No better, nor no more to be regarded,
Then you have plaid the Orator to day,
Orlando sure will be but weakly guarded;
And these last words in manner such he said,
As that thereby much choler he bewraid.

46
Thus parted they, and rested all that night,
But ready they were all by break of day,
All arm'd, and ready for the future fight,
Small speech was us'd, no lingring nor no stay,
They couch their spears, & run with all their might:
But while I tell you of this bloody fray,
I doubt I do unto *Rogero* wrong,
To leave him swimming in the sea so long.

47
The gallant youth had labour'd many an houre
To swim, and save himself from being drown'd,
The surging wave still threats him to devoure,
But guilty conscience more doth him confound;
He thinks that God will of his mighty power
Sith he foreflood when he was on ground
To be baptiz'd in waters fresh, and fitter,
To sowse him now in waves both salt and bitter.

48
He now remembers he had plighted troth
To *Bradamant*, nor done as he had spoken,
How to *Renaldo* he had made an oath,
And that the same by him was foully broken;
Most earnestly he now repents them both,
And calls to God for mercy, and in token
Of true contrition voweth out of hand,
To be baptiz'd, if ere he come to land.

49
And that he would renounce all Turkish lawes,
Nor gainst a Christen Prince once weapon carie,
But serve king *Charles*, and aid the Churches cause,
And from the same hereafter not to varie,
And never seek delay or farther pause,
His vertuous spouse Dame *Bradamant* to marrie.
(Twas strange) no sooner he this vow had ended,
But that his strength increast, & swimming mended.

50
And where before he greatly was affraid,
That those fame furing waters him would drown,
He thinketh now they do his swimming aid:
And sometime rising, sometime going down,
He passeth on with courage undismaid,
And scarce he seemed once to wet his crown:
That so with cunning part, and part with strength,
He reached to the little Ile at length.

51
The rest of all his company was drown'd,
Nor ever was a man of them seen more,
But by Gods onely grace Rogers found
This little Ile, and clammer'd up the shore:
And finding it a small and barren ground,
A new feare rose, no lesse then that before,
Left in a place of needfull things too scant,
He should be starv'd with penury and want.

52
But yet with constant mind and unappal'd,
Resolv'd to suffer all that God would send,
Vpon the rock with much ado he cral'd,
And gat upon the levell ground in th'end;
When lo an aged man whose head was bald,
And beard below his girdle did descend,
That was an Hermit that did there inhabit,
Came forth to him in godly rev'rent habit.

53
And comming neare he cri'd, O Saul, O Saul,
Why persecutest thou my people so?
As erst our Saviour spake unto Saint Paul,
Then when he gave to him that blessed blow,
Behold how God when pleaseth him can call,
From sea, from land, from places high and low,
When you did ween him farthest he was nighest,
So strong an arm, so long reach hath the highest.

In the Acts
of the Apo-
stles.

Sources.

Of age and
devotion
look in the
Moral.

54
Thus spake this Hermit so devout and old,
Who by an Angell in his sleep that night
Of good Rogers comming was foretold,
And of all chances should on him allight,
With all his valiant actions manifold,
That he had done, and should perform in fights,
And of his death, and of his noble race,
That should succeed him after in his place.

55
Now (as I said) this wise this Hermit spoke,
And part doth comfort him, and part doth check,
He blameth him, that in that pleasant yoke
He had so long deferd to put his neck,
But did to wrath his maker still provoke,
And did not come at his first call and beck,
But still did hide himself away from God,
Vntill he saw him comming with his rod.

In sum Chri-
stians.

56
Then did he comfort him, and make him know,
That grace is nere deny'd to such as ask:
(As do the workmen of the Gospell show,
Receiving pay alike for divers task)
Provided that our prayr of zeal do grow,
And serve not as a vicer or a mask:
This did the man of God Rogers tell,
And so from thence he led him to his cell.

57
The cell a chappell had on th' Eastern side,
Vpon the Western side a grove or berie,
Forth of the which he did his food provide,
Small chear God wot, wherewith to make folk merie,
Yet forty yeare he had that living tid,
And yet thereof it seem'd he was not wearie:
But eating berries, drinking water cleare,
He had in strength and health liv'd fourscore yeare.

58
Now kindled had the man of God some wood,
And on his beard he set a little fruit,
The youth to drie his clothes not far off stood,
For why, to change he hath no other sute;
Then he by th' old mans teaching understood
The faith, and how to Christ he must impute
The pardon of his sins, yet nere the later,
He told him he must be baptiz'd in water.

59
And so he was the next ensuing day,
And afterward he rested in that place
A while, and with the man of God did stay,
Resolving him of ev'ry doubtfull case:
Sometime of heav'n, and of the later day,
Sometime of earth, and of his noble race,
That should in time to come hold mighty Reames,
As was reveal'd to him in former dreames.

60
And further unto him he doth repeat,
How his chief house should be surnamed *Esté*,
Because in time to come king Charles the great
Should say to them in Latin words, *Hic este*,
Which is as much to say, be here the seat,
In which you shall hereafter ever rest ye,
And many future things to him he told,
Which were too long for me now to unfold.

The house of
Esté.

He turneth
again to Ro-
gers in the
42 booke ill
fit.
The count
of the first
knights.

61
This while Orlando and king Brandimars
With Marquesse Oliviero, (as I told)
Met with those three of the contrary part,
Yang Agramante and Gradasso bold,
With good Sobrino, who for valiant heart,
Gives place to few of them, though being old,
Each spurs his horse, that ran a wondrous pace,
And of their blowes resounded all the place.

62
In this same course each plaid his part so well,
That up to heav'n flew shiver'd ev'ry lance,
The hideous noise did cause the seas to swell,
And some report, 'twas heard as far as France;
Gradasso and Orlando (as befell)
Did meet together, were it choice or chance;
The match was ev'ry save that their horses differ,
And made Gradasso seem to run the siffer.

63
The weaker horse on which Orlando rode,
Was bruised so with this so fearfull shock,
As now he could no longer beare his load,
But sinking down, lay senselesse with the knock;
Orlando then did make but small abode,
His courser lying senselesse like a stock,
Sith that with neither raines nor spurs he sturd,
He left his saddle, and drew forth his sword.

Agramante

Orlando was
slain to the
house of
Clarendon.

64
With *Agramant* the Marquesse hand to hand
Did most, betweene them equall went the game,
Sobrino was by *Brandimart's* hand,
Cast from his horse, I know not how it came,
But at that time it could not well be scand,
If so the horse or horseman were to blame:
But whether beast or rider wanted force,
Sobrino certaine downe was from his horse.

65
King *Brandimart* were offerd once to touch
Sobrino, when he saw him downe in vew,
But to *Gradaſſo* that had done as much
Vnto *Orlando*, in great hast he flew
The Marquesse fight with *Agramant* was such,
As which side had the vantage no man knew,
For when their staues were shiuered all and rent,
Their axes then they vsd incontinent.

66
Orlando who by hap a horse did lacke,
And saw *Gradaſſo* bent another way,
Wheme *Brandimart* did hold so hardly tacke,
That he enforced him thereby to stay,
I say the *Palladine* then looking backe,
Saw old *Sobrino* standing in his way,
And toward him he go'th with looke so fierce,
As though his eye, as well as sword could pierce.

67
Sobrino gainst the force of such a man,
Sought with his surest ward himselfe to saue,
And as a Pilot doth the best he can,
To shunne the furie of the surging waue,
Eu'n so this well experienc't *Turke* began,
Himselfe in this great danger to behaue,
With sword and shield his best defence he made,
Against the fearfull edge of that same blade.

68
Which blade, of such an edge, in such an arme,
No maruell if to pierce it seldom faile.
Against the which in vaine was any charme,
For though his shield was steeld, his core of male,
Yet quite through shield and armore it did harme,
To saue his shoulder all could not auaille.
But he to wound *Orlando* was not able,
For God hath made his skinne impenetrable.

69
The valiant Earle redoubled still his blow,
And thinks from shoulders off to cut his head,
He, that the force of *Clarimont* did know,
Gane backward, or his ground still trauersed,
But in his trauersing he was so slow,
That with one blow he laid him downe for dead,
The blow fell flatling, but with force so maine,
As crusht his helmet, and amaz'd his braine.

70
Downe fell *Sobrino* backward on the ground,
From whence long time it was ere he arose,
Orlando thinks that he was safe and sound,
And that he was starke dead he doth suppose:
Wherefore since single for he no where found,
Vnto *Gradaſſo* presently he goes,
To whom king *Brandimart* in armes, and horse,
In sword, inferiour was, perhaps in force.

71
But yet the noble minded *Brandimart*,
Vpon *Rogeros* horse *Frontino* mounted,
With that same *Sarasin* so plaid his part,
As if his forces he but little counted:
And sure *Gradaſſo* not in skill nor heart,
But in his sword and armour him surmounted:
Enforcing him oft times to stand aloofe,
Because his armour was of no good prooffe.

72
But good *Frontino* bare away the bell,
For being ready to the riders hand,
It seem'd where euer *Durindana* fell,
Frontino had such wit to vnderstand,
That evermore he did escape it well:
But all this while it hardly could be scand,
In tother twaine on which side fortune works,
In *Olivero*, or the king of *Turks*.

73
Orlando had (as late before I told)
Left good *Sobrino* on the ground for dead,
Wherefore on foot he goes with courage bold,
To succour *Brandimart* if ill he sped,
But in the way by hap he did behold
Sobrino's horse that without rider fled,
Orlando straight into the saddle vaulted,
Not looking if he went upright or halted.

74
One hand his sword, the tother holds his raine,
And so he rideth to *Gradaſſo* ward,
Who when he saw him come, did not refraine,
But to encounter with him straight prepar'd:
To fight with one of them, or els with twaine,
It seem'd he little reckoned nor car'd,
He minds and hopeth to effect it soon,
To make them both to think it night ere noone.

75
Yet for a while king *Brandimart* he leaves,
And turnes him to the Earle, and with a thrust
Whereas his armour weakest he perceives,
There doth the fierce *Gradaſſo* hit him just,
And enter'd, but his cunning him deceives,
Orlando's skin be pierced never must.
But when with *Ballisard* *Orlando* strake,
His helmet, coat of maile, and shield he brake.

76
So that both in his face, his breast, and side,
He wounded sore the king of *Sericane*,
Who marvels much what strange chance did betide,
For never erst such sore hurt he had tane:
He thought there could not be a blade beside
To pierce his coat, he having *Durindane*;
And sure that blow had him dispatched clearly,
If it had had more strength, or come more nearely.

77
He sees that now he must take better heed,
And not trust armour, but a surer ward,
To seek to saue himselfe he now hath need,
And looke unto his limbs with more regard:
Now while twixt them the fight did thus proceed,
Good *Brandimart* did see he might be spar'd,
Wherefore to breath himselfe he then retir'd,
Still ready to aid each part, if cause requir'd.

78

Now had *Sobrina* long laine in a trance,
With that same bruse, and with that bloody wound,
Giu'n him by that great *Palladine* of France,
That at two blowes had laid him on the ground,
With much ado he doth himselfe aduance,
And standing on his feete, and looking round,
He thought his Master was in weakest case,
And to his aid he moues his silent pace.

79

At *Oliueros* backe he comes vnspide,
Who sole on *Agramant* did fixe his eyes,
And that same horse that *Oliuer* did ride,
He hought behind in such despitefull wise,
That wanting strength, he fell downe on his side,
And was not able any more to rise:
And which was worse then his vnlookt for fall,
His foot hung in the stirrop therewithall.

80

Sobrina doubled then his blowes againe,
Thinking from shoulders off his head to pare,
But yet the Steele made that attempt but vaine,
That *Vulcan* tempred erst, and *Hector* ware:
King *Brandimart* at *Sobrin* runnes amaine,
When of his doings he was well aware,
And ouerthrew him quite, and stoutly smote him,
But th'old fierce man, soone on his feet vp got him.

81

And once againe at *Oliuer* he flies,
And once againe he thinketh him to kill,
Or at the least cause him he shall not rise,
But he that had his better arme at will,
Layd with his sword about him in such wise,
As that he kept himselfe from further ill:
And made his foe, that was of no great strength
Stand distant from him, almost twise his length.

82

The *Marquess* hopes ere long to ease his paine,
If he can cause *Sobrina* stand aloofe,
Who bled so fast, as now from fight t'abstaine:
He thought it would be best for his behoofe:
Now *Oliueros* all his force doth straine,
And to get loose he maketh manie a prooffe,
But still his foot was fast to his great hurt,
And still the horse lay tumbling in the durt.

83

This while king *Brandimart* doth go to find
Traianes sonn, and now he hath him found,
Frontino now before, and straight behind:
That good *Frontino* that can turne so round:
The horse was sure and of a passing kind,
The *Sotherne* kings was readie, strong, and sound:
He had that famous courser *Brigliadora*,
The which *Rogero* gaue him late before.

84

But sure the Turke great ods in armour had,
For he had one of prooffe, welltride, and sure,
And *Brandimart* was indeed but bad,
Such as he could in warning short procure,
Wherefore to change it now he would be glad,
And that he shall, his heart doth him assure:
So that he waxed stouter still and bolder,
Though *Agramant* had hurt him in the shoulder.

85

Gradasso further had about his thye,
Him giu'n a blow, not to be tane in sport,
But yet the king did so the fight apply,
And laid on lode in so couragious sort,
As that he wounded his left arme therby,
And pricked his right hand (thus they report)
But all this was but May-game and delight,
Vnto *Gradasso* and *Orlando*s fight.

86

Gradasso hath *Orlando* halfe disarmd,
And made him with one blowe his shield forsake,
He could not wound him, for his skin was charmd,
But yet his headpeece on both sides he brake;
But him *Orlando* hath in worse sort harmd,
Beside that hurt of which before I spake,
He hath drawn blood of him in many a place,
As namely in brest, in throate, and in his face.

87

Gradasso sees himselfe with blood besmeard,
And smarting paine in many places found,
And sees that Earle like one that nothing feard,
Stand whole, and quite vnwounded safe and sound,
Wherefore with both his hands his sword he reard,
With mind to cleaue him, rather then to wound,
And eu'n as he desir'd, with all his strength,
He strake him on his head, at halfe sword length.

88

And sure had clon'd him to the saddle bow,
Had it another then *Orlando* bene,
But now as if it had falne flatling thoe,
The blade rebounded from him bright and cleene,
But yet that Earle was daz'd so with the bloe,
I think some starres on ground by him were scene,
He lost his bridle, and his sword had mist,
Sauer that a chaine did bind it to his wrist.

89

The horse on which the good *Orlando* rode,
Was eke so scared with the fearfull sound,
As there he durst no longer make abode,
But on the sands at randon runneth round,
And beares *Orlando* as a senselesse lode,
That with the paine still stood as in a sound,
And had *Gradasso* little harder spurred,
He might haue tane the Earle ere he had sturred.

90

But as he rode, he saw king *Agramant*,
Vnto extremest point of danger brought,
For why the valiant sonne of *Monodant*,
Had loosd his beuer, and such hold had caught
Vpon his gorget, that but small did want,
Eu'n with one stab his last end to haue wrought:
For why the noble minded Christen Prince,
Had wonne his sword from him a good while since.

91

Gradasso doth no more that Earle pursew,
But maketh hast king *Agramant* to ayd,
And vnto *Brandimart* that nothing knew,
Nor of no such misfortune was affrayd,
He comes behind his back quite out of vew,
And both his hands at once on sword he laid,
And in that sort, he strake with all his might,
Full on the helmet of the noble knight.

Oh

92

Oh heau'nly Father grant a resting place
In Paradise, for this thy Martyrs spirit,
That hauing run all his tempestuous race,
He may with thee an harbour safe inherit.
Ah *Durindan*, hadst thou so little grace,
So ill to quite thy noblest Masters merit,
That in his sight thou could of life depriue,
His best and kindest friend he had aliue?

93

The sword did pierce a double plate of Steele,
That little lesse was then two fingers thick,
Good *Brandimart* gan with the blow to reele,
It pierced had so deepe vnto the quicke.

His braines all cut therewith he plain did feele,
And downe he fell like one most deadly sicke,
A streame of blood out of the grieuous wound,
Ran forth, and dyde with crimson all the ground.

94

By this *Orlando* waked, and behild
His *Brandimart* that lay now a la mort:
He sees the *Sericané* that him had kild,
This angered him, and grieu'd him in such sort;
Twas hard to say which more his stomacke fild,
His wrath or griefe, but time to mourne was short,
That griefe gaue place, and wrath bare chiefest sway;
But now I thinke it best awhile to stay.

In this book may be noted the notable fondnesse of those men, that in auoiding of the lesse danger, fall into the greater, as they did that forsooke the ship, and leapt into the bote, where they were all cast away, and the ship it selfe saued. In that *Rogero* in his extremity of danger, feelerh a remorse of conscience, & straight hath recourse to God by prayer and vow, it is a good president for others to do the like, though indeed most men are apt to do so, but all the matter is, to performe the effect of their vow & promise to God after, for that few care for, according to that saying, made a prouerb in Italian

Scampato il pericolo giabbato il santo,

When danger is scaped, the Saint is——mocked.

But the example of *Rogero* may moue vs to more true deuotion; and this speech of the good old Hermit, let euerie one apply to himselfe that hath need of it, and it may fortune do him as much good as a sermon: for indeed it is most sweet and comfortable and veris true doctrine, and well be seeming the person of a deuout old man (as I called him in the 54 staffe) for seldome goeth deuotion with youth, be it spoke without offence of our Peckedeuanted Ministers: as there goes an old tale of three things that a blind man could see, for when his boy told him that there was brought a verie braue horse, then saith the blind man, I see he is fat: the boy maruelled how he knew it; next he told him, there came by a passing faire woman, then I see she is yong (quoth the blind man) well guessed Master said his boy. Lastly, came by a deuout preacher: Sir quoth the boy, here comes a good Priest, then he is old said the blind man, and that guesse was so right, the boy was affraid his Master had had his eyes againe. For indeed age and bodies chastised with fasting and studie, are companions of deuotion: as a friend of mine was wont to say in Italian,

Da medico rognoso,
Dio mi guarda }
Da alchumista stracciato,
Da monacho ingrossato.

God defend me from a mangie Phisition, (for the Phisition that cannot cure the itch in himselfe, will hardly cure other greater diseases in another.) From a ragged or beggerly Alchumist, for he that cannot get himself good clothes, will hardly turne lead into gold. From a corpulent or fat fed Frier: for he that feeds his owne bodie fat, is not likely to giue of the best spirituall food of the soule.

In *Brandimart* that laboreth to perswade *Agramant* to peace, we may note a noble disposition, and excellent good nature, that being verie stout, and treating of peace (as they say) with his sword in his hand, yet endeouored to take up the quarrell before it came to bloud, which though it be a thanklesse office many times (as here it hapned to *Brandimart* to be scorned for his labour) yet ought not that to terrifie a good mind from so honest an office. And sure, the cause why great quarrels rise vpon small matters, betweene great personages, and are afterward so long ere they be reconciled, and so hollowly reconciled at last; is that some of a wicked policie, seek to keepe them at variance, thinking it (as the prouerb saith) best fisbing in troubled waters: but neither *S. Peter* that was the good fisber of men nor his Master, were of that opinion, but do say contrarily, *Beatifici*.

Of the bouse of *Este*, it was first called *Ateste*, but after (as mine Author hath deliuered) it was turned to *Este*, by Historie. reason of that speech, *Hic esse Domini*, and *Fornarius* writing vpon this place affirms the same.

In the deuises or impreises of *Orlando* and *Oliuero*, may be noted the decorum they vsed, for *Orlando* being a known Allusion. and approued warrior, giues a more terrible deuice yet reseruing the honor to God, in most Christian manner, of striking down and confounding his enemies with lightning. *Oliuero* whose deuice is the spaniell, or lyam bound couching with the word fin che vegna, doth with great modestie shew thereby, that the spaniell or bound that is at commandement, waiteth, till the fowle, or deare be stricken, and then boldly leapeth into the water, or draweth after it by land: so he being yet a yong man, waiteth for an occasion to shew his vawew, which being come, he would no longer conch, but shew the same.

In this kind we haue had many in our time, as the happie 17. day of Nouember can witnesse, that haue excelled for excellencie of deuice: of which if I should speake at large, it would aske a volume by it selfe. My selfe haue chosen this of *Oliuero* for mine owne, partly liking the modestie therof, partly (for I am not ashamed to confesse it) because I fancie the spaniell so much, whose picture is in the deuice, and if any make merry at it (as I doubt not but some will) I shall not be sorrie for it: for one end of my trauel in this worke, is to make my friends merrie, and besides I can alledge many examples of wise men, and some verie great men, that haue not onely taken pictures, but built cities in remembrance of seruiceable beasts. And as for doggs, *Doctor Caynes* a learned Phisition and a good man, wrote a treatise in praise of them, and the Scripture it selfe hath vouchsafed to commend *Tobias* dogge.

Here end the annotations of the 41. booke

Gg 4



THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando of his conquest takes small joy,
Which caused him his dearest friend to want:
Loves divers passions breed no small annoy,
To stout Renaldo and good Bradamant:
She wishing her Rogero to enjoy,
He th' Indian Queene, but soone he did recant,
Taught by disdain: at last in Latian ground,
The Palladine kind entertainment found.



What iron band, or what sharp
hard mouth'd bit,
What chaine of diamond (if
such might be)
Can bridle wrathfulnesse
and conquer it,
And keep it in his bounds and
due degree?
When one to us in bonds of
friendship knit,

And dearly lov'd, before our face we see,
By violence or fraud to suffer wrong,
By one for him too crafty, or too strong.

And if before we can such pang digest,
We swerve sometime from law, and run astray,
It may be well excus'd, sith in ones brest
Pure reason at such time beares little sway;
Achilles when with counterfeited crest,
He saw Patroclus bleeding all the way,
To kill his killer was not fatisht,
Except he had and tare him all beside.

So now a little since when in his brow,
Alonso wounded was with curst stone,
And all his men and souldiers thought that now
His soule from earth to heav'n had been up flowne,
They kild and spoil'd, they ca'd not whom nor how,
Strong rampiers, wals, to them defence were none,
But in that fury they put all to wrack,
Both old and yong, and all the town to sack.

Our men were so enraged with this fall,
To think they had their Captaine lost for aye,

That to the sword they put both great and small,
That happen'd then to come within their way:
And so their fortune did prevaile withall,
That they the Castle did regaine that day,
In fewer houres to their great fame and praise,
Then had the Spaniards got it erst in dayes.

It may be, God ordained (as I guesse)
That he that time should wounded be so sore,
To punish that same sin and foule excesse,
His foes committed had a while before,
When Vesidell forlorn and in distresse
Did yeeld, and should have had his life therfore,
Yet was he kild when they had him surpris'd,
By men whose greater part were circumcis'd.

Wherefore I justly may conclude thus much,
That nothing can more hotly kindle wrath,
Then if one shall the life and honour touch,
Of our deare friend, or do him wrong or scath.
Now (as I said) Orlandos grief is such,
And such occasion of just griefe he hath,
He sees his friend, for lack of better heeding,
Lie flat on ground, and almost dead with bleeding.

As the Nomadian Shepheard, that a Snake
Along the grasse and herbes hath sliding seen,
Which late before with tooth most poyson'd strake
His little son, that plaid upon the green,
Doth bruise and bear, and kill him with a flake:
So goes this Earle with blade most sharp and keen,
And yet far more with wrath and choler whet,
And Agramant was then the first he met.

Unhappy

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando of his conquest takes small joy,
Which caused him his dearest friend to want:
Loves divers passions breed no small annoy,
To stout Renaldo and good Bradamant:
She wishing her Rogero to enjoy,
He th' Indian Queene, but soone he did recant,
Taught by disdain: at last in Latian ground,
The Palladine kind entertainment found.



What iron band, or what sharp
hard mouth'd bit,
What chaine of diamond (if
such might be)
Can bridle wrathfulnesse
and conquer it,
And keep it in his bounds and
due degree?
When one to us in bonds of
friendship knit,

And dearly lov'd, before our face we see,
By violence or fraud to suffer wrong,
By one for him too crafty, or too strong.

And if before we can such pang digest,
We swerve sometime from law, and run astray,
It may be well excus'd, sith in ones brest
Pure reason at such time beares little sway,
Achilles when with counterfeit crest,
He saw Patroclus bleeding all the way,
To kill his killer was not satisfi'd,
Except he hal'd and tare him all beside.

So now a little since when in his brow,
Alonso wounded was with cursed stone,
And all his men and souldiers thought that now
His soule from earth to heav'n had been up flowne,
They kild and spoil'd, they ca'd not whom nor how,
Strong rampiers, walls, to them defence were none,
But in that fury they put all to wreck,
Both old and yong, and all the town to sack.

Our men were so enraged with this fall,
To think they had their Captaine lost for aye,

That to the sword they put both great and small,
That happen'd then to come within their way:
And so their fortune did prevaile withall,
That they the Castle did regaine that day,
In fewer houtes to their great fame and praise,
Then had the Spaniards got it erst in dayes.

It may be, God ordained (as I guesse)
That he that time should wounded be so sore,
To punish that same sin and foule excesse,
His foes committed had a while before,
When Vestidell forlorn and in distresse
Did yeeld, and should have had his life therefore,
Yet was he kild when they had him surpris'd,
By men whose greater part were circumcis'd.

Wherefore I justly may conclude thus much,
That nothing can more hotly kindle wrath,
Then if one shall the life and honour touch,
Of our deare friend, or do him wrong or scath.
Now (as I said) Orlandos grief is such,
And such occasion of just griefe he hath,
He sees his friend, for lack of better heeding,
Lie flat on ground, and almost dead with bleeding.

As the Nomadian Shepheard, that a Snake
Along the grasse and herbes hath sliding seen.
Which late before with tooth most poyson'd strake
His little son, that plaid upon the green,
Doth bruise and bear, and kill him with a stake:
So goes this Earle with blade most sharp and keen,
And yet far more with wrath and choler whet,
And Agramant was then the first he met.

Vahappy

8
 Vnhappy he that in his passage stood,
 His sword was gone, as I declar'd before,
 Himselfe besmeared all with his own blood,
 Brave *Brandimart* had wounded him so sore,
Orlando comes, and in his wrathfull mood,
 With *Ballisard*, that payes home evermore,
 He strikes (by fortune were it or by art)
 Iust where the shoulders from the head do part.

9
 Loos'd was his helmet, as I erst did tell,
 That like a Poppie quite fell off his head,
 The carkas of the *Lybian* Monarch fell
 Down to the ground, and lay along stark dead,
 His soule by *Charon*, ferrie-man of hell,
 To *Plutos* house or *Stygian* lake was led.
Orlando staid no whit, but straight prepar'd
 To find *Gradaffe* eke with *Ballisard*.

10
 But when *Gradaffe* plain beheld and saw
 Of *Agramant* the wofull end and fall,
 He felt an unaccustom'd dread and aw,
 Who never wonted was to feare at all;
 And ev'n as if his own fate he foresaw,
 He made the *Palladine* resistance small:
 Feare had so maz'd his head, and daz'd his sence,
 That for the blow he quite forgot his fence.

11
Orlando thrust *Gradaffe* in the side,
 About the ribs, as he before him stood,
 The sword came forth a span on tother side,
 And to the hilt was varnish'd all with blood,
 By that same thrust alone it might be tri'd,
 That he that gave it was a warriour good,
 That with one thrust did vanquish and subdue
 The stoutest champion of the *Turkish* crew.

12
Orlando of this conquest nothing glad,
 Dorth from his saddle in great hast alight,
 And with a heavy heart and count'nance sad,
 He runs unto his deare beloved knight,
 He sees his helmet cut, as if it had
 Been cloyen quite with axe (a wofull sight)
 And ev'n as if it had been made of glasse,
 And not of steel, and plated well with brasse.

13
 The *Palladine* his helmet then unties,
 And finds the scull clov'n down unto the chin,
 And sees the braine all cut before his eyes;
 Yet so much breath and life remain'd within,
 That he is able yet before he dies,
 To call to God for mercy for his sin,
 And pray *Orlando* joyne with him in praying,
 And use to him this comfortable saying.

14
 My deare *Orlando*, see that to our Lord,
 Thou in thy good devotions me commend:
 Likewise to thee commend I my deare *Piorde*;
 And *liege* he would have said, but there did end,
 Straight Angels voices with most sweet accord,
 Were heard the while his spirit did ascend,
 The which dissolyed from this fleshly masse,
 In sweetest melody to heav'n did passe.

15
Orlando though he should rejoyce in heart,
 Of this his end so holy and devout,
 Because he knew his loving *Brandimart*
 Was taken up to heav'n, without all doubt,
 Yet flesh and blood in him so plaid their part,
 That without teares he cannot beare it out,
 But that he needs must shew some change in cheare,
 To leese one more then any brother deare.

16
 This while *Sobrino* bruised in his head,
 And wounded sorely in his side and thye,
 Vpon the ground so great a streame had bled,
 It seem'd his life in perill was thereby;
 And *Olivero* little better sped,
 On whom his horse still overthrownd doth lie,
 He striving, but his striving did not boot,
 To get at liberty his bruised foot.

17
 And sure it seems he had been worse apaid,
 Had not his dolefull cosin quickly come,
 And brought to him both quick and needfull aid,
 Before the paine had him quite overcome:
 His foot that long had in the stirop staid,
 Was therewithall so void of fence and numme,
 That when he stood upright he was not able
 To touch the ground, much lesse tred firm and stable.

18
 So that indeed *Orlando* in his heart,
 But little joy of so great conquest had,
 He wailes the death of his deare *Brandimart*,
 And that his kinsman was in state so bad:
 Now lay *Sobrino*, though alive in part,
 Yet with a look so chearlesse and so sad,
 And so much blood his aged veines had bled,
 That doubtlesse in few howres he had been dead.

19
 Saue that *Orlando* with compassion mov'd,
 To see him lie so lorn, and so distressed,
 Gate him such needfull things as best behov'd,
 And charitably made his wounds be dressed:
 So kindly, that some kinsman deare belov'd,
 And not his foe, a man might him have gussed:
 Such was this *Earles* good nature, fierce in fight,
 But fight once done, from malice free or spight.

20
 The horse, and bodies of the other twaine
 He took away, and left their men the rest,
 To be dispos'd to their own private gaine,
 Or to interre their Lords, as they thought best.
 But here, that in my story I do faine,
Fredericke Fulgoso (as I heare) hath guest,
 Sith at this Ile he late arriving found
 In all the same no levell foot of ground.

21
 Nor doth he probable it deem or take,
 That six such knights as had in armes no peere,
 On horseback should a combat undertake,
 Where no one foot of plaine ground doth appeare.
 To which objection I this answer make,
 That then, in times now past sev'n hundred yeare,
 Plaine ground there was, but now some inundation,
 Or earthquake might procure this alteration.

Wherefore

A true
 praise of a
 noble mind.

Looks in his
 story.

22

Wherefore *Fulgo*, honour of thy name,
Bright *Fulgor*, causing all thy flock to shine,
If in this point thou hadst imputed blame
To me, perhaps before that Prince divine,
From whom thy countries good and quiet came,
And did it first to love and peace incline,
Inform him now, that ev'n perhaps in this
My tale of truth or likelihood doth not misse.

23

This while *Orlando* looking from the shore,
A little *Frigor* did far off descrie,
That both with faile and with the help of ore,
Vnto that Ile seem'd in great hast to flie;
But ere of this I tell you any more,
I must to *France* as fast as I can hie,
To see if they be merry there or sad,
Now they from thence the *Turks* expulsed had.

24

First let us see how faithfull *Bradamant*
Doth take his absence whom she loveth most,
Who in his oath due care of faith did want,
Which he had tane in sight of either host:
Now sure she thinks his love and faith too scant,
To heare he quite had left the Chistren cost:
If in his publike oath he be unjust,
Whereto alas, then whereto can she trust?

25

And still returning to her former plaints,
And still bemoaning her unluckie fate,
With which her selfe she too too well acquaints,
She calls her selfe accurst, and him ungrate,
Yea blaming God himself, and all his Saints,
For not redressing this her wofull state,
She scarce abstaines high blasphemie to speak,
That God unjust, and that Saints powers are weak.

26

Then she *Melissa* (absent) doth reprove,
And curst that Oracles perswasion blind,
That lapt her in this Labyrinth of love,
Whence she her self by no means can unwind,
But to *Marfisa* all the rest above,
She open layes her stomach and her mind,
With her she chides and utters all her choler,
And yet she prayes her comfort this her doler.

27

Marfisa comforts her in all she may,
And tels her what a vertue patience is,
And partly doth excuse *Rogeros* stay:
And further giveth her her faith in this,
That if she find he wilfully delay,
She will constrain him mend all is amisse,
Or if she find that he refuse to do it,
To fight with him, and so compell him to it.

28

With this she did in part her paine asswage,
For why it is in sorrow great relief,
To those of either sex or any age,
To have some friend to whom to tell their grief,
But now if *Bradamant* be in such rage,
No lesse is he that of her house was chief,
I meane *Renaldo*, that cannot expulse
Loves fire, from ev'ry sinew, veine and pulse.

29

I think I need not now to you repeat
A thing by me so often told before,
By name that love and that affection great,
That to *Angelica Renaldo* bore:
Nor did her beauty cause so much his heat,
As did that spring of which he drank such store,
Now all the other *Palladines* were free
From all their foes, now *Cupids* thrall is he.

30

An hundred messengers he sends about,
Himselfe the while an hundred wayes more riding,
To ask of her, or els to find her out,
Who hath her now, or where is her abiding.
At last, because he thinketh out of doubt,
That *Malagige* of her can learn some tiding,
He asketh him (but blushing sore with shame)
If he knew what of th' *Indian* Queene became.

31

His cosin wonders at so strange a case,
And in his mind thereon long time he mused,
That when *Renaldo* had both time and place,
Her offers large and kind he still refused,
When both her self did sue to have his grace,
And many of his friends perswasions used:
And *Malagige* himself among therest,
Had prov'd him oft with prayer and with request.

32

The rather eke, because *Renaldo* then
By taking her, had set his cosin free,
Who then was kept close prisoner in a den,
And for that cause in peill staine to be,
He marvels that he now would seek her, when
No hope nor cause there was, and further he
With angry look did bid him call to mind,
How in this point he had been too unkind.

33

But good *Renaldo* now quite out of tune,
Pray' th him old quarrels from his mind to move,
And doth most earnestly him importune
Vnto his help, his skill and books to prove:
Which made his cosin so much more presume
Vpon his reconciliation and true love,
And promist to assist him if he may,
And for his answer he prefixt a day.

34

And straight from thence he go'th unto the place,
Where he was wont the spirits to conjure,
A strong vast cave, in which there was great space,
The precepts of his art to put in ure:
One sprite he calls, that of each doubtfull case
Of *Cupids* court, could give him notice sure:
Of him he askt what bred *Renaldos* change,
By him he heard of those two fountaines strange.

35

And how *Renaldo* by misfortune led,
First happen'd of that hatefull spring to drink,
Which his dislike of that faire Lady bred,
And made her love and proferd service stink:
And how againe by some ill star mistled,
He drank of th' other spring, which caus'd him think
Her only to be loved and admir'd,
Whom erst he hated more then cause requir'd.

Moreover

36
Moreover he to *Malagigi* shew'd,
How that same famous *Indian Queen* (nay quean)
Had on a *Pagan* youth her self bestow'd,
Of parentage, of state, of living mean:
And how from *Spaine* they in a galley row'd,
All *Christendome* and *Spaine* forsaking clean,
And passing both with safety and with ease,
(In ventrous bark of *Catalyn*) the seas.

Look in the
story.

37
Now when *Renaldo* for his answer came,
His learned cousin seeks him to perswade,
Vnto some better thought his mind to frame,
Nor further in this gulf of love to wade;
Alledging what a slander and a shame,
It was to fancy one her self had made,
Not like a *Queen*, but like a vile maid *Marian*,
A wife (nay slave) unto a base *Barbarian*.

38
In fine he said, she was to th' *Indies* gone,
With her *Medoro*, and was welnigh there:
Renaldo not a little mus'd thereon,
Yet all the rest he could with patience beare,
And for the paine, he counts it small or none,
So he at last might find her any where,
Wherefore of it he had no care nor keep,
Nor could that make him once to break his sleep.

39
But when he heard that one of birth so base
Had with his mistress laid his knife aboard,
It seem'd this stroke him speechlesse in the place,
He was not able to pronounce a word:
His heart did quake within, his lips like case
So trembled, answer he could none afford;
But overcome with anguish of the passion,
He flang away from thence in carelessse fashion.

40
And much lamenting this her foule abuse,
He vowes to follow her what ere ensue,
But yet to *Charles* he faineth this excuse,
That sith *Gradaffo*, of his word untrue,
Had tane his horse contrary to the use
Of valiant knights, he means him to pursue;
Alledging that it were his great dishonor,
To let *Bayardo* have a forren owner.

41
And that a Turke should boast another day,
That he by fight did him thereof bereave:
King *Charles* (though loth) yet could not say him nay
To such an honest suit, but gave him leave;
Which tane, alone from thence he goes his way,
And all his friends in *Paris* he doth leave:
With *Guidon*, *Dudon* stout to him do profer
Their company, but he refus'd their offer.

42
Away he goes alone, yet not alone,
Griefs, teares, and plaints still his companions are;
And oft in heart he bitterly doth grone,
To think that erst he should so little care
For her great love, which wilfully forgone,
He now esteemes at rate so high and rare,
He could have wish'd (thus was his mind perplext)
But one day to enjoy, and die the next.

43
Then he bethinks with no lesse grief, nay rage,
How she could find in that her lofty heart,
To set her love on such a forrie page,
The merits all, and service put apart,
Done unto her ev'n from her tender age,
By men of high renown, and great desert:
Thus with a fired heart and watred cync
He rode untill he toucht the banks of *Rhine*.

44
Ere long into *Ardena* woods he enters,
Soone after he *Bafylea* quite had past:
Ardena woods, whence many come repenters,
And in that Forrest have been sore agast,
To travell through the same *Renaldo* venters,
When suddenly the skie did overcast,
And there arose a black and hideous storm,
And then appear'd a monster of strange form.

Look in the
Allegory.

45
She seem'd of womans shape, but in her head
A thousand eyes she had, that watch did keep,
As many eares, with which she harkened,
Her eyes want lids, and therefore never sleep,
In stead of haire her crown snakes overspred,
Thus march'd she forth of the darknesse deep,
Her taile one Serpent bigger then the rest,
Which she with knots had ti'd about her brest.

46
This sight *Renaldos* mind appald so sore,
He feels his heart already gan to faile him,
And sith it never had done so before,
He marvels very much what now should aile him:
Yet still his mind misgave him more and more,
To see the monster comming to assaile him,
He nathlesse counterfeits his wonted boldnesse,
Though quaking hands bewraid his inward coldnes.

47
The monster straight assaulted him, much like
To one that perfect was and skild in fence,
And when againe he with his sword did strike,
He missed, and could do her none offence.
Much doth *Renaldo* this ill match mislike,
And little wants to quite distract his sense,
Right blowes and reardemaine he striketh many,
But yet he cannot hit her right with any.

48
The monster sticks a Serpent in his brest,
That stroke his heart into a freezing cold,
Another fixed is below his crest,
And on his neck and shoulders taketh hold,
Renaldo thinks to get him gone is best,
And spurs away with all the speed he could,
But that vile monster was not lame to find him,
But overtook him, and leapt up behind him.

49
And whether he go straight, or go he wide,
The monster sitteth sure and holds him fast,
He knowes not how to be from her untid,
Nor any mean within his mind can cast,
His heart ev'n quakes within him, and beside
That he was with this hideous plague agast,
He sorrow'd so not knowing how to mend it,
He loth'd his life, and did desire to end it.

50

He spurs amaine, and purposely he takes
The rugged wayes, the worst that he could find,
By craggie rocks, and hills, through briers and brakes
Through coppies thick, by narrow paths and blind,
But sure the knight the matter much mistakes,
He cannot from the monster him unwind:
And like it was, great harme had him betided,
Had not for him been help in time provided.

51

For lo a knight unto his succour went,
All arm'd in shining steel, and on his shield
He bare a yoke in sundry peeces rent,
And flames of fire all in a yellow field,
So weaponed he was, as if he meant
To make all that encountred him to yeeld
A sword and speare he had, and to the same,
A Mace from whence he threw continuall flame.

52

His Mace was stor'd with everlasting fire,
That ever burned, and did never wast,
No other weapon needed one desire,
To make good way with, where soe'er he past,
And sure *Renaldos* danger did require
Quick remedy, wherefore the knight doth hast:
And when he saw this monster, and did view her,
With his stiffe speare forthwith he overthrew her.

53

But this same fall did her no whit annoy,
Wherefore to use his speare he now misliketh,
He onely wils his fiery Mace imploy,
And with that same the monster soule he striketh:
Then she no longer could her force enjoy;
Renaldo while she fled, occasion piketh
To scape away, as him that knight perswaded,
While he this monster more and more invaded.

54

Now when the knight had with his fiery Mace
Driv'n back this monster to her darksome den,
Where she for spite doth beat her head and face,
Repining at the good of other men,
Then to *Renaldo* he doth ride apace,
And when he had soon overtane him, then
He offerd in kind sort with him to ride,
From out the darksome places him to guide.

55

But when *Renaldo* was from danger free,
And that same knight by whom his safety came,
So courteously to come to him did see,
His speech to him in kind words he did frame,
And gave him many thanks in high degree:
And then besought him he might know his name,
That th'Emperour and all his court might know,
What knight did so great grace on him bestow.

56

The knight in courteous manner thus repli'd,
I would not you should take it in displeasure,
That I my name from you a while shall hide,
But ere the shadow grow a yard by measure,
I shall you tell: thus onward still they ride,
Renaldo being pleas'd to stay his leisure,
So long they went together till they found
A chrystall spring that ran along the ground.

57

At which full oft the herdmen that did dwell
Neare those same woods, have in their loving fits
Drunk love away, with tasting of that well,
And of those passions purged clean their wits:
Now (for the knight that rode with him could tell
That for *Renaldos* ill, this Physick fits)
He doth advise him there to stay a space,
And make that well their bait and resting place.

58

Renaldo of the motion well allowth,
And lighteth straight, and to the well doth go,
Both for that heat and travell bred his drowth,
And that the monster had disturb'd him so,
Vnto the Chrystall well he puts his mouth,
And greedily drinks down five gulps or mo,
And from his brest doth with one draught remove
His burning thirst and his more burning love.

59

Now when that other knight that with him went,
Saw him lift up himself from that same brook,
And found he did his foolish love repent,
And that he now that humour quite forsook,
Then to declare his name he was content,
And looking with a grave and lofty look,
He said, *Renaldo*, know I hight *Disdaine*,
That came to loose thee from loves foolish chaine.

60

This said, he vanish'd from *Renaldo* quite,
His horse nor him he could not after see,
Renaldo marvels at this wondrous sight,
And looks about, and saith, what where is he?
At last he thinks 'tis some familiar spright,
That by good *Malagigi* sent might be:
To rid him of that tedious care and wo,
That many months had him afflicted so.

61

Or els that God to him this help did lend,
Of his especiall grace and loving kindnesse,
As erst he did unto *Tobias* send
His Angell to deliver him from blindnesse:
But let it Angell be, or be it fiend,
Renaldo takes against him no unkindnesse:
He thanks and praises it, and doth acknowledge
To have receiv'd of him grace, wit, and knowledge.

62

Now that same great mislike and hate returned
Of faire *Angelica*, whom late he lov'd,
Now he despised her, and greatly scorned
To think that he for her one foot had mov'd:
Yet onward into *India* ward he journeyed,
As for *Bayardos* sake it him behov'd:
Because both honour did compell him to it,
And to his Prince he undertook to do it.

63

He rides to *Basile* next ensuing night,
Where very late before some newes were heard,
How that *Orlando* challeng'd was to fight,
And for that fight how he himself prepar'd,
Not, that *Orlando* newes hereof did write,
But one that came from *Sicill* thitherward,
Affirmed he had heard the same reported,
By many that to *Sicily* resorted.

H h

These

Of this Well
you heard in
the first book.

These newes do set on edge *Renaldos* heart,
 He faine would present be at this conflict,
 He faine would take therein *Orlandos* part,
 To whom he bounden was in bonds most strict,
 Of friendship, of alliance, and desert:
 Wherefore he takes post horse, and spur'd and prickt,
 And chang'd both beasts & guides each tē miles end
 And toward *Italy* he still doth bend.

At *Constance* he did passe the stream of *Rhine*,
 And then beyond the *Alpes* he soon doth go,
 To *Mantua*, and ere the Sun decline,
 He passed ore the stately stream of *Poe*,
 Here he did doubt, and did not soon designe,
 If he should travell all the night or no:
 Till at the last a well behaviour'd knight
 And full of curtesie, came in his sight.

Here you
 must begin to
 read the tale
 of the Man-
 tuan knight
 that had the
 married
 mans cup.

This knight forthwith unto *Renaldo* went,
 And ask'd him if he were a marri'd man,
Renaldo marvels what the question meant,
 But answerd yea, then tother straight began,
 And praid him, that he would be then content
 To be his guest, at such cheare as he can:
 Offring to show him, while with him he tarri'd,
 A sight well pleasing unto all were marri'd.

Renaldo glad so good a bait to make,
 And no lesse willing, haps most rare to heare,
 Would not the offer of this knight forsake,
 Of entertainment good and friendly cheare,
 But onward with him doth his journey take,
 Vntill he saw a goodly place appeare,
 So well set forth both for the shew and sence,
 As seem'd not for a private mans expence.

The porch was all of Porpherie and Tuch,
 Of which the sumptuous building raised was,
 With images that seem'd to move, see, tuch,
 Some hew'd in stone, some carv'd and cut in brasse,
 Likewise within the beauty was as much:
 Beneath a stately arch they straight did passe
 Vnto a court that good proportion bare,
 And was each way one hundred cubites square.

And either side a Porch had passing faire,
 That with an arch is on two columns plac'd,
 Of equall size they seemed ev'ry paire,
 Yet sundry works, which them the better grac'd,
 At each of these a wide, large, easie staire,
 Without the which all buildings are defac'd,
 And those same staires, so stately mounting, led
 Each to a chamber richly furnished:

The columns high, the chapters built with gold,
 The cornishes enrich'd with things of cost,
 The Marbles set from far, and dearly sold,
 By cunning workmen carved and imboss,
 With Images, and antikes new and old,
 (Though now the night thereof concealed most)
 Shew that that work so rich beyond all measure,
 Could scant be builded with a Princes treasure.

But nothing did so much the sight enrich,
 As did the plenteous fountaine, that did stand
 Iust placed in the middle, under which
 The Pages spred a table out of hand,
 And brought forth napry rich, and plate more rich,
 And meats the choicest of the sea or land:
 For though the house had stately roomes full many,
 In summer season this was best of any.

This fountaine was by curious workmen brought
 To answer to the rest with double square,
 Eight femall statues of white marble wrought,
 With their left hands an azure skie up bare,
 Which raining still, expelled heat and drought,
 From all that under it, or neare it are,
 In their right hands was *Amaltheas* horn
 By ev'ry one of those eight statues born.

Then horns
 signify
 plenty, copia
 cornu.
 Of Amal-
 thea, for in
 the table.

Each of these statues rested both their feet
 Vpon two images of men below,
 That seem'd delighted with the noise so sweet
 That from the water came, that there did flow,
 They also seem'd the Ladies low to greet,
 As though they did their names and vertues know:
 And in their hands they hold long scroles of writings
 Of their own pennings and their own enditings.

And in faire golden letters were the names
 Both of the women wrote, and of the men,
 The women were eight chaste and sober dames,
 That now do live, but were unborn as then:
 The men were Poets, that their worthy fames
 In time to come should praise with learned pen:
 These Images bare up a brazen tressell,
 On which there stood a large white Marble vessell.

This took the water from the azure skie,
 From whence, with turning of some cock or vice,
 Great store of water would mount up on high,
 And wet all that same court ev'n in a trice,
 With sight of these *Renaldo* fed his eye,
 So that his host could scarcely him intice,
 To feed his stomach, yet he oft him told,
 His meat would marre, and fallers would be cold.

It Salas
 credas, the J-
 salian faith.

Then down at last they sate them at the boord,
 And pleasant talk did help digest their meat,
 His host that was no niggard, did afford
 Great store of delicates to drink and eat,
 And all this while *Renaldo* spake no word,
 Although he did it oft in mind repeat,
 And though his tongue did itch, to pray him tell,
 What 'twas that would please marri'd men so well.

At last he put him mannerly in mind
 Of that he first did promise him to show,
 Ev'n then he plainly saw his host inclin'd
 To inward grief, and did more pensive grow,
 With secret sighs, and leaving half behind,
 At last a Page came in with curtsie low,
 And beares a standing cup of gold most fine,
 Without of gemmes, and full within of wine,

With

With d
 And
 Bu
 Mig
 Nov
 You
 Tha
 By

For su
 Ma
 If f
 If n
 Th
 To
 No
 Yea

But if
 Ho
 Ho
 Th
 Fo
 W
 An
 Ha

Th
 bloody
 of the
 was p
 Cafa
 cere,
 milli
 doth
 be ca
 whic
 conse
 the m
 reven
 him
 expe

O
 certa
 or Fr
 matt
 Virg
 like
 chief
 gals
 T
 live
 dra
 T
 brie
 in i
 non
 ma
 not

77

With this, the Master of the feast did smile,
And on Renaldo look'd with pleasant cheare,
But one that well had marked him that while,
Might see more griefe then mirth in him appeare:
Now noble guest (quoth he) within a while
You shall see prov'd a strange conclusion here,
That needs must be full welcome to be tri'd,
By all that are in bonds of wedlock ti'd.

78

For sure I think (he said) each husband ought,
Make search if so his wife esteem him dearly,
If fame or shame by her to him be brought,
If man or beast he be reputed meely:
The burthen of the horne though it be thought
To weigh so heavie, and to touch so nearly,
No doubt but many get them in their mariage,
Yet feel them not, they be so light in cariage.

79

But if a man by certaine signes may know,
How that his wife to him is true and just,
He hath more cause more kindnesse her to show,
Then he that lives in right or wrong mistrust:
For some without a cause do jealous grow,
Whose wives are chaste, and free from lawlesse lust:
And some that for their wives truth durst have sworn,
Have for their labours in their head a horn.

80

Now fir, if you believe your wife is true,
As sure till one do find contrary prooffe,
I think both you and all men ought of due,
For that no doubt is best for their behoofe,
Here you shall see it tri'd within your view,
For which I praid you harbour in my rooffe:
This cup (said he) if you desire to know it,
By drinking in the same, will clearly show it.

81

Now drink hereof, and prove this passing skill,
For if *Alceons* armes be on your crest,
Do what you can, you shall the liquor spill
Beside your mouth, upon your lap and brest:
But if your wife be chaste, then drink your fill,
No such mischance your draught will then molest,
Thus much he said, and fixt on him his eyne,
And thinks *Renaldo* sure would spill the wine.

82

Renaldo halfe allured to assay
To find a thing, which found he might repent,
Did take in hand the golden cup straight way,
As if to quaffe it off, were his intent:
Yet first he doth the certaine danger way,
To which by tasting such a cup he went.
But give me leave a while some breath to take,
Before you heare what answer he did make.

Alceons
armes were
bornes given
him by *Dia-*
na, whereup-
on a pleasant
fellow wrote
this distick of
one that had
married a
light hus-
wife, *Thaida*
to credit
dixisse, sed
illa *Diana*
est,
Namq. *A-*
lceonum
danti *Gau-*
re caput.

This booke begins with a morall against wrath, and revenge, excusing rather then allowing them that yeeld to that bloody passion: but let all noble minded men (*I speake to men of the sword*) if they do as *Orlando* did, revenge the death of their deare friend, yet after take example of *Orlando's* clemency towards *Sobrino*, whom (after the fury of the combat was past) he made to be cured. *Tully* in his Oration pro *Marcello*, hath many excellent sayings to this effect, to praise *Cæsar*, and all such as being able to revenge, yet rather chuse to forgive: as in one place he saith, *verum animum vincere, iracundiam cohibere, victoriam temperare, &c.* *Hæc qui faciat, non ego cum summis viris comparo, sed si-millimum Deo judico.* To overcome the passions of the mind, to bridle ones anger, to moderate the victory, &c. who doth these things, *I* compare not him to the best sort of men, but *I* liken him to *God* himselfe. Further in the same oration he calls wrath an enemy to wisdom; and our common English proverbe saith, the hastie man never wanteth woe: all which *I* alledge is rather to prove mine authors saying true: that it is hard to bridle wrath, and to temper revenge; and consequently the more commendable for those that can do it: according to the saying, *pulchra quæ difficilia*, and therefore the more noble and great a man is either in birth or fortune, the more honorable it is for him to be spare and not bloody in revenge; *Posse & nolle, nobile.* And even in this last booke you read how hurtfull desire of revenge falleth oft time to him that desireth it; for *Agramant* came of purpose into France to be revenged upon *Charles*, and was (as you see) first expelled out of that Realme, and after bereft of his life.

Of *Alfonso's* hurt you may read in *Guy chardin*, and how his men recovered the *Bastia* from the Spaniards, who had certaine Moores with them at that time, and therefore he saith (of men whose greater part were circumcised) *Fulgoso* or *Fregoso*, was Archbishop of *Salerno*, and as it seemes, had carped at *Ariosto's* verse of *Lycopadusa*: but he defends the matter prettily, alledging that an earthquake or inundation had destroyed all the levell ground. The like reproofe had *Virgil* about the haven of *Mongibello*, which he describes at the root of that hill, where indeed there was none: and the like excuse is made for him, that it filled with the continuall casting up of stones out of the burning hill. *Catalani* are the chiefe house of *Spaine*, alledged here by the Poet, for their successe in discovering the Indies, though indeed the *Portu-gals Lusitani* not *Catalani* deserve the praise of it.

The monster that assaulted *Renaldo*, signifies jealousie that he had, that another possesse his love: the knight that delivered him was *disdaine*, that with the heat of noble courage, signified by the fierie Mace, overthrew the monster, and drave him quite away: it is so plaine in the verse it needs no exposition.

The cup that *Renaldo* was offer'd, puts me in mind of the like fancie, in the Historie of *Herodotus* in the second book, briefly it is thus. *Pharao* King of *Egypt*, having by ill hap, lost his eye-sight, was advised (by some Oracle) to bath his eyes in the urine of a chaste woman. Wherefore first he proved his wives, and after diverse other great Ladies, but he found none did him good but one poore gentlewoman, wherefore being recovered of his sight, he put all the other to death, and married that one: but because the matter of the cup is continued in the next booke, *I* shall speake more to this effect, in my notes upon the same.

Here end the notes of the xlij. Booke.

H h a



Spinali A.
vance.

inabile mura

la lacerat
ma.

la guerra.

In all profes-
sion.

In some ho-
mable wa-
ys.

Renaldo heares two tales to like effect,
 One of a Bargeman, tother of a Knight:
 Both proving that rewards will soone infect
 The minds of chasteſt dames, and make them light:
 To Lippaduse he doth his course direct,
 But first Orlando finiſh'd had his fight:
 That Hermit that Rogero did baptize,
 Heald Oliver, and Sobrine in likewiſe.

Can scarce thy weak and base assaults endure,
Who if they could thy soule intemper'd fire,
No doubt but they greatly should have won.

Some men can measure earth, and sea, and skie,
And tell the change and cause of every season,
And wade so far with win, and mount so hie,
They search both heat'n & hel with depth of reason,
But when thou com'st in place, then by and by
Thou putt'st their dainty taste so out of season,
They place their whole delight, their hope, their
In onely scraping and in heaping wealth. (health

Another man in wars hath great renown,
And gets the conquest in each bloody strife,
And wins this fortresse and that walled town,
Opposing his stout breast to perils rife,
Thou only conquers him, and thrusts him down,
And keepst him thy prisoner all his life:
Some men excell in each art and studie,
Thou dost obscure, with base desires and muddie

What should I speak of dames of worth not small,
That having lovers, men of great deserts,

Oppose their honours as a brazen wall,
Against their furs with unrelenting hearts?
But come some miser, base deformed squall,
That says his riches hath no worthy parts,
They break the wall, and make therein a gap,
To take the shewre that fell in *Danger* lap.

Not without cause he can complaine do I,
Take me that can, for I do rightly take it,
Nor from my matter do I sweare away,
O: by a vaine digression do forsake it:
Yet to my former speech I must apply,
But tending to a fauour tale I speak it:
Now let me tell you of *Renaldo* first,
That with one draught would swage his double thirst

But whether that his courage did him faile,
Or that on more advice he changed mind,
He thought and said, what should it one avale,
To seek a thing he would be loth to find?
My wife a woman is, their sex is fraile,
I yet am to believe the best inclin'd;
I know I cannot better my belief,
And if I change it, it will be my grief.

What good may come by such a straight espall,
 Into my senses surely cannot sink,
 Much hurt may come, there can be no derill,
 Let nothing sever those whom God doth link:
 Wherefore to make so unaccountable mail,
 Wee sin, and tempting God, as I do think:
 Then drink this cup (quoth he) the last, no 2,
 I am not, nor I mind not to be drie.

Quid.
Sua nam
vix aut
fecula vix-
tine caro
Venis heres,
aut concili-
atior avio.
Dance had a
flower of
gold tellin'
her lap.
Look in the
lute
One thing
was I missin',
the other I
know by
my cha-
ritie.
Sentence, re-
cording to
that saying,
Malum bend
possumus no
more etc.
Sentence.

5-424710

God



THE ARGUMENT.

Renaldo beares two tales to like effect,
 T'one of a Bargeman, t'other of a Knight:
 Both proving that rewards will soone infect
 The minds of chasteſt dames, and make them light:
 To Lippaduse he doth his courſe direct,
 But firſt Orlando finiſh'd had his fight:
 That Hermit that Rogero did baptize,
 Heal'd Oliver, and Sobrine in likewiſe.

Curl, o greedy, o unſatia-
 ble

Deſire of gaine, I do not mar-
 vell ſure,

If thou the baſe and filthy
 minds art able

To cauſe to ſtoope unpothy
 careleſſe ſure,

Sith oft we ſee ſome perſons
 honorable,

Can ſcarce thy weak and baſe aſſaults endure,

Who if they could thy foule inticement ſhur,

No doubt but they great glory ſhould have won.

Some men can meaſure earth, and ſea, and ſkie,
 And tell the change and cauſe of ev'ry ſeaſon,
 And wade ſo far with wit, and mount ſo hie,
 They ſearch both heav'n & hel with depth of reaſon,
 But when thou com'ſt in place, then by and by
 Thou paſt their dainty taſts ſo out of ſeaſon,
 They place their whole delight, their hope, their
 In onely ſcraping and in heaping wealth. (health

Another man in wars hath great renown,
 And gets the conqueſt in each bloody ſtriſe,
 And wins this forteſſe and that walled town,
 Oppoſing his ſtout breſt to perils riſe,
 Thou only conquerſt him, and thruſts him down,
 And keep'ſt him thy priſner all his life:
 Some men excell in each art and ſtudie,
 Thou doſt obſcure, with baſe deſires and muddie.

What ſhould I ſpeak of dames of worth not ſmall,
 That having lovers, men of great deſerts,

Oppoſe their honour as a brazen wall,
 Againſt their ſuits with unrelenting hearts?
 But come ſome miſer, baſe deformed ſquall,
 That ſave his riches hath no worthy parts,
 They break the wall, and make therein a gap,
 To take the ſhowre that fell in Danes lap.

Nor without cauſe hee of complaine do I,
 Take me that can, for I do rightly take it,
 Nor from my matter do I ſweave away,
 Or by a vaine digreſſion do forſake it,
 Yet to my former ſpeech I not apply,
 But tending to a future tale I ſpake it:
 Now let me tell you of Renaldo firſt,
 That with one draught would ſwage his double thiſt

But whether that his courage did him faile,
 Or that on more advice he changed mind;
 He thought and ſaid, what ſhould it one availle,
 To ſeek a thing he would be loth to find?
 My wiſe a woman is, their ſex is fraile,
 I yet am to believe the beſt inclin'd;
 I know I cannot better my belief,
 And if I change it, it will be my grief:

What good may come by ſuch a ſtraight eſpiall,
 Into my ſences ſurely cannot ſink,
 Much hurt may come, there can be no deſiall,
 Let nothing ſerve thoſe whom God doth link:
 Wherefore to make ſo unaccuſt'om'd ſhall,
 Wee ſin, and tempting God, as I do think:
 Then drink this cup (quoth he) that liſt, not I,
 I am not, nor I mind not to be drie.

Ovid.
 Aurea nunc
 vire ſunt
 ſecula: p'ura
 ſunt aure
 Venis hunc,
 aure concili-
 ator amor.
 Danae had a
 ſhowre of
 gold fell in
 her lap.
 Look in the
 Table.
 One thiſt
 was for mine,
 ſhe tother to
 know his
 wits cha-
 ſitie.
 Sentence, re-
 cording to
 that ſaying.
 Malum bene-
 poſitum no-
 moveas.
 Sentence.

Sentence.

God

Simile.

*This was well
considered of
Renaldo.*

God would such skill from mortall men be hid,
And ev'n as Adam wrought his overthrow,
By tasting fruit that God did him forbid,
So he that curiously will search to know
All that his wife hath said, or what she did,
May fortune at the last himself bestrow,
And shall confound himself (this think I verily)
And live in sorrow, that did erst live merrily.

Thus much said good Renaldo, and withall
He thrust away that hatefull cup of wine,
And then he saw of teares a stream not small,
Flow from the master of that house his eyne:
Which past, he said, now foule may them befall,
That first procur'd this misery of mine:
To prove (which I shall sorrow all my life)
That, which bereft me of my dearest wife.

Why was not I (said he) with you acquainted,
Ten yeares ere this, to take advice so sound,
Before my heart was thus with sorrow tainted,
Of which no ease can now, nor end be found:
But that you may (as in a table painted)
Behold my griefs, I will to you expound,
What caus'd this my incomparable woe,
And then you sure will pitie me I know.

Not far from hence you left a little town,
About the which there runs a pretie lake,
That falls into this stream of great renown,
But from Banaco first his head doth take,
Erected when those wals were beaten down,
That erst Agenors dragon there did make,
There was I born of house and stock not base,
Though of mean wealth inferiour to my race.

Banaco.

*Cadmus son
of Agenor,
turned into a
Dragon,
built the
tower of
Thebes.*

But though to me dame Fortune was but spare,
That by my birth small wealth to me there grew,
Yet nature did with bounty great and care
Supply that want, by faire and comly hew,
My seemly personage, my beauty rare,
To me the liking of full many drew:
My qualities thereto were quaint and jolly,
Although I know to praise ones self is folly.

*Scintille.
Tully saith,
Lampropro
ferdesca in
ere, and Ca-
son old Verse,
Nectis collan-
dis nec de
culpaverit
ipse.*

Within this town a great rich man did tarie,
Well learn'd and wise, and old beyond all credit,
For ere he di'd, he on his back did carie
Full sixscore yeares and eight at least, he sed it:
An hundred yeares he lived solitarie,
But after that (you know what humor bred it)
He lov'd a dame, & with his wealth so wrought her,
That at the last he gat of her a daughter.

And lest the daughter should prove like the mother,
To sell her chastity for filthy pelf,
Which whosoever sells, it quite undoth her,
Although she thinks she doth enrich her self,
Therefore he bred her far from sight of other,
And by the help of many a hellish elf,
Which by his skill in Magick he could master,
He built this house of Tutch and Alabaster.

Jaques.

He caused chaste old women her to nourish
In this same house, in which she grew so faire,
And in those years when youth doth chiefly flourish,
He let not any thither to repaire,
That were in looks, or speech, or manners whorish,
But contrary, he caus'd in marble faire,
Or els on tables to be drawn and carv'd,
All such whose chastities had praise deserv'd.

*Chast old wa-
men, for if
they have
been unchast
in their
youth, they be
but ill gover-
nesses.*

Nor only such as have in ancient times,
Been patterns true of manners chaste and pure,
And have oppos'd against all fleshly crimes,
Most chaste and vertuous thoughts (a buckler sure)
By which their name to such high honour climes,
As their great praise shall evermore endure:
But such as shall excell in times to come,
Of which those eight that erst you saw be some.

Now when this aged fire had with his skill
Procur'd his daughter be thus choicely bred,
It was my hap, (shall I say good or ill?)
That I was deem'd most worthy her to wed;
And that old man bare her so great good will,
He gave to me this house thus furnished
With needfull things within it and without it,
And all the lands in twenty mile about it.

*These eight
were those
that supple-
ted the seven
sain in the
4th booke.*

*It was a
faire as-
saine.*

But her own shape so pleas'd my heart and eyne,
That for the rest I did but little care,
For needle works and for embroideries fine,
I think her skill with Pallas may compare;
To heare her play or sing, a thing divine
It was, her stroke so sweet, her voice so rare:
In other sciences her skill was such
As was her fathers, or almost as much.

*Pallas was
excellens in
all curious
workes. Look
in the Table.*

Great was her wit, no lesse then wit, her favour,
As might in senseless stones affection move,
To this she had a sweet and kind behaviour,
As more then all the rest ingendred love,
It seem'd her sole delight was in my favour,
Out of my sight she was most loth to move:
So lived I, and still had lived so,
But that my self did work my self this wo.

Sentence.

For when her father finish'd had his life,
Full five yeares after I had got his daughter,
Then grew the causes of this wofull strife,
That unto sorrow turneth all my laughter;
For when I doted most upon my wife,
And of the world the chiefest jewell thought her,
A dame of noble birth, of person seemly,
Did hap to fall in love with me extremely.

This dame, for passing skill in Magick art,
Was comparable to the best Magicion,
But yet for all her skill, my constant heart,
She could not move nor turn on no condition;
To cure her malady, or ease her smart,
I still refused to be her Physition,
Because the med'cine that of me she sought,
As injurie unto my wife I thought.

*Look in the
Alusion.*

Yet

22
Yet was her beauty much, I must confesse,
And greater offers she to me did make,
Beside the love she did to me professe,
Would moue a man some care of her to take;
But my wives love did me so firm possesse,
I all rejected, only for her sake,
And that which most to her my liking drew,
Was that I found her still so kind and true.

23
The good opinion, and the strong surmise,
I had of my wives chastity and truth,
Would without doubt have made me to despise
The Dame, whose beauty bred to Troy such ruth.
And all the wealth (though laid before mine eyes)
That Iuno offer'd to the Trojan youth,
Yet my refusall, and her oft repulses,
No part of her great love from her expulses.

24
Melissa, so was this inchantresse name,
Perceiving still in vaine to me she sewed,
Once finding me at leisure, to me came,
And in most cunning sort her suit renewed,
And secretly she kindled jealous flame
Within my brest, which oft I since have rued.
She saith, I do but well so true to be
Vnto my wife, if she were so to me.

25
But how know you (saith she) your wife is true,
That of her faith as yet no proof have made,
You never let her go scant from your view,
When none can come to vice her to perswade,
When none can see her, none to her can sue,
Tis easie to resist where none invade,
To praise her truth untri'd, is too much hast,
Your care, and not her vertue keeps her chaste,

26
But get you but from home some little while,
That men to sue to her might take occasion,
And thinking you are absent many a mile,
With letters and with gifts to make invasion,
And then if you shall find in her no guile,
Except she yeeld to gifts and to perswasion,
So she have hope to do it unespied,
Then think your wife is chaste when that is tri'd.

27
With these and such like words th' Inchantresse sty
Did make me do that that hath me undone,
By name, to give consent my wife to try,
If so she could by such assaults be won:
But how shall I be well assur'd (saith I)
To know at my return, what she hath done,
And whether she, with these so great assayes,
Have at my hands deserved blame or praise?

28
Forsooth (saith she) I will on you bestow
A drinking bowle, not much unlike that cup
With which Morgana made her brother know
Gencras fraud, when he thereon did sup.
Who drinks hereof, his wives truth plain shall know,
If she be chaste, he drinks the liquor up,
But if a cuckold to carrowse doth think,
He sheddeth in his bosome all the drink.

29
Now ere you go the cup I wish you tast,
And you shall drink, perhaps and shall not spill,
Because as yet I think your wife is chaste,
As never being tempted unto ill:
But try againe when as a month is past,
And you shall see (I trow) a prettie skill,
For then I grant, that if you drink it cleanly,
Above all men you blessed are not meanly.

30
I took her offer, and I took the say
Of that same cursed cup, with sweet successe,
I find my wife unspotted to that day,
As I my self was sure, and she did guesse:
Now straight (quoth she) to part from hence away,
For one or two months space, your self addressse,
Then try at your return how you have sped,
If you drink clean, or if the drink you shed.

31
But now this parting such a penance seem'd,
As I indeed could by no means indure,
Not that of my deare wife I ought misdeem'd,
For her of all the rest, I thought cocksure;
But that her company I so esteem'd:
Well then (Melissa saith) I will procure,
If you will do but what I shall you teach,
That you shall change your clothes, your shape, and
(speech.

32
And so you shall your self to her present,
And make your self a plaine and perfect proof,
I foolishly to this device assent,
And so it hapt that hence not far aloof,
A knight of large revenue and of rent
Dwelt at *Giabana* fit for this behoof,
His personage was brave, his purse well lin'd,
His yeares but young, to *Venus* all inclin'd.

*Giabana, said
to be pro-
nounced Ja-
bana, as was
upon the ri-
ver of Po.*

33
That gallant youth had one day been a halking,
His hawke by hap into my garden flew,
He comming thither, found my wife a walking,
And much he lik'd her at the very view;
But when he had a while with her been talking,
To burning love his warm affection grew,
That after that full many waies he prov'd her,
If his request to grant he could have mov'd her.

34
But having still such short and sharp repulses,
He means no more in that fond suit to wade,
But from his thought her shape he not expulses,
That first to give the bold attempt him made;
So well Melissa knew to touch my pulses,
To take his form she doth me soon perswade,
I straight was chang'd I knew not how nor where,
In face, in clothes, in speech, in eyes, in heare.

*Looks in the
allusion.*

35
Now having to my wife a tale devis'd,
As though to th' East I then my journey took,
And being like this youth, so strange disguis'd,
In gate, in voice, apparell, and in look,
I came as she Melissa me advis'd,
And she did like my Page or Lackie look,
Vpon her arm she beares a little flasker,
In which of jewels rich she had a casket.

36

I that well knew each room, came in securely
 Into the house, my Page and I together;
 There where my Lady sate alone demurely,
 For neither groom nor maid was with her,
 Then I expound my suit, and that more surely
 She might believe my words, I needs would give her
 Pearles, Rubies, Diamonds of passing price,
 The wicked baits to draw good minds to vice.

Sentence.

37

I had she should esteeme this gift but small,
 To that she might of me in time expect:
 I said her husbands absence fit did fall,
 And wisdom bids occasions not neglect:
 I paid her weigh my constant love withall,
 Which long had lasted, though without effect,
 And last, I sware I had some grace deserv'd,
 That had so long, that had so truly serv'd.

Sentence.

38

At first she blush'd, and look'd with lowering cheare,
 And would not hearken, but did still retire,
 But th' Orient Pearls and stones that shone so cleare,
 Did mollifie her heart, to my desire:
 She softly saith, but so as I might heare,
 That for the thing which I so oft require,
 She grant it would, and would on me bestow it,
 So she were sure that none beside might know it.

39

This answer was to me a poyson'd dart,
 To strike my soule in desperate disease,
 And straight my heart, my head, and ev'ry part
 I felt a frozen jealousy to seize:
 And presently *Melissa* by her art
 Restor'd my shape (as she could do with ease.)
 How look'd my wife (think you) whe by my trapping
 She found her self thus foully taken napping.

40

We both do look like ashes, pale and wan,
 We both stand dumb, we both cast down our eye,
 Scarce able was my voice (do what I can)
 To serve my turn, while I did think to cry:
 Then wouldst thou wife unto another man
 Mine honour sell, if he the same could buy?
 She held her peace, and answer made me none,
 But onely wept, and made a piteous moone.

41

The shame was much, but much more the disdain,
 That of my foolish usage tane she hath,
 Within due bonds she could not it containe,
 But that it brake to spite, to hate, to wrath,
 Resolv'd with me no longer to remaine,
 When *Phabus* charret trod his Western path,
 That ev'ning in a small barge of her own,
 Down stream she swimmeth as if she had flown.

42

Betimes next day she doth unto that knight
 Her self present, that her before had lov'd,
 In whose disguised shape, I her last night
 Both gainst mine own, and gainst her honour prov'd,
 You well may judge it was a welcome sight
 To him, that long before such suit had mov'd,
 From thence she sends to me this message plaine,
 That she would never come at me againe.

43

Ah wo was me, for from that houre to this,
 She bides with him, where me they lout and scorn,
 And I that could not see my sugred blisse,
 Now by forgoing it am quite forlorn;
 Nor can I say but just my penance is,
 Which still growes more, and will till I be worn,
 And sure one yeare of life had quite bereft me,
 Save for one only comfort that was left me.

44

This only comfort brought me some relief,
 That for the space of ten years all my guests,
 (Though many of their wives had great belief)
 Yet still they shed the drinke upon their breasts,
 To find so many partners in my grief,
 Asswageth much the paine that me molests;
 Your only self hath been the onely stranger,
 That hath refus'd a draught of so great danger.

A fine com-
fort.

45

My overmuch desire to sift my wife
 In so precise and in so straight a sort,
 Doth cause that now I shall not all my life
 Live one good houre, endure it long or short:
 Glad was *Melissa* that procur'd this strife,
 But soon I turn'd and marred all her sport,
 For finding she was of my harm procurer,
 I hated her and could no more endure her.

46

But she that finds her selfe disdain'd nearly,
 Where she had hoped to have found reward,
 And me, whom she profess'd to love so dearly,
 Her love and kindnesse nothing to regard,
 The grief hereof did touch her mind so nearly,
 To leave this country she forthwith prepar'd,
 And ever since faire hence she is abiding,
 Whereas of her we heare no newes nor tiding.

47

Thus told the wofull knight in dolefull wise,
 This rufull tale unto his noble guest,
 Who with compassion moved, thus replies,
Melissa as counsell certes was not best,
 That did without discretion you advise,
 To anger wasps, or so to stir their nest,
 And you your self did greatly over-shoot you,
 To seek a thing, whose finding would not boot you.

Sentence, it is
in Latin, No
strawd
Crabtree.

48

What marvell is it, if your wife were won
 With gifts, and were to lightnesse soon allur'd?
 Is she the first (think you) that hath so done?
 No, nor the fiftieth be you well assur'd,
 Yea, minds full sound have wanted power to shun
 Such baits, and have not such assaults endur'd:
 Have you not heard of men that have for gold
 Their masters and their friends most dearest sold?

49

You should not with a dart so fierce assaile,
 If to see her defend her self you sought,
 What, know you not stone wals cannot availe,
 Nor steel, if gold be to the batt'rie brought?
 Now sure your self of duty more did faile,
 In tempting her, then she in being caught,
 Perhaps if she had tempted you so sore,
 Your folly would have been as much, or more.

Heracl.
Aurum per
medios
satellit
peruipere
amat saxa.

Thus

50
Thus spake *Renaldo*, and withall he rose,
And prayd he might betake him to his rest;
He minds a while himselfe there to repose,
And after to depart he doth request;
Small time he hath, and that he would dispose
With great regard, for so he thinks it best:
The gentle knight doth tel him when it please him
He may within his chamber rest and ease him.

51
But if you will vnto my counsell harken,
And that you haue (as you pretend) such hast,
I will appoint for you a little barke,
That shall with oares conuey you safe and fast,
There may you sleepe the while you finde it darke,
And when your stomake serues you, take repast:
Thus may you, downe the streame in safety sliding,
Win one whole night, & saue a whole daies riding.

52
Renaldo this good offer doth accept,
And gaue him hartie thanks, then tooke his barge:
He found his host with him had promise kept,
And makes of needfull things prouision large;
No sooner was he settled, but he slept,
But yet before he gaue the steersman charge,
If that to sleepe too long it did befall him,
When he came neare *Ferrara*, then to call him.

53
Now did the knight of *France* in quiet sleepe,
And past by diuers townes of count the whiles,
And still the barge a pace most swift doth keepe,
Vpon that hand, where *Poe* makes diuers lles:
And now the Rosie colour gan to creepe
To th' *Esterne* skie, when hauing past some miles,
Bandano then the steersman wakt *Renaldo*,
When they discouered both rocks of *Tealdo*.

54
Whereon when as the knight his eye had fixt,
He saith, O happie place that I behold,
Of which, by vew of wandring starres and fixt,
My cosin *Malagigi* oft foretold,
How that by heau'nly doome it was prefixt,
On thee to lay such blessings manifold,
As that thy glorie to such height should rise,
Of *Italie* to hold the chiefest prise.

55
Thus good *Renaldo* spake, the while his bore
Down that same streame did swim, or rather fly,
And when the knight came nearer he did note
The place, that seemed then all wast to ly,
And with a moonish water all on fote:
Yet did he much reioice thereof, for why,
He knew that that same towne in future time,
Ordained was to great renowne to clime.

56
His cosin *Malagigi* and he while eare
Had past that way, what time his cosin told,
That when the Ram had tane the golden speare,
That fourth is plac'd in height, sev'n hundred fold,
Then should there be the bravest land there,
That ever sea, or streame, or lake did hold,
So well replenished, that none should dare
With this *Nausicas* land to compare.

57
And that it should for building faire, disgrace
Tiberius Ile, that *Capry* they do call,
And that th' *Hesperides* should give it place,
For passing fruits, and sundry sorts withall:
Beside, more store of beasts, for use or chase,
Then *Circes* eist did keep in field or stall,
That *Venus* with her sonne, and all the Graces,
Should chuse this seat, and leave all other places.

58
And that a certaine Prince should this fulfill,
So provident, so stout, so wise, so flaid,
As having power united to his will,
Should with strong Rampires fence the town, he said,
That foes should have no force to work her ill,
Nor she should never need of fomaine aid:
And that the man by whom this must be done,
Should be both *Hercles* Sire, and *Hercles* sonne.

59
Thus while the knight of *France* with great delight
Did call to mind what should another day
Vpon that happy City there alight,
His water-men did give so lusty way,
That of the place he soon had left the sight,
And keeping on the right hand all the way,
They went beyond *Saint Georges* in an houre,
And passed by *Grabanas* ditch and Tower.

60
And now *Renaldo*, as doth oft befall,
That one conceipt another out doth drive,
Began the knight to memorie to call,
That last did him kind entertainment giue,
That had iust cause this City more then all
To hate, and should haue still while he did liue:
The cursed cup he further cald to mind,
In which men may their spouses falshood find.

61
And last of his hosts later speech he thought,
Concerning that same cup, and how they sped,
I meane his guests, that that same mull sought,
Into their bosoms still the liquor shed:
Now he doth half repent he mist the draught,
Yet was he glad thereof, for why (he said)
Had it faln well, what had I got thereby?
If not, in what a case had then been I?

62
I now believe so well, as having tri'd
With good successe believe I better should not,
So that I might have well been damnd if I'd,
But by my wryall mend my state I could not:
But what grief had it been if I had spi'd,
By my most deare *Clarice*, that I would not?
Much may they leese, but gains get small or none,
That will in play a thousand lay to one.

63
These later words so lowd and plaine he spake,
(Though to himselfe) that he that steard the boat,
Who to his speech and gestures heed did take,
The words and meaning of his words did note:
Wherefore a further cause of speech to make,
As one that though he ware a liv'ry coat,
Yet was well spoken, and of good bold sprite,
He straight doth fall to reason with the knight.

Of this you
may look the
table, if you
be not surpris-
ed in the
history.

This is said
for the honor
of *Alfonso*
Duke of *Fer-*
rara.

In this City
dwells he that
kept his wife.

Clarice wife
to *Renaldo*.
Sonnetta.

In

64
In fine, the summe of all their argument,
Was that his wit was much to be controld,
That sought to make too great experiment,
Of womens truths, more then their force can hold:
For she that can with chaste and firm intent,
Maintaine her truth, against assault of gold,
Might ev'n as easily defend the same,
Against a thousand swords in midst of flame.

65
To this the Bargeman said, you sure may sweare it,
They must not be assail'd with darts so fierce,
For their soft breasts too tender are to beare it,
Sixh coats of sounder prooffe such shot will pierce:
I could (saith he) to this effect rehearse,
And sure a petic tale (if you would heare it)
Of one who though his wife had sore offended,
By her, in greater sinne was apprehended.

66
I meane the tale of that *Adonio*, which
The great gift gave unto the luges wife,
A litte dogge that made his owner rich,
A thing that in these parts is known so rife,
The knight repl'd, mine eares to heare it itch,
For never yet I heard it in my life:
Then if it please you, heare it now you shall,
The Stears-man said, and thus began his tale.

67
*Here begins
the Stears-
mans tale,
which
was of the
wilde law.*
There was a learned Lawyer, cal'd by name
Anselmus, borne here in our neighbour towne,
That so long studied *Ulpian*, till he came
To be a ludge, and weare a scarlet gowne,
And having won great wealth, he woo'd a dame
For beauty and for state of great renowne;
They wedded were, for better and for worse,
So he her person lik'd, so she his purse.

68
Her qualities and haviour past the rest,
She seemed all of loveliness composed,
Not fit indeed for him, that was to rest,
And to his bookes, more then to sports dispos'd:
Wherefore soule jealous thoughts his mind possesst,
And that his wife plaid false, he still suppos'd,
Yet cause was none, of her so to misdeem,
Save that too faire, and wittie she did seem.

69
Now in the selfe same City dwelt a knight,
(Too neare a neighbour to this man of law)
That was of that same stock descended right,
That had their off-spring from the serpents jaw,
From whence the *Fairy* eke, that *Manto* hight,
And built our City, doth her lineage draw,
This knight that was *Adonio* cal'd by name,
Was much enamor'd on the lovely dame.

*Of Manto
seeke in the
Hystorie.*

70
And that he might attaine this Ladies love,
He doth begin to spend beyond all measure,
In clothes, in feasts, his calling farre above,
In shewes, in playes, to do his mistris pleasure:
To beare the charge thereof it would behove
To have that Emperour *Tiberius* treasure,
So as I ween ere winters twaine were past,
His lands were quite consum'd, he spent so fast.

*The Tiberi-
anus was a just
and a Chri-
stian Prince,
seeke in the
Tobin.*

71
Wherefore compeld to strike his lofty sailes,
He suddenly surceast his stately port,
The house (now that the Lords revenue failes)
Stood solitary, quite without resort:
There were no Feasants, Partridges, nor Quailles,
His pittance now was grown but bare and short,
And he that erst was king of all this feasting,
Plaid least in fight, now doubting of arresting.

72
And therefore lothing to be known or seen,
He purpos'd in his place not long to tarie,
But with a mind to leave his country clean,
He stole away from thence all solitarie:
Her onely love, that of his heart was Queen,
In all his woes he still with him doth carie,
But lo, when as his Ebb did seem most low,
Good fortune made his tide most high to flow.

73
For as he wander'd here and there abroad,
He saw how that a sturdy clown and stout,
With sturdy staffe, laid on no litle load
Vpon a bush, still beating thereabout:
Adonio in the place makes some abroad,
And ask'd the cause of that same country lout,
Who told him that a monstrous snake and huge
Had taken that same bush for a refuge.

*Ovid in the
third of the
metamorpho-
sis, hath a
tale of Tires-
ias, that with
smiting of
two snakes
changed his
shape.*

74
And told him further he that stir did make,
With mind to find and kill it ere he part.
Adonio for his crest did give the Snake,
And therefore lov'd and favour'd Snakes in hart,
As from whose kind he did his gentry take,
Wherefore unto the clown he doth impart
His mind so farre, at last he him perswaded,
To let alone the Snake he so invaded.

75
This done, he went as he was bent before,
Farre from his country, where he was unknown;
And so indur'd till sev'n whole yeares and more
Of woe and want quite ore his head were blown:
But that great love he to his mistris bore,
Him forc'd, though now all out of fashion grown,
With bushie beard, lean cheeks, and ragged clothes,
To turne unto the place that most he lothes.

76
In this mean time, our town had cause to send
Some sage Ambassadour unto the Pope,
That must upon his Holinesse attend,
And for his suit to take a whole yeares scope:
The ludge by lot was chosen to that end,
(O cursed lot that killed all his hope)
To shun this office he tries many shifts,
By scuses, promises, by prai'rs and gifts.

77
But finding that he strave against the streame,
At last against his will he takes the place,
Though to depart into another Reame,
It seemed unto him a grievous case:
His jealousie therewith grew most extreame,
Misdoubting his wives truth, so long a space,
Yet nath'lesse her, in grave and friendlesse speech,
To have great care thereof he doth beseech:

He

78

He saith, a woman cannot take upon her,
With beauty, riches, nor with high Nobility,
To claime the true deserved praise of honour,
If chastity do faile by her fragility,
This is the vertue that defends her owner,
And now she may (he saith) with great facility
Attaine great praise, and shew thereof great proof,
While he is forc'd to stay so far aloof.

79

These words he spake, and many such as these,
Thereby to move her to continue true,
And she (poore soule) yet free from such disease,
His parting thence did much lament and rue,
She swears that sooner men should draine the seas,
Then draw her mind so to forget her due,
Yea first she will ev'n die the death she saith,
Much rather then to falsifie her faith.

80

The Iudge appeas'd with this her protestation,
Began to have of her the lesse mistrust,
But yet his fond and jealous inclination
So moves him, that search further needs he must:
He had a friend that could by conjuration
Foretell of future matters true and just:
That were it skill in Magick, or in starres,
His guesse was such, as that it seldome erres.

81

He speaketh to that friend to this effect,
That he his wives nativity would cast,
To learn if he did right or wrong suspect,
That she would in his absence live unchast:
The man thus praid, the figure doth erect,
And in their place the Planets all he plac'd,
Anselmus leaves him busie, and next day
Doth come to heare him what he hath to say.

82

'Twas long before th' Astronomer would speak,
As loth to speak, that would the Iudge offend,
With many scuses frivolous and weak,
He shifts him off, but urged by his friend,
He told him flatly she would wedlock break,
And that she would to him prove false in th' end,
Not mov'd by beauty, nor by suit desir'd,
But ev'n for lucre's sake directly hir'd.

83

Now when *Anselmus* former bad belief
Was newly reconfirm'd by Spheares supernall,
It doublesse did so much augment his grief,
I think his torture past the paines infernall:
And more then all the rest, this griev'd him chief,
And to his heart a corsive was eternall,
To think that Avarice should her entice,
Vpon her chastity to set a price.

84

Yet to prevent all that such mind might breed,
Most earnestly he bendeth all his power,
For (as they say) man is compeld by need
To rob the Church, and hallow'd things devoure:
His jewels, plate, and stock that did exceed,
He put all in her hands that present houre,
And made it all her own by deed of gift,
And told her plaine what was herein his drift.

85

He saith he gives it her on this condition,
Not that she should strive to increase or mend it,
For why (he said) she should have free commission,
To sell, to give, cast it away and spend it,
But only that she should avoid suspicion
Of wedlock breach, and by no means offend it,
On this condition, all he then bequeaths her,
That he may find her such as now he leaves her.

86

He further doth her earnestly exhort,
That presently when he is gone away,
She should (for more eschuing of resort)
Not any longer in the City stay,
But at his country house, where in good sort
Till his return the season passe she may:
Belike, he thought in tillers of the ground,
And country swaines, inticements none are found.

87

His loving wife *Argia* all this space
Still hanging on his neck while he did speak,
With kindly teares bedew'd all his face,
And much it griev'd her to be judg'd so weak,
And to be deemed so devoid of grace,
That in his absence she would wedlock break,
Her manners have not been so light and vicious,
(She saith) to move him to be thus suspicious.

88

I should too long in this one matter dwell,
If all that past between them two at large,
When he departed, I to you should tell,
Still iterating that his former charge:
Now on his way he goes, God speed him well,
The grief was great that did his heart surcharge,
But thus they part, her eyes all full of teares,
His mind of jealousies and thousand feares.

89

This while *Adonio* looking pale and wan,
As erst I told, and overgrown with haire,
To travell to his country-ward began,
In hope that no man now would know him there,
He travels in the secret'st sort he can,
Unseen, unknown, till he arrived where
He rescu'd had, the snake sev'n yeares before,
That by the clown pursued was so sore.

90

Arriving at this place by break of day,
He saw a Lady walking neare the lake,
Who though she seem'd attir'd in strange array,
Yet for some great estate one would her take,
Her count'nance did such majesty bewray:
She toward him with stately gate did make,
And looking on him with a gracious cheare,
She spake these words so loud as he might heare.

91

Gentleman, though you do not know my face,
Yet am I bound to you, and am your friend,
I am your cousin, and of *Cadmus* race
Our royall stock doth lineally descend,
I am that *Manto*, that in yond same place
To build that town did first begin and end,
And *Mantua*, according to my name,
'Tis call'd, as you perhaps have heard by fame.

Of Fayries,
looks in the
History.

I am a Fayrie, and to make you know,
To be a Fayrie what it doth import,
We cannot die how old so ere we grow:
Of paine and harmes of ev'ry other sort
We tast, but yet no death we nature ow;
But which is worse than if our lives were short,
Each sev'nth day we constrained are to take
Vpon our selves the person of a snake.

To be transform'd to Serpents ugly hew,
That creepe still, and on his belly go'th,
Is such a grief to us, to tell you true,
Not one of us but then to live doth loth.
Now that I further may declare to you,
From whence this kindnesse that I speak of, growth,
Know this, what day we have this cursed shape,
We hardly dangers infinite escape.

Thence comes
the saying,
(came from
the angus)

No living thing is lothed more then they,
So that no sooner one of us is spi'd,
But we are chas'd and hunted out straightway,
And if we find no place our selves to hide,
They lay on load, and beat us so that day,
That we the paine thereof long after bide,
And who would not rather one death have chus'd,
Then beaten evermore to be and brus'd?

Now Sir, the benefite that I confesse
I have receiv'd, in which your merit stands,
Was this, some sev'n yeares since, or not much lesse,
As you did wander ov'r these woods and lands,
You saved me from danger and distresse,
I should have sufferd at a villens hands:
Who though he could not slay me, neare the latter,
Did seek with cudgill me to bruise and batter.

For why those dayes that we be snakes (she saith)
And creeping grayeling, bellies on the ground,
The heav'ns, that other times our heft obey'th,
Denies their aid, in us no force is found:
Somtimes the Sun at our commandment stay'th,
The steadie earth doth move and turneth round,
As we can by our power cause in a trice,
Ice turn to flame, and fire congeal to ice.

Now here I come your curstie to requite,
Which sev'n years since I to me done did note,
Now to reward you I have power and might,
While I am free from serpents cursed coat,
Three times your fathers wealth you shall ere night
Possesse, and I will set you so afloat,
You never shall be poore, to your lives end,
But ever have the more, the more you spend.

And (for I know that in your former knot
In which love bound you first, you still are ti'd)
I will direct you so, by wayes I wor,
Your sute shall not be unto you deni'd.
Now that the jealous Iudge at home is not,
Go thither straight, and I will be your guide,
She now is at her husbands country village,
Attending there good huswifrie and tillage.

She further doth at large to him devise,
How he shall go, in what apparell clad,
How he shall tempt her, in what manner wise,
And how to grant his suit she should be glad;
Then told she how she would her self disguise,
For why, for ever in her power she had,
Except the dayes in which she was a snake,
What shape she list upon her self to take.

Thus she disguis'd him like a Pilgrim poore,
That on his shoulders doth a wallet beare,
And doth for Gods sake beg from doore to doore,
A gown of Fryers gray she made him weare,
A strange apparell for a gallant woer:
Into an Island dog, with shagged haire,
As white as Ermin, and the prettiest elf,
That ever nature made, she chang'd her self.

And thus unto Argias they resort,
First to some utter rooms, in which were biding
The Hinds and Labourers of meaner sort,
Here he with certaine pipes of his providing,
His dog made dance, and make such prettie sport,
That glad was he could bring his mistres tiding,
Who needs would see as much as they had seen,
Such was the Doctors destinie I ween.

Adonio to her presence thus admitted,
Commands the dog, which in all points obeyd,
His turns, his dances, and his gestures fitted,
So due and just, to all the Pilgrim said.
They mus'd to see a dog so rarely witted,
And marking still the qualities he plaid,
In seeing them they take great mirth and pleasure,
And prais'd the little dog beyond all measure.

Look in the
Adonis.

Much wonder first, but after much desire
Bred in the Iudges wife, the dog to get,
She bids the nurse the dog to buy or hire,
And try what price the man thereof would set:
Dame (said the Pilgrim) had your mistres by her
Incoyned gold, as much as ever yet
A womans thought did wish, it would not boot,
Of this same dog of mine to buy one foot.

And plaine to shew that that was true he said,
And that it rather better was then worse,
He took her straight aside with him, and praid
The dog to give two duckats to the nurse,
The dog but shook his eares, and out he laid
The gold; there take and put it in thy purse,
Adonio saith, and think what price is able
To buy a dog that is so profitable.

What ere I ask this dog to me will bring,
Embroider'd gowns and kirtles, cloth of gold,
A chaine of pearle, a jewell, or a ring,
In shorter time then it can well be told;
Yet tell my Lady this, she hath a thing,
For which alone my Spaniell can be sold,
To pay me gold or coyne I count it dodging,
But I will sell it her for one nights lodging.

This was
plaine dealing.

This

105

This said, he sent by her as for a token,
A gem of passing price, then newly made,
The nurse rewarded thus, and fairly spoken,
And vs'd (perhaps) to trafficke in such trade,
Went backe therewith, and hauing fitly broken
The matter first, her mistres doth perswade,
To buy the dog, and said she might atchieue it,
With such a price, as is no losse to giue it.

107

At first, the fayre *Argis* backward drew,
As partly, being loth to breake her faith,
And partly doubting all could not be trew,
The which the tatling nurse before her laith,
But she with oathes doth her first tale renew,
And that such offers seldome come she saith,
In fine she wan her mistres to agree,
Next day more priuately the dog to see.

108

Adonios next apparance in the place,
Became the Doctors ruine and confusion,
Such duckets, such spur Ryals in like case,
Such gems he shew'd indeed, or by illusion,
He mollifi'd thereby my Ladies grace,
And moy'd her marke the bargaine in conclusion,
And this did (then perhaps) the rather moue her,
When as she knew he was her ancient louer.

109

Thus her true louers presence, and his prayer,
The comforts of her nurse, that whorish drudge,
The great rewards he presently did pay her,
The absence long of that same iealous Iudge,
And lastly hope that sure none would beu-ray her,
Wip't from her conscience scruple all and grudge,
So that she tooke his dog, and for his labor,
Gauē him free leaue to play vpon her taber.

110

Thus now *Adonios* frankly reapt the fruit,
Of that faire Ladies loue that he had wonne,
The which he follow'd still with sweet pursuit,
Vnto their likings both: this while the Sun,
Before the Iudge full ended had his suit,
Through twice six signes his yearly course had run,
And home he came at last, suspecting sore,
That which th' Astronomer had told before.

111

But ere vnto his owne house he would go,
First of th' Astronomer to aske he ment,
If so his wife had raryed chaste or no,
Since he from home on his Ambassage went:
The cunning man, that meant the troth to show,
Doth calculate, to see how starres were bent,
And when that he the planets well had vewd,
That she had plaid the quean, he doth conclude.

112

And that it was befallne as he forshowed,
How she, with mightie gifts and bribes allured,
Her selfe vpon another had bestowed.
The wretched Iudge, with no small griefe indured,
To heare these newes, & though too true he trowed
The same, yet seeking to be more assured,
He calls the nurse aside, at his home comming,
And seekes to sift her with no little cunning.

113

With diuers circumquagues and deuises
He seeketh of the nurse to finde the trace,
But she in speech so warie and so nice is,
As one belike well studied in the case,
That all his cunning speech her not intices,
But that she still denide with shamelesse face,
That which she knew, and whereof her perswasion
Had bene in part, though not the chiefe occasion.

114

When as the iealous Iudge long time in vaine,
Had tempted her with promises and gifts,
And that he saw for all his search and paine,
He found lesse certentie, the more he sifts,
He doth expect to try a further traine,
As one not vnacquainted with such drifts,
He watcht a time, when they should fall to bualling,
As still where women are, is oft befalling.

115

And as he thought indeed so fell it out,
The testie nurse one day not pleased well,
Came vnto him at their next falling out,
And of her owne accord the truth doth tell:
Thinke you, when as the Iudge had heard her out,
How he did chafe, and fret and fume, and swell,
So neare vnto his heart and braine it sits,
It little wanted to haue reau'd his wits.

116

And in this agonie resolu'd to dye,
And finish both his owne dayes and his wives,
And so his griefe, and her great shame thereby
To wipe away, with ending both their lives,
He turneth to the Citie by and by,
As that same desperat desire him driues,
And thence a trustie seruant with instruction,
He sends of purpose for his wiues destruction.

117

He bids him tell *Argis* in his name,
That on the sodaine he was false so sicke,
That but to him without delay she came,
The doubt was great she could not find him quick,
Wherefore her iourney with more speed to frame,
To ryde behind this man, who in a thicke,
That was right in the way vnto the Citie,
Had charge to kill her there without all pitie.

118

And straight accordingly the seruant went,
To say and do, as much as he was bidden,
But she foretold of that their fell intent,
(For nothing from her little dogge was hidden)
And taught withall, the same for to preuent,
Away with this same seruant she is ridden,
And in few houres arriued at the wood,
Where he was purpos'd to haue shed her blood.

119

Then did he tell to her his masters will,
And drew his sword a speedie death to giue her,
He onely offered, ere he would her kill,
To grant her time, to pray God to forgive her,
I cannot tell you by what manner skill,
She did her selfe forth of his hands deliuer,
But gon she was, he seeking all about,
And for his life he could not find her out.

II

120
Backe went the fellow, with astonied face,
With trembling heart, and courage all dismayd,
And made his master, at the wondrous case,
No lesse then he had bene afore afraid,
He knew not how, by Faery Maiores grace,
His wife could when she list, haue helpe and ayd,
For why the nurse that did the rest vnfold,
I knew not why, but this she neuer told.

121
The Doctor now was plagu'd with griefe extreame,
Far more then euer he had felt before,
What erst was but a mote, is now a beame,
Nor he one ior reuenged is the more,
His shame will now be blazd ov'r all the Reame,
And all men now, will laugh at him therefore,
The former error, might haue bene concealed,
But this to all the world will be revealed:

122
He thinks that sure, vpon this plaine detection,
Of his fellonious mind, of which I spake,
She will, to keepe her out of his subiection,
To some great Lord, forthwith her selfe betake,
And liue in spite of him, with such protection,
And so a mocking stocke of him to make,
But most he doubts, least to some man she go'th,
As is a leacher, and a ruffin both.

123
Wherefore so foule a mischief to preuent,
He spares no paine, no trauell nor no cost,
To er'rie towne, in Lombardie he sent,
With letters and with messages in post;
And further he himselfe in person went
To seeke his wife that was so strangely lost,
But all in vaine, for why of her abiding,
No inckling he could heare nor any tyding.

124
And to conclude, at last he cald his man,
That man that made to him the strange report,
And bids him show the place, and if he can,
Where his lewd mistres vanisht in such sort:
The seruant straight to lead the way began,
And to the place, together they resort,
But (which was strange) where erst he left a wood,
A wondrous stately Palace now there stood.

125
The fayre Argia caused had this space,
Her Faery to erect there for her pleasure,
An house of Allablast in the place,
Adorn'd and guilt, with cost beyond all measure:
Twere hard to thinke, much lesse to tell with grace,
What beautie was without, within what treasure,
My masters house, fro whence last night you came,
Was but a paltrie Alehouse to this same.

126
Of costly Arras, there was so great plentie,
Of beds of silke, imbroidred, fresh and new,
As furnishe chambers, more then ten times twentie,
And halls, and what soeuer was in vew,
Cups, candlesticks, and bowls of stones most dentie,
Of precious substance, and of sundrie hew,
To be impleid for eating, and for drinking,
And store of gold, and silke beyond all thinking.

127
Now sir, the wretched Iudge, as I said earst,
That out to seeke his wife had here assignd,
And findes this house, in state as I rehearst,
Where he had nothing thought, but woods to find,
With wonder great his mazed head was pearst,
And doubted not a little in his mind,
If so himselfe were sleeping then or waking,
Or if his troubled brayne, were in due taking.

128
He sees a Gipsen standing at the doore,
All blab-lipt, beetle browd, and bottle nozed,
Most greasie, nastie, his apparell poore,
His other parts, as Painters are disposed,
To giue to Esop, such a Blackamore
Could not be scene elsewhere, as he supposed,
So vile a visage, and so bad a grace,
To make ev'n Paradise a loathsome place.

129
Anselmus seeing none but this same drudge,
Went vnto him, and praith him make it knowne,
Whose house is this: the Gipsen tels the Iudge,
That he himselfe, the stately house doth owne:
The Iudge, that he doth mocke him sure doth iudge,
And prayes the certaine truth to him be showne:
The Negro doth affirme with many an oth,
That that which he had said before, was troth.

130
And that he plainly might the truth perceauce,
He prayes him vew the house at better leasure,
And offreth him free libertie and leaue,
Of any thing was there, at his owne pleasure,
For him or for his friends, to take and leaue,
And eu'n as of his owne, to make free seasure,
The Doctor marvels that such liberalitie
Could be in one, of so base show and qualitie.

131
But yet the Iudge, so fayre and kind intreated,
In frendly sort, doth from his horse alight,
And sees the house as I before repeated,
With wonder great, and with as great delight,
So richly furnished, so Princely seated,
So brauely built for vse, as well as sight,
And eu'rie part with other so agreeing,
He could not satisfie his eyes with seeing.

132
Now when the Iudge came backe againe, he told
He nere saw house, so pleasing to his eye,
And sweares he thought that ten times *Cresus* gold,
Were scant a price, so rare a house to buy:
Yet may (the Negro saith) this house be sold,
Though not for coyne (for not for coyne care I)
Yet for some other ware, w hich sure I gnesse,
You will esteeme at price a great deale lesse.

133
In fine, he made to him the like request,
As Sodomits did make for guests of Lot,
The Iudge his motion doth and him detest,
Who though five times repulst, yet ceaseth not,
But him with so large offers still he prest,
That in conclusion, like a beastly sot,
So as it might be done, in hugger mugger,
The Iudge agreed, the Negro him should

Argis

Errour:

His master
was the
Knight of
Mantua,
on whose
house the
walls supped

Doublets used
for pettyreck-
ings.
A Proverb
said in En-
glish.

* This lake is
Palusa, of
which Virgil
speaketh, prai-
sing the shore
of it, but
now it is al-
most dry.

* This is cal-
led the reach
of Langestr-
mire, where
the sun
begets fire
in his long.

* The slan-
ding ditch
guts to Karv-
na 12. myle
long, but now
it is almost
dry.

* Pome writers
of it, and call
it Poma Mes-
saria.

134

Argia that there by unscene had stayd,
And scene him false into the sinne forenamed,
Disclos'd her selfe, and sharply did upbrayd
His filthy fact, that justly might be blamed;
A Iudge (said she) reputed wise, and stayd,
Sinne thus? wherewith the Doctor was so shamed,
He wisht the earth would cleave unto the center,
That he to hide himselfe, therein might enter.

135

But she exclaimeth on him still anew,
For his more shame, and for her more excuse,
And said, what punishment were fit for you,
For this foule sinne, against all natures use?
That did no lesse then death to me thinke dew,
For such a small and naturall abuse,
With one that lov'd me, and whose gift was such,
As ten such houses are not worth so much.

136

If oned death did unto my fault belong,
One hundred deaths were fit to thine to give,
And though my selfe am in this place so strong,
That if I list, thou shouldst no longer live,
Yet will I do to thee no further wrong,
But pardon thee, and thou shalt me forgive,
And quite each other, all old debts and driblets,
And set the hares head against the goose gyblers.

137

And let henceforth peace follow in effect,
As ought to be betweene the man and wife,
Nor ever to one to tother once object,
Our former fault in all our future life:
The Iudge was glad, and did it not neglect,
To take this frendly end of cursed strife;
Thus as good friends, they lived many a yeare,
And while they liv'd, they lov'd each other deare.

138

And there the steers-man did his story end,
With which he mov'd the worthy knight to laster,
Who blam'd the Doctor, that did so offend,
And talked of the same a good while after:
But much he did *Argias* wit commend,
Or at the least, the wit of her that taught her,
To make the Iudge into that net fall in,
In which her selfe was false with far lesse sin.

139

Now when the Sunne gan mount unto the South,
A little Table in the Barge was spred,
And then the knight began to feed his morth,
When sleepe his eyes, and talke his eares had fed:
The *Maniuan* at his charges, him allowth,
All fine Acates that that same country bred,
The while his swimming vessell doth forsake
* The pleasant country, and unpleasant lake.

140

From thence, he held his course still forward right,
* The river running straight as any lyne,
Which when they passed had with speedie flight,
Vpon the tother hand they did decline:
* And by a ditch, and standing poole in sight,
Ere of that day, were spent full howers nine,
Vnto *Ravenna* as they were commanded,
They went, and there the brave *Renaldo* landed.

141

Although *Renaldo* could but seldome best
Of store of coyne, yet now such store he had,
As to the Bargemen of his frendly host,
He gave a largesse such, as made them glad:
From thence to *Kimini*, he went in post,
And changing horses still, now good, now bad,
That night at *Mountefior*, he did but sup,
And so to *Urbino*, ere next Sunne was up.

142

Then *Caglie*, and from thence the *Alpes* he past,
Then th' *Umbrys* and *Etruscians*, thence to *Rome*,
And so by *Barke*, to *Ostia* in great hast
He went, and to that Citie he doth come,
Which good *Æneas* many ages past,
Ennobled with his fire *Anchyfes* toome:
Then straight by sea he went unto this Ile,
Where I did leave *Orlando*, since a while,

That Citie is
called *Trapani*
Orlando.

143

I meane that Ile, that *Lippadusa* hight,
Wherein the famous warriors, three to three,
The combat that I spake of erst did fight,
The which *Renaldo* longing sore to see,
With ores and sayles, made all the hast he might,
But yet for all his hast, it would not be,
The wind did for his purpose serve so slacke,
More then an houre too late it kept him backe.

144

So that ev'n much about that time he came,
When as *Orlando* had that conquest wonne,
In which unto his everlasting fame,
Two Turkish Princes, unto death were donne,
Yet was some sorrow mingled with the same,
Both for the death of *Monodantes* sonne,
And *Oliveros* hurt, of which he found
Such griefe, he could not set his foote to ground.

145

Now as the Earle *Renaldo* did imbrace,
He could not chuse, but shed a streame of teares,
When as he shew'd him, in the present place,
Good *Brandimart*, to whom such love he beares,
Lye newly slaine, with pale and livelesse face:
Likewise to weepe, *Renaldo* not forbears,
To see his death, and eke his cosins bruse,
So grievous, that his foote he could not use.

146

Renaldo comforts them in all he may,
Although himselfe of comfort tasted least,
And chiefe to thinke by his unluckie stay,
He was come tardie, to so great a feast:
This while the wofull servants did convey,
Their masters coarces, to the towne distressed,
I meane *Biserta*, where they made it knowne,
Which side prevaild, and which was overthrowne.

147

Of this same conquest that *Orlando* wonne,
Astolfo and stout *Sansonet* were glad,
Yet joy'd they not, so as they would have donne,
If *Brandimart* his death then had not had:
The fall of noble *Monodantes* sonne,
Strake them into a dumpe and made them sad,
But who shall now impart to *Fiordeliege*,
The wofull losse of her deare Lord and liege?

I i 2

Her

*Flordeligo
his dream.*

148
Her self had dream'd a strange dream overnight,
Which did her mind in fearfull sort dismay,
She dream'd the bases of her loved knight,
Which she embroidered black this other day,
With spots of red were powdered all in sight,
And on the same like storm of hailstones lay:
That she had done it so she sure believ'd,
And with the thought thereof was greatly griev'd.

149
She further thought, that to her self she sed,
Did not my Lord command me black to make it,
What meant I then to mix it so with red,
And in so strange a manner to mistake it?
An ill presage in her this fancy bred,
And for an evill token she did take it, (her,
Then came these newes which none imparted with
Till th' English Duke and Sansonet came thither.

150
When they came in, and that she well had heeded
Their count'nances, in such a conquest sad,
No further newes, no further notice needed,
To make her know, they brought her tidings bad:
Forthwith her grief and sorrow so exceeded,
Scarce any power her vitall spirits had,
But presently in pale and deadly sound
She fell in wofull trance upon the ground.

151
But when that life came to his course againe,
Her tender cheeks and her faire haire she tare,
Oft calling on his loved name in vaine,
Whose losse had bred in her such wofull care,
She screeches and cries out with grief and paine,
Like those with Devils that possessed are,
Or as the *Menades* with sound of horn
In furious manner all about were born.

*Menades,
were they
that sacrific
ed to Bac-
chus.*

152
This man and that to lend she doth intreat
A knife, wherewith her self she murder may,
Straight to the hav'n she runs with fury great,
There where the bodies of the dead kings lay,
With mind to mangle them, and bruise, and beat:
Then to the sea she will, there is no nay,
And passe to *Lippaduse*, and there abide,
And end her life by *Brandimart's* deare side.

153
Ah *Brandimart* my loved Lord (she said)
What meant I without me, to let thee part?
Ay me unluckie wretch, in that I staid,
And was not present there to take thy part;
Mine eye might unto thee have been an aid,
My voice might have assisted thee in part,
And if *Grado* thee behind had stricken,
One cry of mine might thee both warn and quicken.

154
Or els perhaps, so well I might have sped me,
As to have stept the blow and thee between,
If thou hadst scap'd, although it did behead me,
I would have said that it had happy been:
Now die I will, though death no whit can sted me,
And though I know my death is fruitlesse clean,
Whereas if I had di'd in thy defence,
My death had profit bred, and not offence.

155
And if the heav'ns had been so hard in this,
That I could not have help thee in the place,
At least my last farewell and solemne kisse,
I should have giv'n thee, and thy lovely face,
Bedew'd with teares, and ere to heav'nly blisse
Thy soule had flown, I should have had the space
To say, depart from hence in peace my deare,
And know, I have not long to tarie here.

156
Is this (deare *Brandimart*) is this thy raigne,
Of *Damagyre*, whose scepter I should take?
Is this the dowre thou dost to me ordaine?
Is this the royall seat, of which you spake?
Ah fortune hard, how frivolous and vaine
Dost thou my hopes and my designements make?
Ah why cease I, with so great good is rest me,
To cast away what ever els is left me?

*Damagyre
the Reigne
of which
Brandimart
was King.*

157
With this, againe so great her fury grew,
She made upon her self a fresh assault,
And her faire haire she rent, and tare anew,
As if her haire had been in all the fault,
Ev'n from her tender cheeks the blood she drew,
Still dewing them with watry teares and salt:
But let her here a while lament and mourn,
For to *Orlando* I must now return.

158
Who with his kinsman that did now require
Some cunning leach his grievous wound to cure,
And (for to *Brandimart* he did desire
To give an honourable sepulture)
To that hill went that doth the night with fire
Make cleare, and doth the day with smoke obscure,
And so the wind did favour his intent,
In twenty houres he came to *Agrigent*.

*The mount
Agrigent is
in Sicilie.*

159
Here when they were down from their ships alighted,
The Sun ev'n then preparing to go down,
They sent abroad and in great hast invited
The chief Nobility of all the town:
Straight at the shore of torches store was lighted,
And many men of honour and renown,
When as *Orlando* to the shore return'd,
Went with him to the corps, and with him mourn'd.

160
There *Bardyn* stood, a man well strick in yeares
And in such sort to waile he did persevere,
That with abundant shedding of his teares,
Men thought he would have lost his eyes for ever;
To blame the heav'ns and stars he not forbears,
But roaring like a Lion in a fever,
Tare his gray haire, and all about it sprinkled,
And spared not his aged skin and wrinkled.

161
When as the *Palladine* approached neare,
Straight doubled was the mourning noise and cry,
Each striv'd who should most sorrowfull appeare,
And ev'ry one lift up his voice on high,
Orlando with more heavy heart then cheare,
Still keeping fixed on the beare his eye,
When silence first by signes procur'd he had,
Pronounc'd these words with mourning voice & sad.

162

O stout, o deare champion mine, and friend,
That here art dead, but liv'st in heav'nly seat,
Where thy great joyes shall never have an end,
Nor ever be empain'd with cold or heat:
Yet pardon me in that I do offend,
To waile my woe, and misery so great,
My sorrow is not for thy parting hence,
But that my selfe am so long absent thence.

163

To think that he is sever'd now so far,
In whom I joy'd, this doth my paine increase,
I was with thee in tempests and in war;
Why am not I with thee in calm and peace?
O mirie flesh, that me from blisse doth bar,
Why cannot I obtaine a like release,
Sith still I was copartner of thy paine,
Why am I kept from part of so great gaine?

164

To you the happy guerdon and the gaine,
To us the losse and dammage all is left,
France, Germany, and Italy complaine,
Their chiefe defence, and their chiefe buckler rest:
How shall my Prince and uncle now sustaine,
(Depriv'd of so good help) so great a heft,
Thy losse of succour hath bereaved wholly
Both holy Church, and eke the empire holy.

165

The Pagans whom thou dantedst in thy life,
How will they gather heart now with thy death?
How will they stir new storms of fearfull strife,
Now having so good meanes to gather breath?
But how great sorrow will thy dearest wife
Sustaine? me thinks I heare ev'n now she seeth
I am to blame, and that she hates me most,
And saith by me she hath her worlds joy lost.

166

Yet *Fiordeliege*, this comfort may revive
Both thee, and all that for his death are sorie,
That all the valiant knights that him survive,
Have cause to envy, and admire his glory:
The *Decij*, nor the knight that leapt alive
In *Curian* lake, so prais'd in *Latin* story,
Nor *Codrus* by the *Greeks* so magnifi'd,
With greater praise, nor honour never di'd.

167

These words, and such as these *Orlando* spake,
The while the *Fryres*, both white, and black, and gray
A solemne and a long procession make,
In goodly rank, and in devout array:
That God to heav'n the dead mans spirit take,
Requiem eternam for his soule they pray,
And tapers in the midst, before, behind,
Did cause that knight, like to the noone day shin'd.

168

Then diverse Earles and knights the hearse uphold,
All over which a mantle rich was spread,
Of purple silk, embroider'd brave with gold,
And with faire pearle, and stone well garnished,
Of equall cost and beauty to behold,
The coffin was that held the body dead,
Provided by the *Palladine* to be,
Fit for his calling and his high degree.

169

Three hundred people of the poorer sort
Of dwellers that inhabited the town,
Vnto the funerals did then resort,
And unto each was giv'n a mourning gown,
An hundred Pages, mounted in good sort,
On warlike steeds, cloth'd to the ground adown,
And both the Pages, and the gallant steeds
From top to toe were clad in mourning weeds.

170

Then bare they divers banners faire displaid,
And painted divers armes, that he obtain'd
From armed bands alone, without all aid,
And had to *Cesar* and to *Peter* gain'd:
With hundreds more, all in black gowns array'd,
To whom were divers offices ordain'd,
And last *Renaldo* and *Orlando* came,
But *Olivero* staid (for he was lame.)

171

It long would be ere I could it rehearse,
And tell what ceremonies used were,
Nor can I comprehend them well in verse,
How orderly they were accomplish'd there:
Vnto the chiefeest Church they bare a hearse,
The while nor old nor young to weep forbore,
His noblenesse, his value, and his youth
Did breed in all their hearts so wondrous ruth.

172

Now when the women finish'd had and done
Their bootlesse weeping, and their fruitlesse paine,
The Priest had said their *Kyrieleysonne*,
And all the rites that therunto pertaine:
The carkasse of great *Monodantes* sonne,
So chested, on two columns to remaine
Orlando caus'd, till time he might procure
A costly and more stately sepulture.

173

From *Sicilie* *Orlando* not departs,
Till he for *Tutch* and *Porpherie* had sent,
And all that were most skilfull of those arts,
Had talk'd withall, and told them his intent:
Then *Fiordeliege* comming to those parts,
Her time, her travell, and her treasure spent,
To make the tombe most stately for her spouse,
At which to spend her future time she vowes.

174

And sith her plaints and teares were never tir'd,
In that self place she means her dayes to passe,
And for her husbands soule she still desir'd
Continuall Dirges, and perpetuall Masse,
From company her selfe she quite retir'd,
And to the place (such her devotion was)
That by the tombe she built a little cell,
In which till death she purposed to dwell.

175

Orlando divers messages did send
To her, and after that in person went
To fetch her into *France*, and did pretend
That her to place with *Galeran* he meant,
Or if the time in prayer she still would spend,
He would a Nunry build for that intent,
Or that he would, if so she so had rather,
Attend her to her country, and her father.

Ii 3

But

Orlando
mother,

176
But at the tombe she tar'd obdurate,
And would from thence by no mean be remov'd,
Still doing, saying, both betime and late,
Penance and prayrs, for him that she so lov'd,
Till death in th' end cut off her dolefull date,
And sent her soon, to find her deare belov'd:
But now the knights of *France* from *Sicill* parted,
For losse of their companion heavy hearted.

177
And *Oliver* still of his foot complain'd,
For why, no salve nor surgery prevail'd,
But that he was with griefe so greatly pain'd,
They doubted that his life would then have fail'd:
Thus while they all in doubtfull dump remain'd,
The man that steard the bark in which they sail'd,
Did make to them this motion sage and wise,
And they agreed to follow his adyise.

178
He told them that not far from thence there dwelled
An Hermit in a solitary place,
That so in sanctity of life excelled,
That he could remedy each doubtfull case,
Diseases divers were by him expelled, (grace)
Dumbe, blind, and lame were heal'd (such was his
And that he could with one signe of the crosse
Allay the waves when they do highest tosse.

179
In fine, he told them sure there was no doubt;
To find relief, ev'n present at the hands
Of that same man, so holy and devout,
As scarce his match was found in many lands.
Orlando having heard the Pylot out,
Inquired of the place, which way it stands,
And presently the place to him was show'd,
And toward it in hast they sail'd and row'd.

180
Next morning they discover'd all the Ile,
But kept aloof, so as their ship might float,
And there they cast their anchor, and the while
Convaied the wounded *Marquesse* in a boat,
Vpon the shallow waves, scant half a mile,
Vnto the blessed Hermits simple coat,
That very Hermit that before but late
Had brought *Rogero* unto Christian state.

181
The man of God that had his dwelling here,
Came forth, and met *Orlando* at the gate,
And welcom'd him with kind and friendly cheare,
Inquiring of his arrant, and their state,
(Although to him it was apparant cleare:
For God that night had sent his Angell late
To tell the Saint thereof) *Orlando* said,
His arrant was to get his kinsman aid.

182
Who had a great and grievous maim receav'd,
In fighting for the Empire and the faith,
And was of hope and comfort quite bereav'd,
Be of good cheare (the godly Hermit saith)
Who trust in God shall never be deceav'd,
Yet ointment none unto his hurt he layth,
But first to Church he go'ch, and makes his prayre,
Then with great boldnesse doth to them repayre.

183
And calling on that treble sov'raigne name,
Of God the Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
He blest the knight that maimed was and lame,
(Oh wondrous grace, of which Gods Saints may boast)
Straight to his use each veine and sinew came,
No part of all his former strength was lost,
And as it pleased God of his great grace,
Sobrina present was then in the place.

184
And being now so weak with bleeding brought,
That ev'n his vitall sprites were almost spent,
And seeing plainly such a wonder wrought,
So great, so gracious, and so evident,
To leave his *Macon* he thereby was taught,
And to confesse our Christ omnipotent,
He praid in most contrite and humble manner,
To be a souldier under Christian banner.

185
The just old man did grant him his request,
And christen'd him, and did his health restore,
At which *Orlando* stout and all the rest
Rejoyced much, and praised God therefore.
Rogero eke as joyfull as the best
Increased in devotion more and more,
To see those mysteries divine and Oracles,
Confirmed so by plaine apparant miracles.

186
Thus all this company in sweet comfort
In this same blessed Hermits house do stay,
Who doth them all most fatherly exhort,
To bend their whole endeavours all they may,
That in this Inn where mans abode is short,
They seek to wash away the dirt and clay,
That some call life, and greatly do commend,
And sole to heav'n their eyes and hearts to bend.

187
Then sent *Orlando* to his ship in hast
For bread and wine, and other dainty dishes,
And this old man whom abstinence and fast
Had made forget the tast of beasts and fishes,
Of charity they praid some flesh to tast,
And he therein consented to their wishes,
And when they had all eat to their contents,
They found discourse of sundry arguments.

188
And as in speech it often doth befall,
That one thing doth another bring to light,
Rogero was at last known to them all,
For that *Rogero* that exceld in fight,
The first that him to memory did call,
Was *Sobrin*, who did know him well by sight:
The next that knew his lovely look and stately,
Was good *Renaldo* that fought with him lately.

189
They all do come to him with friendly face,
When of his christendome they understand,
And some do kisse him, others him embrace
In kindest sort, some take him by the hand,
And chiefe *Renaldo* strives to do him grace:
Yet if that you desire to understand,
Why more then all the rest *Renaldo* sought it,
Turn ore the leaf, and there you shall be taught it.

In the tale of the Mantuan knight may be gathered this good morall, that it is no wisdom to search for that a man Morall.
would not find: and how the first breach commonly of the sweet concord of matrimony groweth of jealousie; I must con-
fesse, these be two knavish tales that be here in this booke, and yet the Bee will picke out honey out of the worst of them.

For mine owne part, I have ever been of opinion, that this tale of the Mantuan knight, is simply the worst against women
in all the booke, or rather indeed that ever was written. The hosts tale in the xxxviij. booke of this work, is a bad one; M.
Spencers tale of the squire of Dames, in his excellent Poem of the Faery Queene, in the end of the vij. Canto of the third
booke, is to the like effect, sharpe and well conceited; in substance thus, that his Squire of Dames could in three yeares
travell find but three women that denyed his lewd desire: of which three, one was a courtesan, that rejected him because
he wanted coyne for her: the second a Nun, who refused him because he would not sweare secrecie, the third a plain coun-
trety Gentlewoman, that of good honest simplicitie denyed him: which also hath some likenes with that of Pharaos I spake
of in the notes upon the 42 booke, but this of the Mantuan knight passeth them all, if you mark the secret drift of it: shew-
ing how a woman of so excellent education, so great learning, so rare beauty, so fine wit, so choice qualities, so sweet beha-
viour, so abundant wealth, so dearly beloved by her husband, could so easily be conquer'd with the sight of three or foure
jewels: and then for his comfort how for ten yeares after, he being a great house-keeper, all his married guests that
came to him spilt the drink in their bosomes. This tale (admitting it to be true or probable) would argue women to be of
exceeding covetousnes, but to how easily all this is not onely to be excused for them but retorted upon men: for assuredly,
it is not onely the covetousnes of men that maketh women (as we interpret it) to sell their chastities: for women indeed care
for nothing but to be loved, and where they assure themselves they are loved, there of their kind and sweet dispositions,
they bestow love againe. Now because men can protest and sweare, and vow that which they think not, therefore no mar-
vell if women are hard of belief, and thick list'd to beare them: but when they come to give things that cost money, and
that the coyne begins to walk, which they are sure men esteeme so dearly, as they venter both body and soule for it many
times, then no marvell if they believe them, and think them to be in good earnest, and consequently yeeld to that they deni-
ed before. But to go forward with the rest of the morall, both men and women may gather this morall out of both these
tales; that as all vice is odious and base, so that which a body is hired unto, is most shamefull and detestable.

Of the Faery Manto I cannot affirme any thing of truth, whether she were a Faery or a Prophetesse, but this I find Historie.
written of her, that when Thebes was razed by Alexander, this Manto daughter of Tyresia, being learned in Magick as
well as her father, came unto that part of Italy where Mantua is now; and there her sonne Ocnus (as Virgil will have it)
built a City, and called it after his mothers name.

Ille etiam patrijs ignem ciet Ocnus ab oris,
Fatidicæ Mantus, & Thufci filius amnis,
Qui muros, matrisque dedit tibi Mantua nomen.

Concerning those brave men with whom Orlando compareth Brandimart, the Decij. M. Curtius, and Codrus of the
Decij, one of them had a dreame or vision, that told him how in the battell which he was to fight next day with the La-
tins, the Captain of one side and the army of the other side should perish, whereupon he being then Consul, ran wilfully on his
enemies, and was slain, and so gat the victory for the Romans. His son Decius did the like after him: Curtius leapt into the
gulf, that was prophesied should never be stopt, till the most precious jewell the Romans had were thrown into the same.

Codrus died thus: the Dorians having warre with the Athenians, the Oracle told them of Athens, that if Codrus
were staine by the enemies, then the Athenians should have the victory: this newes being noised in the Dorians campe,
they gave straight charge that none should kill Codrus; but he minding to die for the defence of his countrey, counter-
feited himselfe like a Pedlar, or such like, and came to the camp of the enemies, and picking a quarrell there of purpose
with some of the souldiers, was staine among them.

The cup presented to Renaldo, is allegorically to be understood for suspicion, which whosoever drinketh of, it is great Allusion.
As he sheds it so in his bosome, as he shall drink the worse after it while he lives, and therefore Renaldo said well,

Drink of the cup (quoth he) that list, not I, I am not, nor I mind not to be drie.

For the Mantuans tale, it is not unlike to that of Cephalus in Ovids Metamorphosis, in the seventh booke, where he Allegory.
tells how in the like sort changed by negromancy he tempted his wife so farre,

Dum census dare me promitto, loquendo
Muneraque augendo, tandem dubitare coegi.

I have heard of a Gentleman that would needs court his owne wife in a maske, causing her to be told he was some other
man; and made love so long to her, till he found himselfe more gracious with her, then he had cause to boast of

As for the Faery Manto, whether there be any Faeries or no, I will not dispute the matter, but I have heard strange
tales reported by credible persons, of these witches and spirits whatsoever they be: and I have heard it often among the
simpler sort, that he that can please the Queene of Faeries, shall never want while he lives: and it seemes the like opi-
nion hath crept into other countries, though taken but as a fable, or as the saying is,

It may be in my Pater noster indeed,
But sure it never shall come in my Creed.

Marrie for the shaghaired dog, that could dance to please Ladies so well, and had such pretie qualities, I dare undertake
my servant Bungy (whose picture you may see in the first page of the booke, and is knowne to the best Ladies of England)
may compare with any Pilgrims dog that served such a saint this seven year: only he wants that quality to shake duckars
out of his eares. But now to leave these toying tales, and fall to the soberer matter, the solemne funerals of Brandimart
and Orlandos mourning, alludes to the buriall of Pallas or Pallant in Virgil, Bardino to Accies: and Orlando to
Aneas: but this here is set forth with devout and Christian termes, and therefore more to be commended.

Here end the notes of the 43 booke.

114



of friend-
ship.

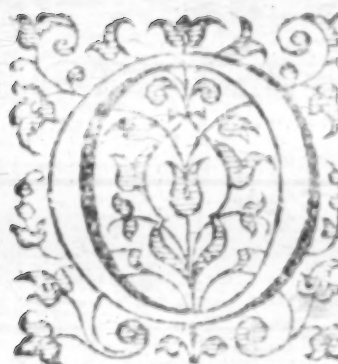
H

N

T

THE ARGUMENT.

Renaldo to Rogero gives his sister,
 Against Duke Ammon and their mothers will :
 Rogero doubting lest he should have mist her,
 Comes Leon and his father both to kill :
 He leaveth France, and to the streame of Ister,
 He rides and travels in those parts, untill
 He found the Bulgars fighting with the Greeks,
 And aideth those, because he these mistakes.



At times we see in house of
 mean estate,
 In fortune bad, and chances
 overthrow,
 That men do sooner lay aside
 debate,
 And joyne in sound accord
 with hand and heart,
 Then Princes Courts, where
 riches gender hate,
 And vile suspect that loving mind doth part,
 Where charity is clean consum'd and vanish'd,
 And friendship firm is quite cast out and banish'd.

Hence comes it that 'twixt Princes and great Lords,
 Agreements all and covenants are so fraile,
 To day Kings, Popes, and Emp'ors make accord,
 To morrow deadly wars with tooth and naile :
 And why? their thoughts still varie from their words,
 They keep not oaths but for their own availe :
 Nor weigh they wrong or right, or reckon of it,
 But as the same may turn to their own profit.

Now though such men as yet were never taught,
 What friendship is, nor ever knew the same,
 (For friendship never grows where there is nought
 But shewes disguis'd, in earnest or in game)
 Yet if ill fortune them to low have brought,
 To meet in meaner place, they straight do frame
 Their proud high minds to friendship true and plaine,
 Which erst they knew not, or they did disdain.

The saintlike man had in his Cell more power,
 His guests in firm and sound accord do bind,

Then others should have had in Princely bowre :
 And more, this friendship was of such a kind,
 That ever after from that present houre
 Ev'n to their ends they all agreed in mind :
 Appearing to this old man and devout,
 As white within, as swans are white without.

He found them all both gentle, kind, and meek,
 And not in sort of which I erst complain'd,
 Of those that never think and speak alike,
 But ever go with speech and visage fain'd.
 They cleare forgot all grudge and old dislike :
 No signe nor memory thereof remain'd :
 But love together, as if they had come
 All of one seed, and laine all in one wombe.

But good Renaldo could by no means rest,
 To shew Rogero kindnesse great and love,
 Both for his prowesse great, and valiant brest,
 Which hand to hand in fight he late did prove :
 And for his courisie, that did passe the rest,
 And was praise-worthy all the rest above :
 But chief the cause was this, because he found
 His friends to him had sundry wayes been bound.

He knew, for often he had heard it told,
 How first Rogero saved Richardet,
 Whom then Marsilio kept in cruell hold,
 Because with child he did his daughter get :
 And further, Brues sons should have been sold,
 But them Rogero did at freedome set.
 These things in honour true and reputation,
 He knew were matters of great obligation.

And



of friend-
ship.

H

N

THE ARGUMENT.

Renaldo to Rogero gives his sister,
 Against Duke Ammon and their mothers will :
 Rogero doubting lest he should have mist her,
 Vowes Leon and his father both to kill :
 He leaveth France, and to the streame of Ister,
 He rides and travels in those parts, untill
 He found the Bulgars fighting with the Greeks,
 And aideth those, because he these mislikes.

Of times we see in house of
 mean estate,
 In fortune bad, and chances
 overthrow,
 That men do sooner lay aside
 debate,
 And joyne in sound accord
 with hand and heart,
 Then Princes Courts, where
 riches gender hate,
 And vile suspect that loving mind doth part,
 Where charity is clean consum'd and vanish'd,
 And friendship firm is quite cast out and banish'd.

Hence comes it that 'twixt Princes and great Lords,
 Agreements all and cov'nants are so fraile,
 To day Kings, Popes, and Emp'ors make accords,
 To morrow deadly wars with tooth and naile :
 And why? their thoughts still varie from their words,
 They keep not oaths but for their own availe :
 Nor weigh they wrong or right, or reckon of it,
 But as the same may turn to their own profit.

Now though such men as yet were never taught,
 What friendship is, nor ever knew the same,
 (For friendship never grows where there is nought
 But shewes disguis'd, in earnest or in game)
 Yet if ill fortune them so low have brought,
 To meet in meaner place, they straight do frame
 Their proud high minds to friendship true and plaine,
 Which erst they knew not, or they did disdain.

The saintlike man had in his Cell more power,
 His guests in firm and sound accord do bind,

Then others should have had in Princely bowre :
 And more, this friendship was of such a kind,
 That ever after from that present houre
 Ev'n to their ends they all agreed in mind :
 Appearing to this old man and devout,
 As white within, as swans are white without.

He found them all both gentle, kind, and meek,
 And not in sort of which I erst complain'd,
 Of those that never think and speak alike,
 But ever go with speech and visage fain'd.
 They cleare forgot all grudge and old mislike :
 No signe nor memory thereof remain'd :
 But love together, as if they had come
 All of one seed, and laine all in one wombe.

But good Renaldo could by no means rest,
 To shew Rogero kindnesse great and love,
 Both for his prowesse great, and valiant brest,
 Which hand to hand in fight he late did prove :
 And for his courtise, that did passe the rest,
 And was praise-worthy all the rest above :
 But chief the cause was this, because he found
 His friends to him had sundry wayes been bound.

He knew, for often he had heard it told,
 How first Rogero saved Richardet,
 Whom then Marsilio kept in cruell hold,
 Because with child he did his daughter get :
 And further, Brvos sons should have been sold,
 But them Rogero did at freedome set.
 These things in honour true and reputation,
 He knew were matters of great obligation.

And

8

And though before he could no kindnesse show
To him, while he profest himself a *Turke*,
Yet now that him a *Christian* he did know,
He would now let his love no longer lurk:
Which when the Hermit saw, he was not slow,
A farther kindness them between to work: (them)
He moves them (such he so good friends had scene
That he might make affinity between them.

9

He said it was foreshow'd him from on hie,
That by the joyning their two lines in one,
Such offspring should arise, as under skie
To passe or match the same, there should be none;
Wherefore he wisheth them that by and by
By his advice they would agree thereon:
Renaldo at his motion straight allowes
That *Bradamant* should be *Rogeros* spouse.

10

Orlando, *Olivero* soon to that
Gave their good will, and favour, and assent,
Affirming that all *France* may joy thereat;
They little knew how good Duke *Ammon* meant
To match his daughter higher far, and that
King *Charles* thereto did willingly consent:
To *Leon* namely *Constantinos* heire,
Emp'rour of *Greece*, who sought the Lady faire.

11

Duke *Ammon* meant not such a match to shun,
But yet his answer he a while defer'd
Vntill such time as with his absent son
He had on such a weighty cause confer'd:
Not doubting but he thereto would be won,
And glad to have his sister so prefer'd;
But yet, though herein he did nothing doubt him,
Yet would he not resolve thereon without him.

12

But now *Renaldo* absent from his father,
And ignorant of that imperiall plot,
Vnto *Rogero* promist her the rather,
Because his present friends mislik'd it not;
But chief that he by th' Hermits speech did gather,
That God ordain'd it by eternall lot,
And of his father firmly he believ'd,
At such alliance he could not be griev'd.

13

All that same day and night, and half the next,
They made abode with that same saintlike fire,
Still preaching, teaching them the blessed text,
Expounding ev'ry place at their desire:
The mariners with their long carrying vex,
Oft sent to pray them to the ship retire,
Because the wind blew well to serve their turn,
Compelling them in fine to make return.

14

Rogero that had liv'd in long exile,
(Now glad to do as that old man had told him)
Doth bid farewell, and left that happy Ile,
When he had learn'd that faith that sole must save him
Orlando unto him his sword this while,
And *Hesters* armes, and good *Frontino* gave him,
Both to declare his love so much the more,
And that he knew they had been his before.

15

And though the *Palladin* in common sence
Had juster claime unto the blade inchaunted,
As having won it in his own defence,
Forth of the garden with foule spirits haunted,
Whereas *Rogeros* title and pretence
Came from *Brunello*, that of theft was taunted,
Yet gave he it of his good nature meerly,
Although his right thereto appeared clearly.

16

Then by the holy man they were all blessed,
And to their ship they made their back repaire,
Their oares for waves, their sails for winds address'd,
Which then blew very temperate and faire:
No feare of wrack, no doubt to be distressed,
No need there was of voves, or yet of praier:
But here I leave them sailing in faire weather,
Till th' *English* Duke and them I bring together.

17

Who when the victory he understood
Orlando got, of which he was lesse glad,
Because the same was won with so much blood,
And sith now *France* no feare of *Affricke* had;
To send *Senapo* home he thought it good,
And therefore with a countenance grave and sad,
Yet kind and friendly he did give him thank,
For lending him his aid so free and frank.

18

And *Dudon* sent a little while before,
All that his great triumphant navy back,
Wherewith he plagued had the *Turks* so sore,
And brought them all to ruine great and wrack:
Which ships no sooner touch'd that *Affricke* shore,
And quite disburden'd of the people black,
But ev'ry ship his shape forsakes and leaves,
And all of them were turn'd againe to leaves.

19

And now on parting were the *Nubian* bands:
Some mounted, some on foot pell mell together,
The winds that wont to move the troublous sands,
Astolfo gave their king in bags of leather,
So firmly ti'd, and in so sure bands,
As feare they need not any change of weather:
And will'd him, when they were past all jeopardy,
That they should grant unto the wind his liberty.

20

Turpino writes that they no sooner came
Vnto the mountaine *Atlas* stony roote,
But that their horses stones againe became,
And so they all went home againe on foot:
But after how each thing with them did frame,
In this discourse to tell it shall not boot:
Now tell we of your *English* Dukes proceeding,
Of his return to *France*, and of his speeding.

21

Who having rulers for those parts ordain'd,
That might as pleas'd them ruine or repaire,
No longer then in *Affrica* remain'd,
But unto *France* he quickly did repaire,
By land or sea to travell he disdain'd,
But with his winged beast he cuts the aire,
And quickly came to *Province*, where he did
As much as erst th' *Evangelist* did bid.

Which

Looke in the
Allegory of
miracles.

Which was that entred into *Prouince*, he
Should take away his saddle and his raines,
And grant him liberty and set him free,
And put him now vnto no further paines:
For *Cinthias* speare, in which our lost wits be,
That maketh of our losses greatest gaines
Had made his horne long since to lose his sound,
That now no vertue in the same was found.

Now th'English Duke vnto *Marsilio* came,
And iust at that same time arrived there,
When those three *Palladines*, of worthy fame,
With *Sobrin* and *Rogero* landed were:
Much was their ioy, yet lesson'd was the same,
And outward shewes thereof they do forbear:
So great a sadnes in them all it bred,
To thinke their friend king *Brandimart* was ded.

But *Charles* that from *Sicilia* notice had,
How those two kings were slaine, and *Sobrine* taken,
And *Brandimart* decess'd (which made him sad)
And that *Rogero* had the *Turkes* forsaken,
Was in his minde now well apaid and glad,
That such a prize, he from his neck had shaken,
Which for a long time had so grievous wayed,
As he therewith was welny overlaid.

Wherefore to do them honour, as was meete,
That with their courage did his crowne sustaine,
He sent his Peeres and nobles them to greet,
Vnto the verie confines of his raigne:
Himselfe in person, after did them meete,
With Lords and Princes of his chiefest traine:
And neare the town, the Queene with many a Ladie
Came forth, to do them honor all that may be.

King *Charles* himselfe with chearfull friendly face,
The *Palladines*, their kinsfolke and their friends,
The noble men, and people meane and base,
To make them for their merits some amends,
With friendly shouts did fill vp all the place,
Each man and every child his voice extends,
And cride on those two houses of account,
That of *Mongrana*, and of *Clarimount*.

Now to the Prince *Rogero* they did bring,
And told him how he was apparent haire
To *Risa*, and of that great house did spring:
And while they spake these words, *Marsilia* faire
Saluted him in presence of the King,
But *Bradamant* (who thither did repaire)
Yet kept her selfe aloofe with more respect,
Least openly she should her loue detect.

Then *Charles* doth welcom him with words most sweet,
And vsd him like a man of rare account,
And for he was allighted on his feet,
For reu'tence sake, againe he made him mount,
And cheeke by cheeke, to ride through eu'ry street:
He knew and ioy'd, that at the sacred fount,
Rogero by the hermit was baptised,
As he by former letters was aduised.

In triumph and in feasts they spent the day,
And riding through the towne at sundry houres,
Some straw greene leaues, or rushes in the way,
Some cast downe garlands made of sundry flowres:
The streets were hanged all with rich aray,
And damfels from the windowes high and towers,
To gratulate their prosperous deeds and haps,
Cast showres of *Roses* from their tender laps.

At eu'ry corner, market-crosse or gate,
High arches triumph-like were new erected,
Some of *Bisertar* fall and wofull state,
Which they had onerthrowne and quite delected:
Some of the combat that was fought so late,
With playes and new deuises vnexpected:
Thus dedicate and thus entitled wholly,
To those Redeemers of the Empire holy.

With gratefull sound, of instruments and voice,
With sundrie sweet and muscicall consorts,
The people shew how greatly they reioyce,
With lubites, and shouts, and playes and sports:
Then *Charles* and all his knights, and Barons choise
To his owne house, and his owne courtresorts:
And there with tilting, turneis, and with playes,
They spent a few of then ensuing dayes.

Renaldo taking time, vpon a day,
The marriage matter to his father brake,
And told him he had promist by the way,
His sister should for spouse, *Rogero* take:
By which, all'yance such procure they may,
As men may count great folly to forsake:
In which himselfe the further did proceed,
Because *Orlando* was thereto agreed.

Renaldo
mentions the
marriage for
Bradamant:

With much disdain this speech Duke *Ammon* hard,
Affirming he presumptuously had donne,
To promise so, sith he had now prepar'd,
To match her to the *Greekish* Emperors sonne,
And not this priuate knight, who he had hard,
Had not one foote of land scant vnder Sunne:
Alas (quoth he) poore gennie small auailles,
And vertuelesse, if land and riches failes.

Sermons.
The common
opinion of
the people

But chiefly *Ammons* wife, dame *Beatrice*,
Doth call her sonne vngrate and arrogant,
And thinks to worke so by her wife aduise,
To make an Empreffe of her *Bradamant*:
Renaldo much condemneth that deuise,
Nor will not of his word one tide want:
But said, his sister (vnder their correction)
Would therein ruled be by his direction.

Looke of this
into *Moral*

The mother (in her daughter much beguild)
Perswades with her, and comforts her to say,
That she will rather dye and be exild,
Then match so meane, when higher match she may:
She saith, she will not take her for her child,
If she will let her brother beare such sway:
Wherefore (saith she) be bold, and do denie it,
And with your brother giue me leaue to try it.

Poore

36

Poore *Bradamant* doth silent stand and still,
She dares not scarce in thought, for reuerence sake,
Gainsay her mother, or withstand her will,
On tother side, she dare not promise make,
Of that, which to performe did passe her skill,
And was aboue her power to vndertake:
No power she had in this nor great nor small,
For long ere this, loue sealed on it all.

37

She dares not giue consent, nor yet deny,
She onely sighes, and answer maketh none,
But when she is alone that none are by,
Vnto her selfe she makes a piteous mone;
She makes her brests and her faire haire to trie
In part her grieffe, for why she beates the tone,
In spitefull wise, the tother short she teares.
And thus she speakes amid her plaints and feares.

38

Wo me, shall then my will and fancie varie
From hers, whose will should rule and gouerne mine?
Shall my will to my mothers be contrarie,
Or that disdain, my mother doth designe?
Shall I presume with such a man to marrie,
At whom my parents both do so repine?
What fowler blot can staine a damfels praise,
Then when her parents will she disobayes?

Sentence.

39

Shall then my mothers reuerence and my fires,
Make me my deare *Rogero* to forget?
And to new loues, new hopes, and new desires
Betake my selfe, and him at nought to set?
Or shall the reuerence which their age requires,
And which my selfe hath borne them euer yet,
Be now forgot, and I be wholly bent,
To mine owne ioy, and solace, and content?

40

Vides meli. I know (alas I know) my dutie well,
But powre I have not to performe the same,
prologus. My fancie reasons rule doth quite expell,
Dilectus And my well ordred thoughts, put out of frame:
Signum And tyrant Love, gainst whom who dare rebell,
Makes me cast off all feare of others blame:
My speech, my deeds, my thoughts he doth dispose,
And ruleth them, against my will God knowes.

41

To *Ammon* daughter, and to *Beatrice*
I am, but vnto *Loue* I am a slave,
Though I do now refuse their wise advice,
Of them I may hereafter pardon haue:
But if I *Loue* resist, who knowes the price,
Or who can me from his great furie saue?
He will not stay to harken to my scuses,
But slay me presently, for such his vse is.

42

With much adoe, and with long time I drew
My deare *Rogero*, to the *Christian* faith,
What profit doth thereof to me ensue,
If still ill hap my purpose good gainsaith?
So doth the Bee, not for himselfe renew,
The hony that in combs he safely laith:
But sooner of my life they shall me reauce,
Then force me my *Rogero* deare to leaue.

Simile.

43

But though herein I disobey my mother,
And father too, which I to do am loth:
What though? yet I therein obey my brother,
That is reputed wiser then they both:
Orlando eke, for me speakes tone and tother,
And fauour will this match, how ere it goth,
And sure I am, the world doth of them twaine,
Make more esteeme then all our house againe.

44

Sith then the world esteemes and calleth those,
The glorie and the flower of *Clarimount*,
Lesse shame it is for me, as I suppose,
If that I suffer men of such account,
Of me in marriage matters to dispose,
That all my kin in credit do surmount:
Beside they haue the word directly spoken,
But to the *Greeke* the matter is but broken.

45

But now if *Bradamant* her selfe torment,
And doth her euill hap bewaile and blame,
No doubt *Rogero* is as malcontent,
Who had some priue inckling of the same:
He secretly doth his ill state lament,
And curseth fortune that vnconstant dame,
That had for wealth, so sparing left his lot,
Which diuers base vnworthy men had got.

46

In each thing else that nature man can graunt,
Or that is got by industrie or art,
He knowth, and each man saith that none can vaunt
To haue a greater no nor such a part: (daunt,
His strength was such, no strength the same could
His person past his strength, his noble hart,
His Princely manners, and his braue behauiour,
Wan each mans love, each mans applause & fauour.

47

But this same vulgar sort vntaught and rude,
That as them list distribute praise and shame,
And (saue the wise and learned) I include
All men that liue on earth, within that name;
For Myters, states, nor crownes, may not exclude,
Popes, mightie kings, nor Keyfars from the same:
But onely wisdom graue, and learning cleare,
Gifts given from heav'n, that are not common here.

Sentence.

Sentence.

48

This vulgar sort (to tell my meaning out)
That sauing wealth and riches, nought admyre,
And nothing thinke praise worthy them without,
And in their base conceits can looke no hyre:
That be one ney'r so learned, so wise, so stout,
Well shap't as eye can see, or heart desire,
Well borne, well qualited of sober cariage,
They nought esteeme all these in case of mariage.

Sentence.
Of the com-
mon opinion
of making
marriage.

49

Well (saith *Rogero*) if that *Ammon* needs
Will make an Empresse of his daughter deare,
At least this hast he makes, is more then needs,
Let him yet giue me respite but one yeare:
And if in that same yeare I do such deeds,
That both the sonne and sire, I vanquish cleare:
When both their crowns I conquer'd haue & wonne
Then I may worthy be, to be his sonne.

But

30
But if he straight the mariage do effect,
With *Constantinos* heire in so great hast,
And will *Renaldos* promise quite neglect,
And eke his *Cofens*, which so few dayes past,
Before that blessed man of Gods elect,
And that good *Marques*, they did bind so fast:
If they shall wrong me so, what then shall I,
What can I do in such a case but die?

31
What should I do? shall I then be auenged
Of him that me contraries in this wife?
Let me be blamed herein, or commended,
Let me therein be deemd a foole or wife:
But would my state alas, be then amended
By th'old mans death? no, no, far otherwise:
I doubt this would not worke my more content,
But rather contrarie my first intent.

32
My first intention was, and yet is still,
That *Bradamant* should beare me loue, not hate,
Now then if I her father here should kill,
Or ought attempt against her brothers state:
Had she not cause of me to thinke then ill,
And to refuse me for her spouse and mate?
What shall I do? alas then shall I beare it?
Ah no perdy, first I will dye I sweare it.

33
And yet I will not die, but Ile destroy
That *Leon* that procur'd my harme and wo,
And is disturber of my chiefest ioy,
him and his father I will kill also:
Faile *Helen* to the louver lewd of Troy,
Not cost so deare, nor longer far ago,
Proserpine cost *Perythous* price so hye,
As I will cause them this my griefe to buy.

34
But were it possible (my deare) that thou,
Canst leaue thine owne *Rogero* for this Greeke?
Yea though that all thy brothers did allow
This match, which *Ammon* doth so fondly seeke?
Yes yes, I feare that thine owne minde doth bow
To his desire, and could far better leeke,
When with thy selfe, thou dost these offers scan,
To haue a *Cesar* then a priuate man.

35
Can then the dignitie and glorious name
Of pompous shewes, and of imperiall feat,
The noble heart of *Bradamant* so frame,
Her vallew rare, and vertue to defeat,
And go from her first promise, to her shame,
Which me she made with many vowes and great?
No sure I know she will them all forsake,
Much rather then vsay, that once she spake.

36
These words *Rogero* spake, and many such,
And oftentimes he spake them in such sort,
That diuers ouerheard him, in so much
That they were told, by more then one report
To *Bradamant*, whom they did chiefly tuch,
Who tooke them not (you may be sure) in sport:
But as her priuate griefe was great before,
So this report of him did grieue her more.

37
But most it griv'd her and aboue the rest,
That he mistrusted she would him forsake,
At any mans commandment or request,
And specially for this same *Grecians* sake:
Wherefore to moue this scruple from his brest,
And this foule error from his minde to take,
She gat her pen and inke one night full late,
And to *Rogero* such like words she wrote.

38
My deare, as erst I was I still will bide,
While life shall dure, yea ev'n when life is past,
Though toward me, loue shew his grace, or pride,
Or fortune raise me vp, or downward cast:
My stable faith shall neuer faile nor slide,
For calme, nor storme, but as a Rocke stand fast,
Against the surging waues still vnremoueable,
So shall my faith stand firme and vnreproueable.

*Bradamants
letur,
Rogier qual
sempre fus
satisfier
voglio.*

39
First shall a file, or knife of drossie lead,
The Dyamond to sundrie figures carue,
Ere any chance by Fortunes frailtie bred,
Or power of loue shall cause my course to swaue:
First shall the streames runne backe vnto their hed,
Ere I will iustly such a blame deserue:
Or ere I shall, for chances good or ill,
Giue my consent to chang my settled will.

40
To thee *Rogero* mine, a good while since,
Of me, and of my heart I gaue dominion,
I should my selfe of lightnes great counce,
If I so sodainly could change opinion:
As for my true allegiance, sure no Prince,
Is faithfuller belov'd of dearest minion:
For me you need no fortresse nor no towre,
To be defences against forren powre.

41
You need no bands of men to entertaine,
To keepe this fortres, strength enough haue I,
For riches make on me assault but vaine,
So base a price no gentle heart can buy:
Nor noble birth, nor name of crowne or raigne,
Which oft doth dase the common peoples eye,
Nor beautie, to the which light minds incline,
Though greater see I neuer shall then thine.

42
No, feare not, no man powre shall euer haue,
My heart to other figure to transforme,
Loue did your shape therein so deepe ingraue,
As now it can receiue none other forme:
My heart is not of wax, for why Loue gaue,
(When to his worke he did it first conforme)
An hundred strokes with cheessell and with male,
Ere he could fetch therefrom one little scale.

43
Pure Iuorie, gemmes, and ev'rie hardest stone,
That most withstandeth steel, a man may burst,
But other figure yet receiue they none,
Then that to which they formed were at first:
My heart is not vnlike a precious stone,
Or Adamant, or what so cutteth worst:
Loue sooner shall it breake in thousand splints
Ere other beauties bring it to new prints.

K k

Tues

64

These words she wrote, and many more to these,
That him with faith, with loue, with hope so fed,
Offorce to cure each desperate disease,
Or rather to reuiue him being ded:
But when they thought them safest from the seas,
And in the hav'n securely harbored,
A new and sodaine tempest rose so sore,
As draue them backe to sea from sight of shore.

65

For worthy *Bradamant* that had assign'd,
To shew her meaning plaine was, and direct,
And calling wonted courage to her minde,
And quite reiecting womanly respect,
Came vnto *Charles*, and spake in such a kind,
My Liege, if ere my seruice did effect,
Ought worth your highnes thanks, at your command
Let not your grace deny me one demand.

66

But promise me, vpon your Princely faith
And royall word, which I may surely trust,
To grant one suit, what ere your handmaid praith
And I will promise that it shall be iust.
(Beloued worthy mayd, the Emp'rour faith)
Your many seruices confesse I must,
Deserue no lesse, and frankly here I vow it,
If of my Realme you aske part, he allow it.

67

My suit is that your highnes will not yeeld,
That I (said she) may any husband haue,
That shall not first of all, with speare and sheeld,
Or else with sword in hand him so behaue,
As th'at he can withstand me in the field,
Behold the only fauour that I craue,
I would be his that proues himselfe so stout,
The rest may be content to stand without.

68

Most noble maid (the Emp'rour straight replide)
Thy stout demand, well to thy minde doth sute,
Wherefore by me it may not be denyde,
It is so noble and so iust a suite:
Now (for she sought not this her suit to hide)
All they that heard thereof, sure were not mute,
But eu'n ere night it publisht was so rise.
As it was knowne to *Ammon* and his wife.

69

And thereupon they presently conceau'd
Against their daughter, great disdain and wrath,
For by such motion plainly they perceiued,
She to *Rogero* most devotion hath:
Wherefore to th'end she might be quite bereaued
All hope, to follow that forbidden path,
From out the court they traird her by a sight,
And sent her to their castle that same night.

70

This was a fortresse that but few dayes past,
The Prince had giu'n to them vpon request,
Betweene *Perpignan* and *Cirtasso* plait,
And neare the sea, not of importance least:
Here as a prisoner they did keepe her fast,
With minde to send her one day vnto th'East,
They purpose, will she, nil she, she must take
Don *Leon*, and *Rogero* quite forsake.

71

The Damsell, though not kept with watch or guard,
Yet bridled with the Parents awfull raine,
Did keepe her close, with good and due regard,
And of their rigor did no whit complaine:
But yet to this her thoughts were full prepar'd,
To bide imprisonment or any paine,
Or death it selfe, by torture or by racke,
More rather then from promise to go backe.

72

Renaldo finding that his suttile fire,
Had tane his sister thus from out his fist,
Nor able as his promise did require,
Rogero suit to further and assist,
Forgets he is his sonne, and in his ire,
Rebukes his Parents, but say what he list,
They are content to giue the words to loosers:
But in their daughters match they will be choosers. *Sentence*

73

Rogero hearing this, and greatly fearing,
I cast *Leon* should by loue, or by constraint,
Possesse his ladie by his long forbearing,
He minds (but none he doth therewith acquaint,)
To giue a speedie death to *Leon*, swearing
That he of *Cesar*, will make him a saint,
And that he will, except his hope deceiue him,
Of scepter, life, and loue, and all bereaue him,

74

And in his minde resolued full thereon,
Don *Hectors* armor that from *Mandricard*
He late had wonne, forthwith he putteth on,
Frontino eke he secretly prepar'd:
But *Eagle* on his shield he would haue none,
I cannot tell you well in what regard;
In steed thereof an argent Vnicorne,
In field of *Gewls* by him as then was borne.

75

One onely trustie seruant and no mo,
He takes with him his purpose to conceale,
He giueth him in charge where ere he go,
That he his name to no man do reueale:
Thus *Mosa*, *Rhyne*, he past with pace not slow,
And *Austria* to th' *Ungarian* common weale:
And vpon litters banke, such speed he made,
That in a while he came vnto *Belgrade*.

76

Where *Saua* doth into *Danubia* fall,
And all along that streame he might discouer
Ensignes and banners all Imperiall,
That nye the streame in numbers great did houer:
Great was the multitude, and *Grecians* all,
Who with a hope that came to recouer,
Which late before from them the *Bulgars* wonne,
Were thither brought by th'Emperor and his sonne.

77

Twixt *Belgrade*, and the streame in warlike ranks,
The *Bulgars* stood eu'n to the mountaines ridge,
Both armies waited at the riuers banks,
The *Greeks* endeuord there to cast a bridge;
And for that end prepared boats and planks,
The *Bulgars* sought their purpose to abridge:
Scarfe had *Rogero* vewd them well, and scene them,
But that there fell a skirmish hot betweene them.

The

Far d'An-
guis
diao, for
when the
Emperors
were dead,
they desied
them and
called them
D'au which
imports as
much as
saints.

78
The *Greeks* were foure to one, beside they haue
Good store of boats with many a planke and boord,
And to the place a sharp assault they gaue,
And meane to passe although there were no foord:
But this was but a policie, and braue,
For *Leon* so this while himselfe besturd,
That with a compasse that about he fet
Both he and his the streame past without let.

79
With little lesse then twentie thousand men,
Along the banks he secretly doth ride,
And gaue to them a fresh alarm then,
Vnlooked for, vnwares, and vnespi'd:
No lesse the Emp^ror *Constantino*, when
He saw his sonne, on land on tother side,
By ioyning planke to planke, and boat to boat,
With all his power, an easie passage got.

80
The *Bulgar* Captaine that *Vatrano* hight,
And was a valiant warrior and a wise,
Endeuoured both by policie and fight
To beare the bront, but nothing could suffice:
For *Leon* both by multitude and might,
Vnhorsed him, and ere he could arise,
Sith he to yeeld him prisoner did disdain,
Among a thousand swords he there was slaine.

81
Till then, the *Bulgars* valiantly made hed,
But when they saw their king and Captaine slaine,
So great a terror in their minds was bred,
In their faint hearts no courage did remaine.
Rogero seeing how the *Bulgars* fled,
And none to stay or bring them backe againe:
To helpe the weaker part resolueth briefly,
For hate of *Constantine*, but *Leon* chiefly.

82
He spurres his horse that like the winde doth runne,
And makes them stand, that fled with fainting brest,
And hauing spide one brauer then the Sunne,
A gallant youth, more forward then the rest:
(This same was *Constantinos* sisters sonne)
At him *Rogero* runnes with speare in rest:
He brake his shield and coat like brittle glasse,
And through his bodie made the speare to passe.

83
He leaues him dead, and *Ballisard* he drawes
And with that blade he shewd himselfe so stout,
Who meeteth with him, to repent haue cause,
He presseth in among the thickest rout;
Ones skull he cleaueth to the verie iawes,
Heads, leggs, and armes flew all the field about:
The streame that erst did run as Christall cleare,
Vermillion now doth to the sight appeare.

84
No man that saw, much lesse that felt his blowes,
Dare once make head against them, or resist them,
Rogero in the field triumphant goes,
The *Bulgars* now march freely where it list them:
Nor was there one amongst them all that knowes,
What wight it was that did so well assist them.
This change they saw procur'd in little space,
Wholately fled, now held their foes in chaffe.

85
The yong *Augustus* standing on a hill,
A place about the rest much eminent,
Seeing one man his men to slay and kill,
And that their losse and flight was euident:
He wonders at his courage and his skill,
And thinkes that God had sure some Angel sent,
To plague the *Grecians* for their old offences,
And for the *Bulgars* succours and defences.

86
He sees both by his armes and Vnicorne.
That sure he was a knight of forraine Nation,
And whereas some, more hate would him haue born,
He rather held him in more admiration:
His heart, whom vertuous thoughts did still adorne
And ever was of noble inclination,
Made him extoll him for his deeds of armes,
Although his men by him receiu'd such harmes.

87
Eu'n as a babe, whom sometime mou'd with ire,
The mother beats with rod, or with it chafeth.
Runnes not vnto the sister, nor the fire
But to the Mam, and sweetly her imbraceth:
So now though *Leons* men are made retire,
And though *Rogero* killeth them and chafeth,
Yet his great valow maketh *Leon* loue him,
Much more then hate him, for the harme he doth him

Si mila.

*This was
a true noble
nature.*

88
But if that *Leon* loue him and admire,
Me thinks he hath but some recompence,
For why *Rogeros* hope and sole desire,
Is to do *Leon* damage and offence:
He looks for him, and oft he doth enquire,
Which way he was, but still the diligence,
And long experience of the warie *Greeke*,
Do cause *Rogero* him in vaine did seek.

89
Don *Leon* saw his soldiers flee so fast,
He sounds retreat and to his father sent
A messenger forthwith, in all post hast,
And of his message this was chiefe content,
To let him vnderstand how things had past,
And wish him flie for feare of being shent:
Likewise himselfe and his, hast all they may,
Back ore the streame themselves then to conuay.

90
But yet for all his hast, his men were slaine,
And some with hast were drowned in the streame,
The *Bulgars* now did conquerors remaine,
That erst in perill were to loose their Reame:
The knight of th' Vnicorne, they all see plaine,
Caus'd all their good, wherefore with ioy extreme,
To him they go acknowledging indeed,
That all their glorie did from him proceed.

91
Some kisse his hands, and some do kisse his feete,
And in most humble manner him salute,
They thinke for him a praise diuine were meete,
And power diuine they do to him impute:
They send their chiefe Captaines him to meete,
And all of them to him do make this sure:
And vp to heau'n their ioyfull voices ring,
That he would be their Captaine, guide, and king.

K k 2

Rogero

92
 Rogero vnto them this answer made,
 That he will be their guide as they thinke best,
 But that he will not come into *Belgrade*,
 Nor staffe nor scepter touch at no request,
 Vntill that *Leon* that did them invade,
 He haue once slaine, or tane him at the least:
 For why a thousand miles for this alone,
 He ridden had, and other cause had none.

93
 This said, forthwith he biddeth them adew,
 And would no longer stay at their desiring,
 But that way *Leon* fled, did him pursew,
 (For flight it was indeed, and not retyring)
 Howbeit *Leon* and his men that knew,
 What in such case for safetie was requirng, (past
 Brake downe the bridge, when they the streame had
 And so as then they made the passage fast.

94
 Rogero failing of his first intent,
 Did seeke some place to passe to tother side,
 Along that streame till all that day was spent,
 And all that night vncessantly doth ride:
 Betime next morne vnto a towne he went,
 To ease his wearied bodie, and beside,
 To make his horse amends for so great wrong,
 In keeping him without a bait so long.

95
Vngardo, one of reckning good and state,
 Held this same towne to *Constantino* deare,
 And footmen had, and horsemen got of late,
 Since of these waies he did first ridings beare:
 Rogero finding none to watch the gate,
 More boldly entred finding passage cleare,
 The towne it selfe within he likewise found,
 With meat and drinke, and lodging to abound.

96
 Now where Rogero lodged that same night,
 One of *Romania*, happened there to oste,
 That present was at that precedent fight,
 When as Rogero holpe the *Bulgars* host:
 And at that time did him so fore affright,
 That though of his escaping he might boast,
 Yet still he feared him, and still did doubt him,
 And still he thought that *Vncorne* about him,

97
 Wherefore when as he saw that shield, he knew
 This was the man that ev'n before so late,
 So many of the *Grecian* armie slew,
 Straightway he hasted to the castle gate:
 And that he may haue audience he doth sew,
 For matter that concernes the Realme and state;
 But when he was admitted, what he told,
 Within the booke insuing ile vnfold.

Moral.

How truly and vpon how iust cause mine author blameth Princes for their weake keeping promise, and their continuall breaking of leagues (be they made neuer so solemnly) I thinke our present time can witnesse, in which it is hard to say whether any two Princes in Europe at this day be assured each of others loue: the reason is plaine,

They weigh not wrong nor right, nor reckon of it,
 Further then it may tend to their owne profit.

And as the fault is theirs, so sure they haue a great punishment for it, which is, that they liue in perpetuall feare one of another, and euer one iealous of anothers greatnes: it was a happie time (if euer there was a time) when it was otherwise.

In dame *Beatrice* we may note the notable ambitious humor of women, specially in matching their children about their calling, which I touched more at large in the notes of the fifth booke: neither are the wiser sort of men free frō this folly, for if they may match their daughters, so as they may say my Lord my sonne, they thinke they haue God almightie by the toe (as the prouerbe saith) whereas many times they haue the diuell by the claw: but those that glorie so to make their sonnes their lords, I would haue them beare that verse of *Martiall* to one that called his father his Lord.

Scrum te dicis natum ingenueque fateris,
 Cum dicis dominum *Sosibiane* patrem.

A slave thou art by birth, of this I gather,
 For euermore thou saist, my Lord my father.

Historic.

Perithous would needes take vpon him by the helpe of *Theseus* to steale away the daughter of the king of *Molossus*, but being both taken, *Perithous* was deuoured by *Cerberus* a great dogge that the said king kept, and *Theseus* was after rescued by *Hercules*: thence arose the fable that they went to hell together to steale *Proserpina*, for so was that kings daughter named.

Allegoric.

In the many lets that Rogero hath ear he can get *Bradamant*, the Allegorie is continued from the beginning to the end of the whole worke, to shew how hardly a man comes to a true contentment and peaceable state in this world (which is figured in the match with *Bradamant*) man hauing still enemies bodily or ghostly to binder or interrupt the same.

Allusion.

In *Bradamants* constant loue to Rogero, he alludes to a Lady of the house of *Colonna*, that married *Lugy Gonzaga* against the Popes will, and many of his adherents.

Here end the notes of the 44. booke.



92

Rogero vnto them this answer made,
That he will be their guide as they thinke best,
But that he will not come into *Belgrade*,
Nor staffe nor scepter touch at no request,
Vntill that *Leon* that did them invade,
He haue once slaine, or tane him at the least:
For why a thousand miles for this alone,
He ridden had, and other cause had none.

93

This said, forthwith he biddeth them adew,
And would no longer stay at their desiring,
But that way *Leon* fled, did him pursue,
(For flight it was indeed, and not rerying)
Howbeit *Leon* and his men that knew,
What in such case for safetie was requiring, (past
Brake downe the bridge, when they the streame had
And so as then they made the passage fast.

94

Rogero failing of his first intent,
Did seeke some place to passe to tother side,
Along that streame till all that day was spent,
And all that night vncessantly doth ride:
Betime next morne vnto a towne he went,
To ease his wearied bodie, and beside,
To make his horse amends for so great wrong,
In keeping him without a bait so long.

95

Vergado, one of reckning good and state,
Held this same towne to *Constantino* deare,
And footmen bad, and horsemen got of late,
Since of these waies he did first tidings heare:
Rogero finding none to watch the gate,
More boldly entred finding passage cleare,
The towne it selfe within he likewise found,
With meat and drinke, and lodging to abound.

96

Now where Rogero lodged that same night,
One of *Romania*, happened there to oste,
That present was at that precedent fight,
When as Rogero holpe the *Bulgars* host:
And at that time did him so sore affright,
That though of his escaping he might boast,
Yet still he feared him, and still did doubt him,
And still he thought that *Vnicorne* about him.

97

Wherefore when as he saw that shield, he knew
This was the man that euen before so late,
So many of the *Grecian* armie slew,
Straightway he hasted to the castle gate:
And that he may haue audience he doth sew,
For matter that concerns the Realme and state:
But when he was admitted, what he told,
Within the booke insuing ile unfold.

Morall.

How truly and vpon how iust cause mine author blameth Princes for their weake keeping promise, and their continuall breaking of leagues (be they made neuer so solemnly) I thinke our present time can witness, in which it is hard to say whether any two Princes in Europe at this day be assured each of others loue: the reason is plaine,

They weigh not wrong nor right, nor reckon of it,

Further then it may tend to their owne profit.

And as the fault is theirs, so sure they haue a great punishment for it, which is, that they liue in perpetuall feare one of another, and euer one iealous of anothers greatnes: it was a happie time (i. euer there was a time) when it was otherwise.

In dame *Beatrice* we may note the notable ambitious humor of women, specially in matching their children about their calling, which I touched more at large in the notes of the first booke: neither are the wiser sort of men free fro this folly, for if they may match their daughters, so as they may say my Lord my sonne, they thinke they haue God almightie by the toe (as the prouerbe saith) whereas many times they haue the diuell by the clawe: but those that glorie so to make their sonnes their lords, I would haue them heare that verse of *Martiall* to one that called his father his Lord.

Seruum te dicis natum ingenueque fateris,
Cum dicis dominum *Sosibiane* patrem.

A slave thou art by birth, of this I gather,
For euermore thou saist, my Lord my father.

Historic.

Perithous would needes take vpon him by the helpe of *Theseus* to steale away the daughter of the king of *Molossus*, but being both taken, *Perithous* was deuoured by *Cerberus* a great dogge that the said king kept, and *Theseus* was after rescued by *Hercules*: thence arose the fable that they went to hell together to steale *Proserpina*, for so was that kings daughter named.

Allegoric.

In the many lets that Rogero hath ear he can get *Bradamant*, the Allegorie is continued from the beginning to the end of the whole worke, to shew how hardly a man comes to a true contentment and peaceable state in this world (which is figured in the match with *Bradamant*) man hauing still enemies bodily or ghostly to binder or interrupt the same.

Allusion.

In *Bradamants* constant loue to Rogero, he alludes to a Lady of the house of *Colonna*, that married *Lugy Gonzaga* against the Popes will, and many of his adherents.

Here end the notes of the 44. booke.



THE ARGUMENT.

*The noble Leon doth Rogero save,
In Theodoras cruell prison pent;
Soon after Leon doth Rogero crave,
To win him Bradamant: he doth assent:
And fought with her xij. houres a combat brave;
Of which he after did so sore repent,
In sorrow great he thought to end his life,
To thinke another should possesse his wife.*

*The un-
blasse of
Fortune.*



Ooke how much higher For-
tune doth erect
The climbing wight, on her
unstable wheel,
So much the nigher may a
man expect,
To see his head, where late he
saw his heele:
Polyrates hath prov'd it in
effect,

And Dionysius that too true did feel:
Who long were lul'd on high in Fortunes lap,
And fell down sodainly to great mishap.

On tother side the more a man is pressed,
And utterly ov'ithrown by Fortunes lowre,
The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
When wheel shall turn, and bring the happy houre:
Some from the block have grown to be so blessed,
Whole realmes have been subjected to their power,
As *Marius* and *Ventidius* sample is
In former age, and *Lews* of France in this.

*Look in the
Alban.*

*Look in the
Aure.*

That *Lews* of France (the story well is known)
That to *Al onfas* sonne did give his daughter,
Who was at *Saint Albino* overthrowne,
And ev'n with much ado escaped slaughter,
Alike misfortune by like danger grown,
Cervino scaped but a little after:
And having past that moment by good chance;
One ruled *Hungary*, the tother *France*.

'Tis manifest in stories new and old,
That good and ill each other do succeed,

And worldly blisse hath but a slender hold,
Wherefore a man of wisdom will take heed;
And on his fortune never be too bold,
Although his state and riches farre exceed:
Nor yet in fortune ill, despaire or doubt,
For evermore her wheel doth turn about.

Rogero (as I lately did repeat)
Now having both repulst the sonne and fire,
Grew to such pride therewith, and such conceit,
(Ambition evermore aspiring hier,)
He thinks by fortune and his force so great,
To kill *Don Leon*, which was his chief desire,
And for that purpose aid he asketh none,
But thinketh sure to do the feat alone.

But she that cannot suffer nor abide,
That any long should of her favour bide,
Now in the midst of all his praise and pride,
When in her favour he affied most,
Did cause him of this knight to be descri'd;
Who went unto *Ungardo* straight in post,
And told him how that man that put to flight
The *Greeke* host, would lie in town that night.

He said, 'twas happen'd ev'n as one could wish,
If so they mar'd not all by ill contriving,
That he was taken now as is a fish,
That to the net approacheth without driving:
Or rather layes it self into the dish,
And makes resistance none nor any striving,
Much did the Capitaine at these newes rejoyce,
And shew'd the same by gesture and by voice.

And

8
And presently provision such he made,
That good *Rogero* taken was that night,
And kept as prisoner now in *Novengrade*,
(For so the town where he was taken hight)
What should he do when arm'd men did invade
Him naked and asleep, with so great might:
Ungardo straight doth send this joyfull tidings
To *Constantine*, at *Beltrich* now abiding.

9
For since his forces late were beaten down,
He thought it safest, quickly to withdraw
Vnto some strength, or to some walled town,
(For of the *Bulgars* now he had such a way)
He doubted they would hazard ev'n his crown,
Now having such a guide as erst he saw,
And this same town was strong, and did pertaine
To him, whose sonne was by *Rogero* slaine.

10
But when this message of their Captains taking,
By letters and by post was brought to him,
He was therewith in such a joyfull taking,
He thought he now in seas of milk did swim,
His face that pale, his heart that erst was quaking,
Vpon this newes it chearfull was and trim,
The *Bulgars* now he counts as overthrowne,
The victory he judgeth sure his own.

11
As doth the father joy, so doth the son,
Of this good hap, though for a further end,
He hopeth this brave knight may now be won
By curtesie, to be his faithfull friend,
He needeth not envie (if that were done)
King *Charles* the great (he thinks) but ev'n contend
Both with his *Palladines* and all his garrison,
For flower of Chivalry, to make comparison.

12
But *Theodora* was of other mind,
Don *Leons* Ant, whose sonne *Rogero* slew,
For she with choler carry'd headlong blind,
And for his losse, whose death she most did rewe,
To *Constantine* her Lord, and brother kind
She went, and at his feet her selfe she threw,
And when she first had made a piteous plaint,
She with her suit this wife did him acquaint.

13
I will not rise from these your feet (she saith)
My liege, untill you grant me power to wreak
My selfe on him, that brought my sonne to death,
And did with cruell speare his bowels break:
Besides he was your nephew, while his breath
Did dure, you saw his love, and service eke,
Your highnesse knowes it were too great a wrong,
To let his death be unrevenged long.

14
You further see, that God of goodnesse meare
Had caus'd that wretch the camp thus to forsake,
And come like bird to bait (the case is cleare)
Whereas *Ungardo* did him prisoner take,
Because my only sonne I lov'd so deare,
Might not go unreveng'd to *Stygian* lake:
Then give me him (my Lord) and be content,
I swage my grief, with his sharp punishment.

15
Her plaints and moe so well she doth devise,
So forcibly and heartily she praid,
Nor would not stirre from thence in any wise,
(Although the noble Emp'r'or did and said
Ev'n all he could, to make her thence arise)
That sith she would by no means be denaid,
But still renew'd her suit, with piteous weeping,
He granteth her the prisoner in her keeping.

16
And thus at last, to make the matter short,
He sendeth for the knight of the *Vnicorn*,
And gave him her, whose chiefe delight and sport
Was to devise to work him woe and scorn;
All common deaths were of two mild a sort,
To have him hang'd, and all in peeces torn,
And on each gate to set a quarter'd lim,
She thought it was not plague enough for him.

17
Chain'd hands and feet, and neck, she lockt him up
In dungeon void of light, but full of stink,
With mouldie bread she made him dine and sup,
And gave him puddle water for his drink:
She shortly means, that he a sorrie cup
Shall tast, but till she may her selfe bethink
The kind of death, she giveth him a keeper,
Whose rancor was as deep as hers, or deeper.

18
Oh had Duke *Ammons* noble daughter known
Of her *Rogeros* now distressed state,
Or if it had been to *Marsifa* shown,
Who lov'd him deare, though in another rate,
But tone and tother thither would have flown,
And would not cease to ride betimes and late,
To rescue good *Rogero* and assist,
Let *Ammon* and his wife say what they list.

19
Now *Charles* the great began to call to mind
His promise, by the which himself was bound,
That husband none should ever be assign'd
To *Bradaman*, but he in fight were found
Her match, and (as kings use in such a kind)
He published the same by trumpets sound,
Ov'r all his Empire sending proclamations,
That soon the fame did flie to forrain nations.

20
Thus much the writing made men understand,
That no man *Bradaman* to wife should get,
But one that would attempt with sword in hand
From rising of the Sun, untill it set,
Her force in single combat to withstand;
Which if that any could, there was no let,
But she agrees, and *Charles* himselfe allowes,
That such a one should have her for his spouse.

21
This Article was likewise there set down,
That they should name the weapon if they list,
For why her valew was of great renown,
To fight on horse, on foot, in field, in list.
Duke *Ammon* now that to withstand the crown,
Wants force and will, no longer doth resist,
But after long discourses with his daughter,
Compeld in fine, back to the Court he brought her.

Her mother eke, though wroth and malecontent,
Yet both for nature and for honours sake,
Good store of costly clothes incontinent,
Both gownes and kirtles she for her doth make,
Thus *Bradamant* with both her parents went
Vnto the Court, where she small joy did take,
She scarce esteemed it a Court to be,
When that her lover there she could not see.

Simile.

As one that saw in Aprill or in May
A pleasant garden full of fragrant flowres,
Then when fresh earth new clad in garments gay,
Decks ev'ry wood and grove with pleasant bowres,
And comes againe on some Decembers day,
And sees it mar'd, with winters storms and showres,
So did this Court to *Bradamant* appeare,
When as she saw *Rogero* was not here.

She dares not ask of any man for feare,
Lest such a question might her love accuse,
Howbeit secretly she lendeth care,
To others talk, as in such case men use:
Each man saith gone he is, but none knowes where,
For to the Court of him there came no newes,
And he himselfe, when as he thence departed,
His purpose unto no man there imparted.

Oh in what feare and rage these newes do set her,
To heare *Rogero* was in manner fled,
She thinketh that sure, because he could not get her,
And that her father nay to him had sed,
That now he sought of purpose to forget her,
And shun her sight, that all his sorrow bred,
She thinks that he from thence himselfe withdrawes,
For this alone, and for none other cause.

Simile.

But more then all, this doubt her heart assailes,
That he was gone to seek some forrain love,
And sith that of his purpose here he failes,
To speed some otherwhere he straight would prove,
As from a boord men drive out nailes with nailes,
So with new love he would her love remove;
But straight another thought that thought gainfaith,
She thinketh her *Rogero* full of faith.

And thereupon her selfe she reprehends,
That she her lover should so much abuse,
Thus in her mind one fancy him defends,
And then another doth him sore accuse,
And she her thought to either fancy leads,
And in great doubt she is which part to chuse;
But when a while she had her self bethought,
She leaneth most unto best pleasing thought.

Then chief, when in her mind she doth repeat
Rogero's promise, which he bad her trust,
She thinks to him the injury is great,
That causlessly she now should him mistrust,
And ev'n as he were present, she doth beat
Her breast that still doth harbour thoughts unjust,
My self hath sin'd (she saith) which now I curse,
But he that caused it is cause of worse.

Love was the cause (quoth she) that in my heart
Your face and grace ingraved hath so seemly,
And therewith hath set forth each vertuous part,
Beseeching thee so sweetly and so trimly,
That sure no dame, that knowes well what thou art,
Can chuse but fall in love with thee extremely,
And therewithall with all her power indever
To win thy love, and make thee hers for ever.

Oh if that love had grav'd thy thoughts so well,
As it hath grav'd thy visage in my mind,
In how great joy and blisse should I then dwell,
For well I know that they be true and kind,
Then jealousie the onely plague of hell,
(To which alas I am too much inclin'd)
Should quickly cease, and I should free me from it,
Nor would I in my heart once think upon it.

But as a miser hoarding up his treasure,
Doth doubt in absence still that theeves be there,
So I when thou that art mine onely pleasure,
Art absent farre from me (I know not where)
I straight suspect, and straight I doubt false measure,
And straight my hope grows lesse, and more my fear,
Which though I think both bootlesse and unjust,
Yet still I doubt, and still I do mistrust.

But yet no sooner shall the pleasing light
Of thy sweet countenance come unto mine eyes,
O thou my joy, O thou my lives delight,
(Though where thou art I cannot now devise)
But that true hope false feare shall put to flight,
And knowledge plaine all doubts shall satisfie,
Come then my deare, and hasten thy returning,
Ere hope and fear shal wast me quite with mourning.

As when the night hath spread her mantle black,
Faint hearted folk are wont to be affraid,
But when again the day-light doth come back,
They seem of better cheare and well appaid:
So I do faint, when as my deare I lack,
But in his presence I am undismaid:
Come then my deare *Rogero*, come unto me,
Before that hope and doubt do quite undo me.

As in the night each little fierie spark
May plainly be discerned with our eyne,
But when the day doth come we then shall mark,
That all are damp'd, and do no longer shine,
So kindles feare in mind with doubt made dark,
Vntill my Sun in my Horizon shine:
Turn then my deare, and with thy light illumine me,
And drive away this care that doth consume me.

As when the Sun declines to South most low,
The land doth leese the beauty that she had,
And winter stormes breed raine, and ice, and snow,
The pleasant birds all silent sit and sad:
So when as thou from me far off dost go,
O shining Sun, whose beams do make me glad,
A thousand feares but all unjust and vaine,
Make winter in my heart, to my great paine.

Shine

36
Shine then on me, O my cleare Sun, and bring
Thy beames more nye, this snow and ice to thaw.
Refresh these branches withred in their spring,
And do no more thy self so farr withdraw:
As *Philomena* dolefully doth sing,
When as her young ones all destroy'd she saw
Or as the Turtle early mourns and late,
When she hath lost her deare beloved mate.

37
So noble *Bradamant* still mournes and plaines,
With feare *Rogero* had her loue reiected,
And with salt teares her lovely cheeks distaines,
Yet secretly, for feare to be detected:
O had she knowne that he was bound in chaines,
And euen the houre a cruell death expected,
What griefe of minde thinke you, should she then
That was so grieved already for his sake! (take,

38
But loe, the beau'nly goodnes so ordaines,
That *Theodoras* rage, and cruell spight,
Against her prisoner, whom she keeps in chaines,
And means to kill with torture all she might,
Reseruing him alive for greater paines,
Came to the care of *Cæsars* sonne one night,
And put into his heart to save and cherish,
And not to suffer so great vallow perish.

39
The noble *Leon* that *Rogero* loues,
(Not knowing tho that this *Rogero* was)
Whom his rare vertue, and great vallow moues,
Which he did thinke all humane farre to passe,
Deuising sundry wayes, this one he proues,
And by the same, he brought the feat to passe,
So that his cruell Aunt could not espy him,
Nor once complaine that she was wronged by him.

40
He speaketh in the secretst fort he can,
Vnto the bloody wretch that kept the keyes,
And pray'eth him show him the condemned man,
For why he must examin him he sayes:
A knight a valiant man that was his man,
He takes with him fit for all bold assayes,
The cruell layler, that no fraud suspected,
In all points did as *Leon* him directed.

41
He leads him secretly vnto the den,
Where good *Rogero* was in prison pent,
Nor tooke he with him any of his men,
But as their guide, the formost of them went:
Who when they saw the time best serued then
No longer to defer the occasion ment,
But vnawares they at aduantage catch him,
And with a sodaine stab they do dispatch him.

42
Then open they the trap doore out of hand,
And downe they let the ladder that was by,
And *Leon* with a lanterne in his hand,
Of light conceald, went where the knight did ly,
Fast bound vpon a grate with bitter band,
Not in the water, but thereto so ny,
The very damp was such, that one might guesse,
That sole would kill him, in a month or lesse.

43
With great compassion *Leon* him embraced,
And sayd, sir knight, the vertue you haue shewne,
With sure knots my loue hath knit and laced
To you, since first the same to me was knowne,
So as my heart and thoughts are wholly placed,
To seeke your faetie, rather then mine owne,
Vnto your welfare and your loue to win,
To leese my fires good will, and all my kin.

44
To tell you true, the Emp'ours sonne I am,
Leon by name, as yet to you a stranger,
To set you free, of purpose now I came,
And put my person, and my state in danger,
That both my father greatly me may blame,
And looke vpon me euermore with anger,
The losse at *Belgrade* which you wrought him late
Makes him to beate to you so sharp an hate.

45
These sugred words, and many more beside,
Which were for me too tedious to repeat,
He spake, and then his bands he all vntye,
And secretly he caus'd him moue his seat:
Rogero in this wise to him replyde,
Your courtesie is such, your gift so great,
To giue me life, that you shall ay command it,
When euer it shall please you to demand it.

46
Thus *Leon* in this secret fort vnknowne,
Rogero from the prison doth conuay,
And send him to a castle of his owne,
Whereas he might secure in silence stay,
Vntil this tumult all were ouerblowne,
And till againe for him regaine he may
His armes and gallant horse, and famous blade,
Kept by *Ungardo*, Lord of *Nouengrade*.

47
The keeper slaine the next ensuing morne,
The prison gates, from off the hinges heaued,
The hinges, and the manicles in pieces torne
Each man might see, but none by whom perceaued:
All thought that *Leon* had him hatred borne,
Wherefore of him they no mistrust conceaued,
The cause he had of hate, each man doth know,
By name his late receaued ouerthrow.

48
At this great curtesie that *Leon* vsed,
Rogero wonders much, and thinks it strange,
And sore he was in minde and thought confus'd,
And sodainly he feels a wondrous change,
His heart relented, and all hate refused,
And turnde it all to loue, by sweet exchang,
What erst malicious, cruell was, and hatefull,
Is turned now to kinde, and milde, and gratefull.

49
So deepe into his head and heart it sinks,
That it possessed all his soule and sense,
On this he studies when he wakes or winks,
How he may do to him some recompence:
To spend eu'n al his future dayes (he thinkes)
Sole in his seruice, and in his defence,
Could not requite, no scarce the twentieth part
Of so great curtesie, and so great desert.

30
In this meane while, the newes was come from *France*,
Which *Charles* had notifi'd to many a nation,
Of her that would be woo'd by sword and lance,
In single fight (so said the proclamation:)
Don Leon was quite out of countenance,
To heare of this her strange determination,
And as a man that wel his owne strength knowes,
Himselfe too weake for her he doth suppose.

31
And long debating how he might supply,
His want of force and courage, by his wit,
In fine he purpos'd with himselfe to try,
This new made frēd, whose name he knowes not yet,
Although he well could witnesse with his eye,
That for no braue exploit he was vnfit,
He hopeth by his manhood and his aid,
To conquer and to haue that hardie maid.

32
But two things he must do before he goes,
One is the minde of this same vnknowne knight,
Vnto this hardie enterprise dispose,
The tother is, to bring him to the fight
So secretly, as none might it disclose,
And all that while to keepe himselfe from sight;
First then, in earnest sort he doth intreat
Rogero take on him this hardie fear.

33
Much might the *Greeke* preuaile by eloquence,
The which he vs'd to lead him thereunto,
But more prevail'd the bond of recompence,
So firme as no time euer could vndo,
That though the motion bred him great offence,
And seemd a thing vnpossible to do,
With gladder looke then heart he doth reply,
Deare sir, I nothing may to you deny.

34
Though he no sooner had this word pronounced,
But that he felt such griefe did gripe his hart,
As if damnation were to him denounced,
Such pangs he had, such torture and such smart:
But yet his promise giu'n he not renounced,
Nor from the same once purpos'd to depart,
For first a thousand deaths he ment to chuse,
Then one request of *Leons* to refuse.

35
Dye sure he shall (he thinks) for if he leaue
His loue, he knowes he cannot byde aliuē,
For either sorrow wil of life him reauē,
Or if that nature shall with sorrow strīue,
Of his owne hands he will his death receaue,
And so his soule from hated harbor driue,
Each other thing on earth to him seems possible,
But missing her, to liue he thinks impossible.

36
Then die he must, onely he doubts what kinde
Of death, were for his state and fancie best,
Once his conceit did come into his minde,
To lay in fight his naked open brest:
Might she him slay, he deemeth in his minde,
That such a death, in death might make him blest,
But then he sees what follow would of this,
That noble *Leon* should his purpose misse.

37
And then himselfe of promise eke should sayle
which was not to dissemble, but indever
That *Leon* in his wooing might preuaile,
And make dame *Bradamant* his owne for euer:
Thus though that diuers thoughts his minde assaile,
Yet wholly in that thought he doth perseuer,
That moutch him most plaine to deale and trew,
And to all other thoughts he bids adew.

38
This while *Don Leon* with his fathers leaue,
With such retinue as his state required,
Of knights and squires, his native soyle did leaue,
And went to see the dame he so desired:
Rogero did of him before receaue,
His armes and horse, and in strange clothes attired,
Day after day they so their iourney frame,
That at the last to *Paris* wals they came.

39
Don Leon to the Citie would not go,
But neare vnto the same he pitcht a tent:
And by Ambassage made the king to know,
How he was come, and vnto what intent:
King *Charles* was glad and did his gladnes show
With gifts, and vnto him in person went:
Don Leon tels what did his comming breed,
And prayes he may dispatched be with speed.

40
And that King *Charles* that noble maid would cause,
To come the day ensuing to the field,
That would (against all common wedlocks lawes)
Be wood and wenne, with onely sword and shield:
King *Charles* her calls, and she that askt no pause,
Vnto the motion willingly did yeeld,
And so accordingly next day she came,
Vnto the lists prepared for the same.

41
That day that went before the day of fight,
Rogero passed with as great content,
As doth a man condemned spend the night,
The which before his execution went,
He chus'd to fight all clad in armour bright,
Because as then to be vnknowne he ment,
And (for to hurt her, was not his pretence)
Saue sword, he vs'd no weapon of offence.

42
Lance he would none, nor that he feard the lance
Which first *Argalia*, then *Astolfo* bare,
Which forced men beside their seat to dance,
And vnto many men procurde great care,
For neither he that vs'd it first in *France*,
Nor any of those other, was aware,
How all those seats were by enchantment donne,
Saue that same king, that gaue it to his sonne.

43
Likewise *Astolfo* and the *Dordon* dame,
That with that speare full many did vnhorse,
Thought not that it from Negromancy came,
But from their sleight, and their owne proper force,
They thought with any speare to do the same:
But now *Rogero*, did both speare and horse
Refuse, because if he had vs'd his owne,
He thought it would by *Bradamant* be knowne.

Needs

The same
Laurel
dore, was
sometime
King Gales
fiers lady
of Angiers

64
Needs must the damsell call to minde the steed,
For why she kept him long at *Clarimount*,
And vsed him with her owne hands to feed,
And made of him a speciall deare account:
Wherefore *Rogero* that took speciall heed
To go vnknowne refus'd on horse to mount,
Or any other thing by which he may,
Vnto his dearest loue himselfe bewray.

65
He further needs another sword would take,
For well he knew against his *Ballisard*,
No Steele, nor armour none, defence could make,
Whose edge so keene, whose metall was so harte,
Of that new sword likewise he (for her sake)
Rebates the edge, so great was his regard,
And thus himselfe both weakning and disguising,
He came into the field at *Phebus* rising.

66
And that each one for *Leon* might him note,
Vntill the controuersie were decided,
He weares vpon his backe Don *Leons* cote,
The golden Eagle with the head diuided,
(their making both was like, from foote to throte)
Thus when all things were readily prouided,
The tone presents him in the open Greene,
The tother kept him close, and was not seene.

67
But *Bradamant* now farr in other rate,
Herselfe in readines for fight doth set,
And if the knight do his sword's edge rebate,
As fast the damsel her sword's edge doth whet:
She wissheth with a heart most full of hate,
Her sword a passage to the quicke would get,
Yea comfort her it would and doe her good,
If she with eu'rie blow could draw the blood.

68
Ev'n as a Barbrye horse that runnes a race,
And for the signe thereof hath long expected,
Against his will, doth stay his running pace,
With swelling nostrils and with eares erected:
Eu'n so the noble damsell in like case,
That of *Rogeros* presence naught suspected,
Did swell with wrath, and burnes like flaming fire:
Vnto the combat, such was her desire.

69
And as oft times vpon some fearefull clap
Of thunder, straight a hurlewinde doth arise,
And lifts the waues aloft, from *Thetys* lap,
Ev'n in a moment vp vnto the skyes,
The Heardman doubting of some great mishap,
About some tree, or caue, close hidden lyes,
So *Bradamant* with rage of anger driuen,
Assayld *Rogero* when the signe was giuen.

70
But neuer did a stiffe and aged oake,
Against the Northern blast more firmly stand,
Nor better doth a rocke, indure the stroke,
Of surging waues, still wallowing to the land,
Then good *Rogero*, guarded in the cloke
Of *Hectors* armes, her forces did withstand,
Though she still layd on loades with spite and hate
Vpon his armes, his sides, his brest, and pate.

71
Sometimes she giues a blow, sometime a thrust,
According as her vantage most she spide,
And still she watcht, if she could hit him iust
Betweene the plates or where the same were tide,
Twas well the coate was such as one might trust,
For she doth search it still on eu'ry side,
And inwardly she fretteth in her minde,
That nought fell out of that she had assignd.

72
So shall you see some men besiege a towne,
Wel walld, and strongly flankt with rampiers mayne,
Assault it oft, and strue to batter downe
Some towers or gates, with perill great and payne,
And wast their time, and spending many a crowne,
To lose their men about the same in vayne,
No more the damsel's force did now preuaile,
To pierce a plate, or to vniuerse naye.

Simile.

73
Sometime forth of his helmet and his sheeld,
She made the sparkes of fire fly out in sight,
Still smiting him with blowes not soft, nor seeld,
Sometime at reardemaine, and oft downe right,
As thicke as haylestones that vpon the seed,
Or on the tyled houses do alight:
But still *Rogero* close lyes to his ward,
And not to hurt her, still he hath regard.

74
Oft standing still, now turning, then retiring,
He makes his foote accompanie his fist,
With sword, with shield, with slip (cause so requiring)
He wards the blowes, or shunneth them as him list,
And euer not to damage her desiring,
When he might hit, of purpose still he mist,
Yet in such wise, that she her selfe was ware,
And all the rest, that he the same forbare.

75
But *Bradamant* when she her selfe bethought,
What was contain'd in th'Emperors Edict,
That whosoe'r with her a whole day fought,
Should haue her at the end of such conflict,
With all her force endeuord still and sought,
To gall her aduersarie and afflict,
And now the more she troubled was in minde,
To see the Sun to West so low decline.

76
And as her hope still lesse and lesser grew,
So her desire increast still more and more,
Her louing aduersarie to subdew,
That she had fought withall the day before:
As labourers whose worke by taske was dew,
That loyted haue and now are sad therefore,
When night drawes on bestur their lasie bones,
Vntill their strength, and light fayle both at once.

Simile.

77
Alas good *Bradamant*, if thou didst know,
The man to whom thou wishest so much ill,
That in this fight hath beene thy friendly foe,
And winneth thee (perhaps against his will),
Thou wouldest first haue kild thy selfe I trow,
Then of his blood one little drop to spill,
Thou that didst now so curse him and bestrow him
Wouldest neither of them do, if thou didst know him.

But

78
But *Charles* and all his Lords, with full perswasion
That this so valiant champion, *Leon* was,
To praise him highly now they take occasion,
And sith his strength did hers so greatly passe,
They think for her there now was no easion,
The matter brought to such a narrow passe.
Each man esteems this match for her most fit,
Each man allowes, each man commendeth it.

79
Now gan *Don Phebus* dip his golden rays,
(To swage their burning) in the Westerne seas,
When *Charles* himselfe comes to them both & prays
The damsell now her furie to appease,
And giueh sentence, that without delayes,
Don Leon may her marrie when he please:
Rogero doth himselfe no whit disclose,
But armed still backe to the tent he goes.

80
Don Leon, brotherly doth him imbrace,
And then he holpe him to vntie his beauer,
And with great kindnes kissed all his face,
And said that he was bound to him for euer,
And that no time such merit could deface,
Which to reward he would for ay indeuer,
Affirming frankly of his owne meere motion,
That all he had, should be at his deuotion.

81
I neuer can such curtesie requite,
Scant in this life (he saith) or in the next,
No though I should surrender all my right
Vnto my crowne, and all thereto annex.
Rogero, that in speech tooke small delight,
And was with inward passion so perplex,
Resto'd to him his armes, that he had worne,
And tooke againe his shield of th' Vnicorne.

82
Pretending (as he truly might pretend)
He wearie was, and would himselfe repose,
And therefore to his tent vnto that end,
All priuat vnacompany'd he goes,
At midnight horse to take he doth intend,
At midnight priuily from bed he rose.
And armed, and mounted thence away departed,
But why nor whither, he to none imparted.

83
And thus away he secretly doth ride,
And giues *Frontino* leaue to chuse the way,
Now neere a wood, then by the riuier side,
(He neuer looking to what coast it lay)
He faine would die, and still come death he cride,
He thought death onely could his paine allay,
He onely wisheth death to end his griefe,
That while he liues, is sure past all reliefe.

84
Ah wretch (said he) of whom can I complaine,
For sodain reauing me of all my blisse?
Shall I so great an iniurie sustaine?
Of whom else shall I be aueng'd for this?
I did the fault, and now I feeke the paine,
Nor can I say, but iust the torment is,
For punishment doth properly belong
To him that is the author of the wrong.

85
But had I done my selfe the wrong alone,
I might perhap forgieue my selfe the same,
Though surely cause, nor reason there is none,
To pardon such a fact, so worthie blame;
But now I haue to her bene cause of mone,
To suffer that, it were perpetuall shame,
So though I should no iust reuengment take
For mine owne cause, yet must I for her sake.

86
This wrong reuenge I may, I will, I must,
By onely death, sith this offence was such,
To dye, I soone shall finde the way I trust,
The care thereof my minde no whit doth tuch:
Oh that I had long since bene layd in dust,
Ere that I iniured my deare so much,
I would I had bene put to death before,
When I was prisoner vnto *Theodore*.

87
If I had then bene martyr'd and tormented,
With all the plagues her malice could deuise,
At least my deare my death would haue lamented,
With teares, from out her christall streaming eyes:
Now when she knows, that I haue thus consented
To *Leon*, to betray her in this wise,
My part of her, vnto a stranger giuing,
She will haue cause to hate me dead and liuing.

88
Now while the knight did thus lament and plaine,
The Eastern parts of heau'n with light were cleared,
And *Phebus* from his golden house againe,
Lift vp his head, wherewith all creatures cheared,
Betake them to their ordinarie paine:
And then vnto *Rogero* it appeared,
That he was in a wood, a most fit place,
For one of such a mind, in such a case.

89
He lighs, and off he takes *Frontinos* saddle,
And giues him libertie, and thus he sayes,
My gallant beast so good, so seruiceable,
As I haue found thee still at all assayes,
Go, here I set thee free, and were I able,
As I am willing, to set forth thy prayse,
Thou doubtlesse shouldst not need that horse eunike
That was tane vp from earth vnto the skye.

90
Nor should *Arions* prayses make thee fory,
Nor *Cyllarus* that *Castor* did bestryde,
Nor any praise in *Greece*, or *Latin* story,
For why (thy shape and readines beside)
Of all these famous steeds not one can glorie,
As thou maist do, it cannot be denide,
Of them none passeth thee in commendation,
Nor iustly challenge can such reputation.

91
Thou hast bene cherished and loued deere,
By such a Nymph, so faire and so diuine
As all the world can hardly show her peere,
She hath thee fed with that fayre hand and fine,
I meane my loue, but ah why liue I here,
Sith now I may no longer call her mine?
No longer mine she is, ah cruell word,
Why end not I my dayes by mine owne sword?

Now

91
Now if *Rogero* thus himselfe tormented,
And caus'd the birds and beasts, to mone his plaint,
For none but birds and beasts the place frequented,
Whom he with his great sorrow might acquaint;
No doubt the damsell was as ill contented,
And made a greater, or as great complaint,
Sith for her selfe she nothing hath to say,
Why she to *Leon* longer should say nay.

92
Yet all meanes possible she meanes to trye,
Before that she will her *Rogero* leave,
And make king *Charles* and all his Lords to lye,
And *Leon* of his promise to deceaue;
Or if the worst shall hap, she meanes to dye,
And with her hands of life herselfe bereaue,
For present death she rather ment to chuse,
Then her belou'd *Rogero* to refuse.

93
How commerth it to passe (said she) my deare
That at this time thou art so farre from hence?
How can a thing which all the world did heare,
So strangely be concealed from thy sence?
If thou hadst heard it, sure thou wouldst appeare;
For that my drift, that was my sole pretence,
Ah my ill fortune euermore accurst,
What can I deeme, but eu'n the very worst.

94
Why then *Rogero* mine, can you alone,
Not know that all the world doth know beside,
For had you known it straight you would haue flown
Of purpose hither combat to haue tride;
Thou sure art raine, or flaine, for third is none:
It may be *Leon* that thy praise enuide,
Hath like a traytor, set for thee a trap,
And thou art tane therein by some mishap.

95
I gat this grace of *Charles* to marry none,
But one that were in fight for me too hard,
Assured thou shouldst be that onely one,
For no mans force but thine I did regard;
I thought none else could vanquish me alone,
But lo how God doth this my pride reward,
That he that never erst in all his life
Did manly deed, hath wonne me for his wife.

96
If I be won and vanquished, because
He matched still my force at all assayes,
But *Charles* doth not iudge rightly of the cause,
And therefore I must seeke some new delayes,
Ah if I now put in some baffling clause,
I shall be cald vnconstant all my dayes,
But ficklenes in maids is seldome wondred,
Nor am I first that vsde it, by an hundred.

97
Sufficeth me that in the being trew
Vnto my loue, I others all excell,
And passe the patterns either old or new,
Or neare or far, eu'n wheresoeu'r they dwell:
Then will I bid that constancie adew,
That may be hindrance to my doing well,
So I and *Leon* may not match together,
Let me be deemd as wau'ring as the wether.

98
This *Bradamant* vnto her selfe doth say,
And oft she breaks her speech with sighs and teares,
And that night that ensu'd that lucklesse day,
To sleepe or close her eye lids she forbears,
But when *Apollos* beames had driu'n away
Nocturnus shades, then lo supernall spheares,
By which all humane actions are directed,
Brought helpe to her, when least it was expected.

Nocturnus
trained to be
the god of
the night

99
For why *Marfisa*, that braue minded dame,
The next day came and sowed new seeds of strife,
Alledging that it was great wrong and shame,
A forrener should haue her brothers wife,
And swears her selfe could not endure the same,
And that she would by combat gage her life,
According as the law of armes allows,
To proue *Rogero* was her lawfull spouse.

100
And if dame *Bradamant* would it deny,
She said, she will it to her face auer,
As hauing witnes bene with eare, and eye,
That good *Rogero* was assur'd to her
With words, as folkes in mariages apply,
And adding shee would vnto law refer,
If so the damsell to her noble brother
Affianced, might iustly take another.

101
Now whether this she spake were false or true,
I know not, but she spake it with intent,
To stop the mariage likely to ensue
With *Leon*, which she studi'd to preuent:
Some thought peshaps that *Bradamant* it knew,
And that was done in part by her consent,
As hauing no more safe nor honest way,
Vnto her left, to say Don *Leon* nay.

102
In euill part these newes the Emp'r'or tooke,
And called for the damsell by and by,
And told her what *Marfisa* vnderooke,
(And loe by hap, Duke *Ammon* then stood by)
She fixed on the ground her silent looke,
And to the question, said nor no nor I,
That by her gesture, eu'rie one did take,
That that was true, that erst *Marfisa* spake.

103
This made *Orlando* and *Renaldo* glad,
In hope that this might proue a lawfull meane,
To make the match which they forepromist had,
And hinder this new match, and dash it cleane:
For sith Duke *Ammon* those first banes forbad,
And vnto *Leons* side did wholly leane,
To vse pretence of law, they both had rather,
Then take by force, the damsell from her father.

104
For if that this pretence may stand for good,
The neck of *Leons* match it then would breake,
And moue no cause of warre, or shedding blood:
But *Ammon* in great wrath, thus wise doth speake,
This is a tale indeed of *Robinhood*,
Which so belecue, might show my wits but weake,
But thinke not that I will be so besotted,
Though this were true, that you haue vainly plotted,

L 1

For

106

For presuppose, which yet I not confesse,
My daughter was by folly so allured,
And that they are, which none of wit could guesse,
Each vnto other, man and wife assured:
I pray you yet, the time more plaine expresse,
When this was done, how long it hath indured,
This (sure I am) tis but a tale deuised,
Except it were before he was baptised.

107

And if twere done before his *Christen* state,
To stand vnto the same I am not tyde,
Wherefore this caueat is put in too late,
His owne desire she hath not had denyde:
Now tis not fit, a Prince of such estate,
As for her sake, aduentur'd to haue dyde,
Should by our Empt'ours promise be deluded,
And by such craft, be from his right excluded.

108

You should haue spoken then of this contract,
Before our king had sent his proclamation,
I meane not thus to haue my credit crakt,
For more then so I weigh my reputation:
Thus pleaded he against that precontract,
The which to breake was his determination,
To either part his eare the Emperor lends,
Yet partially, to neither side he bends.

109

Simile. Looke what a murmure winds do make in woods,
Ouid. Qua- When Zephyrus mild blasts among them are,
ta succinctis Or when one hears from farr the saltish floods,
ubi trux in- When Eolus and Neptune are at square:
flabat Euris So did the common people in their moods,
Murmura Talke of these matters, and the same compare,
placuit sunt, And as the manner is (for nine dayes space)
et quatinus This was the newes and talke in eu'ry place.
fluctus.

110

Alquere This man Rogero, Leon that defends,
facimus si According to the fancies of the men,
quis procul But yet it seemd Rogero had most friends,
audias illos Scarce had the stranger one, for to others ten,
A wonder
latis nino
dayes.

Morall.

This booke began with an excellent Morall, of the vnstableneffe and varietie of Fortune, which as it is plainly set downe and notably proued by examples, so if a man will rightly apply it to his owne state, I know not whether any thing in this whole work hath bene, yea or can be said to better purpose, not onely for humanitie, but in some sort for diuinity. For in matters of the world who knoweth not, that the wisest counsell a man can giue, and the wisest course a man can take is this, *Vt nec oppressus sis aduersis rebus nec elatus secundis*, neither to be abasht with aduersitie, nor puffed up with prosperitie: and in diuinitie (as the most learned diuines haue written) the two onely rocks at which our vessells make shipwracke, the Sila and Caribdis that drowne so many thousand Christians in this their worldly passage, are these two extremes, of presumption and dispaire: betweene which two, he that can keepe his course euen, it is impossible he should miscarrie, but by wonderfull, and euen most willfull negligence.

In the great curtesie vsed by Leon toward Rogero and afterward by Rogero toward him, as is shewed both in this booke and the next, we may note first the wonderfull effects of vertue, that breeds loue, not in strangers onely, but euen in enemies: secondly we may see that a man of a true noble nature, thinks himselfe more bound to requite a benefit, then to reuenge an iniurie. For to sayle in reuenge often proceedeth of vertue, but to be vnthankfull, is a most hatefull thing euen in the greatest, and can neuer proceed but from a most vile nature.

In Charles may be noted the iust and moderate proceeding of a wise and discreet Prince, who when the controuersie about Bradamant began to grow so intricate, that it was hard to discover where the right was, in the bearing of the matter, he shewed no manner of partialitie, and in the end referred it to the determining of the free Court of Parliament, thereby shewing, that he presumed not too farre of his owne wit, and that he ment to haue the matter heard openly and indifferently: and yet he did wisely remoue from himselfe, the enuy and grudge that might grow to him by giuing a definite sentence in a cause so ambiguous, which a wise Prince will eschue as much as may be, specially when the matter shall concerne great personages.

Policrates,

But as I said, the king to no side bends,
And hauing duly weigh'd the matter then,
He points the mariage day to be deferred,
The case vnto his Parliament referred.

111

Next day *Marfisa* made another offer,
Sith that none could, during her brothers life,
Wed *Bradamant*, and be assured of her,
Her brother should (for ending of the strife)
To *Leon* hand to hand, the combate proffer,
So she might be the last suruiuers wife,
And he that tother could in battell kill,
Enioy her might alone at his owne will.

112

Charles vnto *Leon*, doth impart these newes,
As he before the other did impart,
That offer *Leon* ment not to refuse,
But saith he take it would, with all his hart,
He minds again the matter so to vse,
The knight of th' *Vnicorne* should play his part,
He little knew that in great care and anguish,
The noble knight did now consume and languish.

113

But missing him, he quickly did repent,
That he accepted had that stout defiance,
And therefore straight to seeke the knight he sent,
In whose tyde force, he put his whole affiance,
Him to *Rogero* to oppose he ment,
And all his friends and all his strong alliances
Wherefore to shun both danger great and scorne,
He sent to seeke the Knight of th' *Vnicorne*.

114

To al the Cities, and the towns he sends,
And all the villages were there about,
And mounting on his horse himselfe intends
To go in person and to seeke him out,
But neither he nor all *Rogeros* friends,
In *France* had euer light on him I doubt,
Had not *Melissa* holpe him at his need,
As in the booke insuing you may reed.

Polycrates was king of Samos, a man so exceeding fortunate, that he tooke no exploit in hand were it never so difficult; but he brought it to the end he desired, so as being willing (as it seemed) to moderate this great envy of his fortune, with a voluntary mishap, he threw one day into the sea a jewell of exceeding great value, with purpose to leese it, and thereby to frame to himselfe a cause of sorrow: but his good fortune would not suffer it; for a fisherman not long after bringing him a faire fish for a present, this jewell was found in the belly of that fish, and so most strangely recovered. Yet behold, this fortunate Polycrates going with an army against Darius, was taken prisoner by one Orocles one of Darius Captains, and after hanged upon the top of a high mountaine: doubtlesse a notable example of such as make fortune their Goddesse (if any such there be) who have indeed no reason to think they are advanced by fortune, but even the guiltinesse of their own base and vicious minds, worthy of no part of Polycrates advancement, but even his last.

Dionysius a tyrant of Sicilie (and son of that tyrant that spoiled the Churches, and took away a cloke of gold from Iupiter, saying, a cloth cloke was lighter for summer, and warmer for winter: and took away Esculapius golden beard, saying, it was a sawcie part for him to have a long beard, and his father Apollo to have none.) This Dionysius (that we may see how well the children of them prosper, that scorn the false gods, & believe not in the true) continued his fathers tyrannie in Syracuse and was by them enforced to flie the Realme; so as being a runagate having no means to live, he went to Corinth, and lived there a private and a mean life: as in the life of Tymoleon in Plutarke is set down at large, and is very well worth the reading, for the many prettie sayings and pleasant scoffings that were given him, and some returned by him againe: as that of one that in derision comming into the roome where Dionysius sat (in a blind tavern or alehouse) shook his gown, (so they used to do, that came to the presence of tyrants, to show they had no weapons about them) thus saith Dionysius, this was needlesse at your comming in, but at your going out it would not be amisse, to see if you steale nothing with you. Yet this vertue Dionysius had, (if a tyrant can have any vertue) that he bare his adversity not only patiently but even pleasantly, which is surely praise-worthy, according to that I spake before in the Morall, not to be abashed with evill fortune, which also Dionysius himselfe confessed he had gotten by Philosophy: and sure it is a point of good courage to be able to beare adversity, according to that saying:

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

Of Marius I need not speak much, considering how largely his whole life is set down in the forenamed Plutarks lives, onely I will add a word of Valerius Maximus his opinion of his fortune. Nothing in the world (saith he) could be more variable then the state of Marius. For if you will place him among the unfortunate you shall find him most miserable, if among the happy you shall find him most fortunate.

Two examples are alledged by mine author of this age. Lewes the 12 of France, and Mathia Corvino of Hungary. Of these two a word: Charles the 8 king of France, conceiving some displeasure against the Duke of Orleans, father to this Lewes, cut off his head, and was in some doubt andammering if he should not do as much to his sonne yet after many hard adventures, it was his hap at last to be king of France.

Mathia Corvino was kept in close prison by Vladislaus king of Hungarie, because his elder brother had slaine the Earle of Cyglia, uncle to the said king; but the king dying young and without issue, this Mathia was made of a prisoner a Prince: but of this kind of sodaine change, our Realme hath one example, that passeth not onely these, but all (I think) that have been heard of, or written: and that is the Queens most excellent Majestie that now is, who from the expectation of a most undeserved death, came to the possession of a most renowned kingdome: for, what greater extremitie could one come from? or what greater felicitie might one come to? She that was sent for from Ashbridge, with commandement to be brought either alive or dead, she that was committed to the Tower of London, she that was so often and so straightly examined: she that demanded if the Lady Ianes scaffold were taken downe, doubting to play on the same such another Pageant; she that doubted murdering if her keeper had been an ill disposed man she that sent word to her servants that came to know how she did (*tanquam ovis*): lastly she that wrote in the window at Woodstocke with a Diamond:

Much suspected by me, } quoth Elizabeth prisoner:
Nothing proved can be.

Became of the sodaine a crowned Queene, with greater applause then either Lewes in France, or Corvino in Hungarie, and not only hath reigned, but doth raigne most happily. All which her Highnesse troubles, my selfe have the better cause to remember, because the first work I did after I could write Latin, was to translate that story out of the book of Martyrs into Latin, as M. Thomas Arundell and Sir Edward Hobby can tell, who had their parts in the same taske, being then schoolers in Eaton as I was, and namely that last verse I remember was translated thus:

*Plurimi de me male suspicantur,
Attamen de me mala non probantur,
Elizabetha
carcere clausa.*

And thus much for example of the change of fortunes.

In Bradamants fight against Rogero, we may see how our opinion blinded with a false suspicion, striveth oftentimes most vehemently against that it would be loth to overthrow, if it were rightly informed.

The cruell mind of Theodora alludes to the cruelty of another Theodora wife to Iustinianus, who exercised all those cruelties (that this intended against Rogero) upon Pope Vigilius.

Here end the notes of the xlv. book.

L l a

Historie.

This little
book was gi-
ven to her
Majestie.

Allegorie.

Allusion.



THE ARGUMENT.

Leon by search doth good Rogero find,
 And having learn'd the cause of his annoy,
 He grants to him his love in manner kind,
 Whom now Rogero sweetly doth enjoy:
 Onely the Sarzan king with hatefull mind
 Comes to disturbe Rogeros ease and joy,
 Nathel-ffe he is deceiv'd of his account,
 In fine, Rogero kills fierce Rodomount.

Now if my compasse and my
 card be true,
 I am not far from that desi-
 red coast,
 Where I shall pay my vow
 and promise due
 Vnto my Saint, of whose
 great grace I boast:
 I looked erst with pale and
 chearlesse hue,
 For feare in this wide Ocean to be lost,
 But now me think I see, I now see surely
 The hav'n, in which I harbor shall securely.

Hark, hark, what peals of Ord'nance great and Guns,
 Are shot in token of congratulation,
 Hark how they sound the Trumpets and the Drums,
 To gratulate my happy navigation:
 See how on either shore the people runs,
 To see me after my long per'grination,
 Behold a crew of peerlesse knights and dames,
 Now I discern them, now I know their names.

But least my ship should perish in the port,
 As oft it doth befall for want of heed,
 I will go forward in my first report,
 And tell to you how well the Prince did speed
 That fought Rogero, who in wofull sort
 Did pine and languished, and wish'd indeed,
 Sith that dame Bradamant he might not marie,
 To die all comfortlesse and solitarie.

But sage Melissa that had ever sought,
 To make that match (as often hath been sed)

And evermore did take great care and thought,
 That good Rogero Bradamant might wed,
 By her great skill in Magick art so wrought,
 She had continuall notice how they sped;
 Two sprites she did imploy for that intent,
 And still as one came home, another went.

By them she quickly had intelligence,
 How he had tane so inward grief and great,
 He tan'd in a wood with fix'd pretence,
 To pine himself away with want of meat:
 Melissa parteth presently from thence,
 And with some secret words she did repeat,
 In likeness of a horse a sprite she took,
 And so met Leon, that for him did look.

And thus she said to him, sir, if you be
 So gracious, as your semblance makes me ween,
 If your good mind with your good looks agree,
 If so you have not lost all piety cleen,
 Come then, o come and help, and joyne with me,
 To aid the bravest knight that ere was seen,
 Who for one courteous part that he hath done,
 (Except you help) is like to be undone.

The noblest, stoutest, and the prouest knight,
 That ever car'd shield or blade forth drew,
 The seemliest and most worthy minded wight,
 That ever was in age, or old, or new,
 Is like to perish in most wofull plight,
 Except he may relieved be by you:
 Come quickly then unto his aid perdyce,
 And suffer not so brave a man to die.

8
Don Leon straight supposed in his minde,
That this same knight, of whom the stranger spake,
Was he whom long he sought and could not finde,
And he for whom such care himselfe did take:
Melissa leads the way, he close behind
Doth follow her, and so good shift they make,
That in some twaine, at most in three hours ryding
They came there where Rogers was abyding.

9
Now being at the place to which they hasted,
They both alighted there, with minde to stay:
There saw they how he pinde away and wasted,
For in two dayes before, nor all that day,
No liquor he had drunke, nor meat had tasted,
But in his armor on the ground he lay,
And made a pillow of that noble sheeld,
With th' Vnicorne upon vermillion feeld.

10
Here as I said, he lay along and mused
On his owne miserie, and on that wrong,
With which he had his love so much abused,
And bites for griefe, his hands, and lips, and tong,
And his conceits, and wits were so confused,
To set his thoughts upon one thing so long,
And having on his griefe so firmly fixt them,
He saw not them, although he were betwixt them.

11
Don Leon harkned to his lamentation,
And heard him often call himselfe unkind,
And saw him vex himselfe in such a fashion,
As unto pittie great his heart inclin'd:
He finds that love bied all this molestation,
But yet whose love it was he did not find,
He heard how sundry times himselfe he blamed,
But all that while his love he never named.

12
And therefore pitying much his wofull case,
Although awhile he silent stood and mute,
Yet after stood before him face to face,
And with great lovingnesse doth him salute,
And with affection great doth him imbrace,
Intreating him, and making speciall sure,
That he would tell him plaine, and make him know,
What cause had bred him so great griefe and woe.

13
Rogers loth to live, resolv'd to dye,
Prayes Leon now to trouble him no more,
But he most sweetly doth to him reply,
That God hath made a salve for ev'ry sore,
If men would learne the same how to apply,
And that no one thing may avayle man more,
To cure a griefe, and perfectly to heale it,
Then if he do unto some friend reveale it.

14
And sure (said he) I take it in ill part,
Because you trust not me, that am your friend,
Not onely, since with your late frendly part,
You bound me unto you, to my lives end,
But was ev'n then, when you with hatefull hart,
At Belgrade siege did me and mine offend,
Thinke not but I will still procure your good,
Both with my lands, my friends, and with my blood.

15
Why should it grieve you to declare your griefe,
To one that may perhaps your losse repayre:
Bad baps are holpe with hope, and good believe,
Wherefore a wise man never will dispayre:
I hope my selfe shall bring you some reliefe,
By force, by policie, or else by prayre,
When all meanes have bene tryde, and all hope past
Then dye, at least keepe that unto the last.

16
These words so earnestly Don Leon spake,
And with such efficacie him he praid,
Beseeching him, his frendly counsell take,
That tother now, with kindnesse overlaid,
Was forst an answer unto him to make,
But in his answer, sodainly he staid,
And stammerd twise, ere he could bring it out,
Despaire still moving him to causelesse doubt.

17
Good sir (he said) when I my name shall show,
As I do meane, and that ev'n by and by,
You will be then full well content I trow,
To grant me leave and liberty to dye:
I am Rogers (if you needs will know)
That went from France (and if I shall not lye)
Mine arrant was, your sicc and you to kill,
And would have done it, had I had my will.

18
And all because indeed I then supposed,
Your only life, did let me of my love,
Man purposes, but all things are disposed,
By that great God, that sits and rules above:
Behold it hapt I was in prison closed,
And there I did your noble court sic prove,
For there you did me such a great good turne,
As all my hatred into love did turne.

19
And having bound me with so great desert,
And ignorant, that I Rogers was,
You did your secrets unto me impart,
And praid me win for you, that warlike lasse,
Which was all one, as to have askt my hart,
Yet loe for you, I brought the same to passe,
Now take her to your selfe, and much good do you,
More good then to my selfe, I wish unto you.

20
But yet withall forbid me not to dye,
As now I trust I shall, ere many houres,
For live as well without a soule can I,
As without her, that holds my vitall powres:
And sure tis best for your behoofe, for why
While I do live, she is not lawfull yours,
For we two are betroht, and law allowes,
One woman, but of one to be the spouse.

21
Don Leon with these newes was so accrazed,
He seemed in a traunce, he knew not how,
And on Rogers stedfastly he gazed,
Nor ever moving lip, nor hand, nor brow,
But like an Image long he stood amazed,
That some hath hallowd to performe his vow,
This act of his, so courteous he doth weene,
He thinks the like before had never beene.

Sentence.

Sentence.

Sentence.

Sentence.

So

22
So that he did not (when he knew his name)
Repent him of the good he had him done,
But rather greatly did increase the same,
Proceeding in the course he had begun:
Wherefore to shew from how great stock he came,
And that he was indeed an Emperors sonne:
Although in other things he was inferiour,
In curtesie he means to be superiour.

23
And thus (he said) my deare *Rogero* know,
As if I well had known your person; when
As by your means I had an overthrow,
And that you foiled me and all my men:
Yet that great vertue that you there did show,
Should ev'n in manner like have mov'd me then,
And so I would all malice have remov'd,
And so I would your vertue great have lov'd.

24
That once I did dislike *Rogeros* name,
Before I knew you I must needs confesse,
But that I now continue should the same,
Assure your self I purpose nothing lesse:
And if when first I to the prison came
To set you free from danger and distresse,
I known had all the truth, yet then I vow,
I would have done the same I will do now.

25
And surely, if I would have done it then,
When I had reason to have born you hate,
Much rather now I ought to do it, when
Not doing it I should be most ungrate,
And most unthankfull of all other men;
Sith you your love, your life, and whole estate
Have freely giv'n for me, but as you gave it,
Of me againe so freely you shall have it.

26
More due to you then me the Damsell is,
Whom though I much esteem of due desert,
Yet not so much, that if I her do misse,
Straightwayes the grief thereof should kill my heart:
Nor shall your death advantage me in this,
Sith you in her already claime such part,
That lawfully while you abide in life,
She can by no means be anothers wife.

27
As for my part, first I will quite forsake
Both her, and all my worldly joyes beside,
Then it shall once be said, that for my sake
A noble knight of so great worth had di'd:
This only thing I could unkindly take,
That you that had before my kindnesse tri'd,
Would rather chuse to end your dayes with grief,
Then at my hands have comfort and relief.

28
These words Don *Leon* spake, and many more,
Which now would be too tedious to recite,
Refuting good *Rogero* evermore,
That in conclusion being vanquish'd quite:
He said, I yeeld, and Ile resist no more,
I will not die, but when I shall require
Your curtesie, that twice to me hath given
My life, when I to greatest wo was driven.

29
Now had *Melissa* caused to be brought
Both cordiall meats, and wines of her purvaying,
And made him take the same, who now with thought
And fasting long was ev'n almost decaying:
His horse likewise (as nature hath them taught)
Came where he heard the other horses naying:
Don *Leon* caus'd his lackies him to get,
And then his saddle on his back to set.

30
And so *Rogero* with Don *Leons* aid,
With much ado did clammer to his seat,
So gready was his former strength decaid,
With which he overthrew an army great:
And lately did withstand that warlike maid,
So weakly weapon'd, as I did repeat:
And thus with all convenient speed they might,
They brought him to an Abbey that same night.

31
Where all the night, and three dayes that ensew'd,
They staid, and had of needfull things good store,
Vntill *Rogero* had his strength renew'd,
Which had with fasting long been weakned sore:
Then privily among them they conclude,
To turn to *Paris*, where the night before
A few *Bulgarians* came with an embassage,
And this was all the substance of their message.

32
They said how that the people of their Nation,
To whom *Rogero* late such aid did bring,
Beyond all hope, beyond all expectation,
Had therefore chosen him to be their king:
Rejecting all their own kings generation,
And all his royall race (no usuall thing)
So much they loved him, so well they like him,
And therefore sent to *Charles* his Court to seek him.

33
Rogeros lackey that had been their guide,
Told eke his masters friends how he had sped,
As namely how the *Greeks* he damnifi'd,
And how the *Bulgars* having lost their head,
Chose him for king, how he alone did ride,
To *Novengrade*, where he was tane in bed,
And unto *Theodora* was presented,
Who purposed to have him sore tormented.

34
And how he heard it commonly was spoken,
That he his cruell keeper closely slew,
And that the Prison gates were rent and broken,
And he was gone, but whither no man knew:
Now while *Rogeros* man such things did open,
Rogero closely cut of all mens view,
Did come to town, and there that night did stay,
And he and *Leon* came to *Charles* next day.

35
Don *Leon* arm in arm *Rogero* led,
(Thus it was then devised them between)
With that self cote and arms apparelled,
That were of late by all the people seen,
Then when dame *Bradamant* had combated
With *Leon* (as they falsly then did ween)
That batter'd sword, that coat, that plume all torn,
That head peece now was by *Rogero* worn.

36
By which each man ev'n at first sight surmis'd,
This was that knight that had the Lady won,
Don Leon self bare faced, undisguis'd,
Came richly clothed, like an Emp'rors son,
And with retinue not to be despis'd:
And when he had to Charles due reverence done,
Roger by the hand he then did take,
On whom all eyes were fixt, and thus he spake.

37
This is that stout and well approved knight,
That did with Bradamant fight hand to hand,
Whom shee she never took nor put to flight,
But that he did twelve houres her force withstand,
(Most worthy sir) to have her ought of right,
If your edict we rightly understand.
And therefore now accordingly he commeth,
To lay his claime to her, as best becommeth.

38
Besides his right by proclamation known,
That justly doth all others claime debar,
I think the value that he now hath shown,
Proves his sufficiency in feats of war:
If love may win her, she is sure his own,
His love to her doth passe all others far,
And here he stands prepared to aver
By law or force, that he hath right to her.

39
King Charles and all his court did greatly muse
At this, for why till then he little thought,
That he before did them so much abuse,
But that himself had that same combat fought:
This while Marfisa, that with flying newes
Of this same strange report was thither brought,
Scant him to end his speech she would permit,
But presently this wise she answerd it.

40
Sith now Rogers absent is from hence,
That might his right against this knight defend,
And prove that this is but a vaine pretence,
Because the strife shall not so easily end:
I that his sister am, in his defence,
And in defence of this same cause intend,
To fight with whomsoever in this place,
As shall deny his tide, or disgrace.

41
And these last words she spake with such disdain,
That some that knew her nature (hasty ever)
Did feare she scanty would ev'n then refraine,
But without leave to kill him straight endever:
Now Leon thinks it best no longer taine;
And forthwith pulling off Rogers beaver,
Lo here himself now ready prest (he said)
To answer all shall to his charge be laid.

42
*Smith.
Look in the
History.*
As old Aegest at his cursed boord
Amazed sat, to find his spouses wife,
When to his sonne she poyson did afford,
And if he lingred had a little while,
And had not known the handle of his sword
Had kild his sonne he gat by Pithens guile:
So stood Marfisa mazed in the place,
When as she saw and knew Rogers face.

43
And straight he runs, and on his neck doth fall,
And long it were ere from him she could part,
Renald, Orlando, Charles, afore them all
Embraced him, and welcom'd from their heart:
Good Dudon, Oliver, with joy not small,
And old Sabrina, health to him impart,
Eke all the other Lords, and Knights, and Squires
To bid him welcome shew most prompt desires.

44
Don Leon that in speech was eloquent,
When ev'ry one had done his gratulation,
Begins to tell to Charles incontinent,
And all the rest, Rogers commendation:
And how he to the Bulgars succour lent,
(To no small damage of the Greekish nation)
And shew'd such noble courage and such force,
As him to love Rogers did enforce.

45
So as when he was after tane and brought
To her that vow'd with torments him to slay,
Himself in spite of her, and all that sought
To hurt Rogers, brought him safe away:
For which kind part of his Rogers thought
Himself so bound to him, that he last day
Did him that curtesie that sure doth passe
The greatest curtesie that ever was.

46
He further doth from point to point declare
What for his sake Rogers hath achiev'd,
But after this, with anguish great and care,
The losse of his belov'd so sore him griev'd,
As he to pine away did straight prepare,
Had not his sorrow been in time reliev'd:
All which so ruefully Don Leon sed,
Scarce was an eye but reares with blindnesse shed.

47
Then spake he to that obstinate old man,
I meane Duke Ammon that faire Ladies sire,
And with all skill and Rhetorick he can,
He wooes his love, and pacifies his ire.
That by entreaty at the last he wan
Himself to go in person, and desire
Rogers pardon: praying him in th'end
To take him for his father-in-law and friend.

48
This while to Bradamant the joyfull tiding
Was quickly brought, by more then one report,
Who in her chamber all her sorrow hiding,
Eschew'd all solace, shunning all resort:
Whereby the blood about the heart abiding
Was drawn now thence in such a sodaine sort,
And this unlook'd for joy so overfild her,
That ev'n the suddennesse had almost kild her.

49
Quite speechlesse, livelesse, sinking to the ground,
(So strong a qualme her tender heart did feel)
And she in whom such force was lately found,
For want of strength did here and thither reel,
But nev'r did thief with hands together bound,
Condemned to the rope, the axe, or wheel,
And blindfold, looking ev'ry houre to die,
Joy more to heare some man a pardon crie.

The

50

The houses of *Mongrane* and *Montalbano*,
Rejoyce at these their branches newly knit,
But by *Maganza* a comfort small is rane,
For in their hearts they sorrie were for it:
Anselmus, *Falcon*, *Gynamus*, and *Gane*,
Dissembling yet their thoughts with crafty wit:
But for a time of vengeance they do watch,
As doth the Fox the hurtlesse Hare to catch.

51

Beside old quarrels and their ancient hate,
New matters done of late did them displease,
Although the king and wise men of the state,
For common quiet did the same appease:
The death of *Pynabello* slaine but late,
And *Bertolage* did much their minds disease:
Yet now in shew they do dissemble deep,
And close in mind they do their malice keep.

52

In this meane time th' Ambassadors that came
To *Charles* his court by those *Bulgarians* sent,
Rejoycing now that things so well did frame,
In humble manner to *Rogero* went:
And did salute him king, as in the name
Of all their countymen incontinent,
And so accordingly did lowly greet,
Their new made Prince, and kneeled at his feet.

53

They told him how their Scepter and their Crown
Was safely kept, alone for his behoof,
In *Adrianopolis* their chiefest town:
And for they knew by many a former proof,
That *Constantino* strave to keep them down,
They pray him not to stay so far aloof,
Affirming boldly that if he were there,
The forces of all *Greece* they would not feare.

54

Rogero granteth them their just request,
And promis'd to defend them from the *Greeks*,
And vowes (if God permit) to do his best,
To be with them within some thirteen weeks:
But *Leon* bids them set their hearts at rest,
He tels them that their choice so well he likes,
He on his Princely word will undertake,
'Twixt *Constantine* and them firm peace to make.

55

Thus each thing framed now in so good sort,
As could be wish't by thought or by device,
But neither did *Rogero*s good report,
Get favour with ambitious *Beatrice*,
Nor personage that past the common sort,
Nor feats of armes, in which he wan the prize;
And of the which all *Europe* now doth ring,
But onely this to see him made a king.

56

In royall sort this mariage they prepare,
(Whose charge it was, the state will make it known)
Charles bare the charge, and took thereof such care,
As if she were a daughter of his own:
Of her and hers so great the merits are,
And had to her so many wayes been shown;
He thought the cost had not exceeded measure,
If he had spent upon them half his treasure.

57

He kept an open court by proclamation,
Where nine dayes space, who list may freely haunt,
Men of their own, and men of forren nation,
To all of them he did safe conduct grant:
And all that stood upon their reputation,
That fought their foes in single fight to daunt,
Had licence frank to challenge whom they lists,
For evermore prepared were the lists.

58

In open fields they pitched tents great store,
Beside with *Oken* boughs they made such bowres,
Strawing the pavements of them evermore,
With fragrant *Roses* and sweet smelling flowres,
That never had the like been seen before,
Nor never since, from that same age to ours;
Besides the furnitures of silk and gold,
Was more then can conveniently be told.

59

Th' innumerable people of each sort,
From *Greece*, from *England*, *Italy*, and *Spain*,
Th' Ambassadors that thither did resort,
Beside each severall Prince a severall traine,
Did cause the city walls to seem too short,
To lodge them all, so they in fine were faine
In hovels, booths, in tents, and in pavillions,
To lodge some thousands, if I say not millions.

60

Onely *Melissar* care was to foresee,
The mariage chamber should be well atty'd,
Which by her skill she meant should furnisht be,
For long to make the match she had aspir'd:
Which now, that she accomplished did see,
She thought she had the thing she most desir'd:
For by her skill in magick she did know
What passing fruit forth of that branch should grow.

61

Wherefore she plac'd the fruitfull wedding bed
Amid a faire and large pavillion, which
Was ev'n the sumptuousest that ere was spred,
Of silk and beaten gold wrought ev'ry stich:
And more, from over *Constantinos* head,
At *Thracian* shore, where he his tents did pitch
Fast by the sea, for his more recreation,
She took the same to his great admiration.

This fellow
of pavillions,
is to take ac-
casion to
praise Hip-
politus.

62

Were it that *Leon* gave consent thereto,
Or that she did the same her skill to vaunt,
To shew what one by Magick art can do,
That have the skill the fiends of hell to daunt:
(For what cannot their power atchieve unto,
When for our plague God leave to them will grant?)
From *Thrace* to *Paris* in twelve houres it came,
I trow she sent one in the divels name.

63

She caus'd it to be cari'd at noone day
From *Constantino* Emp'ror then of *Greece*,
The beam, the staves, the cords they brought away,
The pins, the hoops, and ev'ry little peece:
She placed it whereas she meant to lay
Atlantas Nephew, with his new made Neece:
In this pavillion she did place their bedding,
And sent it back when finish't was the wedding.

Agave Ne-
phew to At-
lans.

Two

*Or, dei ius-
su, non in-
quam credi-
ta Tauris.*

Two thousand yeare before, or not much lesse,
This rich pavillion had in Troy been wrought,
By faire *Cassandra* that same Prophetesse,
That had (but all in vaine) in youth been taught,
Of future things to give most certaine guesse,
For her true speech was ever set at naught:
She wrought this same, with help of many other,
And gave it *Hector*, her beloved brother.

*Hippolito of
Hector's race.*

The worthiest wight that ev'r man did behold,
That should proceed forth of his noble line,
She here portrayd in work of silk and gold,
Of precious substance, and of colour fine:
Also the time and season was foretold,
Both of his birth, and of his praise divine:
Don *Hector* of this gift great count did make,
Both for the work and for the workers sake.

*Proteus looks
in the table.*

But when himselfe by treason foule was slaine,
And Troy was by the *Greeks* defaced quite,
Who enterd it by *Synon* subtrill traine,
And worse enslew'd thereof then Poets write:
Then *Menelaus* did this great relick gaine,
And after on king *Proteus* hapt to light,
Who gave to him dame *Helen* ere he went,
And for reward receiv'd of him this tent.

*That was he
that gave
Rome to the
Pope.*

And thus to *Egypt* at that time it came,
Where with the *Protomeys* it long remain'd,
Till *Cleopatra* that lascivious dame
As by inheritance the same obtain'd:
Agrippas men by sea then took the same,
What time in *Rome* *Augustus Caesar* reign'd:
And then in *Rome*, while *Rome* was th' Empires seat,
It staid till time of *Constantine* the great.

*The 1 age
gold.
The 2 silver.
The 3 brass.
The 4 iron.*

That Emp'r *Constantine* I mean, of whom
Fairst *Italy* for ever shall lament,
Who when he lothed *Tibris* banks and *Rome*,
Vnto the city of *Byzantium* went,
A place of more receipt and larger roome,
And thither this pavillion then he sent:
Of which the cords were golden wyre and silk,
The staves and pins were Iv'rie white as milk.

*These were
Ambassa-
dors sent by
Corvino to
bring Hippo-
lito to Hec-
tor's.*

In this *Cassandra* wrought such divers faces,
More then *Apelles* eist with pensill drew,
A queen in child-bed lay, to whom the graces
With pleasant grace perform'd *Lucynas* dew:
Iove, *Mercurie*, and *Mars* in other places,
And *Venus* do receive the babe born new:
The sweetest babe that to the world came forth,
From mans first age, ev'n down unto the fourth.

Hippolito they name him, as appears
Wrote in small letters on his swathing bands,
And when he is a little grown in yeares,
On one side fortune, tother vertue stands:
Then in another picture divers Peeres,
Clad in long raiments, sent from forren lands,
Vnto the father and the mother came,
To beg the babe in great *Corvino's* name.

They part from *Hercles* with great reverence then,
And from that infants mother *Elnore*,
Vnto *Danubia* ward, and there the men
Still run to see that infant and adore:
Also the king *Corvino*, wonders when
He saw in him both wit and judgement more,
In those his tender childish yeares and green,
Then many times in older men had been.

One doth endeavour in his childish band,
Of the *Strigonian* Realme to put the mace,
But evermore the tender youth doth stand
So high in that same noble Princes grace,
That if he war in manly *Almans* land,
Or in the *Turks* or any other place;
Hippolito is ever by his side,
And learneth vertue under such a guide.

Another place shewes how he doth dispence,
His youthfull time in discipline and art,
Fusco instructs him in the hidden sence
Of ancient writs, and precepts doth impart,
What actions praise, what actions breed offence,
What be reward of good and ill desert:
All which the picture did so well expresse,
That at the meaning ev'ry one might guesse.

Lo where as yet a boy in *Vatican*
Among the gravest Card'nals he doth sit,
And speaks so wisely that they all began
To wonder at his towardnesse and wit;
What manner man (if once he were a man)
Would this man prove? for *Peters* chaire how fit?
They seem to say, oh if he thither clime,
What holy age were that? what happy time?

Within another part described were
His youthfull sports, when he more strong did grow
Of in the mountaines he doth meet a Beare,
Of times a Bore, in marish grounds and low:
He rides his Genet fierce, and void of feare,
He chafeth oft the Buck, the Hart and Roe,
And by his horse swift pace doth over-ride them,
And then doth with his sword in twaine divide them.

Of Poets then, and of Philosophers,
About him you shall see a worthy band,
To make him know the course of wandring stars,
How heav'n doth move, & why the earth doth stand,
Or reading of Elegies, or verse of wars,
Fine Epigrams, Odes hard to understand:
Or sometime instruments of Musick hearing,
In all his acts a speciall grace appearing.

Then on another part was to be view'd
His vertues, each one by it self distinct,
First Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude,
And justice, and a sift unto them linkt
So nigh, that who with it is not indew'd,
The rest may seem or blotted, or extinct:
Good bounty, shew'd in giving and in spending,
A speciall grace to all the other lending.

One

78

This one place shewes he aids valuckie *Sforse*,
Him euermore most faithfully assisting,
Sometime with policie, sometime with force,
Him helping, and his enemies resisting:
Of Fortunes change he doth but little force,
In woe and weale, in one faith still persisting:
He comforts him when euill haps do grieue him,
In dangers he doth saue, in want relieue him.

79

Then stands he studying at another season,
And for his countrie safetie taking care,
He searcheth, and he finds by depth of reason,
And finding, to his brother doth declare
Their most vnnaturall and filthy treason,
That some of his owne blood for him prepaire,
By which he doth deserue such name to haue,
As *Rome* yet free, to famous *Tully* gaue.

80

Fast by he stands all clad in armour bright,
And to relieue the Church he runs in post,
With sodaine souldiers, raw and armed light,
Against a settled and wel ordred host:
Yet did his onely presence so affright
The aduerser part, that one may rightly boast,
It quencht the fire, ere it to burne began,
So he may say, *I came, I saw, I wan.*

81

Here stands he by his natie riuers side,
And straight encounters with the strongest fleete,
That euer yet *Venerians* did prouide,
Gainst *Greece*, or *Turke*, but he doth boldly meet,
And vanquish them, and took them at one tide,
And though the bootie and the gaine was sweet,
All (saue the praise) he left vnto his brother,
For only that cannot be giu'n another.

82

Thus this Pauillion, as before I told,
The which *Melissa* brought so far from thence,
Did please the knights, and dames that did behold
The goodly imaginie, and rich expence:
Although they had not any to vnfold
The meaning of the same and hidden sence,
But yet by good *Melissas* wife instruction
Dame *Bradamant* did know their whole construction.

83

Rogero markt likewise with great attention,
Those goodly figures calling to his minde,
That oft his vnckle of that Prince made mention,
Hippolito the flowre of all his kinde:
But now king *Charles*, whose care is and intention,
To giue to all men entertainment kinde,
Made playes and feasts with sundry sports and great,
And euermore the tables filld with meat.

84

There, men might plainly see and vnderstand,
The courage and the strength of eu'rie knight,
Sometimes in single wise, now band to band,
In iusts, and turnaments resembling fight,
But still *Rogero*, had the vpper hand,
In all his exercise of day and night:
In leaping, running, wraffling, and in dancing,
All men him far about the rest aduancing.

85

But on the last of these dayes festiuall,
Then when to take away they did prouide,
What time king *Charles* was set amid them all,
Eu'n iust between the Bridegroome and the Bride,
Behold they saw a goodly man and tall,
That seemd directly toward them to ride.
Most proudly mounted on a courser backe,
But yet his horse and he, all clad in blacke.

86

This was fierce *Rodomont*, king of *Algyre*,
Who at his late receiued foile, and icorne
Of *Bradamant*, inflam'd with spire and ire,
All vse of horse and armor had forsworne,
Till one whole yeare, one month, one day expire,
But line that while an Hermit all forlorne:
For so the knights were wont in ancient times,
Of their owne selues, to punish their owne crimes.

87

And though this while he oft had notice how
King *Agramant*, and how king *Charles* had sped,
Yet nathelasse for not breaking of his vow,
Forth of the doores he neuer put his hed:
But when the yeare and month were ended now,
And day beside, himselfe he furnished,
With armour new, new horse, new sword, new lance,
And came therewith vnto the court of France.

88

Not once allighting nor so much as rising,
For reu'ence sake, to bow his head or knee,
He bare the count'nance of a man despising
Both *Charles*, and all those Peeres of great degree:
At this each man amazed stands deuiling,
What proud and sawcy fellow this might be,
From talking and from eating each man stayes,
To hearken what this loftie warriour sayes.

89

Now when he was to th' Emp'rour come so nye,
That he *Rogero* fully did confront,
With stately voice, and with disdainfull crye,
(He saith) I am the king of *Sarza Rodomont*,
That thee *Rogero* flatly here defie,
And ere the Sunne go downe make full account,
To proue thou hast bene false vnto thy Prince,
And openly of treason thee conuince.

90

For though thy trechery be knowne so cleare,
In being *Christned*, thou canst not deny it,
Yet that to all the world it may appeare,
I offer here in single fight to trie it:
Or if thy courage faile, if any here
Will take on them thy quarrell, to supply it,
I will accept of any one or more,
Yea not to faile, of six or halfe a score.

91

Rogero, when he first had licence craued
Of *Charles*, this wise to *Rodomont* replide,
(And said) he euer had his honour saued,
And who so said contrarie lowdly lides
For he had to his Prince himselfe behaued,
Most loyally eu'n to the day he dide:
And said he there was readie to maintaine,
That yet his faith had neuer suffered stain.

And

His true friendship.

His care of his countrie.

Venerians.

His expt. is in warre.

Caesars words went, vidi, vici.

That was in the 35 booke

92
And that himselfe was bold enough and strong,
With him to buckle hand to hand alone,
And that he hop't to make him feeble ere long,
He had enough perhap too much of one:
Straightwayes *Renaldo* to aueng this wrong,
Orlando, and the Marquis would haue gone,
Marfisa with the brothers white and blacke,
And *Dudon* would be on the *Pagans* iacke.

93
Alledging, that sith he was newly mari'd,
For him to fight, it was against all use,
But from their speeches his opinion vari'd,
And swears that that for him was no excuse:
Those simes that erst the famous *Tartar* carri'd,
He takes, nor will he make one houre of truse:
To arme him, all those states their aids afford,
King *Charles* himselfe, holpe to put on his sword.

94
His wife takes care his Curats well may fit,
Orlando tyes his spurs, *Marfisa* bold
Doth fast vpon his head his beaver knit,
Astolfo is content his horse to hold:
His stirrop, *Dudon*, others thinke it fit,
To rid the lists, and driue out yong and old:
Renaldo, *Namus*, *Olinor*, take charge
To martiall it, and make it cleare and large.

Simile.

95
Faie dames and daz'zels stand with lookes dismayd,
With feare and trembling, like to fearfull Doves.
Whō some blacke tēpest-bringing cloud hath fraid,
And driu'n from fields, to shrowd in houses roones:
(Downe falls the haile with which the corne is laid,
And profitlesse vnto his owner proues)
So do they this fierce *Pagans* forces feare,
Which sure they iudge, *Rogero* cannot beare.

96
Nor onely do faint people so surmise,
But many knights of worth, the same did weene,
That cald to mind what erst before their eyes,
To their griefe they had in *Paris* scene:
When he with fire and sword in fearfull wise,
Did welny spoile the towne, and wast it cleane:
Of which the wofull signes did still appeare,
And would remaine yet many a month and yeare.

Sentences.

97
But *Bradamant* more feard then all the rest,
Not that she thought in strength or skill well tride,
The *Pagan* past her spouse, nor valiant brest,
Or that he had more reason of his side,
(Which vnto victorie avayles not least,
When men by combat quarrels do discide)
Yet still her minde is sad, her lookes vncheerfull,
Nor blame her though, for loue is euer fearfull.

Sentences.
Heres full-
cin plans
a inuic am

98
Great suit she makes, great labour to procure,
That vpon her she may the quarrell take,
Yea if to haue bene slaine she had bene sure,
To saue her spouse, but all in vaine she spake:
The champions now their lances put in vre,
And each with couched speare the tother strake:
The stauies like lfe in shivers small did flie,
The splints like birds did mount vnto the skie.

Simile.
Simile.

99
The *Pagan* that his lance did full direct,
Against the middle of *Rogeros* sheeld,
Did smite on it to small or none effect,
For *Vulcan* had the same most firmly steeld:
The tothers Target had no knowne defect,
Yet to the stroke it did a passage yeeld:
Yet was it thicke a quarter of a foote
Of bone, and linc with plated Steele to boot.

100
And saue the lance sustained not the blow,
But at the first did break and was disperfed,
So that the pieces of it seem'd in show,
To haue beene feathered foules (as I rehearfed,)
That stroke had finished that strife I throw,
And had his Curats and his bodie pearced:
But now it brake, and both gaue strokes so sound,
As made both horses cruppers kisse the ground.

101
The riders neare the lesse sate firme and stedie,
And laboured so well with spurre and raine,
Their horses were got vp on foote alreadie,
The men to fight addresse themselves againe
With swords; their horses both were stronge & redie
And each with skill some vantage sought to gaine,
And where they thought their armors were most
With force they straue to pierce & enter in, (thin,

102
Fierce *Rodomont* had not that Serpents hide
He vsd to weare, nor yet that shauing blade,
That he was wont to carrie by his side,
For *Nimrod* his great ancestor first made,
He lost those armes, and many more beside,
Then when as *Bradamant* did him invade,
At that same church, where he a twelvemonth since,
Entomb'd *Isbell*, with that peerlesse Prince.

103
He had another armor good and sure,
But not like that so passing tough and hard,
But neither this, nor any else could dure,
Against the piercing edge of *Ballisard*:
No mixture such, no metall was so pure,
No charme so strong, but that this blade the mard:
Rogero so besturd him with this blade,
More then one hole, in tothers coate he made.

104
Now though a little while the *Pagan* cokes
His hurts receiu'd, with vnappaled minde,
Yet when he saw his blood, and felt the strokes
So smart, that still they seem'd the quick to finde:
To so great wrath and rage it him prouokes,
Eu'n like the sea turmoyle with blustering winde,
He hurles away his shield, and doth endeuor,
With both his hands to cleaue *Rogeros* beauer.

105
With force as great he strikes, and as extreame,
As doth that engin in the River Poe,
Borne twixt two shippes, vpon the stately streame,
Enforcing downe with many a heauie bloe,
Some piece of timber, or some sharpned beame:
I say the, *Pagan* smote *Rogero* so,
Had not the charmed helmet bene of force,
He doubtlesse would haue clou'n him & his horse.

Simile.
This like is at
London
bridge.

Rogero

106
Rogero sitteth staggering in his seat,
 His hand the bridle left, his thighes their hold,
Rodomont giues another blow as great,
 To maze him more by all the meanes he could:
 And last a third, but now he so did beare
 His blade of metall free, it would not hold,
 But burst in twaine, with his continuall hammering,
 And left the *Pagan* in no little hammering,

107
 But yet for this the *Turke* doth not refraine,
 But still inuades the knight that wants defence,
 So had the blow amaz'd his head and braine,
 So dazed had the blow his witt and sense:
 The *Pagan* minds to waken him againe,
 First he doth close with him, and so from thence,
 Wringing him by the necke with all his force,
 To leaue the saddle he doth him inforce.

108
 He fell, but yet the ground he touched scant,
 But he that rose, inflam'd with wrath and shame,
 For looking vp, he saw faire *Bradamant*,
 Whose blush did shew how ill sheeooke the same:
 Yea eu'n of sounding shee did little want,
 And still her fainting colour went and came,
 Which scene, *Rogero* with his sword intends,
 For this so great disgrace to make amends.

109
 The *Pagan* with his horse would ouer-runne him,
 And iustles him, but he with little paine,
 Doth step aside, and warily doth shunne him,
 And with his left hand takes the horses raine:
 (So as the *Turke* thereby no hurt hath done him)
 The while he puts in ure his sword againe,
 And with two thrusts, he did the *Pagan* harme,
 One in his thigh, another in his arme,

110
 The *Turke* with whom a peece did yet remaine,
 Of that same blade that was in peecees flowne,
 Smote on *Rogeros* headpiece so againe,
 As had well-ny againe him ouerthrowne:
 But good *Rogero* now perceiuing plaine,
 His vantage that was erst to him vnknowne,
 Takes him by his left arme with all his force
 And (will he aill he) puls him from his horse.

111
 Were it his strength or sight, I cannot tell,
 But so he fell, no ods was them betweene,
 My meaning is that on his feete he fell,
 For in the swords, *Rogeros* odds was scene:
Rogero that did know his vantage well,
 To keepe him now at bay his best doth weene,
 It is not best for him he doth suppose,
 With such a strong, and big bon'd man to close.

112
 He further saw what store of blood he spilt,
 So now he hopes by warily proceeding,
 To force his foe to yeeld, and leaue the tilt, ding:
 Whose strength decayd, still more & more with blee-
 The *Turke* then takes the powell and the hilt
 Of his owne sword, and with force so exceeding
 Did hurle the same, he smote the knight so sore,
 He stund him more then eu'r he was before.

113
 It strake him twist the shoulders and the head,
 And gaue to him a blow so firme and sound,
 That good *Rogero* therewith staggered,
 And scant could keepe his feet vpon the ground:
 The *Turke* to close with him then hastened,
 But loe his foote did faile with former wound,
 So that his too much haile (as oft we see)
 Did hurt, and made him fall vpon his knee.

114
Rogero lost no time in manfull wise,
 To strike fierce *Rodomont* in brest or face,
 And holds him short, and so his force applies,
 He laid him on the ground, but in short space:
 In spyte of him, the *Pagan* doth arise,
 And with small kindnesse he doth him embrace:
 And then they strite, heaue, shoue, thrust to and fro,
 And either seekes the tothers ouerthrow.

115
 Each strites with all his skill, and his abilitie,
 By force to lay the tother on the ground,
 Now *Rodomont* was growne to some debilitie,
 By meanes of more then one receiued wound,
Rogero had great practise and agilitie,
 And vs'd to wrastle, and he quickly found
 His vantage, which he did not ouerslip,
 But on his weakest side his foe doth trip.

116
 The *Turke* most full of wrath and of despite,
 Vpon *Rogeros* necke tooke stedfast hold,
 Now drawing toward him with all his might,
 Now thrusting him backe from him all he could,
 And by and by he heau'd him quite vpright,
 As strong *Antheus* was in time of old:
Rogero notwithstanding sure doth stand,
 And labord still to haue the vpper hand.

117
 Full oft the valiant knight his hold doth shift,
 And with much prettie sleight, the same did slippe:
 In fine he doth applie one speciall drift,
 Which was to get the *Pagan* on the hippe:
 And hauing caught him right, he doth him lift,
 By nimble sleight, and in such wise doth tripper:
 That downe he threw him, and his fall was such,
 His head-peece was the first that ground did tuch.

118
 The *Turke* with such an hard and heauie fall,
 Was sore perplext, and bruised in such wise,
 His wounds fell fresh on bleeding therewithall,
 And make the place Vermillion where he lyes.
Rogero giues him respite very small,
 But keeps him downe and will not let him rise:
 And presently presents his dagger point
 Vnto his throat, and to his chiefest ioynt.

119
 As those that digge and search for golden ore,
 Within *Pannonian* or *Iberian* hills,
 Not vnderpropping sure the ground before,
 Oft for a plague of their too greedie wills,
 With sodaine ruine, are surpris'd so sore,
 As to get forth againe, doth passe their skills:
 So was the *Turke* held downe, and pressed so,
 By braue *Rogero* his triumphant foe.

M m

Who

120

Who now his naked dagger did present,
Vnto the others vnto at his eye,
And with sharpe words he told him that he ment,
Except he yeeld, to kill him by and by:
But Rodomont, that rather then relent,
Or shew base minde a thousand deaths would dy,
No word doth speake, but straue himselfe to funder
From him, or if he could to get him vnder.

121

Simile, and En'n as a Mastiue fell, whom Grewnd more fell,
a very apt compa-
rison, for a grebound
will ouer-
come a
mastiue in continuance
of fight, as
hath bene
tried.
Morall.

Hath tyde, and in his throat now fastned hath
His cruell fangs, yet doth in vaine rebell,
Though vnder him, and seekes to doe some skath:
For still the Grewnd preuailes, and doth excell
In force of breath, though not in rage and wrath:
So doth the cruell Pagan striue and straine,
To get from vnder him, but all in vaine.

122

But with long struing and with wondrous paines,
He freed his better arme, and void of aw,
His dagger that in his right hand remaines,
Which in this fater bick'ning he did draw,
He seekes to stabbe into Rogeros raines;
But now the valiant youth the perill saw,
Then for his safeties sake he was constrained,
To kill the cruell Turke that grace disdained.

123

And lifting his victorious hand on hie,
In that Turke face he stabd his dagger twise
Vp to the hilt, and quickly made him die,
And iud himselfe of trouble in a trice:
Downe to the lake, where damned ghosts do lie,
Sunke his disdaintull soule, now cold as Ice,
Blaspheming as it went, and cursing lowd,
That was on earth so lustie and so proud.

This last booke of Ariosto is so full of examples of courtesie, as me thinke we should offer it great discourtesie if we should not picke out some good Morall from it, to recommend to your considerations that haue perused and read ouer the booke: the first and chiefeest courtesie is in Leo, that manageth the whole matter so well for Rogero, knitting the consent of all parties like a well deuised Comedie: then Marfias kinnes is to be praised, that would haue sought in defence of her brothers honor. Thirdly Ammon doth well to aske pardon of Rogero for his hard usage: then the Bulgars are to be allowed for their thankfulness to make him king for his good seruice: Further Charles the Emperour is to be extolled for his Princely regard in honoring and feasting them so bountifully at the marriage: Lastly Bradamant and the whole crew that would haue curie one haue taken vpon them Rogeros defence against Rodomont, and Rogero not permitting it yet if they disdained not to do him the seruice to help to arme him, to put on his spurs, to stay his horse, to hold his sterop: in all which I doubt not but the noble minded readers will finde sufficient matter both to commend, and to imitate without my further labouring to set forth the same. Onely one note I may not omit, yea though I were sure to be ebidden by some of you (faire Ladies) for my labor, namely, the strong ambition of your sex, which we call weake: For you see how my author in the 5. staffe of this Canto hath deliuered to vs, that Beatrice the mother of Bradamant, would neuer be wonne to accept Rogero for her sonne in-law, neither for his gentrie, nor his personage, nor his valour, nor his wit, no nor yet her daughters owne choise and affection, till she heard he was chosen a king: with which aspiring humour of wonne, it seemed how that (neuer too much praised) Sir Philip Sidney was wel acquainted with, making in his Arcadia not onely the stately Pamela, to reiect the naked vertue of Musidorus, till she found it well clothed with the title to a scepter, but euen Mistres Mopsa, when she sat hooded in the tree to beg a boone of Apollo, to aske nothing but to haue a king to her husband, and a lusty one too, and when her pitifull father Dameris (for want of a better) plaid Apollos part, and told her she should haue husbands enough she praid deuoutly they might be all kings: and thus much for the Morall.

Historic.

Agens king of Athens, hauing no issue, went to the Oracle of Apollo, to know how he might do to haue a sonne, and receiuing a doubtfull answer, asked counsell of Pytheus Lord of Trozenes, that was in those dayes counted a deepe wise man, who scanning the meaning of the obscure verse, which was this,

Optime vir non ante pedem dissolueris vni
Exsertum claras quam tu remearis Athenas.

In English not verie cleanly thus.

Good sir take heed how ear it falls, what vessell you do broch,
Before vnto the citie wals of Athens you approach.

I say Pytheus found out such a mysterie in these verses, that he perswaded him ear he departed thence, to take the paines (or I might haue said the pleasure) to lie with his daughter Ethra: Agens hauing done the feat, and being belike (as many men are) sorie when he had done, tooke his leaue to be gone, but ear he went he tooke Ethra aside, and shewed her where he had hidden his sword and his shoes vnder a hollow stone of great weight, charging her that if she bare a sonne, so soone as he were of strength to remoue that stone, she should send him with those tokens to him as priuily as may be. In fine she bare that famous Theseus, who comming to Athens as a stranger, Medea then wife of Agens, perswaded her husband to poyson him at a banquet, to which the old man assented: but while Theseus was readie to drinke, Agens saw the sword handle, and calling it to mind, ouerthrew the cup and saved the life of his sonne: of which who so please better to informe himselfe, may reade more at large in the life of Theseus written by Plutarke.

Allegoric.

In that mine author brings in for the conclusion of his whole worke, that Rogero immediatly vpon his marriage to Bradamant, killeth Rodomont: this is the Allegoricall sence thereof, that Rodomont which is to be vnderstood the unbridled heat and courage of youth (for in all Rodomonts actions you shall finde him described, euer most furious, hasty, and impatient) Rodomont I say, is killed and quite vanquished by marriage, and how soeuer the unrulinesse of youth is excusable in diuers kinds, yet after that holy state of matrimony is entered into, all youthfull wildnes of all kinds must be cast away: which the common saying doth proue, distinguishing in ordinarie speech, a bachelor from a married man, by these names, a good fellow, and an honest man.

As Rolomonts punishing of himself, by forswearing the use of armor, a yeare, a moneth and a day, he alludes (I thinke) to one Bucycaldo a Frenchman, gouverneur of Geneva, who being a goodly tall man of personage, was overbrowne and vanquished by Galeazzo Gonzaga a little man of stature, but of great spirit, and for that cause he vowed neuer to beare armes againe: but in the death of Rolomont to shew himselfe a perfect imitator of Virgil, he ended just as Virgil ends his *Aeneids* with the death of Turnus.

Allusion.

Vitae cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Here end the notes of the 46. and last Canto of Orlando Furioso.



A BRIEFE AND SVMMARIE
ALLEGORIE OF ORLANDO FVRIOSO,
NOT VNPLEASANT NOR VNPROFITABLE
for those that haue read the former Poeme.



When I had finished this translation of *Orlando Furioso*, and being almost proud in mine owne conceit, that I had in these my young yeares, employed my idle houres to the good liking of many, & those of the better sort, I hapned to reade in a graue and godly booke these words: So diuines do hold (for examples sake that the glory of S. Paul is increased dayly in heauen, and shall be to the worlds end, by reason of them that dayly do profit by his writing and rare exemplar life upon earth, as also on the contrarie part, that the torments of Arius, Sabellius,

In the Resolution, of the accounting day.

and other wicked heriticks, are continually augmented by the numbers of them, who from time to time are corrupted with their seditious and pestilent writings; If it had stayed there, it would neuer haue troubled me, but immediately followes, The like they hold of dissolute Poets, and other loose writers, which haue left behind them lasciuious, wanton, and carnall deuices, as also of negligent parents, masters, teachers, &c. This saying (gentle Reader) was such a cooling card to me, and did so cut the combe of that pleasing conceit of mine, that I could not tell whether I should repent me or not of my former taken paine. For this was not a malicious taunt of a wry-looking *Zoilus*, but a graue reprehension, and commination of a deuout and diuine writer; Now though the Epithetons of *Dissolute* and *Loose*, make me partly presume, that mine authour is out of the foresaid danger, whose work cannot iustly be deemed lasciuious, wanton, nor carnal, and though I haue spoken as I thinke sufficiently in my Apologie, to satisfie all indifferent readers, both for mine authors defence and mine owne excuse; yet because I know in mine owne conscience, that all the verses in this worke be not so full weight, but if they shall be tryed in so seuerer a balance, some will be found many graines too light: I would indeuour all I might to supply that defect, with the more weightie and sober consideration of the Allegorie; which, as I haue partly touched in euery seuerall booke, so now I intend to present to your consideration the whole bodie of the same, to make as it were a rehearsal Oration of it, which I haue placed in the latter end,

Simile of a
surfet.

and as it were for a farewell, as men do at a great dinner, in which they haue almost surfeited vpon sundrie sorts of meats, more delicate then wholesome, yet in the end close vp their stomakes with a peece of a Quince, or strengthen and helpe their digestion with a cuppe of Sacke; whereas to a temperate feeder vpon wholesome meats, both of them are superfluous. Also I do the rather place it in the end of my booke, because commonly, that which men reade last stickes best in their memories, and so I wish this to do, being as it were the verie kinnell and principall part, or as the marrow, and the rest but the bone or vnprofitable shell, or according (as I said in my Apologie, vsing *Lassoes* comparison) like to the pill that is lapped in suger, and giuen a child for a medicine, who otherwise would not be drawne to take the simple drugge though it were to saue his life. But to come to the matter, mine author (as you may see from the beginning) applyeth his whole worke, and referreth all the parts thereof to two principall heads and common places; namely *Armes* and *Loue*: in both which, men commit great ouersights, and from both which, proceed many great enormous disorders, both in publique and priuate. For these two faults of wantonnesse and wilfulnesse, are so coupled commonly with youth, that they seeme to be borne at a burthen therewith, and as it were accidents inseparable; and a man might almost canonize him for a Saint, that hath passed the heat of his youth, and not offended in one of these: but many doubtlesse offend in them both. And this is the cause that mine author hath propounded many examples, but specially two, in the which men may see their frailtie in the latter of these (which I will handle first) namely in the passion of loue. As first *Orlando*, who with a long and tedious voyage, guardeth *Angelica* from the Indies; then hath her taken from him among his friends, after looseth her, and by sundrie aduentures pursuing her, and yet missing most narrowly of his purpose, in the end falleth starke madde for her, till by Saint *Iohn* his wits are lent him againe: which is as much to say, till by the grace of God and the light of the Gospell, he discouereth the darknes he walked in, and so comes againe to himselfe.

Armes.
Loue.

Orlando.

Rogero.

Alcyna,
the court
of pleasure

Secondly and principally in *Rogero*, whom he saith to haue bene a man of infinite valour, and of courage able to ouercome a thousand of our common worldly miseries, but yet ouercome himselfe of this passion of loue, without any resistance: this is the reason that he is borne away vpon a horse with wings (which would not be gouerned) vp into the aire, to the countrey of *Alcyna*, (which we may easily conceiue to be the court of pleasure:) by which mine author giues vs to vnderstand that the principall occasion of our euill proceedeth of this, when our appetite not ruled by reason, ruleth vs, as *Horace* writeth of anger, and may be applied to any passion that striueth with reason:

*Ira furor breuis est: animum rege, qui nisi pareat
Imperat, hunc frenis, hunc in compesce catena.*

Idleness,
captaine of
all other
filthie
vices.

Wherefore this same appetite is that passionate desire of the minde that we are so often counselled to restraine. Now to this desire, to this inordinate lusting, is ioyned idleness, as an assistant and great furtherer; as I partly noted in the fourth booke out of *Ouid*, *Quia si tollas, &c.* This idleness is sayned by the Poet, verie grosse and corpulent, drunken and drowlic, riding vpon a Tortesse in token of sloth, and he (forsooth) is ring-leader of a monstrous band, of which some haue heads like dogges, some haue neckes like cranes, some are mounted vpon Oxen or Asses, some haue countenances and gestures of Apes, some are armed with prongs, with forkes, with hookes, with broches (all out of the Kitchen) of all which, what other meaning can be gathered but this, that idleness and sloth, and the not betaking ones selfe to some honest trauell, causeth men to proue drunkards, gluttons, backbiters, reprochers, iesters, parasites and promoters, with other monstrous and filthie faults, though worthie to be punished, yet not worthie to be named.

Where

Wherefore the annient fathers haue not without great iudgement and iust cause placed sloth among the seauen deadly sinnes, being so precise in the consideration thereof, that they haue deliuered their opinion thus farre of it, that though simply to be idle is not a mortall sinne (as they terme it) yet so to be idle as to be kept thereby from some good exercise, as hearing of Gods word, or helping our brother that wanted our assistance, may make it mortall. But now, because in common sence it had not beene fit nor probable, that a man of a high spirit and noble courage (as his *Rogero* is described to be) should be daunted with such a shamefull and base companie as these were, therefore you see he defends himselfe against them most resolutely, though their assault seeme terrible, and their number infinite, and in despite of them he proceedeth towards the house of *Logessilla* (by which is meant vertue) by that craggy and painfull way, and shunneth the other way to *Alcyna*, by meanes of the good warning *Astolfo* had giuen him of the danger thereof. But loe two faire yong Ladies sent from *Alcyna*, which as I noted in the seuenth booke, carried a shew of honourable and chaste loue; these wanne him without any resistance, and make him of a resolute warriour, a dissolute louer: but trow you he can come to *Alcyna* with the bare name of a louer? no, if he be poore, there is no place for him in dame Pleasures court; he must spend, he must giue, he must lash it out. *Erisila*, a conetous wretch, keeps the bridge, by which is vnderstood that many men are stopt from this course of folly, in regard of the great charge and expence thereof, and so stay at this bridge; and though no consideration of vertue withhold them, yet feare of the charge doth terrifie them. But when *Erisila* is once overthrowne, then they are presently receiued into the bosome of *Alcyna*, then all the cheere, sporting, dauncing and courting that can be imagined is applied to the welcoming of this youthfull *Rogero*. Thus he is drowned and vterly overwhelmed in this gulfe of pleasure, which mine author hath set downe so liuely, as it were the very picture of the Prodigall Sonne spoken of in the Scripture, giuen ouer to all vnthriftinesse, all loosenesse of life and conuersation. But because the Poet knew very well, that youth of it selfe hath many good gifts of nature, if the same were applied, and that many yong men coming to themselues againe, haue become notable members of their countreys, and worthy patterns of prowesse and vertue; therefore he deniseth most excellently a meane whereby *Rogero* vnwindeth himselfe out of the bonds of *Alcyna*, shewing how one day being gotten from her (a thing that seldome happened vnto him) *Melyssa* recalled him againe, and gaue him that Ring that discovered all *Alcynas* trumperies, and made her odious in his sight: so as now he cursed her in his heart, and was ashamed that euer he had set his loue so basely. This is to be vnderstood, that a man besotted in the fond pleasures of this world, entring into godly consideration with himselfe of his owne estate heareth *Melyssa*, which is to be vnderstood the diuine inspiration of the grace of God, calling him from the damned course of life, to an honest and vertuous course; and by that Ring which signifieth reason, he discovereth the odious filthinesse of that which seemed to him before most pleasant and amiable.

Logessilla
betokens
vertue.

Erisila.

Considera-
tion.

Simile.

Therefore not without very good cause doth the notable writer (I recited in the beginning of this treatise) lay downe in the very first chapter of his booke the danger and inconueniences that grow to men for lacke of consideration, vsing also in another place among many his diuine similitudes this one, that men are caried by inconsideration to their euerlasting ruine without any strining; euen as Hawkes are caried hooded very quietly, which if their sight were free, would neuer leaue bating till they had broken their lines, or vterly tyred themselves: but notwithstanding that the Ring of Reason maketh him discern these foule deformities of *Alcyna*, yet it is maruellous to see what wonderfull impediments be set in his way, ere he can discharge himselfe of his late receiued mistresse.

The Faulkner, the horse, the hawke, the dogge, that do all assaile him after a strange fashion, the particular Allegorie whereof, I touched in the eighth booke, though to say truth

I needed not so curiously to haue sought for such a hidden meaning in them, when as the verie things themselves are so vntemperately vsed by many, that they keepe them from vertues and more honorable actions: How many men giue themselves so extreame to these hunters, haukes, hounds, and horses, that they cannot scarce affoord an houre to the studie of wisdom and temperance? though I doe not vtterly condemne the honorable vse of them all, for recreation, so as a man would remember, *Ne quid nimis*, or as our English Prouerbe saith, Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Now when these difficulties be overcome, then yet for a great while the way is painefull, the weather is hot, the Sunne parcheth, *Rogero* rideth solitarie without companie or good fellowship; and by and by another temptation assailes him: Three Ladies sporting themselves by the sea side would stay him; one offers him wine increasing his thirst with the sight of it, another invites him to alight, the third railes vpon him for his inciuilitie: The first of these is our concupiscence, that with a perpetuall thirst still maketh vs couet things hurtfull for our selues: the second is ease, that is loth to sustaine too much labour, but is still perswading vs to giue ouer vertuous workes, because they are painfull: the third is the mockery and lewd vse of the world, as I haue also noted in his place, to iest at such as liue austerely and vertuously, as though it were a tokē of a base mind; whereas indeed, it is the only noble disposition that may be, to follow vertue, and to despise pleasure.

These three women, though *Rogero* fled away, yet they followed him, which signifieth, that our owne imperfections euermore follow vs, neither can we be ridde of them, and it sufficeth not to overcome them once, but that we must wage continuall battel with them. Now against this perpetuall miserie we are strengthened by discipline, & made able to withstand them, which is signified by the wise and graue Pilot, that transports *Rogero* by sea, from *Aleyna* to *Logessilla*; and in sooth it may well be called a sea, in which euerie waue is readie to ouerwhelme vs, and euerie storme able vtterly to discourage vs, if we had not a good Pilot both safely to guide vs, and chearefully to encourage vs, by telling vs what entertainment we shall finde, if we come once into her harbour.

40

*There is the founte that fills and neuer cloyeth,
There is the lone, the beautie and the grace,
That maketh him most blest that them enioyeth,
To which compar'd all other ioyes are base:
There hope, nor feare, nor care the minde annoyeth,
Respect of persons, nor regard of place,
The minde still finding perfect contentation,
Resting it selfe in vertuous contemplation.*

41

*There are (saith he) some better lessons taught;
Then dancings, dallings, and daintie dyet,
There shall you learne to frame your minde and thought,
From will to wit, to temperance from rye:
This is the path by which you may be brought
Into the perfect paradise of quiet:
This tale the Pilot to *Rogero* sold,
And all the while their course they forward hold.*

This encouragement and comfort was somewhat, but by and by they discovered a great quie sent from *Aleyna*, which vndoubtedly had surprised them, had not *Logessilla* (which drawne

drawne from the Greeke, is to say wisedome) sent a whole armie in their ayde: which signifieth writings, exhortations, instructions, examples, and precepts, that haue power in them both to confound *Alcyon*, and to recouer all that had beene wonne by force, in former times from *Logestilla*.

The foure vertuous Ladies that are sent to guard *Rogero*, as appeareth by their names and by their Epithetons giuen them by mine author, are the foure cardinall vertues, iustice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Which though it be well described in the aforesaid x. book, yet in my fancie, that in the last booke, where he prayseth a Cardinals vertues, I meane *Hippolito*, wherealso he adds a fift vnto them, and makes them fiae, it doth much better:

77

Then on another part was to be vewd,
His vertues, each one by themselves distinct,
Prudence, and temperance, and fortitude,
And Iustice, and a fift so neerely linke
To these, that who with it is not endu'd,
Therest may seeme blotted; or quite extinct,
Bountie imployd in giuing and in spending,
A speciall grace to all the other lending.

These be the Captaines of that Armie Royall, that can ouercome legions, nay millions of vices: and sure if you will not allow the last of them for a principall leader, yet you must at least make him treasurer and paymaster, or else it is great doubt that for lacke of pay, you will be driuen to Cassyre your bands. But to proceed, perhaps it will seeme strange to some, as it did to my selfe at the first reading, how it comes to passe that *Logestilla* and *Alcyon* are sisters, the one legitimate, the other a bastard; and that the bastard hath vsurped vpon the others state, and hath scarce left her aboue one strong hold. The exposition is this,

The nature of man (by which is vnderstood our appetite or affection,) which ought to be subiect to reason and to be gouerned thereby, this nature (I say) was at the first a lawfull child of God, and was by the spirit of God framed to his owne likenesse, there to gouerne and rule by reason and wisedome, so that afore nature was corrupted, all the parts of our minde were in a perfect accord and harmonie, vnder the gouernement of reason, or rather euery one setting forward it selfe to vertuous actions: but when this first perfection was lost, and that the same great rebellion was made, to the ouerthrow of that quiet and setled state, the heart became so weake, as it was not able to indure the continuall assaults of the passions that assailed it, and in the end was content to take part with them against the reasonable part of the minde. And now euery part of the body engenders such seeds of concupiscence, that nature is become a bastard sister to reason, and vsurps that gouernement that is due onely to her, and leaueth her only one castle, which was so strongly situated that it was impregnable: so that now reason is retired as it were to her principall fortresse, to the head, the rest of this kingdome being possessed (by *Alcyon*) by pleasure and fond delights. Now then, what maruell is it, if this new *Hercules*, described by mine author, do with so great difficultie, and through so many impediments, clammer vp to this stately seate of *Logestilla*, built with such rare workmanship, and of such pure stufte, that a man may in the walls thereof, see euen into his very soule and conscience:

In these men see the vertue, and the vice,
That cleaueth to their inward soule and minde,
Who looks in such a glasse may grow so wise,
As neither flatering praises shall him blind,
With tickling words, nor undeserued blame,
With forged faults, shall worke him any shame.

M m 4

As

As for those guildings and paintings, that were in the Palace of *Alcina*, though the show of it were glorious, the substance of it was drosse, and nothing but Alcumie, and cosenage: but these of *Logestilla*, be precious stones indeed, of inestimable value: The looking glasse and mirrour, that will shew vs how our soule and our mind is spotted; oh be that would vse such a glasse, what a notable Antidoton it would be against the poyson of flatterie!

You faire Ladies, that spend so many houres in looking and prying in a glasse to see if this shadow sit handsomely, if your rebatoes be well set, if your wyers stand euen vpon your heads, and the pendant iust in the middle of your foreheads, and in the least of these matters you will not belecue your maides eyes, but you will see it your selues, why are you so credulous to belecue lyars and flatterers, that tell you your chastities and other womanly vertues be extolled and praysed, and will not looke in that true glasse, to see if you deserue it or no?

It is true, that men are no fit iudges of themselves, because commonly they are partiall in their owne cause; yet is it as true, that he that will dispose him to iudge indifferently of himselfe, can do it better then any bodie else, because a man can see further into his owne minde and heart, then any one else can. But now, to come to this faire house of *Logestilla*, to which I would so faine inuite you all, both Lordes and Ladies, that reade this discourse, here be sweet gardens, here be wholesome hearbs, here is the continuall spring: Here that vnbridled horse, that bare away *Rogero* so farre out of Europe, is taught to obey the rodde and the rayne, and made seruiceable and at commandement. Further, by the help of the ring (as was touched before) manie that had beene transformed into brute beasts, were restored to their shape againe: these were such as were so drowned in vice, and in beastlie pleasures, that no part of the reasonable man was left in them. *Astolfo* was restored to his shape, that had beene turned into a myrtle (now the myrtle was said euer to haue beene *Venus* tree) and because he was so entangled in Venerie, that he could not get himselfe out of it, therefore he is sayned to haue taken roote in the ground as the tree doth, and so was fastned, that without *Melyssas* assistance he could not haue stirred from thence. Thus, as you see mine Author vnder a prettie fiction, hath brought you to behold the whole miserie of the life of man, and there in the beginning of the seuenth booke, he exhorteth men to consider the meaning of his tale,

*Wherefore to some my tale may seeme a fable,
Whose wits to understand it, are not able.*

But now because there are diuers kinds of errorrs, in this labyrinth of loue, and as diuers meanes by which men offend, as there are diuers sorts of men that offend; therefore you may perceine how my author hath filled the whole booke with sundry examples both of men and women: as beside *Orlando* of whome I spake before, whose madnesse gaue the name to his worke, calling it *Orlando Furioso*, there is *Sacrapant*, that followes *Angelica* from the Indies, and is still foded out by her with faire words: There is *Renaldo*, that is extreame in loue with her, till the water of disdain draine away, and cooled the heate of his affection; and the whole booke is full of examples of men and women, that in this matter of loue, haue bene notable in one kinde or other; of which I will touch some speciall ones, and omit the rest, as not so much worth the standing vpon.

The ordinarie kindes of loue are set downe to vs of the good and the bad in two couples: *Angelica* and *Doralice* of the worse kinde, and *Olympia* and *Bradamant* of the better sort. In *Angelica*, the excellentnesse of her beautie bred such an exceeding pride, that disdainyng the greatest and worthyest Princes that liued in that
age

age, she cast herself away at last vpon a poore seruing-man, for a iust recompence of her too haughtie conceipt. In *Doralice*, is set downe a patterne of great lightnesse of manners and behauiour, that first louing *Rodomont*, and being forciblie taken by *Mandricard*, yet in one night was so well pacified toward him, that she was content to tarrie with him, and in the end refused *Rodomont*, openlie for him, (though in so doing one might make a reasonable excuse for her:) but after when *Mandricard* was slaine, she could haue found in her heart to haue loued *Rogero* also. In *Olympia* contrarie, we see an honest chaste loue, though very hardly requited, yet hath it in my opinion some reproofe, naely that it was too sodaine and violent. But in the worthy *Bradamant* is a perfect patterne of true honorable loue to *Rogero*, moued first by his value, by his courage, by his behauiour, by his worth, which made him worthie of her loue. In her you shall finde no rashnesse, no want of constancie, of faith, of all other due regards: for neither could her sundry ouerthwart chances, neither the expectation and length of time, which is wont to breed alterations,) nor the obstinate couetousnesse of her father, nor the vain ambition of her mother, nor the state and Empire of *Leon*, with all the promised riches and treasures his Father and he possessed, once withdraw her minde from her first loue. Further, *Bradamant* did not rashly fall in loue, as did *Olympia*; but the Prophetesse *Melyssa*, and tokens from aboue, did encourage her to her honest loue; for shewing her of her noble posteritie, and of all those blessings that accompanie the same: so as indeed, in her onely we haue a patterne of honest and commendable loue before mariage.

Now there are in like manner two paire of married women, one worthie all reproch, the tother meriting all praise. The shamelesse *Orygilla* and her filthie *Martano*, are a paterne of base and filthy loue, grounded vpon ribauldrie, and continued with all fraudulent practises that may be; in which also the fond affection, and doting fancie of *Grifino* is to be pitied, that could not see her treacherie, till with notable shame and scorne, he felt the fruits of it.

Another paterne of lewdnesse in all kindes, is the tragieall life of the abhominable *Gabryna*, that for her filthy lust, brake all the lawes of hospitalitie and humanitie: First tempting *Fylandro* most impudentlie, then accusing him most falselie, lastlie circunuenting him most subtilly, and making him with a most rare crueltie to kill her husband, and marrie her selfe; and finallie when she grew wearie of him, she found the meanes to poyson both him and the Physitian, and not resting there, spent all her life after in working all kinde of treason and mischief, euen to her last gaspe, which she fetcht on the gallows. Such *Gabrynas* and *Medras* as this perhaps there are in the world, that to effect their deuillish purposes, will not stick to practise any kinde of treacherie and poysoning, yea and take a pride and felicitie when they can ouerthrow noble houses, set great men together by the eares, cause blood-shed, and ruine, and hurlyburly in Cities and common wealths and cause brothers to cut off one anothers head: whereupon that old verse may seeme to haue beene made vpon some ground:

*Non audet Strygius Pluto tentare, quod audet
Presbyter, effrenis plenag, fraudis annis.*

But now in recompense of these two passing lewd women, we haue two excellent vertuous women: *Fiordelisee* married to *Brandimart*, and *Isabel* espoused to *Zerbino*. Which, I thinke mine author hath deuised to haue great aduersities, and to haue lost their husbands most vnfortunatly, to the end to lay before all chaste and vertuous matrones an example, how the troubles that happen to their husbands must be a meane to set forth their praise the more. And indeed, to attribute to them the highest point of glorie in this kinde that may be, you see how he maketh them leese there husbands euen in the prime of their owne

yeares

yeares : *Zerbino* slaine in France, and *Brandimart* in Barbarie, and both of them naming their wines at the last houre, to shew how dearly they loued them; which causeth them to breake into such piteous lamentations, as would moue not onely a tender hearted Ladie, but euen a valiant hearted man, to shed teares with compassion. Further, the deaths of both these Ladies, in sundry kindes are most admirable : *Fiordeliege* builds her a little roome in the sepulcher of her husband, and there becomes an Anchorite. *Isabella* falling into the hand of the barbarous *Rodomont*, and hauing no way to saue her chastitie from his violence, deuised a meane to redeeme it with the price of her life: Oh worthy *Isabella*, that deseruest to be painted in Tables, and set forth in clothes of Arras, for an example to all yong Ladies of constant chastitie.

But now to goe forward, we haue to consider likewise of the enchanted Pallace, in which as it were in an infinite labyrinth, so many braue yong men of great valour, losse themselves in seeking their loues, and when they would depart thence, they heare themselves called backe, and thinke they see their faces; but when they come, thinking to finde them, they vanish out of their sights, and turne to shadowes. This enchantment is likewise referred to loue, that painteth forth in our fancie, the Image of the party loued, representing to vs the sweet speech, the seemely behauiour, the gracious lookes of our Idol that we worship: but neither can we finde it when we seeke for it, neither doth the heart take any repose, still labouring to attaine to the end, which more do misse then hit, and yet when they do attaine to it, for the most part they grow as wearie, as before they grew fond. We may say that *Dido* was in this labyrinth, when as *Virgil* describeth her:

*At Regina grani iam dudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni,
Multa viri virtus animo, multisq; recurris
Gentis honos: haerent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaq; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*

Wherefore this passion may well be called *That tickling wound, that flattereth cruel* see, as it is in the first booke. And no maruell if *Rogero* once againe, hauing lost his ring of reason, be drawne into this enchanted Pallace. Onely *Astolfo* (taught by a booke *Logestilla* gaue him to take away a fantastical Image, or some such witchcraft as lay vnder the threshold) dissolued the enchantment. But whereas it is said that *Atlanta* did build it thereby to keepe *Rogero* in an idle life, therein he toucheth the fond tendernes of diuers parents ouer their children, who bringing them vp in wantonnesse, ease and pride, make them the more apt to fall into this enchanting labyrinth. Many more examples are alledged by mine author as that pretty Comical tale of *Ariodant* and *Genewra*: the fantastical tale of *Norandino* and *Lucina*, that were lapt in goates skinnies: the death of *Marganorres* two sonnes: the tale of the Mantuan knight that had the married mens cup. All which haue good Moralities, and may be fitly applyed to this common place of loue.

Of armes.

Now the other common place is of armes, which indeed is more pertinent to matters of state (as tother is to priuate life and manners,) and in this mine author hath carried his inuention verie daintilie, and well worth the marking. For he propoundeth to vs the example of two mightie Emperours, one of which directeth all his counsels by wisdom, learning, and Religion; But the other being rash, and vnexperienced, ruined himselfe and his countrie: and in this storie though much of it be fayned, yet are set downe the verie ordinarie causes, and the vsuall sequels of all such garboyles and troubles. It is almost an vsuall matter to reade of young Princes, that being left in peace and prosperitie, and hauing so much wealth they know not what to doe withall, straight follow their youthfull humour of reuenging some (I know not what) old iniuries, and be put in hope by such hare-brayne Counsellours as *Rodomont* and his fellows, of great conquests
and

and in the end ouerthrow indeed great armies, not of their enemies, but of their owne, as the Oracle mocked *Cresus*:

Cresus Halim penetrans magnam peruertit opum vim.

So did *Hannibal* in Italie (though indeed he preuailed a great while) led thereto by a dreame, as some write. Now in these matters of warres, the chiefe fault commonly is, in those Counsellors that put a sword into a mad-mans hand, by putting such conceits into Princes heads. Yet we see *Agramant* hath his graue *Sobrino*, that aduised him at the first, not to inuade other mens countreyes, but to keepe his owne; that aduised him to preuent mischief in time, and to sue for peace: that aduised him to put the matter to a combate of one man, and the partie overcome to pay yeerely tribute: and finally, that not onely with faithfull counsell, but with valiant seruice, sticketh to him to the last; but *Agramants* owne rashnesse and follie ouerthrowes all the good that could be done him. Further, these youthfull Counsellours, on whom *Agramant* did so much relye, did not onely hurt him by their fond perswasions to his ill succeeding warres, but also in the midst of the heate thereof, when their seruice should haue stood him in most need, annoyed him, and in a manner quite confounded him with their continuall iarring and squaring among themselues about matters of small or no importance: So that, as *Agamemnon* was wont to wish for ten *Nestors*, and could haue beene content to haue spared *Achilles*: so *Agramant* had iust cause to haue wished for ten *Sobrinos* and to haue spared *Rodomont*, and the other great champions. And by the way it is to be noted, how Poetically mine author sendeth Discord among them, and where she was found, as you might reade in the fourteenth booke. Now to *Agramant* is on the other side opposed *Charles*, a graue and well stayed Prince, wise and valiant, not partiall in doing iustice, bountifull in rewarding seruices, and which is all in all, deuout without hypocrisie, and putting indeed his affiance in God, and consequently in his extremities is ayded by God: and in the end obtaining a most happie victorie, driuing both his enemies out of his countrey, and gayning from them a great part of theirs. Further my author hath set downe diuers formes (as I may call it) of valiant men, though not all in a sort to be imitated, but some rather greatly to be reprov'd; *Mandricard* is described to be exceeding full of courage, and withall verie quarelsome, and yet with good successe: He takes *Doralyce* from her guard, he fights with *Orlando*, with *Rodomont*, with *Marfisa*, and still he holds his owne. But this good fortune is a cause to fooles of their ouerthrow; for (as our English Prouerb saith) *So oft goes the pitcher to the water, at last it comes broken home*. *Mandricard* would needs quarrell with *Rogero* about their cognisance, and by him is slaine after all his brauerie. This is written for a warning to such as are of *Mandricardos* disposition, to take heed of *Mandricardos* end.

Likewise in *Rodomont* there was exceeding strength of bodie, as wel as courage of minde, but the same was gouerned with no deliberation; which caused him to attempt, and to giue ouer things attempted very sodainly, which finally turned to be hurtfull to himselfe as well as to others.

On the other side, *Renaldo* was a franke natured man, valiant & courteous; *Ferraw* stout, but too full of cracking, and thereby procuring himselfe enmities: *Orlando* full of clemencie as well as courage: *Zerbino* a patterne of a most noble and thankfull nature, and though not fortunate, yet most famous in despite of fortune.

Rogero, the verie Idea and perfect example of a true knight, that will by no meanes break his faith and his honour, that seekes no aduantage of the enchanted shield, that to be grateful to *Don Leon Augustus*, would leese both loue and life; and finally, that in defence of his honour killeth *Rodomont*.

Further, as I haue often noted in the seuerall bookes, it is a verie pleasing thing to see the due punishment of the wicked doers, and the procurers of euill, as besides those I haue noted, you may see that none scapeth of the xxxij. kings that came out of Affricke but

Rogero

Rogero and *Sabrino*, the one a perswader to peace, the other, a iust warriour, and true of his word.

Beside in *Astolfo*, is a praise of learning, who with his sounding horne, by which is meant eloquence, and with his booke (betokening wisdom) both the gifts of *Logistilla*, becometh a tamer of monsters, as well as a conquerour of men, and accomplisheth greater matters alone, then all the rest do with their force and armes.

Further, in the praise of learning, and to moue Princes to fauour learning, he shewes how onely the pen of the learned is that that preserues the good fame of Princes; as for the common foolish Pamphlet-writers he condemneth them, likening them to Vultures, carren Crows, and chattering Pyes, that are not able to saue their friends names from the lake of obliuion, because their writings are not durable. Thus much I thought good to note of the generall Allegorie of the whole worke, to giue you occasion to ruminate, as it were, & better to digest that, which you before in reading, did perhaps swallow down whole without chewing. Now me thinke it is euen high time to take away, & bid much good do it you, or at least no harme do it you, or if you thinke it will for al this, the best physicke I can prescribe you, is to take a leafe or two of *S. Matthews* Gospell, or of *S. Pauls* Epistles, and it shall restore you to your perfect health.



THE LIFE OF ARIOSTO BRIEFLY AND COMPENDIOUSLY GATHERED OUT OF SUNDRIE ITALIAN writers, by JOHN HARRINGTON.

Who are
worthy to
haue their
liues
written.



Hose that performed any notable worke in their liues, either for the profite of their countrey, or for the aduancement of learning, or in any other thing that hath made them worth the talking of after their deceases, haue for the most part both bene recorded in the Histories of their times, and also had their names eternized by speciall Treatises written of their liues; by which the ensuing ages might know their country, their parentage, their time of birth, their education, their disposition, their actions, and their end: Whether it be that men are willing to prosecute their deserts with a thankfull remembrance after their deaths, as it were for a kind of recompence of their trauell in this life; whether for the encouragement of those that liue, to make them by vertue hunt after fame. Neither onely haue men of good deserts bene praised for their vertues, but also the wicked haue bene blazed for their faults, that those whome desire of fame cannot allure to well doing, yet feare of shame and ignominie, may terrifie from lewd actions. In both which kinds diuerse haue employed their pennes, both in former ages and now of late, to the great good and delight of the studious reader. Witnesse *Plutarks* liues called his Parallels, comparing the notable men of Rome and Greece: *Suetonius* booke of the twelue *Casars*: anothers after him of ten Emperours (excellently written in Italian) And of our owne countrey and in our owne language, the *Mirror* of Magistrates, in which the life and fall of many great persons is very well set downe, and in a good verse. Now (as I say) this being a common custome, and as it were a due reward to men of good desert, no maruell if this Poet, whose worke

Plutarks
liues. The
xij. *Ces-*
ars. The x.
Empe-
rours. The
Mirror of
Magi-
strates.

worke hath bene acceptable to so many thousands, haue also found this fauour to haue his life written, which hath bene done by three Italians that I haue read, namely *Gierolamo Pado* of Pado, *Gierolamo Garofala* of Ferrara, and by *Simon Fornari* of Rheggio: out of whose three reports I haue gathered this compendious treatise, to satisfie such as are desirous to know who this *Ariosto* was, whom I haue so greatly extolled in my Apologie, as a benefactor of all studious mindes, and on whose worke I haue employed so much time, to put it into English verse, and to bestow so many notes as I haue done: vpon the expounding of his Allegories, and whatsoeuer else I iudged fit for the readers of weaker capacities.

First therefore you must know, that the house or name of the *Ariosti* came first out of *Ariostobis* Bologna, (not as some haue vainely surmised deriued of the *Aristy* or *Ariunisi*) for yet parentage. their name is remaining in Bologna in good account and reckning, and was long since of that reputation for gentrie and wealth, that *Margues Obysa* the third of the house of Este, thought it no disparagement to him to marrie a wife out of that stocke, called *Lippa Ariosta*. This Ladie was of excellent beautie and wit, and bringing with her vnto Ferrara some of the *Ariosti* of her kin and followers, by her fauour and countenance, they so well feathered their nests in Ferrara in her life, that they held euer since the account of Gentlemen of the better sort: But (admit their familie were of good reckning before) yet the excellencie of this famous man we now treat of, by the consent of all that write of it, hath greatly increased the account and credit thereof. His fathers name was *Nicolas Ariosto*, and both his father and vncles bare offices in their countrey of good vallew: his mothers name was *Aria* of the house of *Malagutse* in Reggio, as appeareth in one of his Satyres where he nameth her. Now though this *Lodowike Ariosto* were his fathers eldest sonne, yet he had foure brothers and five sisters: the names of his brothers himselfe set downe in his second Satyre, *Charles*, *Alexander*, *Galasso*, and *Gabriel*, His brothers. where also he complaineth that *Mercurie* was no great friend to his house, meaning that their wealth was but small, because none of them had vsed to increase it by trafficke or merhandize. Now though his father were a man of good reckning, as hauing bene in his youth a companion of Duke *Borso*, and after that an officer to Duke *Hercules*, in a good place, namely his *Maiordomo*, which I take to signifie as much as great master or steward of his house, and often employed as Ambassadour from him to the Pope, and to the King of France, and consequently receiued of him great preferments, as well in dignities, as reuenues and fees, yet it seemeth that he liued euer so at the vttermost of his abilitie, that he purued vp little to the increase of his stocke, and thereby left his heire no verie rich man. But to speake of the sonne of whom I chiefly intend my discourse, certaine it is that from his verie childhood, he shewed great tokens of forwardnes in all studie, but specially in Poetrie, in so much that his father yet liuing he translated the tale of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* into verse, making in a manner a Comedie of it, and so caused his brothers and sisters to play it. Howbeit his father being vtterly vnlearned, and rather regarding what studie would be most profitable to be followed by his sonne, then what his nature and inclination did best serue him to, compelled him to studie the ciuill law, in which hauing plodded some yeares verie displeasantly, and with no great prooffe, at last he left it vtterly, and fell to more sweete studies, for the barbarousnesse of the phrase agreed not with the sharpnes of his conceit, in so much that he writeth of himselfe (though rather perhaps of his modestie, then that it was so)

His towardnesse
in his
childhood.

*Passar, veni' anni mi trouana, e vopo
Hauer di Pedagogo, ch'a fatica
Inteso haurei quel che tradusse Esopo.*

That is to say, that being twentie yeare old, he had need of a schoolemaster to conster

Esopes fables; though I see not how that could be, considering that being verie young, they say he made and openly pronounced an Oration in Latine, that gaue euen then great hope of him: the best likelihood is, that when his father set him to the Law, which he had no minde vnto, that then he lost his Latine againe, which is soone done, and so was glad to fall to it freshly, after hee came to mans estate, which he did very studiously, reading many bookes, and especially *Horace* whom he studied so thorowly, that he was able to expound diuers hard and obscure places in his Odes, which werethen not vnderstood: and it is obserued, that when *Leo* the tenth was Pope, both his holinesse and diuers great Prelates in Rome fauoured him greatly, euen in that respect. Thus as I said, his naturall inclination carrying him chiefly to Poetrie, he gaue himselfe to reade thole Poets that were of best account, both in Latine and Italian, as his worke well shewes, in his oft and excellent imitations of them, and his gift was such, that though his youngest brother *Gabriel* wrote reasonable well, and by meanes of a lamenesse he had, gaue himselfe wholly to studie, yet he came so farre short of him, that there was no comparison: so that as one said of *Tully*, *Satis est non modò in una familia, sed in una ciuitate esse unum Rhetorem*; it is enough to haue one good Orator not onely in a family, but euen in a whole Citie: So one may say of *Ariosto*, it is enough that all Italy had one so excellent a Poet. Yet he was often wont to lament as before him *Petrarke*, and before them both *Ouid* is noted to haue done, that his father still draue him from Poetrie, as that verse witnesseth,

*Abi lasso, quando bebbi al Pegaseo melo
L'eta disposta, e che le fresche guancie,
Non si videan anchor fiorir, d'un pelo
Mio padre mi caccia con spiedi e lancia
Non che con sproni, a volger testì e chiose.
Em' occupo cing, anni in quelle ciancie.*

His ser-
uice of
Cardinall
Hippolito.

But to proceed, when he had prettily entred himselfe in Poetrie, and was of the age of foureand twentie, his father departed his life, and as I in part noted before, left him no rich man, whether that the inheritance was diuided among all the brothers, as in some places of England and Wales, the custome of the Gauell kinde alloweth, or that his lining stood most vpon offices and fees that dyed with him: but thus they write, that he was then greatly perplexed with the charge of so great a familie, and with bestowing his sisters, and prouiding for his brothers, that he was euen readie to haue given ouer all his studie, had not the emulation that he had with a Gentleman of his owne name and kinne, called *Pandolfo Ariosto*, still renewed in him his former disposition: but in procelle of time this *Pandolfo* dyed, with which his friend and cosin were greatly discouraged, and for a time againe discontinued, but yet so as the world before that time had some conceit of his sharpnesse of wit, and of his gift in well writing: In the end being toward thirtie yeares old, he was for his good parts entertained into the seruice of Don *Hippolito* Cardinall of Este, a great fauourer of learning and good wits, and one that kept continually in his court great store of excellent learned men, among whom *Ariosto* was receiued in verie honourable sort: and yet to this time he had not written any work of fame, but some few Sonnets: forbearing belike to write till he were well stuffed with matter; as wise builders beginne not their buildings till they haue brought their Lime and stone and timber in place, least one should stay for the other. At his very entrance into this Cardinals seruice, he determined, as it should seeme, to make some Poem, finding his strength to serue him to it, and though he could haue accomplished it verie well in latine, yet he chose rather his

his native tongue, either because he thought he could not attaine to the highest place of praise, the same being before occupied by diners, and specially *Virgil* and *Ovid*, or because he found it best agreed with his matter and with the time, or because he had a desire (as most men haue) to enrich their owne language with such writings as may make it in more account with other nations: but the first of these was the true cause indeed, for when *Bembo* would haue dissuaded him from writing Italian, alledging that he should winne more praise by writing Latine, his answer was, that he had rather be one of the principall and chiefe Tuscan writers, then scarce the second or third among the Latines: adding, that he found his humor (his Genius he called it) best inclining to it. Wherefore going forward with that resolution, of all the Poems that were then in that kind in manner of history (they were called *Romanzi*, which in French signifieth briefe notes of occurrents) he chose *Boyardo*, vpon whose worke he would ground, both because he said *Boyardos* worke was fresh in euery mans minde, as also because he would shunne the bringing in of new names, and of new matter, which he thought would be nothing so pleasant vnto his countrymen, as that of which they had some tast alreadie, and yet withall a desire to know further of being by *Boyardo* left vnperfect. Thus (as I said) he began this worke of his entituled *Orlando Furioso*, being about the age of thirtie yeares, and being entred into the seruice of Cardinall *Hippolito*, howbeit he did not so wholly giue himselfe either to reading, for the enriching of his owne wit, or to writing, for the pleasure and profit of others, that he withdrew himselfe from such honorable seruices as he was called to. For when Pope *Iulio* the second had intended to make warre vpon the Duke of Ferrara (whose brother Cardinall *Hippolito*, was) master *Lodwicke Ariosto* was chosen as a most fit man to go of Ambassage to him, to pacifie his wrath; the which busines he managed so well, that he wan great reputation of wisdom and discretion at his returning: Howbeit, it was not long after his returne, but that the forenamed Pope, being indeed a man of an vnquiet spirit, and giuen all to the warres, leuied a great power against the Duke, and shipped many of his souldiers, to send them ouer Poe the great riuer that runnes by Ferrara: these were met by the forces of the Duke vpon the water, and in that seruice *Ariosto* himselfe demeaned himselfe verie valiantly, and tooke one of the best shippes and best stored with victuall and munition in all the flecte. But these armies being dissolued, the Duke thought good once againe to send to pacifie that same ouer terrible Prelat; and euery man shunning the office, knowing the furious nature of *Iulio*, *Ariosto* againe for the seruice and safetie of his countrie, aduentured to go, indeed an exceeding aduenture, for neither were the wayes safe in time of warres to go so weakly guarded; neither was that Popes displeasure supportable where he placed the same; yet through both these dangers he waded, and presented himselfe to the Pope; but finding by some priue intelligence, that the place was too hot for him, he gat home againe with great perill to haue mard all his fine invention, with the losse of that head from whence it came. For this seruice notwithstanding he was greatly both praised and fauoured. Now when things after by the good successe of the Duke, grew to more quiet, then he also betooke him to his quiet studies, & consequently did proceed in his excellent Poem: But sodainly, when he had made so much thereof, as gaue great hope to all men, that it would proue an excellent piece of worke, he happened to fall into the Cardinals displeasure, by meanes that he refused to goe with him into Hungarie: which though the said Cardinall took very displeasantly; yet knowing the valew of the man, and his worth, he would not disgrace him openly, though he wanted no enemies to feed and further that ill conceit in him; which master *Lodwicke* finding, was so greatly discouraged, that he intermitted his writing many yeares: and to mend the matter, one taking occasion of this eclipse of the Cardinals fauour, put him in suite for a piece of land of his ancient inheritance, which was not onely a great vexation to his minde, but a charge to his purse, and trauell to his bodie; for vndoubtedly, the clattering of armour, the noise of great Ordinance, the sound of trumpet and drumme,

Why he wrote not in Latine

So did Virgil by Homer for the same cause

His imployments.

His ambassage

His seruice by sea

His second ambassage

His danger to haue bene put to death.

His troubles.

His fauour
& credit
with Al-
phonso

His Come-
dies he
made.

His felici-
tie in tran-
slating out
of Spanish
& other
tongues
His tem-
perance
in diet.

the neying of horses do not so much trouble the sweete Muses, as doth the brabbling of Lawyers, the paltering of Attorneys and the ciuill warr or rather most vnciuill disagreeing of forsworne Iurors. Thus was good master *Lodwicke* interrupted of his courte of writing fourteene whole yeares, euen to the death of the Cardinall; after which time he had, or rather he tooke to himselfe more libertie or leasure to follow his owne humor and priuate studie and in processe of time finished to great perfection that, which he had begun with great expectation: yet did the Duke *Alfonso* allure him by all meanes he could to his court, vsing him like a companion rather then like a seruant, and offering him great offices and preferments if he could haue made him serue him in ordinarie; but he louing his libertie more then any preferment, refused both his and other great offers of great Princes and Cardinalls, as also of Pope *Leo* the tenth, a great fauourer of learning and good wits, of all whom notwithstanding he receiued many graces, and some good gifts; but for countries sake, and of his gratefull nature he was euer relying of the Duke of Ferrara; and finding that the Duke did delight in his writings, and specially in fine Comedies, he made fine: *La Casseria*, *I suppositi*, *la Lena*, *il Nigromante*, *la Scholastica*: but of this last he made but three acts, and it was finished by his brother *Gabriel*. These Comedies the Duke did so highly esteeme, that he built a verie sumptuous stage in a faire large hall at Ferrara, of purpose for a place to haue them plaid and represented in his court: and he vsed other great tokens of fauour to him, but specially (which is indeed the onely true token of fauour in a Prince) he gaue him great rewards, enabling him thereby to build a conuenient house in Ferrara, with a delicate garden to it, in which he vsed often to sit and walke, and make verses, and writing diuers other both wittie and pleasant discourses, or translations out of French or Spanish, with such felicitie and good grace in the Italian, that his doings were in great account with all the Princes of Italy, and they sent him manie giftes for copies of them: but office of charge he was exceeding loth to take, saying, that he would not sell his libertie for the best Hat in Rome, meaning a Cardinals Hat; further he would confesse of himselfe that he was variable in his desires, and in his disposition, and therefore would be tide to nothing. For his dyet he was verie temperate, and a great enemy of excesse and surfetting, and so carelesse of delicacies, as though he had had no perseuerance in the tast of meates, insomuch as one day a friend of his in sport, caused a Muskite to be set before him in steed of a Partrich, but by mistaking of the seruingmā that set it on the boord, another Gentleman hapned to tast it, and so the iest was discouered, & he writeth of himselfe in one place,

*Io non ho troppo gusto de vinande,
Che Scalco sia, fui degno esser al mondo
Quando vinean gli huomini di giande.*

His mari-
age doubt-
full.

His sonnes
bastards.

That is to say, that his tast was not delicate, and that he was fit to haue liued in the world when they fed on Akoras: howbeit, for women I cannot so much praise his temperance, for he is noted to haue had dishonest companie with one *Alexandra*, though some say he was married to her priuily, and durst not be acknowne of it for feare to leese some spirituall liuings that he had, which were not lawfull to be held by a married man: but howsoeuer it was, his two sonnes were counted but base borne, though both of them prospered reasonable well in the world: their names were *Virginio* and *Gian Battista*. *Virginio* became a spirituall man, and his father surrendred some of his liuings vnto him; the other became Captaine of a band of the Dukes, and a man of good account with the Duke. Also there was a Ladie called *Genewra* a faire and modest Ladie, whom he made great profession of loue vnto; but whether he enjoyed her or no, it is not knowne, and therefore we may imagine the best: he fell in loue with one (whether

ther that were this *Genewra* or no, I know not,) in Florence in the house of *U. spucci*, a kinswoman of his finding her one day dressing of a cote like an armour for one of her sonnes, against he should go into the great shew that they haue there on midsummer eue (as they were wont to haue here in London,) whereupon he made that comparison in the 54. Stanse of the xxiiij. booke of *Orlando Furioso*, of the wound that the noble *Zerbino* Prince of Scotland, had receiued of *Mandricardo*:

*The Prince so eager was he felt no smart,
Yet ran the bloud out of his brest amaine,
And of his armour all the former part,
With crimson streame of bloud it did distaine:
So haue I seene her hand, that to mine hart
Hath bene a cause of anguish great and paine,
When she a purple seame or flowre bath drawne,
In siluer kirtle, or in sience of lawne.*

Also his prettie fantastick beginning of the five and thirtieth Canto in the first and second staffe, with the first and second and third of the sixteenth Canto, do proue that he was subiect to the passion of loue, but withall, that his loue was placed vpon women of good worth and of great modestie. Now though I dare not excuse him in this so great a fault, yet partly in respect he was vnmarried, partly because these white diuels haue such a tempting power vpon the earth, me thinkes I should easily obtaine a pardon for him, of all you that reade this short discourse of his life. But omitting this one peccadillo, in all his other proceedings he was very modest, and iust, and affable, and very graue and discreet, as he well approued, when after the death of *Leo* the tenth, he was (though halfe against his will) employed by the Duke, as a Lieutenant or high shrieue, in the countrie called *Grassignana*, being then full of factions and diuisions, which he so orderly gouerned, and so well quieted, that he left them all in good peace and concord, leauing among them a verie good report of his wisdom and equitie, and winning not onely the loue of the better sort, but also a wonderfull reuerence of the wilder sort of people, and a great awe euen in robbers and cheeues: as appeared one day by a chance that happened to him in the time of that forenamed office. For as he rode one day with five or six horses, in one of the most licentious and disorderly parts of the countrie, he was to passe neere *Rhodia* by a companie of armed men that lay dispersed in the shade, and by meanes of the dissention and falling out of two men of some reckoning in that countrey, called *Domenico Morotto*, and *Philippo Pacchione*, there were dayly diuers ryots and outrages committed thereabout vpon the passengers by such kinde of men, so as he rode by them not without some doubt to haue bene assaulted: but being past them about a stones cast, the chiefe of the companie demaunded of his man that rode hindermost, what his masters name was, he told him Master *Lodowike Ariosto*, whereupon straight the partie armed as he was, ran after him; *Ariosto* stayed his horse seeing him come after him, doubting in his minde to what purpose he came, but when he came nearer, he craued pardon of him, that he had not done his dutie vnto him in his going by, shewing him how he was *Philippo Pacchione*, desiring his acquaintance, and offering to be at his commandement with all humilitie and courtesie.

Another
peece of
seruice in
Grassignana.

Loue of the
people of all
sorts.

Not long after this, hauing occasion about some matter of his office, to haue some conference with one of the principall Gentlemen of *Lucca*, and appointing the same Gentleman to meete him at a towne called *San Pellegrino*: at his comming thither, he found not onely the said Gentleman there ready to attend him, but also diuers others: with Ladies and gentlewomen that came of purpose to see him, drawne by the sound of his learning and wit, where they feasted him and entertained him verie nobly, euerie one struing

Menechmi of Plautus who could do him most courtesie. Immediately after this commission of his was expired, he was earnestly dealt with to haue bene Ambassadour to Pope *Clement*, but he would by no meanes accept it. At his coming home giuing himselfe still to writing, the Duke intreated him to translate the *Menechmi* of *Plautus* into Italian, which he did with so fit phrases of speech, and so agreeable to the Italian tongue, that it was not counted among the least of his praises: and as for all the other Comedies of his making, they were of such estimation, that they were often represented vpon the stage, and for the most part by Gentlemen, in so much that *Don Francisco* of Este, that was after Marques of Massa, the first time that the *Lena* was plaid, to grace it the more, rehearsed the Prologue thereof himselfe in publike.

A pretty chance. One of his Comedies called *Casseria*, he began in the life time of his father (though he intermitted it many yeares after) and one prettie accident they haue noted about it which shewes his notable gift that he had to apply to imitation in his Poetrie, all that might with good iudgment be vsed in it. It fortun'd his father one day grew into some choller with him, and rebuked him very sharply, and with a long speech and many words, for some matter that he laid to his charge, imputing to him very great blame for it, and all the while he made him no answer, but gaue him full scope and libertie to take his pleasure with him: soone after his brother *Gabriel*, when his father had turned his backe, began to reason with him vpon the same subiect, and to lay to his charge the same arguments; but he easily refuted him, and with verie good and sound reasons iustified his doing. Why then? (quoth his brother) what meant you, you did not satisfie my father at the first, as you might easily haue done with so reasonable an answer? In troth (said *Lodwicke Ariosto*) to tell you true, I was thinking of *Erosilos* part in my Comedie I haue begunne of *Casseria*, and me thought my fathers speech to me, was so fit to be assigned to that part of an old man chiding his sonne, that I forgot while I was thinking to make such a part in sport, that I heard such a part plaid in earnest. In making his *Furioso*, he would rise sometime at one or two of the clocke in the morning, when he lay at his friends houses, as well as when he was at home, and then he would cause an old seruant of his, one *Iohn de Pesciato* to bring him pen and inke, and so would write many verses when he found himselfe well disposed to it, and then he had a great pleasure to read them to his friends, both Gentlemen and faire Ladies, among whom by the pleasantnesse of his wit and his good grace, he was euer well accepted. The Duke of Ferrara tooke him for so good a companion, that when he rode any iourney, he would desire to haue him with him, and at idle times he tooke great pleasure to haue him read to him, as well other bookes as his own, he had so good a grace in reading, and so sweet a pronounciation, and yet not delighting to heare himselfe (a fault that many other haue bene noted of) but alwayes giuing a spirit to that which he read, whether it were his own writing or other mens, and as he himselfe could pronounce verie well, so was it a great penance to him to heare others pronounce ill, that which himselfe had written excellent well. In so much as they tell of him how coming on day by a Potters shoppe that had many earthen vessels readie made to sell on his stall, the Potter fortun'd at that time to sing some stasse or other out of *Orlando Furioso*, I thinke that where *Renaldo* requesteth his horse to tarrie for him, in the first booke, the 32. stasse:

*Ferma Baiardo mio: Deb ferma il piede
Che l'esser senza te troppo mi nuoce.*

Or some such graue matter fit for a Potter, but he plotted the verses out so ilfaunouredly (as might well beseeme his durtie occupation) that *Ariosto* being, or at least making semblance to be in a great rage withall, with a little walking sticke he had in his hand, brake diuers of the pots; the poore Potter put quite beside his song, and almost beside,

beside himselfe, to see his market halfe mard before it was a quarter done, in a pitifull sowe manner, between railing and whyning, asked what he meant to wrong a poore man that had neuer done him iniury in all his life: yes, Varlet, quoth *Ariosto*, I am yet scarce euen with thee for the wrong thou hast done me here afore my face, for I haue broken but halfe a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many halfe pence; but thou hast broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine worth a marke of gold.

He built (as I partly touched before) a prettie conuenient house, and being demaunded why he did not build it in more stately manner, considering what sumptuous pallaces, what stately porches, what goodly fountaines he described in his *Favio*: he answered, that words were cheaper layd together then stones. Vpon the front of his doore he wrote a verse, that few of the builders of this latter age can truly write, or at least if they could, I would say their houses were strongly built indeed, for more then the third heire:

His man-
ner of build-
ing.

*Parna, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parua meo sed tamen are domus.*

That is to say;

*This house is small, but fit for me, but hurtfull vnto none,
But yet not sluttish, as you see, yet payd for with mine owne.*

One fault in his building was, he would often set vp and pull downe many parts thereof, and he would say of himselfe, that he vsed his house as he did his verses, mend them so much, that he mard them quite. For indeed, as a tree planted in an orchard, if it be once or twice well pickt and pruned, it doth further the growing of it, but if a man be euer fiddling about it, it will leese the naturall beauty, and hardly keepe life: so is it with one of his stanzas or staues, as we call them, at the first conceiuing of it, one may mend that which he shall sodainly set downe, but if one will still be turning and wresting of it, he may make it leese the grace it had at the first. But what fault soeuer himselfe did finde with his owne Verses, certaine it is that to all the great Princes of Italie they were most acceptable, as witnesse the diuers great and honourable gifts they gaue him, as namely a pension of twentie pound by the yeere in Millan with an office to it giuen him by *Hippolyto*, many sutes graunted him by the Duke of *Ferrara*, with great rewards from Pope *Leo* the tenth, from Cardinall *Farnese*, from Cardinall *Bybiena*, and chiefly from Marqueffe *Vasso*, and diuers other meaner states that for breuities sake are omitted. And because now I would also draw to an end, I will a little runne ouer that that hath bene sayd, with somewhat that hath bene forgotten, and so conclude, beginning from his birth. He was borne the yeere 1474 in the Castle of Rheggio, his father being then

He was
borne
1474.

ture

ture fearefull vpon the water, and therefore when hee went out of a shippe at any time he would see others goe before him, vsing that saying, *De puppe nonissimus exi*: though for mine owne part I see no great reason for it. Further he was not very venturous on horse-backe, for they say he would light at euery place of danger, though others rode ouer it. He loued not to go much abroad out of his owne countrey, in so much as he writes in one of his Satyres,

*Che vuol Andare a torno, a torno vada
Vegga Ingleterra, Vngheria, Francia e Spagna,
Amo piace habitur la mia contrada
Visita ho Thosana, Lombardia Romagna
Quel monte che diuide, e quel che serra
Italia, e vn mare e l'altro che la bagna
Questo mi basta, il resto della serra
Senza mai pagar l'hoste, andro cercando
Con Tolomeo, sia il mondo in pace o in guerra.*

To this effect in English:

*Who list to ride about, about may ride,
See England, Vnghery, and France and Spaine;
I lone in mine owne country still to bide,
In viewing which, I sure haue tane some paine.
Thoscan, Romagna Lombardie, beside
The hills that Italie close, and diuide,
Sufficeth me, the rest of all the maine
With Tolomey to search and en'ry cost,
In peace or warre, and neuer pay mine host.*

His writings do shew he had great skill in Cosmography.

For his workes, I haue touched them before; as for the five Cantoes that follow *Furioso*, I am partly of opinion they were not his, both because me thinke they differ in sweetnesse of stile from the other, and beside it is not likely that a man of his iudgment, hauing made so absolute a peece of worke as his *Furioso* is, and hauing brought euery matter to a good and well pleasing conclusion, would as it were marre all againe, and set them all by the cares, and bring *Rogero* into the Whales bellie, and *Astolfo* with him for companie, that a little before were conquerours of the world, and vnmarchable for courage and learning: but to proceed to his end, he liued til he was 59. yeares old, and toward his later end he grew sickly, and by much Physicke marred his stomake: his sicknesse grew first as they write by meanes of ill digestion, he being a grosse feeder, and not chewing his meate well, so that in the end it weakned him very much. That very night that he sickned and tooke his bed, there hapned a great mischance, that was (in the opinion of most men) a presage of his death. The goodly Hall that *Alfonso* had beautified with the most sumptuous Stage that had bene seene in *Ferrara*, (purposely for *Ariostos* Comedies) was fiered by mischance, and consumed a great part of the Dukes pallace beside. Now if fire (as one *Artimedorus* writeth) betokeneth fame and greatnesse, then this vnfortunate fire fortuning at such a time as it did, may yet serue as a meane to ennoble the more this famous mans death: and as Comets are said to foreshew the death of Princes, so this terrible fire lasting so many dayes as it did, might be thought to foretell his death chiefly since it consumed that worke that was built for his great fame and honour. He tooke his sicknesse not onely patiently but euen ohearfully, affirming that he was willing to die, and so much the rather because he heard that the greatest Diuines were of opinion, that after this life we should know one another, affirming to his friends that were by, that many his friends were departed, whom he had a very great desire to visite, and that euery houre seemed to him a yeare til he might see them. In fine, he dyed in *Ferrara* the eight of Iuly, 1533. and though he were worthy of all honor,

yet

yet this was all the honour he had done at that time, that the Monkes of S. Benet buried him in their Church (and contrary to their custome, which is never to go to burials) went with him to his buriall, and that there was scarce a man that could write, but did honour him with an Epitaph: his bones were after taken up by one *Sygnor Augustino*, and laid in a very faire tombe, With his statue from the girdle upward, in the forenamed Church of S. Benet. And now to close up this whole discourse of his life, with the greatest praise, he was a most charitable and honest man, as appeared both by his great care he had of his aged mother (whom also he speakes of often in his *Satyrs* and other writings) laying in one place.

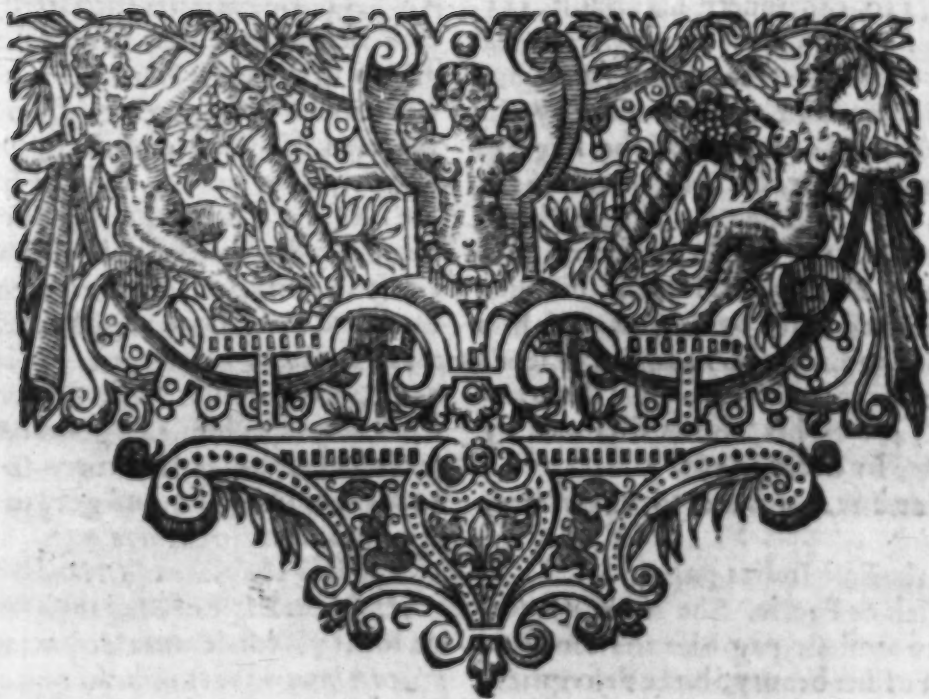
L'eta di cara madre, mi percuo te, De pietà il cuore.

And also by this example that is recited of him, of an aged Priest that having three or foure fat benefices, was in great doubt to be poysoned for greedinesse of them, by some that had the next Advowsons, and in respect of the great honestie of *M. Lodowike Ariosto*, he chose him before all his own kin or friends with whom he would sojourne, as himselfe boasteth, and indeed it was a good boast,

*Ma ne di voi ne de pui giunti a lui
D'amicitia fidar unqua si volle
Io di fuor tutti scielto vinco fui.*

To conclude, his learning, his good behaviour, his honesty, made him both beloved of all good men in his life, and bewailed of all honest men in his death, so as me think reading over his life, I could find in my heart to wish (saying for some very few things)

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicq, mori.



AN EXACT AND NECESSARIE
Table in order of Alphabet, wherein you may readily
find the names of the principall persons treated in this work,
with the chiefe matters that concern them.



A *Creon*, pag. 85. a notable hunter and a cuckold, and for that cause feined to have had hornes for the latter of the two properties, and to have beene devoured with his owne dogs for the former, because he was beggered and consumed by them.

Aglaure, 307. daughter of *Eriethus* king of Athens, she is said to have beene turned to a stone, and her fault was this, because she presumed to looke upon *Eriethonius*, that was committed to her custodie by *Pallas* with charge not to presume to open the basket he was kept in.

Agramant Emperour of the Turkes, sonne of *Trajan*, alias king of Affricke, alias the Southerne king. He came into France to avenge his fathers death, pag. 1. He besiegeth Paris very straightly, 61. musters his men, 103. assaulteth Paris, 110. continueth his assault, 113. 112. is repulsed and besieged in his tents, 142. is rescued, 217. is troubled with the contention of his Princes, and labours to compound them, ibid. is discomfited by *Renaldo*, 254. flieth to Arly, 255. heares of the siege of *Biseria*, 320 his Oration to *Marsilio*, *Sobrin*, and the other Princes, ibidem. his challenge on *Rogeros* head, 322. takes an oath of truce, 323. breaks the truce, 326. discomfited by land, 331. flies to sea, ibidem. his men mutinous, ibid. discomfited at sea by *Dudon*, 332. flies and would kill himselfe, 336. meets *Gradaffo*, 337. sends a challenge to *Orlando*, three to three, 337. his stout answer to *Brandimart*, 345. fights and is disarmed by *Brandimart*, 348. is slaine by *Orlando*, 352.

Agricane king of Tatarie, and father to *Mandricard*, pag. 7.

Albracca a town in the East Indies, pag. 7.

Alcyna a famous witch or Faerie. She took *Astolfo*, and transformed him to a mirtle, pag. 44. entertains *Rogero*, 50. the description of her beauty, ib. the description of her deformity, 53. she pursues *Rogero* by land, 58. by sea, 59. she is discomfited by *Logestilla*, ibid.

Aldiger bastard sonne of *Bovo* entertaineth *Rogero* the 35. book staffe 63. hurt by *Mandricard*, pag. 210.

Almonio a Scot, servant to *Zerbino*, saved in the tem-

pest with *Isabella*, 98. goes to Rochell, 97. finds *Zerbino*, 194. brings *Odericke* prisoner, ibidem. executes him and *Gabrina*, book. 24. staffe 36.

Alzir, a gallant yong man king of Tremisen kild by *Orlando*, 93.

Amaltebea was *Jupiters* nurse. By *Amaltebeas* borne is signified plenty.

Amazons, look tales, 153.

Amazons a nation of warlike women, so named of *α*, and *μα*, which is to say, without papps, or of *α* and *μα*, without bread, because they feed on flesh only.

Angelica called also the Indian Queene, daughter of *Galasson*, came from India with *Orlando*, and is taken from him by the Emperour *Charles*, pag. 2. given to the Duke of Bavier to keep, and scapeh out of his tent, ib. meets with *Renaldo* and runs from him, ibidem. she meets *Sacrapant* and goes with him, pag. 5. helps him to take *Bayardo*, pag. 6. meets *Renaldo* againe, pag. 7. leaves *Renaldo* and *Sacrapant*, and meets with an Hermit, pag. 10. flies from him and is pursued by him, pag. 39. her horse posselt with a spirit, carries her into the sea, and after to land, ibid. her lamentation, ibid. she is cast into a sleep by the Hermit; but yet he is not able to win her maiden-head, pag. 60. she is caried to the Ile of *Eubuda*, 61. tied naked at the shore, ibid. is found by *Rogero* and delivered, 79. vanisheth from him by help of the ring, 82. her beautie, 83. she comes to *Atlantis* enchanted pallace, and by the ring would disclose her self onely to *Sacrapant*, 90. she is seen and followed by *Orlando* and *Ferraw*, 91. vanisheth from them, ibid. takes away *Orlandos* helmet, 92. she is forie because *Ferraw* gat it, ibid. she finds *Medore* wounded, 147. heales him, woos him, weds him, 148. gives her host the bracelet *Orlando* had given her, ibid. meets *Orlando* in his madnesse, 232. scapes from him, and goes to the Indies, and gives her whole state to *Medore*, 242.

Anglant the place of *Orlandos* Earldome.

Anselmus Earle of *Maganza* father of *Pinabell* buries his son, 179. condemnes *Zerbino* wrongfully, 180.

Anselmus a Doct. of law, look tales, p. 364. staffe 67.

Antheus, a giant of great strength and stature, sonne of *Neptune* and the earth, look in the history of the 23. book.

Aquilant brother to *Griffino* sonnes of *Marques Olivero*: the elder fights with *Orlando*, 117. goes to Ierusalem,

THE TABLE.

lem, 118. meets with *Marrano*, 139. beats him, brings him and *Origille* to *Damasco*, 140. goes towards France 142. is in a tempest, *ibid.* came to the country of the *Amazons*, 149. escapeth thence, 157. taken prisoner by *Pinabell*, 72. goes with *Renaldo* to rescue *Charles*, 232. is at *Bradamant's* marriage, 402.

Arachne, an excellent woman in needle-worke, and weaving, and is fained to have compared with *Pallas* in that kind, and therefore to be turned to a spider.

Ardenna a huge Forrest or thicket in France, where he faineth the two fountaines of love and disdaine, pag. 7.

Aretbusa daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*, one of *Diana's* companions till *Alpheus* ravished her, and gat her with child, whereupon *Diana* turned her into a river bearing her name.

Argalia sonne of *Galafron* brother to *Angelica* slain by *Ferraw*, his ghost appeares to him, pag. 3.

Argia wife of *Polinyse*, her husband being killed, and the tyrant *Creon* forbidding on paine of death to burie him, yet she buried him, and lived ever after a widow, 307.

Argia, look tales, 164.

Ariodant, a gentleman of Italy, a lover of *Genewra*, 31. fights with *Lurcanio*, and is parted, 38. is known to the king of Scots, 41. is married to *Genewra*, 42. rescues *Zerbino* in France, 125. and is no more spoken of by the author.

Arria wife of *Peto* of *Padon*, her husband being condemned kild her selfe in his sight, protesting that death was pleasant to her so long as she left him alive, 307.

Artimesia wife of *Mausoleus*, she built that famous Sepulcher for her husband, that was counted one of the wonders of the world, in honour of which all sumptuous tombes since are called *Mausolea*.

Astolfo king of Lombardie, look tales, 225.

Astolfo called the English Duke, sonne of *Oton* king of England turned into a mirtle, 43. warnes *Rogero* of *Alcina*, *ibid.* comes to *Logestilla*, 58. goes from *Logestilla*, 114. receives a book of her and a horn, *ibid.* takes *Calligorant*, 116. overcomes *Orillo*, 118. goes to *Damasco*, 140. meets *Marfisa*, 141. takes her part, *ibid.* goes toward France, 142. is in a tempest, *ibid.* comes to the *Amazons* country, 149. with his horn seareth the *Amazons*, 157. turns to England, 169. dissolves the enchanted pallace, 170. gets the Griffeth horse, 171. meets *Bradamant*, 177. leaves his horse *Rabican*, his armor and the enchanted speare with her, 178. goes about the world, 274. comes to *Senapo*, 275. drives away the *Harpies*, 281. heares the wofull tale of *Lydia*, *ibid.* stops the mouth of the cave, 284. washes himselfe at a well, *ibid.* goes up to Paradise, 285. conferres with *S. Iohn*, *ibid.* receives by his means *Orlando's* wit, 287. sees the river of *Lethe*, 292. comes from *S. Iohn*, 299. heales *Senapo*, *ibid.* takes the wind in a bag, *ibid.* turnes stones to horses, *ibid.* goes to *Biserta*, 328. redeems *Dudon*, *ibid.* makes ships of leaves, *ibid.* releases diverse Christian prisoners, *ibid.* restores *Orlando* to his wit, 330. takes *Biserta*, *ibid.* sends home *Senapo*, 376. leaves *Africa*, 377. lets go the Griffeth horse, *ibid.* comes to France, *ibid.* is at *Bradamant's* marriage, 402.

Astrea daughter of *Astrem* a just king, and

therefore she was called Justice, 114.

Atlant uncle to *Rogero*, a great Magician, makes a Pallace by enchantment, 12. fights with *Gradaffo* and *Rogero*, overcomes them and carries them prisoners into the said Castle, 13. fights with *Bradamant* and is overcome by her, 26. overthrowes his enchanted Castle, and sets free *Rogero*, with the rest of his prisoners, 17. makes another enchanted Pallace for *Rogero*, 90. dies and his ghost parteth *Rogero* and *Marfisa*, 302.

Aurora is feined by the Poets to have loved *Tyrbonus* son of *Laomedon*, and to have married him: but he growing old she fell in love with *Cephalus*.

B

Ballifard *Rogero's* sword that had been sometime *Orlando's*, and stolen by *Brunello*, given to *Rogero*, was found by *Orlando* in the ship, 344. restored to *Rogero*, 376.

Bardino finds *Brandimart*, 329. perswades him to go home, 330. bewailes his death, 370.

Bayardo *Renaldos* horse ran from his master twice, pag. 2. and 3. is found by *Sacrapant*, pag. 6. recovered, pag. 10. is found by *Gradaffo*, pag. 274. recovered againe by *Renaldo*.

Bertolage one of the house of *Maganza* slaine by *Richardet*, 207.

Bireno taken prisoner by *Cimosco*, 71. delivered by *Orlando*, *ibid.* married to *Olympia*, *ibid.* falls in love with the king of *Frislands* daughter, and betrayeth *Olympia*, 74. is hanged by *Oberto*, 86.

Biserta a town in Barbary assaulted by *Orlando*, and *Astolfo*, 335. is taken, 336. is sacked, 338.

Boreas the Northern wind, is fained to have ravished *Oritbia*, and to have begotten of her *Calai* and *Zer*.

Bradamant meets with *Sacrapant* and overthrowes him, pag. 6. betrayed by *Pinnabell*, pag. 14. meeteth *Melissa* in *Merlins* cave, pag. 18. is shewed all her posterity, 19. 20. instructed how to take the ring from *Brunello*, 21. meets *Brunello*, *ibidem.* sends *Rogero* the ring, 52. meets *Melissa* againe, 99. is instructed of her femall posterity, 100. is warned of the inchantment, yet cannot avoid it, 101. is freed by *Astolfo*, 170. meets *Pinabell*, 173. kills him, 174. meets *Astolfo*, and of him hath *Rabycano* and goldelance, *ibid.* goes to *Montalbano*, 178. sends *Frontino* to *Rogero* by *Hippalca*, 179. she receives *Rogero's* letter, 247. her complaint, *ibidem.* jealous of *Marfisa*, 249. another complaint, *ibid.* and 261. her despaine, *ibidem.* she meets with *Ullanie* the Queene of *Islands* messenger, 262. she winnes a lodging at *Sir Tristrans* Castle, *ibid.* she makes a stout Oration for *Ullanie*, 265. she overthrowes three kings againe, 272. she meets *Fiordeliege*, 292. overthrowes *Rodomount*, 293. sends a challenge to *Rogero*, 294. overthrowes diverse knights, 295. fights with *Marfisa*, 299. angry with *Rogero* and makes another complaint, 300. pacified, 301. againe fights with *Marfisa*, but is reconciled, 303. assaults *Morganor*, 312. delivereth him to *Ullanie* to be put to death, 313. goes to the camp, *ibid.* enters into the battaile, 327. chafeth *Agramant*, 331. complains to *Marfisa* of *Rogero*, 333. refuseth *Leon*, 372. her complaint, *ibid.* sues to *Charles*, and obtains to have a Proclamation for the combat with whomsoever would marrie her,

THE TABLE

her, 308 writes to Rogero to comfort him, 339 her complaint of his absence, 386. she fights with Rogero taking him for Leon, 389. another complaint, 391. she is married to Rogero, 407.

Brandimart sonne of Monodant, king of Damagyre; husband to **Fiordeliege**, goes out of Paris to seeke his friend Orlando, 63. is in **Atlants** pallace, 90. set free by **Astolfo**, 170. meets **Fiordeliege**, and goeth with her to **Rodomonts** bridge, 254. is taken prisoner by **Rodomont**, 255. released by **Astolfo**, 328. found againe by **Fiordeliege**, 329. sees Orlando mad and helps to take him, 330. assaults **Byscitta** and is the first that enters it, 334. is one of the three in the challenge, 338. hath **Frontino** given him, *ibid.* his Oration to **Agramant**, 345. he fights with **Agramant** and disarms him, 348. he is deadly wounded by **Gradaffo**, 349. his speech at his death, 352. his stately funerall, at which Orlando makes a funerall Oration, 360 his tombe built by his wife, 371.

Bransard Lieutenant to **Agramant** in **Barbary**, sends newes of the danger **Africa** was in, 320. redeemeth **Bucifer** with **Dudon**, 327. kills himself, 336.

Briareus a Giant, said to have an 100 armes: **Virgil** sayns him to be in hell for his conspiracy against **Jupiter**. *Et centum geminus Briareus & bellua lerna*: it is derived of the Greek *Βίαιος* they call a strong man.

Brigliadore, as much to say, Biddle of gold, the name of Orlando's horse, 27. cast off by Orlando in his madness, 184. found by **Mandricardo**, 200. given by Rogero (who had slain **Mandricard**) to **Agramant**, 247. won by Orlando, 352.

Brusello is met by **Bradamant**, described by **Melissa** to her, 21. is **Bradamant's** guide to **Atlants** Castle 23. is bound by her unto a tree, and hath the enchanted ring taken from him, 26. musters his men before **Agramant**, and was unbound by **Ifolir**, 104. is arrested by **Marfisa** and carried away by her, 120. is brought back by **Marfisa** at ten dayes end to **Agramant**, and there delivered to a base villain to be hanged, 258.

Brutus his wife was **Porcia**: this **Brutus** was the stout Roman that kild **Cesar** for his tyranny, married the daughter of **Cato Uticensis**, she hearing of her husbands death, eat **horcoles** and kild her self so, whereupon **Martiall** saith,

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti,

Et subacta sibi quereret arma dolor,

Nondum scitis aut mortem non posse negari?

Credideram satis hoc vos docuisse patrem,

Dixit, & ardentes avido bibit ore favillas,

I nunc & ferrum turba molesta nega.

Bulgars a people of Europe in part of **Mesia** upon the river **Danubium**, where it is called **Ister**, assaulted by **Leon**, 180. put to flight, 181. rescued by Rogero, *ibid.* they make Rogero king, 382. send **Embassadors** to France to Rogero, 307.

Bulligant goveraeth those of **Lyon**, 104. **Ptolomie** calls that City **Germanica**.

Bucifer king of **Algazer** taken, 327. redeemeth **Dudon**, 328. slain by **Olivero**, 336.

C

Cala and **Zet** were sonnes of **Boreas**, and had wings, or so faired, because they sailed in swift ships.

Calligorant a Giant taken by **Astolfo**, 116. is carried

about the country by him, 117. comes where **Orillo** was, *ibid.* and from thence goeth with **Astolfo** to **Jerusalem**, 118. **Astolfo** giveth him to **Sanfonet** governour of **Jerusalem**, 119.

Castor and **Pollux** sonnes of **Jupiter** and **Leda**, gotten of her in likeness of a swanne, brothers to **Helena**, called **Tyndarides**, they delivered the sea of **Pyrates**, and therefore are counted Gods of the sea. They saine that **Pollux** was immortall, and when **Castor** died be-fought **Jupiter** that he might part his immortality with him, whereupon they are an example of brotherly love.

Catalynes the chiefest family of **Spaine**, of the house of **Aragon**, and are often put by mine author for the whole state of **Spaine**, 104.

Ceres called the Goddesse of corn, mother of **Proserpina**.

Charlemaine sonne of **Pipin** gathers his forces together against the **Turks**, pag. 1. takes up the quarrell about **Angelica**, pag. 2. is overthrowne by the **Turks**, *ibid.* **Charles** besieged in **Paris** sends **Renaldo** into **England**, pag. 11. He expects the assault and maketh publike prayers unto God, 107. his own prayer, *ibid.* receives the English succours into **Paris**, 125. beares newes of the spoiles **Rodomont** did, 126. his Oration, 128, 129. sets on **Rodomont**, *ibid.* drives him away out of **Paris**, 138. is discomfited againe by **Ferraw**, and made retire, *ibid.* is rescued by **Renaldo**, 254. Christened **Marfisa**, 318. takes an oath of truce, 323. welcomes Rogero into France, 376. makes a Proclamation at request of **Bradamant**, 385. his uprightness in judging the controversies, 392. he makes a sumptuous feast at the mariage of **Bradamant**, 398.

Cimosco king of **Freezland** slain by Orlando, 70.

Circe a notable enchantresse, daughter of the Sun and a Nymph called **Perfes**, she turned **Ulysses** men into beasts.

Cleopatra Queen of **Egypt**, being feasted by **Antonie**, bad him to a banquet, and dissolving one huge pearle in vinegar, she drank it, and it was thought in that respect a banquet of inestimable cost.

Clytemnestra wife of **Agamemnon** plaid the whore in his absence, and killed him at his return: it is said she had a Musitian plaid chaste tunes to her, and so long she continued honest, but when he died, **Aegisthus** corrupted her: her son **Orestes** in revenge of his fathers death slue her.

Cloridan a companion of **Medore** goes to seeke the carcase of **Dardanello**, 143. kills divers Christians, *ibid.* kills two Scots, 146. is kild, 146.

Corebo one of **Zerbins** men hurt in defence of **Isabella**, 97. is saved, 194.

D

Dalinda, **Genewras** maid saved from killing by **Renaldo**, 29. discovers **Polyneffos** trecherie, 32. is pardoned and goes to a Nunrie, 42.

Danae daughter of **Acrisias**, mother to **Perseus**, she being lockt up in a tower by her father, that none might accompany her, it is said that **Jupiter** rained a shower of gold through the tiles of the house into her lap, with help of which shower he gat her with child.

Danubius the greatest river of Europe farre North begins

THE TABLE.

begins in Germanie, and in long running it is called Ister, 60. rivers fall into it, and halfe of them navigable.

Dardanello son of *Almont* musters afore *Agramant*, 105. hurleth *Lircauto*, 138. is killed by *Renaldo*, 142. found dead by *Medore*, 143. is buried by him and the help of *Angelica*, 147.

Dido Queene of Carthage famous for the fabulous love of *Aeneas*.

Distord fought by the Angell *Michael*, 108. found in an Abbey, *ibid.* sent to the Pagans camp, *ibid.* beaten and sent againe, 117.

Dralice coming from Spaine is taken by *Mandricard*, 108. sends privily to *Rodomont*, *ibid.* agrees well with *Manaricard*, 107. parts *Zerbino* and *Mandricard*, 108. parts *Rodomont* and *Mandricard*, lib. 24. st. 91. borne away by a spirit in her horse, 213. rejects *Rodomont*, chuseth *Mandricard*, 221. her speech to dissuade him from fight, 241. her lightnesse, 246.

Drusilla, look tales of *Marganor*, 308.

Dulor released by *Astolfo* means, and made Admirall, 318. discomfith *Agramant* by sea, 332. fights with *Rogero* on land, 339. giveth him seven kings, 342. comes in to Paris, 376. is at *Bradamant's* marriage, 401.

Durindane *Orlando's* sword taken by *Mandricard*, 24. book 49. st. won for *Gradasso*, 246. lost by *Gradasso* in battaile with *Orlando*, 352. given to *Rogero* by *Orlando*, 371.

E

Ebuda, I find no such Ile, but *Ebude* be Iles in our Brittish sea.

Encelladus the greatest of all the Giants that rebelled against *Jupiter*, for this cause they saie that he was laid under mount *Etna*, and that the cause of the earthquakes there, is when he stirreth to change sides.

Erichonius sonne of *Vulcan* had feet like a Serpent, and devised a coach to hide them, 207.

Euadne wife of *Capaneus* kild with lightning at the assault of *Thebes*, his body burned as the manner of buriall was in those dayes, his wife leapt into the fire with it and died, 307.

F

Ferrax a Spanish knight fights with *Renaldo* for *Angelica*, pag. 2. lost his helmet in the water, *ibid.* takes *Renaldo* up behind him, 2. meets with the ghost of *Argalia*, *ibid.* vowes to win *Orlando's* helmet, *ibid.* is in *Atlantis* Pallace, 90. freed by *Angelica*, 91. fights with *Orlando*, 92. pursues *Angelica* and sees her, *ibid.* gets *Orlando's* helmet, *ibid.* musters his band of the king of Spaines guard, 104. restores the battell lost, 138. his Oration, *ibid.* overthrowne by *Bradamant*, 195.

Fiordelice wife of *Brandimart* goeth to seek him, 63. heares of *Orlando's* madnesse, lib. 24. st. 46. sees the battell between *Mandricard* and *Zerbino*, goeth toward Paris, *ibid.* st. 50. comes to *Rodomont's* bridge, 227. tels *Renaldo* of *Orlando's* madnesse, 253. finds *Brandimart*, 254. sees him overthrowne and taken, *ibid.* meets *Bradamant* and shewes her *Rodomont's* bridge, 293. delivers *Rogero* a challenge from *Bradamant*, 294. meets *Bardino* and goeth with him to *Africa*, 329. finds *Brandimart*, *ibid.* sees *Orlando* and descries him, *ibid.* she makes a black Caparison for *Brandimart*, 344. her dreame and speech, 370. her death, 371.

Fiametta, look tales.

Fiordespina, look tales.

Frontino the name of *Rogero's* horse is kept by *Bradamant*, 28. sent by her to *Rogero*, 178. is taken by *Rodomont*, 179. recovered by *Bradamant*, 293. sent againe to *Rogero*, 294. found by *Orlando* in a ship, 344. restored to *Rogero*, 375. his praise, 389.

Fusberta *Renaldos* sword, 10.

G

Gabrina, look tales: she flies from *Orlando*, 99. meets *Marfisa*, 158. is committed to *Zerbino's* protection, 159. robs *Pinnabels* coarfe, 179. betrayes and accuses *Zerbino*, 180. flies and is misused by *Mandricard*, 182. is pardoned of life by *Zerbino*, 194. committed to *Odricks* protection and by him hanged, lib. 24. st. 38.

Ganimed is fained by the Poets to be *Jupiters* cup-bearer, and to have been carried up by an Eagle, it is taken generally in the worst part for *Bardassos*.

Genewra, look tales.

Gibbellins, look *Guelfs*.

Gradasso king of *Serycane* taken by *Atlant* into the enchanted Castle, 13. is delivered by *Bradamant*, 27. is in *Atlantis* Pallace, 90. freed by *Astolfo*, 170. comes to aid *Agramant*, 216. helps to smite *Mandricard*, 218. falls out with him, *ib.* receives *Durindane* of *Rogero*, 146. fights with *Renaldo*, 255. fights againe, 273. parted and finds *Bayardo*, 274. ships at *Arlic*, 274. meets *Agramant* in great distresse, 337. is one of the challenge three to three and kills *Brandimart*, 349. is killed by *Orlando*, 352.

Grandonio the governour of the *Algarbies*, which dwell in promontory cald *Celricum Promontorium*, 104.

Griffin fights with *Orillo*, 117. is in love with *Origilla*, 118. goeth with *Astolfo* to the holy land, *ibid.* heares of *Origilla*, 119. he finds her, 121. goeth to *Damasco*, 129. heares his hosts tale, 130. wins the prize there, 139. departs thence, *ibid.* is betrayed by *Origill* and *Martano*, *ibid.* is carted, 124. kills and beats the people of *Damasco*, 137. is reconciled to *Norandino*, 139. meets his brother *Aquillan*, 140. receives a costly armour of the king, *ibid.* is overthrowne by *Astolfo*, 141. friended by him, he goeth with him and others towards France, *ibid.* tost on the sea with a tempest, 142. comes to the shore of the *Amazons* and heares their law, 149. scapeth thence, 158. is betrayed and taken by *Pimabello* to observe his law, 172. fights in defence thereof, 173. is overthrowne by *Rogero*, 174. goeth toward France, *ibid.* meets with *Renaldo* and is entertained into his band, 252. is at *Bradamant's* marriage, 401.

Griffeth horse brought up by *Atlant*, and lost by him 26. flies away with *Rogero*, 27. carries him to *Alcinas* Ile 43. carries *Melissa* & *Astolfo* from *Alcinas* Ile, 58. brings them to *Logestilla*, 77. is brought by *Melissa* to *Rogero's* riding, *ibid.* *Rogero* is carried by him over the world, *ib.* breaks his bridle and flies to *Atlant*, 83. is gotten by *Astolfo*, 171. flies with *Astolfo* over the world, 274. carries him up to Paradise, 289. brings him back againe, 319. is let loose by *Astolfo*, 376.

Guelfs and *Gibbellins* two notable factions rising first of two brothers in Italy and spreading very far.

Guldon Savage in the *Amazons* land fights with *Marfisa*, 150. entertaines her and her company, 153. tels the tale of the *Amazons*, 154. scapeth thence having made

THE TABLE.

made provision, 137. overthrowes *Richardetto*, *Alardo*, and *Guicciardo*, 251. fights with *Renaldo* till Sun set, ibid. makes himself knowne unto *Renaldo*, 252. goeth with him to aid *Charles*, ibid. is at *Bradamant's* marriage, 402.

H

Hecuba wife of *Priamus* fell mad for sorrow of the death of her son *Polidore*, and is fained to have been turned to a dog.

Helena daughter of *Leda*, she that was taken by *Paris*.

Hercules sonne of *Jupiter* and *Alcmene*, his twelve labours be knowne, howbeit *Stephen* in his *Historicall Dictionary* sets down 34 labours.

Hilarion a passing devout Hermit.

Hippolita *Bradamant's* maid carries *Frontino* towards *Rogero*, 279. meets *Rodomont* and is robb'd, ibid. meets *Rogero* at *Merlins* cave, 309. returns to *Bradamant*, 211. delivers *Rogero's* letter and comforts her, 246.

Homer Prince of Greek Poets.

I

Iason son of *Æson* and *Alcmene* coming to *Lemnos* was entertained by *Hippolyte*, and after won the golden Fleece.

Indus or *Inde* a river of the East, a very huge river of which *India* taketh name.

Iris a Christen Captaine.

Isabelle found by *Orlando* in a cave. 94. recites to him the cause of her being there, 96. is delivered by *Orlando*, 98. prays him to be her protector, 99. finds *Zerbino*, 100. departs with *Zerbino* from *Orlando*, 181. helps to gather *Orlando's* armor, lib. 14. ft. 43. intreateth *Doralice* to part the fray, ibid. ft. 57. laments *Zerbino's* death and becomes a Christen, ibid. ft. 73. meets *Rodomont*, 231. is wooed by him, 232. saves her chastity with losse of her life, 236. her praise, ibid. her tombe, ibid.

L

Leda one of *Alexander's* souldiers, so swift and light of foot, that scarce the print of his foot was seen in the sand, 270.

Lesbians wife to *Protesilaus* loved him so dearly, that hearing of his death, she pined away with grief, 307.

Leon son of *Constantine* repulsed by *Rogero*, 381. delivers *Rogero* not knowing him from prison, 387. goeth into France to wooe *Bradamant*, and wins her by *Rogero's* means, calling himself the knight of the Unicorn, 390. disturbed and challenged by *Marfisa*, 391. misseth *Rogero*, 393. finds him and recomferts him, 396. brings him to *Charles*, 398. his speech, ibid. frees the *Bulgars* from further war by promise, ibid. is at *Rogero's* marriage, 402.

Lidia, look tales, 281.

Loggilla defendeth *Rogero* against *Alcina*, 76. the description of her house, by which is meant vertue, 77. entertaines *Astolfo*, and delivers him a book and a horn and lets him depart, 114.

Lutina, look tales, 129.

Lurcanio brother to *Ariadant* an Italian Gentleman accuseth *Genova*, 136. fights with his brother, 344. hurt by *Dardano*, 138.

M

Malagige rescued by *Rogero* and others, 207. expounds the pictures at *Merlins* well, 208. makes a spirit carie away *Doralice*, 213. goeth with *Renaldo* to aid *Charles*, 247. conjureth to find the cause of *Renaldos* disease, 253. is at the wedding, 402.

Mandricard sonne of *Agricane* king of Tartarie had wonne *Hectors* armor, 103. he seekes *Orlando*, ibid. wins *Doralice*, carries her away and wooes her, 106. lies with her, 107. fights with *Orlando*, 181. parted, 182. meets *Gabrina*, ibid. fights with *Zerbino* and hurts him, lib. 24. ft. 49. wins *Durindane*, ibid. fights with *Rodomont*, ibid. ft. 80. is parted, ft. 93. overthrowes *Richardetto* and his brothers, 210. fights with *Marfisa*, ibid. quarrels with *Rogero*, 211. reproved by *Rodomont*, ibid. fights with *Rogero*, 212. fights with *Marfisa*, ibid. parted, 213. recieves *Agramant*, 216. quarrels with *Rodomont*, *Rogero* and *Marfisa*, 217. with *Gradaffo*, 218. is chosen by *Doralice*, 221. dissuaded from fight by *Doralice*, 243. fights with *Rogero*, 244. is kild, 246.

Manilard overthrown by *Orlando*, 93.

Marfilla king of Spaine musters his men of armes, 104. his Oration to *Agramant*, 320. he flies into Spaine, 327.

Marfisa sister to *Rogero* meets *Astolfo*, and goeth to *Damasco*, 140. takes away the prize, ibid. is reconciled and honoured, 141. goeth with *Astolfo* and others toward France, and are lost with tempest, 142. arrives with them at the *Amazons* City, 149. fights with *Guidon*, 150. scapeth hence, 157. parts from her companions in *Marfilla*, 158. meets *Gabrina* and carries her behind her, ibid. overthrowes *Pinnabell* for laughing at her, 159. meets *Zerbino* and commits *Gabrina* to his custody, 159. meets *Rogero*, 206. aids him to rescue *Malagige* and *Ulvian*, 207. dines at *Merlins* cave, 208. fights with *Mandricard*, 210. aids *Agramant*, 216. craves battaile with *Mandricard*, 217. attesteth *Bruneilo*, 220. brings him backe to *Agramant*, 258. fights with *Bradamant* and is overthrown, 299. fights again, 300. fights with *Rogero*, 302. parted by *Atlantis* ghost, ibid. friends with *Bradamant*, 303. goeth with *Bradamant* and *Rogero*, 307. aids *Ulvian* and her companions, 308. hears the tale of *Marganor*, 309. leads *Marganor* captive, 312. calls a Parliament and makes a law for women, 313. goeth with *Bradamant* to *Charles*, 317. meets *Charles* and makes an Oration, 318. she is Christend, 319. fights with *Agramant*, 317. chafeth him, 337. disturbeth *Don Leon* from marrying with *Bradamant*, 397. makes a challenge to *Leon* on *Rogero's* behalfe, 392. was about to strike *Rogero* not knowing him, 398. is at the wedding, 402.

Marganor, look tales, 309. his law, 311. he is killed, 313.

Martano a whore-master keeps *Origilla*, 122. shames himself, 133. betrayes *Griffin*, ibid. incenseth *Norandino* against him, 134. beaten by *Aquilant*, 139. punished openly, 140.

Mausoleo the tombe of a king so named, one of the seven wonders.

Melissa a cruell woman. a notable witch, she killed her owne brother and her owne sonnes, she sent *Crensa* a little boxe for a token, in which was closed such artificiall fire, that as soon as it was opened, it burned her, and

THE TABLE.

and all the pallace she was in.

Medore page of *Dardanell* goeth to seek his masters carkas to burne it, 43. kils many Christians asleep, *ibid.* carries his masters coarfe and is pursued by Scots, 144. hurt by a Scot against *Zerbino*'s will, 147. found by *Angelica* and healed, woned and married by *Angelica*, 147. his Epigram, 148. escapes *Orlando* hardly, 139. made king of East India, 142.

Melyssa sheweth *Bradamant* all *Rogeros* posterity, 19. instructeth her how to take the ring from *Brunello*, 21. goeth to deliver *Rogero*, 52. her speech to *Rogero*, 53. comforts *Bradamant*, 322. in *Rodomont*'s likeness breaks the truce, 326. meeteth *Leon* and shoves him *Rogero*, 391. bringeth the rich Pavillion by Negromancy, 399. is at *Bradamant*'s marriage, 401.

Memphis the chief city of *Egypt*, neare to which the huge Pyramides were made.

Merlins Fountain, 208. his hall in *Sir Tristrans* lodge and the stories therof, 268. the English Prophet, of him you shall read in the notes of the third booke, pag. 12.

Morgana a passing witch much spoken of in *Boyardes* book of *Orlando Inamorato*.

N

Nereus son of *Caropeus* and *Aglais*, a passing beautiful young man, witnesse *Homer*, one of those that came against *Troy*, 269.

Nestor is said to have lived three ages, which some count 90. yeares, and some 300.

Nilus the famous river of *Egypt* so called of king *Nilus*, or as some will have it of the Greeke *Naiad*, that is, new slime, for with the slime thereof it enricheth all *Egypt*: some doubt whether it have any head at all but runs out of the great lake, it falls divided into the sea in seven branches, wherefore *Ovid* calls it in the 1. *Met. Septemfluvius*.

Norandino, look in the tales, makes a great feast, 129. receiveth *Griffin* into favour, 139.

O

Oderick is sent by *Zerbino* for *Isabella*, 97. would have ravish'd her, 98. woundeth *Corebo*, *ibid.* is brought by *Almonio* to *Zerbino*, lib. 24. staff 16. is pardoned by him, *ib. st. 25.* breaketh promise and is hanged, *ib. st. 32.*

Oberro king of *Ireland* comes to *Ebuda* and meets *Orlando* there, 85. falls in love with *Olympia*, 86. marries her, *ibid.*

Olympia, look tales: she is delivered by *Orlando*, and married to *Byreno*, 71. betrayed by him and left on the shore, 75. is found by *Orlando* at the Ile of *Ebuda*: and her beauty described, she delivered, 85. *Oberro* falls in love with her, 86. marries her, *ibid.*

Olivero sent prisoner to *Biserta*, set free by *Astolfo*, 328. assaults *Biserta*, 335. slues *Bucifar*, 336. is one of the three in the challenge, 338. hath *Rogeros* armour given him, 344. his imprefse a lymehound with the word (till he commeth) *ibid.* he is hurt by his horse fall, 348. is healed by the Hermit, 372. comes into France with *Orlando* and *Rogero*, 376. is at *Bradamant*'s marriage, 402.

Orizille a strumpet loved by *Griffin*, 119. is found with *Martano*, excuseth it, 122.

Orillo a Nigromancer, look tales, 116.

Orlando comes from the East Indies with *Angelica*

and hath her taken from him, pag. 1. troubled in his sleep by a dream, 62. he leaves *Paris*, 63. comes upon the Pagans camp, 65. passeth into *Britanie* and is put backe to *Antwerpe*, 66. heares the state of *Olympia*, *ibid.* challengeth *Cimosco*, 69. kils him, 70. flings the harquebush into the sea, 71. comes to *Ebuda*, 84. kils an Orke, *ibid.* sets free *Olympia* againe, 85. goeth back to *Britanie*, 87. illuded with the likeness of *Angelica*, 89. pursues *Angelica*, 91. fights with *Ferraw*, 92. lost his helmer, *ibid.* foyle two bands of Pagans, 93. finds *Isabella*, 94. delivers her, 98. hangs the outlawes *ibid.* delivers *Zerbino*, 180. fights with *Manaricard*, 181. is parted, 182. heares newes of *Angelica*, 183. falls stark mad, 185. some mad parts of his, 193. wrestles with *Rodomont*, 137. meets *Angelica* and almost catcheth her, 230. comes to *Biserta*, 242. troubles *Astolfo*'s army in his madnesse, 329. is bound and made wife by *Astolfo*, 330. assaults *Biserta*, 334. rescues *Bradamant* at *Biserta*, 336. saves the towne, 338. accepts *Agramant*'s challenge, *ibid.* finds *Ballisard* in a void ship, 344. fights the combat three to three, 348. kils *Gradaffo* and *Agramant*, 352. meets *Renaldo*, 369. comes to *Sicilie*, 370. he makes *Brandimaris* funerall, 371. his Oration, *ibid.* comes to the Hermit and meets *Rogero* there, 372. goeth back into France with him, 376. is at *Bradamant*'s marriage, 401.

Orke a monstrous fish.

P

Paris sonne to *Priamus* lover of *Helena*.

Paris fiered by *Agramant*, and quenched by raine from heaven, 61. assaulted by *Agramant*, 110. entred by *Rodomont* and set on fire, 111.

Paule the first Hermit or Anchorit, it is said of him that a crow brought him every day half a loaf of bread, and that *Antonie* a devout man going to see him, the crow brought him that day a whole loaf.

Penelope wife of *Ulysses*, famous for her chastity in the long absence of her husband: having many importunate suitors in her husbands absence, she praid them to respite her till she had ended a web which she had begun to weave, and that being granted, look what she wove all day, she undid at night.

Pegasus a horse that had wings, this horse is said to be bred of the blood of *Medusa*: and that *Bellerophon* thinking to ride him up to heaven, fell from him, but the horse held on his course still, and was made a star.

Phœbus or *Apollo* taken for the Sun.

Pinnabell son of *Anselmus* of *Maganza* meets with *Bradamant*, 12. lets *Bradamant* fall into *Merlins* pit, 14. steals her horse, 17. overthrowen by *Marfisa*, 158. takes *Griffin*, *Aquilant*, *Guidon* *Savage*, and *Sanfouet* prisoners, 72. makes them sweare to his law, *ibid.* is met and killed by *Bradamant*, 173.

Polyneffe Duke of *Albany* betrayeth *Genevra* by *Dalindas* means, 35. is killed by *Renaldo*, 38.

Polidorus son of *Priamus* killed by *Polimnester* for covetousnesse of the gold that *Priamus* sent with him.

Pollux, look *Castor*.

Prasildo a Christen Captaine.

Progne killed her sonne *Itis*, and is fained to have bin turned into a swallow.

Proteus counted a God of the sea called *Vertumnus*, because he is said to turn himself into all shapies.

THE TABLE.

Proteus king of Egypt spoken of in the 46 book.

Puliano a king musters afore *Agramant*, 105. slaine by *Renaldo*, 154.

Pyramides certaine towers of incredible height built by the Princes of Egypt, of this look in the seven wonders of the world.

R

Rabican *Astolfo's* horse, 54.

Renaldo fell out with *Orlando* for *Angelica*, 3. lost his horse, and in seeking of him found *Angelica*, ibidem. fought with *Ferrax*, ib. aides behind him, 3. parts from him and finds his horse, ibid. he finds *Angelica* againe, 7. fights with *Sacrapant*, 10. is parted by the illusion of an Hermit, ibidem. he takes his horse againe, ibidem. he goeth to Paris, 11. is sent in Embassage, ibid. arrives in Scotland, 12. goeth toward the Court, ibid. is entertained by an Abbot and his Monks, ibidem. heares of *Genewras* danger, ibid. is guided to the Court, 19. meets with *Dalinda*, ibid. heares the tale of *Genewra*, 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. fights with *Polineffo* and kills him, 38. sues for aid to the Scottis king, 38. goeth by sea to England and is feasted there, 39. brought by silence to Paris, 123. his Oration, ibidem. he encourageth the Scots, 125. kills *Dardanell*, 142. troubled with jealousie of *Orlando*, 216. comes to Mountalbano, 247. goeth to succour *Charles*, ibid. meets *Guidon*, 251. fights againe with *Graddasso*, 257. fights againe, 273. loseth *Bayardo*, 274. a champion for *Charles*, 222. fights with *Rogero*, 223. is troubled with his old love, 313. heares of *Malagige* where *Angelica* is, 354. asketh leave of *Charles* to go to India, ibid. assailed by a monster and delivered by a knight, 355. comes to the knights of Mantua, 356. refuseth to tast the cup to trie cuckolds, 360. goeth by water to Ravenna, 369. meets *Orlando* at *Lyppaduse*, ibid. meets *Rogero* at the Hermits, 372. promiseth him *Bradaman*, 376. comes with him into France, 377. fals out with his father about *Rogero*, ibid. and 391. is at *Bradaman's* marriage, 402.

Richardet gat *Fiordeffina* with child, and should have died, & is set free by *Rogero*, 190. tels *Rogero* a tale, 200. comes to *Aldigers* house, 202. goeth with him to rescue *Malagige* and *Urvian*, 203. meets *Marfisa*, 204. rescues *Urvian* and *Malagige*, 207. dines at *Merlins* cave, 208. is overthrowne by *Rodomont*, 210. by *Guidon*, 251. is at *Bradaman's* marriage, 402.

Risee or *Riphe* mountains in Scythia.

Rodomont king of Algier, a man of passing strength, musters afore *Agramant*, 105. enters Paris, 110. doth much spoile, 122. leaves Paris, 138. meets *Discord*, *Pride*, and jealousie with *Doralices* messenger, ibid. takes *Frontino* from *Hippalca*, 179. fights with *Mandricard*, Lib. 24. staffe 80. parted, staffe 93. fights with *Rogero*, 212. parted, 213. rescues *Agramant*, 217. fals at variance with *Mandricard* and with *Sacrapant*, 219. refused by *Doralice*, goeth away malecontent, 221. his invective against women, 222. his hosts entertainment, 233. meets *Isabella*, 231. kills the Priest, 234. is drunke and cuts off *Isabella's* head, 235. makes a tombe, a vow and a bridge, 236. is cast by *Orlando* into the water, 237. overcomes *Brandimant*, 234. is overthrowne by *Bradaman*, 293. enters into a cell for shame of his foyle received by *Bradaman*, 294. challenges *Rogero* at *Bradaman's* ma-

riage, 401. is killed by *Rogero*, 404.

Rogero taken by *Atlant*, 12. delivered by *Bradaman*, 27. carried away by the Griffeth horse, ibid. comes to *Alcinas* Ile, 42. is warned by *Astolfo*, 43. fights with the monsters, 46. is rescued by two Ladies, ibidem. overthrowes *Eriffila*, 49. is entertained by *Alcina*, 50. is warned by *Melissa*, 53. discovers *Alcinas* illusions, ibid. deceives *Alcina* and flies, 57. is impeacht by a Fawlkner, 58. tempted in his way by three Ladies, 76. assaulted by sea, ibid. delivered by *Logestilla*, ib. parted from *Logestilla* on the winged horse, 77. sees the musters in England, 78. goes to Ireland, 79. sees *Angelica* tied to the rocke, ibidem. overcomes the Orke by helpe of his shield, 80. lends *Angelica* his ring, ibid. leeseeth *Angelica* 83. leeseeth his horse, ibid. is carried by a traine to another enchanted Pallace of *Atlant*, 90. freed from the enchanted Pallace, 170. goes with *Bradaman*, 171. vanquisheth *Pinnabels* foure knights by his shield, 173. throwes away the shield, 174. sets free *Richardet*, lib. 25. ft. 10. comes to *Aldiger*, 202. writes to *Bradaman*, 203. meets *Marfisa*, 204. rescues *Malagige* and *Urvian*, 207. dines in *Merlins* cave, 208. goes with *Hippalca*, 209. finds *Rodomont*, 211. fights with him and *Mandricard*, 212. parted, 213. rescues *Agramant*, 217. offers combat to *Rodomont* and *Mandricard*, ibid. kills *Mandricard*, 245. is sore hurt by him, ibid. is challenged by *Bradaman*, 294. parts *Marfisa* and her, 300. fights with *Marfisa* and is parted, 307. tels *Marfisa* of his race, 303. promiseth marriage to *Bradaman*, 304. assaults *Marganor*, 312. goes back to the campe, 313. chosen champion for *Agramant*, 222. fights with *Renaldo*, 323. is parted, 326. fights with *Dudon*, 339. takes shipping, 343. suffers shipwrack 344. comes to an Hermit, 346. is christend, ibid. meets *Orlando* and *Renaldo*, 372. hath a promise of *Bradaman*, 376. comes into France with them, 377. is refused by *Bradaman's* parents, his complaint, 378. vows to kill *Leon*, and calls himself knight of the Unicorn, 380. is made king of the Bulgars, 381. is prisoner to *Theodora*, 382. delivered by *Leon*, 387. fights with him for *Bradaman* and wins her, 389. his complaint, and would pine himselfe to death, 390. is relieved by *Leon*, 396. marries *Bradaman*, 399. killeth *Rodomont*, 404.

S

Sacrapant makes great lamentation for *Angelica*, his complain begins, 4. ft. 41. *Angelica* discloseth her selfe to him, ibid. he encounters with *Bradaman*, 5. is overthrowne, 5. his horse being slaine takes *Bayardo*, ibid. fights with *Renaldo* 10. is parted by an illusion, ibid. is delivered from the enchanted Pallace, 27. is in another enchanted Pallace 60. freed by *Angelica*, 91. leeseeth her and seeks her, ibid. fals out with *Rodomont*, 220. follows him, 222. taken, and goes home, 294.

Sampson a man of great strength, spoken of in the Scripture, his vertue was in his haire, he slue 1000 men with the jaw bone of an Ass, 106.

Sanfonet governour of Ierusalem, entertains *Astolfo*, 119. goes to Damasco, 140. wins the prize, 141. comes to the Amazons land, 149. scape thence, 157. freed by *Astolfo*, 328. helpe to take *Orlando*, 330. assaults *Biserta*, 335. remaines in Affrica, ibid.

Scipio a famous Captaine of the Romans.

Senapo blind, look tales 275. healed of his eyes, 390. lends

THE TABLE.

lends *Astolfo* men and money, *ibid.* his men assault *Biserta*, 335.

Sabrino a Prince and grave counsellour to *Agramant*, musters before him, 104. his good counsel to *Agramant*, 221. his answer to *Marfilio*, a good Oration, 321. flies with *Agramant* by sea, 334. misliketh of the breach of truce, 327. withholds *Agramant* from killing himselfe, and comforts him, 337. is one of the challenge 3. to 3. 338. wounded by *Orlando*, 347. hoghs *Olivers* horse, 348. is christend, 372. comes to France, 377. is at the marriage of *Bradamant*, 402.

Stordilano father of *Doralice*, king of Granada a rich province of Spaine, being watered with the river of *Betica* or *Bethi*, 104.

T

Tagus a river in Lusitania or Portugall, it hath golden sand in some places: by this river it is that *Pliny* writes that *Mares* conceive with the wind, and bring forth colts exceeding swift, but they live but three yeares.

Tiberius, 363. there were many of that name, one succeeded *Augustus*, and built wonderfull sumptuous buildings in the Ile of *Capri*, and gave himselfe to drink and filthinesse of life, inso much that being named *Tiberius Nero*, they nicknamed him *Biberius Mero*.

Tiberius, 364. was a good Emperour and a Christian, it is written of him, that having spent much money to good and Christian uses, and beginning to want, he saw a crosse of stone lying on the ground, and for reverence, that it should not be troden on, caused it to be digged up, and under that another, and so a third, till at the last he found an infinite treasure that had been there hidden, which he took as a thing sent by God, and employed it to very good and princely works.

Tithonus husband to *Aurora*, and had by her a gift of long life.

Trajano father of *Agramant* slaine by *Pypin* king of France. as is mentioned in the fifth page.

Tripoly a city in Affrica, so called because three sundry people did joyce in the inhabiting of it, the *Tyrrians*, *Sidonians* and *Arabians*.

Tri/trans lodge, looke *Tales*, 103.

Turpin Archbishop of France alledged often by mine Author, an ancient Historiographer.

V

Virgil called the Prince of the Latine Poets.

Ulysses son of *Laertes* the famous Grecian Captaine,

a notable traveller, *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes*, a man of great policie, passing eloquent the notable exploits that are attributed to him would be too long to set down, but in his Oration in *Ovids* *Metamorphosis* they be repeated by him, *Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota Pelasgi*, &c.

Ullany sent by the Queen of Island with the golden shield, 262. defended by *Bradamant*, 265. is found by *Bradamant* halfe stripped, and goes to *Marganors* town with her, 308. puts *Marganor* to death, 313.

Vulcan 10. is fained by the Poets to keep a shop in the hollownesse of the mount *Etna*, and there to work thunderbolts for *Jupiter*.

Z

Zenocrates a Stoicke, a man of no great wit, but of wonderfull continency, for when some youths of *Athens* had covenanted with a harlot to tempt him to her company, and the said *Zenocrates* having supped with them, and drunk well that night, which is a provoking to venerie, yet the harlot was not able to tempt him, notwithstanding that she was her crafts master, or at least mistresse wherfore they demanded their money againe, but she avoided them thus, that her bargain was to tempt a man, and not an image.

Zerbis Prince of Scotland musters his men by the *Theams*, 78. his armes the *Lyon*, *ibid.* his comely shape, *ibid.* loves *Isabella*, 97. sends *Odericke* for her, *ibid.* governes the vaward of *Renaldos* battell, 124. fights valiantly, *ibid.* kils two Spaniards, 125. in perill to be slaine is rescued by *Ariodant*, 125. after by *Renaldo*, *ibid.* chafeth his enemies all night, 144. spares *Medoro*, and pursueth him that did hurt him, 145, 147. takes old *Gabrina* into protection, 159. hears news of *Isabella* by *Gabrina*, 160. fights with *Hermonide* for her, 161. is betrayed by her, 180. delivered by *Orlando*, *ibid.* finds *Isabella*, 181. pardoneth *Odericke* with singular clemency, 194. commits *Gabrina* to his keeping, lib. 24. ft. 25. gathers *Orlando's* armour, lib. 24. ft. 4. fights with *Mandricard* in defence of *Durindan*, *ibid.* ft. 51. deadly hurt, ft. 56. his last lamentation, 67. he dies 69. his stately tombe made by *Rodomont* where *Isabella* and he are laid, pag. 136.

Zeuxes, of him I have spoken in the notes of the 33 Booke, onely I will add this that I spake not of there: how he painted a boy bearing a bunch of grapes, and the birds pecking at the grapes, he found fault with his owne worke, saying, the boy was not well drawne, for if he had, the birds would have been affraid to have come so neare.

**The principall tales in *Orlando Furioso* that
may be read by themselves.**

- 1 *Tale of Genewra begins pag. 28. staffe 42.*
- 2 *Tale of Altolfos turning to a tree pag 43. staffe 26.*
- 3 *Tale of Rogeros comming to Alcina, pag 45. staffe 54.*
- 4 *Tale of Proteus and the Orke, pag 60. staffe 46.*
- 5 *Tale of Olympia, pag 66. staffe 16.*
- 6 *Tale of Isabella, pag 94. staffe 67.*
- 7 *Tale of sending Discord and Silence, pag. 107. staffe 59.*
- 8 *Tale of Calligorant, pag 115. staffe 30.*
- 9 *Tale of Orillo, pag. 116. staffe 49.*
- 10 *Tale of Origille, pag. 121. st.*
- 11 *Tale of Lucina and Norandino, pag. 129. staffe 20.*
- 12 *Tale of the Amazons, pag. 153. staffe 5.*
- 13 *Tale of Gabrina, pag 162. st.*
- 14 *Tale of Orlandos madnesse, pag. 183. staffe 78.*
- 15 *Tale of Fiordolpina, pag. 199. st.*
- 16 *Tale of mine Host, with Rodomonts inv. live against women, pag. 222. staffe 93.*
- 17 *Tale of Tristrams lodge, pag. 263. staffe 77.*
- 18 *Tale of Senapo, pag. 275. staffe 93.*
- 19 *Tale of Lydia, pag. 281. staffe 6.*
- 20 *Tale of Altolfo going to Paradise and finding Orlandos wit, pag. 284. staffe 49.*
- 21 *Tale of Morganor, pag. 308. staffe 25.*
- 22 *Tale of the Mantuan knight, pag. 356. staff 66.*
- 23 *Tale of Adonio called the Stears-mans tale pag. 364. staffe 66.*
- 24 *Tale of Leons courtesie to Rogero, pag. 385. staffe 11.*

*For other things, as Orations, Letters, complaints, and the like, you shall find them in the Table in
the name of those whom they do most concerne.*

FINIS:



THE
MOST ELEGANT
AND
WITTIE EPIGRAMS
OF

Sir I O H N H A R I N G T O N, Knight,

Digested into foure Bookes.

Fama bonum quo non foelicius ullum.



LONDON,

Printed by GEORGE MILLER.
MDCXXXIII.

THE
MOST ELEGANT

AND
WITTY EPIGRAMS

OF
Sir John Harrington, Knight

Disseminated into four Books

Præterea sunt duo non felicitas illius.



LONDON

Printed by George Miller

MDCXXII

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
GEORGE, DUKE OF BVCKINGHAM,
Viscount VILLEIRS, Baron of *Whaddon*, Iustice in

Eyre of all His Majesties Forrests, Parks, and Chases beyond *Trent*,

Master of the Horse to His Majestie, and one of the Gentlemen of His

Majesties Bed-Chamber, Knight of the most noble Order of the

Garter, and one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Councell

of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND.

Most Honoured Lord,



His *Posthume* Booke is furnished with worth, but it wanteth a Patron. A worthier then your selfe the Booke could not find, nor your Lordship a more patheticall Poet to Patronize. If in Poetry Heraldry were admitted, he would be found in happinesse of wit neere allyed to the great *Sydney*: yet but neere; for the *Apix* of the *Caelum Emphyreum* is not more inaccessible then is the height of *Sydneys* Poesy, which by imagination we may approach, by imitation never attaine to. To great men our very syllables should be short, and therefore I make my Conclusion a Petition; That your Lordships acceptation may shew how much you favour the noble Name and nature of the Poet and Book: which deigned by your Lordship, I shall thinke my paines in collecting and disposing of these Epigrams well placed, and ever rest

Your Lordships most bounden servant, I.B.



THE EPISTLE TO ALL READERS,
that Epigrams must be read attentively, that
Legere, & non intelligere, est negligere.



When in your hand you had this Pamphlet caught,
Your purpose was to post it over speedy,
But change your mind and feed not over-greedy:
Till in what sort to feed, you first be taught.

Suppose both first and second course be done,
No Goose, Porke, Capon, Snites, nor such as these,
But looke for fruit, as Nuts, and Parma-cheese,
And comfets, Conserves, Raisons of the Sunne;
Then taste but few at once, feed not too sickle,
So shall you find some coole, some warme, some biting,
Some sweet in tast, some sharpe, all so delighting
As may your inward taste and fancie tickle.
But though I wisb Readers, with stomacks full,
Yet fast, nor come not, if your wits be dull.

For I had liefse you did sit downe and whistle,
As reading, not to read. So ends th' Epistle.



S. IOHN HARINGTONS EPIGRAMS.

The first Booke.

Against M o u v s.

1 *That his Poetry shall be no fictions, but
meere truths.*



Cant vrate I sixteen lines, but I had
newes,
Mamus had found one fault past all
excuse,
That of *Epistle* I the name abuse,
No gentle *Mamus*, that is none abuse,
Without I cal that *Gospel* that ensues,

But read to carp, as still hath been thine use.
Fret out thine heart to search, seek, sift and pry,
Thy heart shall hardly give my pen the lie.

2 *Against Sextus, a scorner of Writers.*

O F Writers, *Sextus*'s known a true despiser,
Affirmes, that on our writings oft he looks,
And confesseth that he growes ne're the wiser,
But *Sextus*, where's the fault? not in our books,
No sure, 'tis in your selfe (He tell you wherefore)
Books give not wisdom where was none before,
But where some is, there reading makes it more.

3 *Against Leobia, both for her patience
and impatience.*

L Eobia, I heard, how ere it comes to passe,
That when old *Peleus* cal'd thy Lord an Asse,
You did but smile; but when he cal'd him Oxe,
Straight waies you curst him with all plagues and pox.
There is some secret cause why you allow
A man to scorn his braine, but not his brow.

4 *Of a pointed Diamond, given by the Author to his
wife, at the birth of his eldest sonne.*

D Eare, I to thee this Diamond commend,
In which a modell of thy self I send,

How just unto thy joynts this circlet sitteth,
So just thy face and shape my fancies sitteth,
The touch will try this Ring of purest gold.
My touch tries thee as pure, though softer mold.
That metall precious is, the stone is true,
As true, as then how much more precious you?
The Gem is cleare, and hath nor needs no soile,
Thy face, nay more, thy fame is free from soile.
You'l deem this deare, because from me you have it,
I deem your faith more deare because you gave it,
This pointed Diamond cuts glasse and steel,
Your loves like force in my firm heart I feel.
But this, as all things els, time waits with wearing,
Where you my jewels multiply with bearing.

5 *Against Writers that carp at other mens books.*

T He Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? For when I make a feast,
I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cooks.

6 *Of a young Gallant.*

Y Ou boast, that Noble men still take you up,
That when they bowl or shoot, or hawk or hunt,
In Coach or Barge, on horse thou still art wont,
To run, ride, row with them, to dine or sup:
This makes you scorne those of the meaner sort,
And think your credit doth so farre surmount;
Whereas indeed of you they make no count,
But as they do of hawks and dogs for sport.
Then vaunt not thus of this your vaine renown,
Lest we both take you up and take you down.

7 *To my Lady Rogers, the Authors wives mother;
how Doctor Sherwood commended her
house in Bathe.*

I Newly had your little house erected,
In which I thought I had made good conveyance,

S^r. Iohn Haringtons Epigrams.

To use each ease, and to shun all annoyance,
And praid a friend of judgement not neglected,
To view the roomes, and let me know the faulst.
He having view'd the lodging, staires and vaults,
Said all was excellent well, save here and there.
You think he prais'd your house. No, I do sweare,
He hath disgrac'd it clean, the case is cleere,
For ev'ry room is either there, or heere.

8 Of Lesbia, a great Ladie.

Lesbia doth laugh to heare sellers and buyers
Cald by this name, Substantuall occupiers:
Lesbia, the word was good while good folk us'd it,
You ma'd it that with Chawcers jest abus'd it:
But good or bad, how ere the word be made,
Lesbia is lcth perhaps, to leave the trade.

9 Of one that beg'd nothing, and had his suit granted.

When thou dost beg, as none begs more importu-
And art deni'd, as none speeds more infortunate
With one quaint phrase thou dost inforce thy begging,
My mind unto thy suit in this sort egging.
Alas, sir this? 'Tis nothing, once deny me not.
Well then, for once content, henceforth bely me not.
Your words so wisely plac'd, do so inchant me,
Sith you do nothing ask, I nothing grant ye.

10 Another of asking nothing.

Some think thee Lynus of a Fryer begotten,
For still you beg where nothing can be gotten;
Yet oft you say, for so you have been caught,
Sir, grant me this, for 'tis a thing of nought.
And when indeed you say so, I believe it,
As nought, unto a thing of nought I give it.
Thus with your begging you but get a mock,
And yet with begging little mend your stock.
Leave begging Lynus for such poore rewards,
Els some will beg thee in the Court of Wards.

11 Of liberality in giving nothing.

I heare some say, and some believe it too,
That craft is found ev'n in the clouted shoo:
Sure I have found it with the losse of pence,
My Tenant have both craft and eloquence.
For when one hath a suit before he ask it,
His Orator pleads for him in a basker.
Well Tenant well, he was your friend that taught you
This learn'd Exordium, Master, here cha brought you.
For with one courtie and two Capons giving,
Thou sav'st ten pounds in buying of thy living.
Which makes me say, that have observ'd this quality,
In poore men not to give is niggerality.

12 Of learning nothing at a Lecture, upon occasion of D. Reynolds at Oxford, afore my Lord of Essex, and di- vers Ladies and Courtiers, at the Queenes last being there, on these words.

Idolum nihil est. An Idol is nothing.

While I at Oxford staid, some few months since,
To see and save our dear &c Sov'raigne Prince,

Where graciously her Grace did see and show
The choicest fruits that learning could bestow,
I went one day to heare a learned Lecture
Read (as some said) by Bellarmine's correcter,
And sundry Courtiers more then present were,
That understood it well save here and there:
Among the rest, one whom it least concern'd,
Ask'd me, what I had at the Lecture learn'd?
I that his ignorance might soon beguile,
Did say, I learned nothing all the while:
Yet did the Reader teach with much facility,
And I was wont to learn with some docility.
What learn'd you, Sir (quoth he) in swearing mood?
I nothing learn'd, for nought I understood,
I thank my Parents, they when I was young,
Barr'd me to learn this Popish Romane tongue.
And yet it seems to me, if you say true,
I without learning, learn'd the same that you.
Most true, said I, yet few dare call us Fooles;
That this day learned nothing at the Schooles.

13 A Paradox of Doomes-day.

Some Doctors deem the day of doome drawes neare:
But I can prove the contrary most cleare,
For at that day our Lord and Saviour saith,
That he on earth shall scant find any faith.
But in these daies it cannot be deni'd,
All boast of onely faith, and nought beside:
But if you seek the fruit thereof by works,
You shall find many better with the Turks.

14 Against a foolish Satyrift called Lynus.

Help, friends, I feel my credit lies a bleeding,
For Lynus, who to me beares hate exceeding,
I heare against me is ev'n now a breeding
A bitter Satyr all of Gall proceeding:
Now sweet Apollon Iudge, to be his speeding,
For what he writes, I take no care nor heeding,
For none of worth will think them worth the reeding.
So my friend Paulus censures them who sweares
That Lynus verse suits best with Mydas eares.

15 Of a faire woman, translated out of Casaneus his Catalogus Gloriae Mundi.

These thirty things that Helens fame did raise,
A Dame should have that seeks for beauties praise:
Three bright, three black, three red, three short, 3 tall,
Three thick, three thin, three close, three wide, 3 small:
Her skin and teeth must be cleare, bright and neat,
Her browes, eyes, privy parts as black as jet:
Her cheeks, lips, nailes must have Vermillian hew,
Her hands, haire, height must have faire length to view:
Her teeth, foot, eares, all short, no length allowes,
Large breasts, large hips, large space between the browes,
A narrow mouth, small wast, straight ()
Her fingers, haire, and lips but thin and slender:
Thighes, belly, neck, should be full smooth and round,
Nose, head and teats the least that can be found,
Sith few or none perfection such attaine,
But few or none are faire, the case is plaine.

S. JOHN HARINGTONS Epigrams.

16 Of a House-hold fray friendly ended.

A Man and wife stroue earst who should be masters
And hauing chang'd between them household spee-
The mā in wrach brought forth a paire of wasters, (ches
& swore those 2 should proue who ware the breeches.
She that could breake his head, yet giue him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches,
That shee (as weakest) then might strike the first,
And let him ward, and after doe his worst.
He swore that should be so, as God should blesse him,
And close he lai'd him to the sure locke.
Shee flourishing as though she would not misse him,
Laid downe her cudgell, and with witty mocke,
She told him for his kindnes, she would kisse him.
That now was sworne to giue her neuer knock.
You sware, said she, I should the first blow giue.
And I sweare I'le neuer strike you while I liue.
Ah flattering flut, said he, thou dar'st not fight.
I am no laike, quoth she, man doe not dare me,
Let me point time and place, as 'tis my right
By law of challenge, and then neuer spare me,
Agreed, said he. Then rest (quoth she) to night,
Tomorow at Cuckolds haue, I'le prepare me.
Peace, wife, said he, wee'le cease all rage and rancor,
Ere in that Harbor I will ride at Ancor.

17 Of Blessing without a crosse.

A Priest that earst was riding on the way,
Not knowing better how to passe the day,
Was singing with himselfe Geneva Psalmes.
A blind man hearing him, straight beg'd an almes.
Man said the Priest, from coyn I cannot part,
But I pray God blesse thee, with all my heart.
O, said the man, the poore may liue with losse,
Now Priests haue learn'd to blesse without a crosse.

18 Of writing with a Double meaning.

A Certaine man was to a Iudge complaining,
How one had written with a double meaning.
Foole, said the Iudge, no man deserueth trouble,
For Double meaning, so he deale, nor Double.

19 Against Cosmus a great Briber.

This wicked age of ours complains of Bribing,
The want of iustice most to that ascribing:
When Iudges, who should heare both with equalitie,
By one side brib'd, to that shew partialitie.
But *Cosmus* in this case doth well prouide,
For euer he takes bribes on euerie side:
Wherefore on him complaine can no man rightly,
But that he still may sentence giue uprightly.
I first would chuse one that all Bribes doth lothe,
I next could vse him that takes bribes of both.

20 Of a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, a man of an vpriight dealing,
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing,

Did fall one day extreemly sicke by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The Fiends of hell mustring in fearfull manner,
Of sundry coloured silkes display'd a banner,
Which he had stolne, and wish't as they did tell,
That one day he might finde it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this apparition,
Vpon recovery grew a great Precision.
He bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life he shew'd great reformation,
He walked mannerly, and talked meekely:
He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekly,
He vow'd to shunne all companies vnruely,
And in his speech he us'd no oath, but truly:
And zealously to keepe the Sabbath rest,
His meat for that day, on the eu'n was drest.
And least the custome that he had to steale,
Might cause him sometime to forget his zeale,
He giues his iourneyman a speciall charge,
That if the stuffe allow'd fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then should put the Banner in his minde.
This done, I scant can tell the rest for laughter,
A Captaine of a ship came three daies after,
And brought three yards of Velvet, and three quarters
To make Venetians downe below the garters.
He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
Soone slip't away three quarters of the stuffe.
His man espying it said in derision,
Remember Master, how you saw the vision:
Peace (knaue) quoth he, I did not see one ragge,
Of such a colour'd silke in all the flagge.

21 Of one Paulus, a great man, that expected to be followed.

Proud Paulus late aduanc't to high degree,
Expects that I should now his follower be.
Glad I would be to follow ones direction,
By whom my honest suits might haue protection,
But I sue *Don Fernandes* heire for land,
Against so great a Peere he dare not stand.
A Bishop sues me for my Tithes, that's worse,
He dares not venture on a Bishops curse.
Sergeant Eristus beares me old grudges,
Yea but saith Paulus, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Cinna* o're my head would begge my Lease,
Who my Lord -- Man, O hold your peace.
Rich widdow *Lesbia* for a slander sues me.
Tush for a womans cause he must refuse me.
Then farwell frost: Paulus, henceforth excuse me.
For you that are your selfe thrall'd to so many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

22 Of a terrible Temporall non Resident.

Old *Cosmus* hath of late got one lewd qualitie,
To rayle at some that haue the cure of soules,
And his pure sprite their auarice controules,
That in their liuings is such inequality,
That they can keepe no good hospitalitie,
And some that would, whose fortune he condoles,
Want meanes: which comes, he sayes, in generallitie,
Because of these same *Torquots*, and *Pluralitie*
PP Affirming,

St. Iohn Harrington's Epigrams.

Affirming, as a sentence full discust,
One Clergy man have but one living must.
But he, besides his sundry civill offices,
Hath bought in fee five fat Impropriations,
Twelve Patronages rights, or Presentations,
All which he keeps, yet preaches not, nor prophesies.
Well *Cosmus* hold thy tongue, els some wil scoffe at this,
Thoud' st have us think a Priest should have but one,
Wee'l think, nay say, nay sweare, thou shouldst have noe.
Ill sutes it thee to blame them for non-Residents,
That gives thereof such foule and shamefull Presidents

23 A Tale of a rosted Horse.

One Lord, 2 Knights, 3 Squires, 7 Dames at least,
My kind friend *Marcus* bade unto his Feast,
Where were both Fish, and Flesh, and all Acates,
That men are wont to have that feast great States.
To pay for which, next day he sold a Nag,
Of whose pace, colour, reine he us'd to brag.
Well. He ne're care for red or fallow Deere,
And if a horse thus cook'd can make good cheere.

24 Of Madam Dondrages with her faire brest.

A Favourite of *Charles* late King of France,
Disporting with the King one day by chance,
Madam *Dondrages* came among the rest,
All bare, as still she used, all her brest.
The King would needs have notice of his Minion;
Of this free Dame what was his frank opinion?
I say, and dare affirme, my Liege, quoth he,
That if the crupper like the pettrell be,
A King a Love I worthy can account,
Vpon so brave a trapped beast to mount.

25 The Author to his wife of a womans eloquence.

My *Mall*, I mark that when you mean to prove me,
To buy a Velvet gown, or some rich border,
Thou calst me good sweet heart, thou swear'st to love
Thy locks, thy lips, thy looks, speak all in order, (me,
Thou think'st, and right thou think'st, that these do
That all these severally thy sute do further: (move me
But shall I tell thee what most thy sute advances?
Thy fair smooth words? no, no, thy fair smooth han-
(ches.

26 Of Peleus ill fortune in burying his friends.

Old *Peleus* plaines his fortune and ill chance,
That still he brings his friends unto the grave;
Good *Peleus*, I would thou hadst led the dance,
And I had pointed thee what friends to have.

27 To my Lady Rogers, of breaking her bitches leg.

Last night you laid it (Madam) in our dish,
How that a maid of ours (whom we must check)
Had broke your bitches leg, I straight did wish
The baggage rather broken had her neck:
You took my answer well, and all was wish.
But take me right, I meant in that I said,
Your baggage bitch, and not my baggage maid.

28 Of paying.

A Captaine late arriv'd from losse of *Sluce*,
Hearing some friend of mine did him abuse,
Vow'd he would pay him when he met him next.
My friend with these great threats nothing perplext,
Praid that the promise faild not of fulfilling.
For three yeares past he lent him forty shilling.

29 The Author of his own fortune.

Take fortune as it falls, as one adviseth:
Yet *Heywood* bids me take it as it useth:
And while I think to do as both do teach,
It falls and riseth quite beside my reach.

30 Of the cause of dearth.

I Heare our country neighbours oft complaine,
Their fruits are still destroid with too much raine:
Some guesse by skill of starres and science vaine,
Some watry Planet in the heav'ns doth raigne:
No, Sinne doth raigne on earth, the case is plaine,
Which if we would repent, and then refraine,
The skies would quickly keep their course againe.
Now that with lewdnesse we be lul'd asleep,
The heavens to see our wickednesse do weep.

31 To Sir Hugh Portman, in supping alone in too much company.

VVhen you bad forty guests, to me unknown,
I came not, though you twice for me did send,
For which you blame me as a sullen friend.
Sir, pardon me, I list nor sup alone.

32 Of Sextus, a bad husband.

Had I, good *Sextus*, well considered first,
And better thought on phrases of civilitie,
When I said you of husbands were the worst,
I should have said, excepting the Nobilitie.
Well, none, to speak more mannerly and true,
The Nobles, and great States men, all fore-prise,
An husband worse then you I never knew.
Then mend, yet thus in mending be advised:
Be no good husband, for as some have thought,
Husbands that will be good, make huswifes nought.

33 Of writing with double pointing.

It is said, that King *Edward* of Carnarvan lying at Berk-
ly Castle prisoner, a Cardinall wrote to his Keeper, *Ed-*
vardum occidere noli, timere bonum est, which being
read with the point at *timere*, it cost the King his life.
Here ensues as doubtfull a point, but I trust, not so dan-
gerous.

Dames are indu'd with vertues excellent,
What man is he can prove that they offend?
Daily they serve the Lord with good intent:
Seld they displease their husbands. to their end,
Alwaies to please them well they do intend:
Never in them one shall find shrewdnesse much.
Such are their humours, and their grace is such.

S. JOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

34 *To my Lady Rogers.*

Good Madame, in this verse observe one point,
That it seemes the Writer did appoint
With smoothest oyle of praise your eares to noint;
Yet one his purpose soon may disappoint.
For in this verse departing but a point,
Will put this verse so clearly out of joynt,
That all this praise will scant be worth a point.

35 *To her Daughter upon the same point, reading the same verse with another point.*

Dames are indu'd with vertues excellent,
What man is he can prove that? they offend
Daily: they serve the Lord with good intent
Seld: they displease their husbands to their end
Alwayes: to please them well they do intend
Never: in them one shall find shrewdnesse much.
Such are their humours, and their graces such.

36

My *Mall*, the former verses this may teach you,
That some deceive, some are deceiv'd by shewes,
For this verse in your praise so smooth that goes,
With one false point or stop did over-reach you,
And turn the praise to scorne, the times to prose,
By which you may be slanderd all as Shrowes:
And some (perhaps) may say, and speak no treason,
The verses had more rime, the prose more reason.

37 *Comparison of the Sonnet, and the Epigram.*

Once, by mishap, two Poets fell a squaring,
The Sonnet and our Epigram comparing;
And *Faustus* having long demur'd upon it,
Yet at the last gave sentence for the Sonnet.
Now, for such censure, this his chiefe defence is,
Their sugred tast best likes his likesse senses.
Well, though I grant Sugar may please the tast,
Yet let my verse have salt to make it last.

38 *Of an accident of saying grace at the Lady Rogers, who used to dine exceeding late. Written to his wife.*

My *Mall*, in your short absence from this place,
My selfe here dining at your mothers bord,
Your little sonne did thus begin his grace,
The eyes of all things look on thee, O Lord,
And thou their food dost give them in due season.
Peace boy, quoth I, not more of this a word,
For in this place this Grace hath little reason:
When as we speak to God, we must speak true.
And though the meat be good in tast and season,
This season for a dinner is not due:
Then peace I say, to lie to God is treason.
Say on, my boy, saith she, your father mocks,
Clownes, and not Courtiers, use to go by clocks.
Courtiers by clocks, said I, and Clownes by cocks.
Now, if your mother chide with me for this,
Then you must reconcile us with a kisse.

39 *Of Don Pedro and his Poetry.*

Sir, I shall tell you newes, except you know it,
Our noble friend *Don Pedro* is a Poet.
His verses all abroad are read and shown,
And he himselfe doth sweare they are his own,
His own? 'tis true, for he for them hath paid
Two crownes a Sonnet, as I heard it said.
So *Ellen* hath faire teeth, that in her purse
She keeps all night, and yet sleeps nev'r the worse.
So widow *Lesbia* with her painted hide,
Seem'd, for the time to make a handsome bride.
If *Pedro* be for this a Poet call'd,
So you may call one hairie that is bald.

40 *A comfort for poore Poets.*

Poets hereafter for pensions need not care,
Who call you beggars, you may call them lyers,
Verses are grown such merchantable ware,
That now for Sonnets sellers are and buyers.

41 *Against a foolish Satyrist.*

I Read that Satyre thou intitlest first,
And laid aside the rest, and over-past,
And sware, I thought, that th'author was accurst,
That that first Satyre had not been his last.

42 *An Epitaph in commendation of George Turbervill a learned Gentleman.*

When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavor'd
To polliish Barbarisme with purer stile:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persevered
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soule, though from thy corps dislevered,
There high in blisse, here cleare in fame the while,
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving.
My pen doth praise thee dead, thine grace me living.

43 *To the Queens Majestie, when she found fault with some particular matters in Misacmos Metamorphosis.*

Read Soy'raine, take this true, though poore excuse,
Of all the errors of *Misacmos* Muse, (cuse,
A hound that of a whelp my selfe hath bred,
And at my hand and table taught and fed,
When other curs did fawn and flatter coldly,
Did spring and leap, and play with me too boldly:
For which, although my Pages check and rate him,
Yet still my self doth much more love then hate him.

44 *To the Ladies of the Queens Privy chamber, at the making of their perfumed privy at Richmond.*

The Booke hanged in chaines saith thus:
FAire Dames, if any tooke in scorne, and spite
Me, that *Misacmos* Muse in mirth did write,
To satisfie the sin, lo, here in chaines
For aye to hang, my Master he ordaines.
Yet deem the deed to him no derogation,

Pp 2

But

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

But doom to this device new commendation,
But here you see, feele, smell that his conveyance
Hath freed this noysome place from all annoyance,
Now judge you, that the work mock, envy, taunt,
Whose service in this place may make most vaunt:
If us, or you to praise it were most meet,
You that made sowre, or us that make it sweet?

45 To Master Cooke the Queens Attorney, that was incited to call Misacmos into the Starre-chamber, but refused it: saying, he that could give another a Venu; had a sure ward for himselfe.

Those that of dainty fare make deare provision,
If some bad Cookes marre it with dressing evill,
Are wont to say in jest, but just derision,
The meat from God, the Cooks came from the Divell,
But if this dish, though draffe in apparition,
Were made thus sawe'd, a service not uncivill,
Say ye that tast, and not digest the Book,
The Dev'll go with the meat, God with the Cook.

46 Against Lynus, a Writer that found fault with the Metamorphosis.

LYNUS to give to me a spightfull frump,
Said that my writings savoured of the Pump,
And that my Muse, for want of matter, takes
An Argument to write of from the lakes.
Well Lynus, speak each reader as he thinks,
Though thou of Scepters wrat'st, and I of sinks,
Yet some will say, comparing both together,
My wit brings matter thence, thine matter thither.

47 Of Garlicke, to my Lady Rogers.

IF Leeks you like, and do the smell dislike,
Eat Onions, and you shall not smell the Leek:
If you of Onions would the sent expell,
Eat Garlick, that will drown the Onions smell:
But sure, 'gainst Garlicks favour, at one word,
I know but one receipt, what's that? (go look.)

48 A dish of dainties for the Divell.

A Godly Father sitting on a draught,
To do as need and nature hath us taught,
Mumbled (as was his manner) certaine prayers:
And unto him the Devill straight repaires,
And boldly to revile him he begins,
Alledging that such prayers are deadly sinnes,
And that it prov'd he was devoid of grace,
To speak to God in so unfir a place.
The reverend man (though at the first dismayd,
Yet strong in faith, thus to the Divell said,
Thou damned Spirit, wicked, false, and lying,
Despising thine own good, and ours envying:
Each take his due, and me thou canst not hurt,
To God my prayer I meant, to thee the dirt.
Pure prayer ascends to him that high doth sit.
Downe falls the filth, for fiends of hell more fit.

49 Of Don Pedro his sweet breath.

How is't, Don Pedros breath is still perfum'd,
And that he never like himselfe doth smell?

I like it not, for still it is presum'd,
Who smelleth ever well, smells never well.

50 Misacmos against his Booke.

THE Writer and the matter well might meet,
Were he as eloquent as it is sweet.

51 Of Cloacina and Sterquitus.

THE Romanes, ever counted superstitious,
Adored with high titles of Divinitie,
Dame Cloacina and the Lord Sterquitus,
Two persons in their State of great affinitie.
But we, that scorn opinions so pernicious,
Are taught by Truth well try'd to adore the Trinitie.
And, who so care of true Religion takes,
Will think such Saints well shined in A I A X.

52 To the Queene when she was pacified, and had sent Misacmos thanks for the invention.

A Poet once of Trajan beg'd a Lease,
(Trajan, terrour of Warre, Mirrour of Peace)
And doubting how his writings were accepted,
'Gainst which he heard some Courtiers had excepted,
He came to him, and with all due submission,
Deliver'd this short Verse, with his Petition:
Deare Sovereigne, if you like not of my writings,
Grant this sweet cordiall to a spirit daunted.
But if you read and like my poore inditings,
Then for reward let this small sute be granted.
Of which short Verse I find ensu'd such fruit,
The Poet of the Prince obtain'd his sute.

53 A Poets priviledge.

PAINTERS and Poets claime by old eniolement.
A Charter, to dare all without controlement.

54 To Faustus.

FAUSTUS finds fault my Epigrams are short,
Because to read them he doth make some sport:
I thank thee Faustus, though thou judgest wrong,
Ere long Ile make thee sweare they be too long.

55 Against Faustus.

WHAT is the cause, Faustus, that in dislike
Proud Paulus still doth touch thee with a Pike?
It breedeth in my mind a great confusion,
To think what he should mean by such elusion.
Trow'st thou he means, that thou mightst make a Pike-
That cannot be, for that thou art no like man. (man?)
Thy crazed bones cannot endure the shock,
Besides, his manner is to speak in mock.
Or is't because the Pike's a greedy fish,
Devoures (as thou dost) many a dainty dish?
And in another sort and more unkind,
Will bite and spoile those of thy proper kind?
Or doth he mean thou art a quarrell-piker,
That amongst men wert never thought a striker?

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

In this he sayes thou art a Christian brother,
That stricken on one eare thou turn'st the other.
Or doth he mean that thou would'st pick a thank?
No sure, for of that fault I count thee frank.
How can thy tale to any man be gratefull,
Whose person, manners, face, and all's so hatefull?
Then, *Faustus*, I suspect yet one thing worse,
Thou hast pickt somewhat els. Whats that? a purse?

56 Of Misconceiving.

Ladies, you blame my verses of scuniliue,
While with the double sense you were deceiv'd.
Now you confesse them free from incivillie.
Take heed henceforth you be not misconceiv'd.

57 How the Bath is like Purgatory.

VVether it be a Fable or a Story,
That *Beda* and others write of Purgatory:
I know no place that more resemblance hath
With that same Purgatory, then the *Bathe*.
Men there with paines do purge their passed sins,
Many with paines purge here their parched skins:
Frying and freezing are the paines there told,
Here the chiefe paine consists in heat and cold.
Confused cries, vapour and smoke, and stink,
Are certaine here: that there they are, some think.
There fire burnes Lords and Lowts without respect.
Our water for his force works like effect:
Thence none can be delivered without praying,
Hence no man is delivered without paying.
But once escaped thence, hath sure salvation,
But those go hence, still feare recidivation.

58 Of going to Bathe.

A Common phrase long used here hath been,
And by prescription now some credit hath:
That divers Ladies comming to the *Bathe*,
Come chiefly but to see and to be seen.
But if I should declare my conscience briefly,
I cannot think that is their arrant chiefly,
For as I heare that most of them have dealt,
They chiefly came to feel, and to be felt.

59 Of plaine dealing.

MY writings oft displease you: what's the matter?
You love not to heare truth, nor I to flatter.

60 Against Paulus.

Because in these so malecontented times,
I please my selfe with private recreation,
In reading or in sweetest contemplation,
Or writing sometimes prose, oft pleasant rimes:
Paulus, whom I have thought my friend sometimes,
Seeks all he may to taint my reputation:
Not with complaints nor any hainous crimes,
But onely saying in his scoffing fashion,
These Writers that still savour of the Schooles,
Frame to themselves a Paradise of fooles.

But while he scornes our mirth and plaine simplicity,
Himselfe doth faile to *Affricke* and to *Inde*,
And seeks with hellish paines, yet doth not finde
That blisse, in which he frames his wife felicitie.
Now which of twaine is best, some wise man tell,
Our Paradise, or els wife *Paulus* hell.

61 Of Caius hurts in the warre.

Caius of late return'd from Flemish warres,
Of certaine little scratches beares the skarres,
And for that most of them are in his face,
With *tant plus beau* he shoves them for his grace.
Yet came they not by dint of Pike or Dart,
But with a pot, a pint, or els a quart.
But he nev'r makes his boast, how and by whom
He hath receiv'd a greater blow at home.

62 Of two Welch Gentlemen.

I Heard among some other prettie Tales,
How once there was two Gentlemen of Wales
Of noble blood, descended of his House
That from our Ladies gowne did take a Louse.
These two (thus goes the tale) upon a day
Did hap to travell upon London way:
And (for 'twas combersome to weare a boot)
For their more ease they needs would walk afoot:
Their fare was dainty, and of no small cost,
For ev'ry meale they cal'd for bak'd and rost.
And lest they should their best apparell lack,
Each of them bare his Wardrobe at his back.
Their errant was, but sore against their wils,
To Westminster, to speak with Master *Milles*.
No marvell men of such a sumptuous dyet,
Were brought into the Star-chamber for a ryot.
These Squires one night arrived at a towne,
To look their lodgings when the Sun was down.
And for the Inne-keeper his gates had locked,
In hast (like men of some account) they knocked.
The drowsie Chamberlaine doth ask who's there,
They told that Gentlemen of Wales they were.
How many, quoth the man, is there of you?
Quoth they, Here is *John ap Rice*, *ap Jones*, *ap Hue*,
And *Nicholas*, *ap Steven*, *ap Giles*, *ap Dary*.
Then Gentlemen adieu, quoth he, God save ye.
Your Worships might have had a bed or twaine,
But how can that suffice so great a traine?

63 To Master Maior of Bathe, that Bathe is like Paradise

Sir, if you either angry were, or sorie,
That I have likened *Bathe* to Purgatory:
Loe, to regaine your favour in a trice,
Ile prove it much more like to Paradise.
Man was at first in Paradise created,
Many men still in *Bathe* are procreated.
Man lived there in state of Innocence,
Here many live in wit like Innocents.
There sprang the heads of foure most noble streames,
From hence flow springs not match'd in any Realmes.
Those springs and fruits brought help for each disease,
These unto many maladies bring ease.
Man there was monyleffe, naked and poore.

ST. JOHN HARINGTON'S *Epigrams.*

Many go begging here from doore to doore,
Man there did tast the tree he was forbidden.
Here many men tast fruits makes them be chidden.
Angels dwell there in pure and shining habit,
Angels-like faces some this place inhabit.
Angels let in all are admitted thither.
Angels keep in all are admitted hither.
Many are said to go to heav'n from thence,
Many are sent to heav'n or hell from hence.
But in this one thing likenesse most is fram'd,
That men in Bathe go naked, not asham'd.

64 *Of Don Pedros debts.*

Don Pedro's out of debt, be bold to say it,
For they are said to owe, that mean to pay it.

65 *Of one that vow'd to dis-inherit his sonne, and give his goods to the poore.*

A Citizen that dwelt neare Temple-barre,
By hap one day fell with his sonne at jarre;
Whom for his evill life and lewd demerit,
He oft affirm'd, he would quite dis-inherit,
And vow'd his goods, and lands all to the poore,
His sonne (what with his play, what with his whore)
Was so consum'd at last, as he did lack
Meat for his mouth, and clothing for his back.
O crafty poverty! his father now
May give him all he hath, yet keep his vow.

66 *Of a precise Cobler and an ignorant Curat.*

A Cobler and a Curat once disputed
Afore a Iudge, about the Queenes Injunctions,
And sith that still the Curat was confuted,
One said 'twas fit that they two changed functions.
Nay said the Iudge, that motion much I lothe,
But if you will, wee'll make them Coblers both.

67 *Of Lynus Poetry.*

When Lynus thinks that he and I are friends,
Then all his Poems unto me he sends:
His Disticks, Satyrs, Sonnets, and Exameters,
His Epigrams, his Lyricks, his Pentameters.
Then I must censure them, I must correct them,
Then onely I must order and direct them.
I read some three or foure, and passe the rest,
And when for answer I by him am prest,
I say, that all of them some praise deserve,
For certaine uses I could make them serve.
But yet his rime is harsh, unev'n his number,
The manner much, the matter both doth cumber:
His words too strange, his meanings are too mystick,
But at one word, I best indure his Distick:
And yet might I perswade him in mine humour,
Not to affect vaine praise of common ramour,
Then should he write of nothing: for indeed
Gladly of nothing I his verse would read.

68 *Of one that seeks to be stellified, being no Pythagorean.*

An use there was among some Pythagoreans,
If we give credit to the best Historians,

How they that would observe the course of Starres,
To purge the vapours that our cleare sight tarres,
And bring the braine unto a setled quiet,
Did keep a wondrous strict and sparing diet,
Drink water from the purest heads of springs,
Eat Herbs and flowers, not tast of living things:
And then to this scant fare, their books applying,
They call'd this sparing Diet Stellifying,
Then thinkest thou, professed Epicure,
That never couldest vertuous paines indure,
That eat'st fat Venison, bowzest Claret Wine,
Dost play till twelve, and sleep till after nine,
And in a Coach like Vulcans sonne dost ride,
That thou art worthy to be stellifi'd?

69 *Against Momus.*

Lewd Momus loves mens lives and lines to scan,
Yet said (by chance) I was an honest man.
But yet one fault of mine he straight rehearces,
Which is, I am so full of toyes and verses.
True, Momus, true, that is my fault, I grant.
Yet when thou shalt thy chiefest vertue vaunt,
I know some worthy Sprites one might entice,
To leave that greatest Vertue for this vice.

70 *Of Galla and her tawny fanne.*

When Galla and my selfe do talk together,
Her face she throwds with fan of tawny Fether,
And while my thought somewhat thereof deviseth,
A double doubt within my mind ariseth:
As first, her skin or fan which looketh brighter,
And second, whether those her looks be lighter, (den,
Then that same Plume wherwith her looks were hid-
But if I cleer'd these doubts, I should be chidden.

71 *To his Wife, for striking her Dog.*

Your little Dog that bark'd as I came by,
I strake by hap so hard, I made him cry,
And straight you put your finger in your eye,
And lowring fate, and ask'd the reason why.
Love me and love my Dog, thou didst reply:
Love, as both should be lov'd, I will said I,
And seal'd it with a kisse. Then by and by
Clear'd were the clouds of thy faire frowning skie.
Thus small events great masteries may try.
For I by this do at their meaning guesse,
That beat a Whelp afore a Lyonesse.

72 *Against a Wittall Broker that set his wife to sale.*

I see thee sell Swords, Pistols, Clokes, and Gownes,
With Dublets, Slops, and they that pay thee crownes,
Do (as 'tis reason) beare away the ware,
Which to supply is thy continuall care.
But thy wives ware far better rate doth hold,
Which unto sundry chapmen's daily sold.
Her Fayre lasts all the yeare, and doth not finish,
Nor doth her ware ought lessen or diminish.

S. JOHN HARRINGTON'S *Epigrams.*

73 *Of his translation of Ariosto.*

I Spent some years, and months, and weeks, and dayes,
In Englishing th' Italian *Ariost*.
And straight some offer'd Epigrams in praise
Of that my thanklesse paines and fruitlesse cost.
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in post:
He disapprov'd the purpose many wayes,
And with this proverb prov'd it labour lost:
Good Ale doth need no signe, good Wine no bush,
Good verse of praisers needs not passe a rush.

74 *Of Cinna's Election.*

Pre Cinna makes no question he's elect,
Yet lewdly lives: I might believe him better,
If he would change his life, or change one letter,
And say that he is sure he is elect.
An holy, true, and long preserved purity,
May hap, and but perhaps breed such security.

75 *The Author to a Daughter of nine yeare old.*

Though pride in Damsels is a hatefull vice,
Yet could I like a Noble-minded Girle,
That would demand me things of costly price,
Rich Velvet gowns, pendants, and chaines of Pearle,
Carknets of Aggars, cut with rare device,
Not that hereby she should my mind intice
To buy such things against both wit and profit,
But I like well she should be worthy of it.

76 *To the Earle of Essex, of one envious of Ariosto translated.*

My noble Lord, some men have thought me proud,
Because my *Furioso* is so spread,
And that your Lordship hath it seen and read,
And have my veine, and paine therein allow'd,
No sure, I say, and long time since have vow'd,
My fancies shall not with such baits be fed,
Nor am I fram'd so light in foot or head,
That I should dance at sound of praises crown'd:
Yet Ile confesse, this pleas'd me when I heard it,
How one that ever carps at others writings,
Yet seldome shewes any of his inditings,
With much ado gave up his hungry verdict,
'Twas well he said, but 'twas but a translation,
Is't not a Ram that butts of such a fashion?

77 *Of a speechlesse woman. To his wife.*

A curst wife of her husbands dealings doubting,
At his home comming silent was and mute,
And when with kindnesse he did her salute,
She held her peace, and lowring fate and powring,
Which humor that he thought to check with flowting:
He caus'd one secretly to raise a brute
That she lay speechlesse: straight the Bell doth tole,
And men devoutly giv'n praid for her soule.
Then some kind gossips made a speciall sute

To visit her, her hard case to condole:
She wondred at the cause: but when she knew it,
From that time forward so her tongue did role,
That her goodman did wish he had been breechlesse,
When first he gave it forth, that she was speechlesse.
Well then, my *Mol*, lest my mishap be such,
Be never dumb, yet never speak too much.

78 *Of a dun horse.*

Vhen you and I, *Paulus* once Hackneys hir'd,
Rode late to *Rocheſter*, my Hackney tir'd.
You that will lose a friend to coine a jest,
Plaid thus on me and my poore tyred beast:
Mark, in *Misacmos* horse a wondrous change,
A sudden Metamorphosis most strange.
His horse was gray at rising of the Sun,
And now you plaine may see his Horse is dun.
Well, *Paulus*, thus with me you please to sport,
But thus againe your scoffe I can retort.
Your haire was black, and therein was your glory:
But in two yeares it grew all gray and hoary.
Now like my Hackney worn with too much travell,
Mir'd in the clay, or tired in the gravell:
While two yeare more over your head are run,
Your haire is neither black, nor gray, 'tis dun.

79 *Of Leda that plaid at Tables with her husband.*

If tales are told of *Leda* be not fables,
Thou with thy husband dost play false at Tables.
First, thou so cunningly a Die canst flurre,
To strike an Ace so dead, it cannot stirre.
Then play thou for a pound, or for a pin,
High men or low men still are foisted in.
Thirdly through, for free entrance is no feating,
Yet thou dost over-reach him still at bearing:
If poore *Almes-ace*, or *Sincks*, have been the cast,
Thou bear'st too many men, thou bear'st too fast.
Well *Leda* heare my counsell, use it not,
Els your faire game may have so foul a blot,
That he to lose, or leave, will first adventure,
Then in so shamefull open points to enter.

80 *Of Sooth-saying, to the Queene of England.*

Might Queens shun future mischief by foretelling
Them, among Sooth-sayers, 'twere excellent dwell-
But if there be no means, such harms expelling, (ling:
The knowledge makes the grief the more excellling.
Well, yet deare Liege, my soule this comfort doth,
That of these Soothsayers very few say sooth,

81 *How an Asse may prove an Elephant.*

It hath been said, to give good spirits hope,
A Knight may prove a King, a Clark a Pope.
But our young spirits disdainning all old Rules,
Compar'd by holy Writ, to Horse and Mules:
'Tis vaine with ancient Proverbs to provoke
To vertuous course, with these such beare no stroke:
Then their old pride let my new Proverb daunt,
An Asse may one day prove an Elephant.

S. Iohn Harington's Epigrams.

82 Of a precise Lawyer.

A Lawyer cal'd unto the Barre but lately,
Yet one that lofty bare his looks and stately,
And howsoev'r his mind was in sincerity,
His speech and manners shew'd a great austerity.
This Lawyer hop'd to be a bidden guest,
With divers others to a Gossips feast.
Where though that many did by entercourse,
Exchange sometimes from this to that discourse:
Yet one bent brow and frown of him was able
To govern all the talk was at the table.
His manner was (perhaps to help digestion)
Still to Divinity to draw each question:
In which his tongue extravagant would range,
And he pronounced Maxims very strange.
First, he affirm'd it was a passing folly,
To think one day more then another holy.
If one said Michaelmas, straight he would chide,
And tell them they must call it Michaels tide.
If one had sneez'd, to say (as is the fashion)
Christ help, 'twas witch-craft, and deserv'd damnation.
Now when he talked thus, you must suppose,
The gossips cup came often from his nose,
And were it the warm spice, or the warm weather,
At least he sneezed twice or thrice together.
A pleasant ghest that kept his words in mind,
And heard him sneeze, in scorn said, keep behind:
At which the Lawyer taking great offence,
Said, Sir, you might have us'd save-reverence.
I would quoth th' other, save I feared you
Would then have cal'd save-reverence witch-craft too.

83 A Prophecie when Asses shall grow Elephants.

VVhen making harmful guns, unfruitful glasses,
Shal quite consume our stately Oaks to ashes:
2 When Law fills all the land with blots and dashes,
3 When land long quiet, held concealed passes,
4 When warre and nuce playes passes and repasses,
5 When Monopolies are giv'n of toys and trashes:
6 When Courtiers mar good clothes with cuts & slashes,
7 When Lads shall think it free to lie with Lasses,
8 When clergy comes to buy, sell none abashes,
9 When foul skins are made fair wth new found washes,
10 When Prints are set on work with Greens & Nashes,
11 When Lechers learn to stir up lust with lashes,
When plainnesse vanishes, vaineesse surpasses,
Some shall grow Elephants, were known but Asses.

84 To my Lady Rogers of her servant Paine.

Your servant Paine for Legacies hath su'd
Seven yeares, I ask'd him how his matter pass'd.
He tels how his Testator left not asses.
By which plea him th' executor would allude.
I, in this Lawyers French both dull and rude,
Repli'd, the plea my learning farre surpasses.
Yet when reports of both sides I had view'd
In *Forma paper*, this I did conclude,
He was left *Pauper*, and all his Counsell asses:
Yet you would give a hundred crownes or twaine,
That you could cleare discharge your servant Paine.

84 Of one that is unwilling to lend money.

VVhen I but buy two suits of rich apparell,
Or some faire ready horse against the running,
Rich *Quintus* that same Miser, lie and cunning,
Yet my great friend, begins to pick a quarrell,
To tell me how his credit is in perill;
How some great Lord (whose name may not be spoken)
With him for twenty thousand crownes had broken,
Then with a fained sigh and signe of sorrow,
Swearing he thinks these Lords will quite undo him,
He calls his servant *Oliver* unto him,
And sends to the Exchange, to take on use
One thousand pounds, must needs be paid to morrow,
Thus would he blind mine eyes with this abuse,
And thinks, though he was sure I came to borrow,
That now I needs must shut my mouth for shame.
Fie, *Quintus*, fie, then when I speak deny me,
But to denie me thus, before I try thee,
Blush and confesse that you be too too blame.

85 Against Promoters.

Bafe Spies, disturbers of the publike rest,
With forged wrongs the true mans right that wrest:
Pack hence exil'd to desert lands and wast,
And drink the cup that you made others tast.
But yet the Prince to you doth bounty show,
That doth your very lives on you bestow.

86 Against too much trust.

If you will shrowd you safe from all mishaps,
And shun the cause of many after-claps:
Put not in any one too much belief:
Your joy will be the lesse, so will your grief.

87 Of dangerous reconciling.

Dicke said, beware a reconciled foe,
For, though he sooth with words, he seeks your wo,
But I would have my friend late reconcil'd,
Beware then *Dicke*, lest he be worse beguil'd.

88 Of Leda that sayes she is sure to be saved.

Since *Leda* knew that sure she was elected, (boast:
She buyes rich clothes, fares well, and makes her
Her corps, the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
Must be more cherished and more respected:
But *Leda* liveth still to sin subjected.
Tell *Leda*, that her friend *Misacmos* feares,
That till she get a mind of more submission,
And purge that corps with Hysope of contrition,
And wash that sinfull soul with saltish teares, (wears,
Though *Quailes* she eats, though Gold and Pearle she
Yet sure she doth with damned *Core* and *Darban*,
But feed and clad a Synagogue of Sathan.

89 To the Lady Rogers, of her unprofitable sparing.

VVhen I to you sometimes make friendly motion,
To spend up your superfluous provision,
Or

S. JOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

Or sell the same for coyne or for devotion,
To make thereof among the poore division;
Straight you answer me, half in derision,
And bid me speak against your course no more:
For plenty you do love, store is no sore.

But ah, such store is enemy to plenty,
You waste for feare to want, I dare assume it:
For, while to sell, spend, give, you make such daintie,
Keep corn and cloth, till rat and rot consume it,
Let meat so mould, till musk cannot perfume it,
And by such spauing, seek to mend such store,
Sore is such store, and God offending sore.

90 *Against Church-robbers, upon a picture that hangs where it is worthy.*

THe Germans have a by-word at this houre;
By Luther taught, by Painters skill exprest,
How Sathan daily Fryers doth deuoure,
Whom in short space he doth so well digest,
That passing downe through his posterour parts,
Tall souldiers thence he to the world delivers,
And out they flie, all arm'd with pikes and darts,
With halberts, and with muskets, and caluers,
According to this *Lutheran* opinions,
They that deuoure whole Churches and their rents,
I meane our Favourites and Courtly Minions,
Void Forts and Castles in their excrements.

91 *A Tale of a Bayliffe distraining for rent. To my Lady Rogers.*

I Heard a pleasant tale at Cammington,
There where my Lady dwelt, call'd, The faire Nun,
How one that by his office was Deceiver,
(My tongue oft trips) I should have said Receiver,
Or to speak plaine and true, an arrant Bayly,
Such as about the Country travell daily,
That when the quarter day was two dayes past,
Went presently to gather rents in hast,
And if (as oft it hapt) he brake good manner,
He straight would plead the custome of the Mannor,
Swearing he might distraine all goods and chattell,
Were it in moveables or els quick cattell.

This Bayliffe comming to a Tenement,
In the Tenants absence strain'd his wife for rent;
In which the beast so plyable he found,
He never needs to drive her to the pound,
The Tenant by intelligence did ghesse,
The Bayliffe taken had a wrong distresse:
And to the Bayliffes wife he went complaining,
Of this her husbands usage in distraining;
Requesting her like curtesies to render,
And to accept such rent as he would tender.
She, whether moved with some strange compassion,
Or that his tale did put her in new passion,
Accepts his paiment like a gentle wench;

All coine was curiant, English, Spanish, French:
And when she taken had his sorry pittance,
I think that with a kisse she seal'd the quittance.
When next these husbands met, they chafte, they curst,
Happy was he that could cry Cuckold first.
From spightfull words they fell to daggers drawing,
And after each to other threatned lawing.
Each party seeks to make him strong by faction,
In severall Courts they enter severall action,
Actions of Battery, actions in the Case,
With ryots, routs, disturbed all the place.
Much bloud, much money had been spilt and spent,
About this foolish straining for the rent,
Save that a gentle Iustice of the Peace,
Willing to cause such foolish quarrell cease,
Prevail'd so with the parties by entreaty,
Of concord both agreed to have a treaty:
And both refer'd the matter to the Iustice,
Who having well observed what a jest is:
To think two Cuckolds were so fairely parted,
Each having tane the blow that never smarted,
He charged each of them shake hands together,
And when they met to say, Good morrow brothers:
Thus each quit other all old debts and driblets,
And set the Hares head 'gainst the Gooses giblets.

92 *Of casting out spirits with fasting, without prayer.*

A Vicious Dame that for her state and quality,
Did ever love to keep great hospitalitie,
Her name I must not name in plaine reciting,
But thus, the chiefeft instrument in wuting,
Was by Duke *Humsfreys* ghests so boldly haunted,
That her good mind thereby was shrewdly daunted.
She sighing, said one day to a carelesse jester,
These ill bred ghests my boord and house so pester,
That I pray God oft times with all my heart,
That they would leave this haunt, and hence depart:
He that by his own humour haply ghest,
What manner sprite these smell-feasts had posselt,
Told her, the surest way such spirits out-casting,
Was to leave prayer a while, and fall to fasting.

94 *Against Itis a Poet.*

I Tis with leaden sword doth wound my Muse,
Itis whose Muse in uncouth termes doth swagger,
What should I wish *Itis* for this abuse,
But to his leaden sword, a wooden dagger?

94 *Of Wittoll.*

C Ains, none reckon'd of thy wife a point,
While each man might without all let or cumber,
But since a watch o're her thou didst appoint,
Of Customers she hath no little number.
Well, let them laugh hereat that list, and scoffe it,
But thou dost find what makes most for thy profit.

The end of the first Booke.



S. IOHN HARINGTONS EPIGRAMS.

The second Booke.

1 To the Lady Rogers, the authors wives mother.

IF I but speak words of a pleasing sound:
Yea tho the same be but in sport & play,
You bid me peace, or els a thousand
pound,
Such words shall worke out of my chil-
drens way.

When you say thus, I have no word to say,
Thus without Obligation I stand bound,
Thus wealth makes you command, hope me obey,
But let me find this true another day:
Els when your body shall be brought to ground,
Your soule to blessed *Abrahams* bosome, I
May with good manners give your soule the lie.

2 Of the Bishoprick of Landaffe.

A Learned Prelate late dispos'd to lasse,
Hearing me name the Bishop of Landaffe:
You should (said he) advising well hereon,
Call him Lord *Aff*; for all the land is gone.

3 Of Don Pedro's Dyet-drinke.

Don Pedro drinks to no man at the boord,
Nor once a tast doth of his cup afford.
Some think it pride in him; but see their blindnesse!
I know therein his Lordship doth us kindnesse.

4 Of Leda and Balbus.

Leda was *Balbus* quean, yet might she have deni'd it:
She weds him now, what means hath *Leda* left to
hide it?

5 Of Cinna his Gossips cup.

When I with thee, *Cinna*, do dine or sup,
Thou still dost offer me thy Gossips cup:
And though it savour well, and be well spic'd,
Yet I to taste thereof am not entic'd.
Now since you needs will have me cause alledge,
Why I straine curr'sie in that cup to pledge:

One said, thou mad'st that cup so hot of spice,
That it had made thee now a widower twice.
I will not say 'tis so, nor that I think it;
But good Sir, pardon me, I cannot drink it.

6 Of Leda's Religion.

My lovely *Leda*, some at thee repining,
Ask'd me unto what sect thou art inclining?
Which doubts shall I resolve among so many,
Whether to none, to one, to all, to any?
Surely one should be deem'd a false accusant,
That would appeach *Leda* for a Recusant.
Her fault according to her former using,
Was noted more in taking then refusing.
For Lent, or Fasts, she hath no superstition,
For if she have not chang'd her old condition,
Be it by night in bed, in day in dish,
Flesh unto her more welcome is then Fish,
Thou art no Protestant, thy falshood saith,
Thou canst not hope to save thy selfe by faith.
Well, *Leda*, yet to shew my good affection,
Ile say thy sect is of a double section.
A Brownist, lovely browne, thy face and brest,
The Families of Love, in all the sect.

7 That Favourites help the Church.

Of late I wrote after my wonted fashion,
That Favourites consume the Churches rents:
But mov'd in conscience with retraction,
Ile shew how sore that rashnesse me repents.
For noting in my private observation,
What rents and schismes among us daily grow:
No hope appeares of reconciliation,
By help of such as can, or such as know.
My Muse must sing, although my soule laments,
That Favourites increase the Churches rents.

8 Of Cinna his courage.

Pvre *Cinna* saith, and proudly doth professe,
That if the quarrell he maintaines be good,

No

S. JOHN HARRINGTON'S Epigrams.

No man more valiant is to spend his blood;
No man can dread of death, of danger lesse.
But if the cause be bad, he doth confesse;
His heart is cold, and cowardly his mood.
Well, *Cinna*, yet this cannot be withstood,
Thou hast but evill luck, I shrewdly guesse,
That biding whereas brawles are bred most rife,
Thou never hadst good quarrell all thy life.

9 Of a Lawyer that deserved his Fee.

Sextus retain'd a Sergeant at the Lawes,
With one good Fee in an ill-favour'd cause,
The matter bad, no Iudge nor Iury plyent,
The verdict clearly past against the Clyent.
With which he chaft, and swore he was betrayd,
Because for him the Serjeant little said:
And of the Fee he would have barr'd him halfe.
Whereat the Sergeant wroth, said, Dizzard, Calfe,
Thou wouldst, if thou hadst wit, or sense to see,
Confesse I had deserv'd a double Fee,
That stood and blushed there in thy behalfe.

10 Of Don Pedro.

A Slave thou wert by birth, of this I gather,
For evermore thou saist, my Lord, my Father.

11 Against Lynus a Writer.

I Heare that *Lynus* growes in wondrous choler,
Because I said he wrote but like a scholler.
If I have said so, *Lynus*, I must grant it,
What ere I speak thy schollership concerning,
I never thought, or meant, that thou hast learning:
But that hercof may grow some small recitall.
He teach thee how to make me full requitall.
Say thou to breed me equall spight and choler,
Misacmos never writes, but like a scholler.

12 Of Don Pedros bonds.

Don Pedro cares not in what bonds he enter,
Then I to trust *Don Pedro* soon will venter.
For no man can of bonds stand more secure,
Then he that means to keep his payment sure.

13 Against Caius that scorn'd his Metamorphosis.

Last day thy Mistris, *Caius*, being present,
One hapt to name, to purpose not unpleasant,
The title of my misconceived Book;
At which you spit, as though you could not brook
So grosse a word: but shall I tell the matter
Why? If one names a Iax, your lips do water.
There was the place of your first love and meeting,
There first you gave your Mistris such a greeting,
As bred her scorn, your shame, and others laffer,
And made her feel it twenty fortnights after:
Then thank their wit, that make the place so sweet,
That for your *Hymen* you thought place so meet,
But meet not Maids at *Madam Cloacina*,
Lest they cry nine moneths after, help *Lucina*.

14 Against an Atheist.

That heav'ns are void, and that no gods there are,
Rich Paulus saith, and all his prooffe is this:
That while such blasphemies pronounce he dare,
He liveth here in ease and endlesse blisse.

15 Of Cosmus beire.

VVhen all men thought old *Cosmus* was a dying,
And had by wil giv'n thee much goods & lands
Oh, how the little *Cosmus* fell a crying!
Oh, how he beats his brests, and wrings his hands!
How fervently for *Cosmus* health he praid!
What worthy almes he vow'd on that condition:
But when his pangs a little were allaid,
And health seem'd hoped, by the learn'd Physition,
Then though his lips all love and kindnesse wanted,
His heart did pray his prayer might not be granted.

16 Of Faustus, a stealer of verses.

I Heard that *Faustus* oftentimes rehearces,
To his chaft Mistris certaine of my Verses:
In which with use so perfect he is grown,
That she (poore foole) now thinks they are his own,
I would esteem it (trust me) grace, not shame,
If *Davis* or if *Daniel* did the same.
For would I thank, or would I quarrell pike?
I, when I list, could do to them the like.
But who can wish a man a fowler spight,
Then have a blind man take away his light?
A begging Thiefe is dangerous to my purse:
A baggage Poet to my Verse is worse.

17 Misacmos of himselfe.

Muse you, *Misacmos* failes in some endeavour,
Alas, an honest man's a Novice ever.
Fie, but a man's disgrac'd, noted a Novice.
Yea, but a man's more grac'd, noted of no vice.

18 Of the corne that rained.

I Handled, tasted, saw it with mine eyes,
The graine that lately fell down from the skies:
Yet what it tok'ned could I not devise,
And many doubts did in my mind arise.
At last, I thus resolv'd, it signifies
That this is our sole mean to mend this dearth,
To ask from heav'n that we do lack on earth.

19 To his wife at the birth of his sixth Child.

The Poet *Marshall* made a speciall sute
Vnto his Prince, to grant him under seale
Right of three children, which they did impute
A kind of honour in their common-weale.
But for such sute my selfe I need not trouble,
For thou dost seale to me this Patent double.

20 Against

S. Iohn Harringtons Epigrams.

20 Against feasting.

Kinde Marcus, me to supper lately bad,
And to declare how well to vs he wishes,
The roome was strow'd with Roses and with rushes,
And all the cheere was got, that could be had.
Now in the midst of all our dainty dishes,
Me thinke, said he to me, you looke but sad,
Alasse (said I) 't is to see thee so mad,
To spoile the skies of Fowles, the seas of fishes,
The land of beasts, and be at so much cost,
For that which in one houre will all be lost.
That entertainment that makes me most glad,
Is not the store of stew'd, boyl'd, bak'd and rost,
But sweet discourse, meane fare, & then beleue me,
To make to thee like cheere, shall neuer grieve me.

21 Against Cosmus courtesie.

Cosmus, when I among thine other vices,
That are in nature foule, in number many,
Aske thee what is the reason thee entices,
To be so basely pinching for thy penny?
Do'st thou not call vpon thy selfe a curse,
Not to enioy the wealth that thou hast wonnet
But saue, as if thy soule were in thy purse?
Thou straight reply'st, I saue all for my sonne.
Alas, this re-confirms what I said rather:
Cosmus hath euer beene a Penny-father.

22 Against Vintners in Bathe.

If men ought those in duty to commend,
That questions of Religion seeke to end,
Then I to praise our Vintners doe intend.
For Question is twixt Writer old and latter,
If wine alone, or if wine mixt with water
Should of the blessed Sacrament be matter?
Some ancient Writers wish it should be mingled,
But latter men, with much more zeale inkindled,
Will haue wine quite and cleane from water singled.
Our zealous Vintners here, growne great Diuines,
To finde which way antiquity enclines,
For pure zeale mixe with water all our wines.
Well, plainly to tell truth, and not to flatter,
I find our wines are much the worse for water.

23 To pacifie his wines mother, when she was angry.

MAdam, I read to you a little since,
The storie of a Knight that had incur'd
The deepe displeasure of a mighty Prince:
For feare of which, long time he neuer stirr'd,
Till watching once the King that came from Chappel,
His little sonne fast by him, with his Gardon,
Entic'd the Infant to him with an apple,
And caught him in his armer, and so'd for pardon:
Then you shall turne your angry frown from latter,
As oft as in mine armes you see your daughter.

24 To his wife, of Poppea Sabinas faire heyre.

Mall once I did, but doe not now enuy
Mierce Nere's blisse, of faire Poppeas rayes,

That in his lap, kumbing her locks would lye,
Each haire of hers, a verle of his did praisse,
But that prais'd beauty, fruitlesse spent her daies.
No yong Augustus euer call'd him Dad,
No small Poppeas with their pretty plaies
Did melt their hearts, and melting make them glad.
But thou in this do'st passe his faire Sabyna,
Thou hast seuen times been succor'd by Lucina.
Thy wombe in branches seau'n, it selfe displayes.
Then leaue I Nero, with Poppeas haire:
To ioy, and to enioy thee, and thine heyres.

25 Against Lalus an ill Preacher.

Yong Lalus tooke a Text of excellent matter,
And did the same expound, but marre the latter,
His tong so vainely did and idly chatter,
The people nought but hem, and cough, and spatter.
Then said a Knight, not vs'd to lye or flatter:
Such Ministers do bring the Diuels blessing,
That marre vs so good meate, with so ill dressing.

26 Against Paulus an Atheist.

Lewd Paulus, led by Sadduces infection,
Doth not beleue the bodies resurrection,
And holds them all in scorne, and deepe derision,
That tell of Saints or Angels apparition;
And sweares, such things are fables all, and fancies
Of Lunatiques or Fooles, posselt with franzies.
I haue (said he) traual'd both neere and farr,
By sea, by land, in time of peace and warre,
Yet neuer met I sprite, or ghost, or elfe,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe.
Well, Paulus, this, I now beleue indeede,
For who in all, or part, denies his Creede,
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himselfe, shall neuer see.

27 To Galla going to the Bathe.

Vhen Galla for her health go'th to the Bathe,
She carefully doth hide, as is most meete,
With aprons of fine linnen, or a sheete,
Those parts that modestie concealed hath:
Nor onely those, but eu'n the brest and necke,
That might be seene, or showne, without all checke.
But yet one foule, and vnbecoming place,
She leaues vnconceal'd still: What's that? Her face.

28 To one that had meate ill dress'd.

King Mithridate to poysons so inur'd him,
As deadly poysons damage none procur'd him.
So you to stale, vnauorie foode and durie,
Are so inur'd, as famine ne're can hurt yee.

29 Of giuing much credit.

Of all the Towne old Codrus giues most credit:
Who he, poore soule! Alas that ere you sed it:
How can he credit much, and is so poore?
Hee's blinde: yet makes he loue to euery whore.

S. JOHN HARRINGTON'S Epigrams.

30 Of honest theft. To my good friend Master Samuel Daniel.

Proud Paulus late my secrecies revealing,
Hath told I got some good conceits by stealing.
But where got he those double Pistols,
With which good clothes, good fare, good land he gets?
Tush, those (he saith) came by a man of war,
That brought a prize of price from countries farre,
Then, fellow-Thiefe, let's shake together hands,
Sith both our wares are filch from forren lands.
You'll spoile the Spaniards, by your writ of Mart:
And I the Romans rob, by wit, and Art.

31 Against Faustus.

IN scorn of Writers, Faustus still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath been said of old:
Well, Faustus, say my wits are grosse and dull,
If for that word I give not thee a gull:
Thus then I prove that holds a false position,
I say, thou art a man of faire condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high descent, and left good store of lands,
Thou with false dice and cards hast never plaid,
Corrupted never Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
And as for swearing, none in all this Realme
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your vertues are so rare and ample,
For all our sonnes thou maist be made a sample.
This I dare sweare, none ever said before,
This I may sweare, none ever will say more.

32 Of free-will.

I Know a foolish fellow hath a fashion,
To prove that all is by Predestination,
And teach's, not man, nor spirit hath free-will
In doing, no, nor thinking good or ill.
I am no Doctor at this disputation,
Nor are deep questions fit for shallow skill:
Yet Ile renounce with learn'd men reputation,
If I disprove not this by demonstration:
Ile prove so plaine, as none can it resist,
That in some things three things do what they list:
The wind (saith Scripture) where it list doth blow,
His tongue talks what it lists, his speeches show,
My heart believes him as it list, I know.

33 Of a drunken Paracelsian.

When Pilo other trades of thrift had mist,
He then profess'd to be an Alcumist,
That's all too much. Chymist you might him call,
And I think it were true, and leave out Al:
He takes upon him, he can make a mixture,
Of which he can extract the true elixir,
Tincture of Pearle and currall he doth draw,
And Quintessence the best that ere you saw,
He hath the cure, except Aqua Mirabilis,
Only he wants drams Auri Potabilis,
He doth of nature so the secret ferret,

That he of every thing can draw the spirit:
Spirits of Mynes, spirits of stones and herbs,
Whose names can scant be told with nouns and verbs,
But of all spirits my spirit doth divine
My spirit best doth love the spirit of wine.

34 Of Misacmos his successe in a suit.

Misacmos hath long time a suter been,
To serve in some neare place about the Queen:
In which his friends (to work his better speed)
Do tell her Highnesse, as 'tis true indeed,
That he's a man well born and better bred,
In humane studies seen, in stories read,
Adding unto an industry not small,
Pleasant conceit and memory withall,
And chiefly that he hath been from his youth
A zealous searcher of eternall Truth:
Now never wonder, he his suit doth misse;
What I have told you, that the reason is.

35 A Groome of the Chambers religion in King Henry the eight's time.

One of King Henries Favourites began,
To move the King one day to take a man,
Whom of his Chamber he might make a Groome,
Soft, said the King, before I grant that room,
It is a question not to be neglected,
How he in his religion stands affected.
For his Religion, answered then the Minion,
I do not certaine know what's his opinion:
But sure he may, talking with men of learning,
Conform himself in lesse then ten dayes warning.

36 To Doctor Harvey of Cambridge.

The proverb sayes, Who fights with durty foes,
Must needs be soyl'd, admit they win or lose.
Then think it doth a Doctors credit dash,
To make himself Antagonist to Nash.

37 An infallible rule to rule a Wife. To his wives mother.

Concerning th'wives, hold this a certaine rule,
That if at first you let them have the rule,
Your self at last with them shall have no rule,
Except you let them evermore to rule. *Probatum est.*

38 Why Paulus takes so much Tobacco.

Vhen our good Irish neighbours make repaire,
With Lenton stufte unto Bridge-waters Faire,
At every Boothe and Ale-house that they come,
They call for Herring straight, they must have some.
Hostis, I preedee hast tee any Herring?
Yea, sir: O passing meate! a happy herring.
Herring they ask, they praise, they eat, they buy,
No price of Herring can be held too hie.
But when among them it is closely mutter'd,
Those Herrings that they bought to sell, are utter'd,
Then give them Herring, Poh, away with these:

S. IOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

Pre dee good Hostis, give's some English Cheefe.
Hence I have learn'd the cause, and see it clearly,
Why *Paulus* takes Tobacco, buyes it dearly,
At Tippling-houses, where he eats and drinks,
That every roome straight of Tobacco stinks.
He sweares 'tis salve for all diseases bred,
It strengthens ones weak back, comforts the head,
Duls much flesh-appetite, 'tis cordiall durable,
It cures that ill, which some have thought incurable.
Thus while proud *Paulus* hath Tobacco praised,
The price of ev'ry pound a pound is raised.
And why's all this? because he loves it well?
No: but because himselfe hath store to sell;
But having sold all his, he will pronounce
The best in *Cane* not worth a groat an ounce.

39 Of a formall Minister.

A Minister affecting singularity,
And preaching in the Pulpit of his theame,
Born with the current of the common streame,
Extolling faith and hope, forgetting charity.
For while he was most busie in his Text,
He spide a woman talking with her next,
And straight he cri'd to her, Dame, leave thy babbling:
Wherewith the poore good woman shrewdly vext,
Could hold no longer, but fell flat to squabbling:
Besheew thy naked heart, she doth reply.
Who babled in this place more, thou, or I?

40 Of a lawfull wife.

At end of three yeares law, and sute, and strife,
When Canon laws & common both command her,
Cys married thee, now sue them for a slander,
That dare deny she is thy lawfull wife.

41 Against Feasting.

Last day I was unto your house invited,
And on the boord were forty divers dishes,
Of Sallers, and of flesh, and fowles, and fishes,
With which (God knowes) I little am delighted.
Because I came, I took that you did bid me,
But now I rather think, you did forbid me.

42 Against Lynus, that said the Nobility were decayed.

You *Lynus*, say, that most of our Nobility
Are much decayd in valour and in wit:
Though some of them have wealth and good ability,
Yet very few for government are fit.
Fool, see'st thou not, that in our stately buildings
Plaine masse stones the substance doth sustaine,
Yet columns wreath'd and staid, set out with guildings,
Must in high rank for ornament remaine:
So men of noble birth the State adorn,
But by the wise, stout, learn'd, the sway is born.

43 To Ivis, alias Ioyner, an uncleanly token,
conveyd in cleasly termes.

Torquato Tasso, for one little fault,
That did perhaps deserve some small rebuke,

Was by his sharp and most ungratefull Duke
Shut up close prisoner in a lothsome vault;
Where wanting pen and ink by Princes order,
His wit that wals of Adamant could pierce,
Found means to write his mind in excellent verse:
For want of pen and ink with pisse and ordure.
But thy dull wit dam'd by *Apollos* crew,
To dungeon of disgrace, though free thy body,
With Pen, nay Print doth publish like a noddy.
Base rauns, that turn'd upon thy selfe, are true;
And wanting salt thy wallowish still to season,
And being of uncouth terms a senselesse coyner,
Thou cal'st thy selfe improperly a Ioyner,
Whose verse hath quite diserver'd rime and reason;
Deserving for such railing and such bodging
For this, *Torquatos* ink, for that his lodging.

44 To his Wife.

When I to thee my Letters superscribe
Thus, to mine own, *Leda* thereat doth jibe,
And ask her why? she saith, because I flatter,
But let her think so still, it makes no matter:
If I do flatter, onely thou canst try,
Sufficeth me, thou think'st I do not lie.
For, let her husband write so, for my life,
He flattereth himselfe more then his wife.

45 Sir Iohn Raynsfords confession.

Raynsford, a Knight, fit to have serv'd king *Arthur*,
And in *Queene Maries* dayes a demy-Marryr:
For though both then, before and since he turn'd,
(Yet sure, *per ignem hanc*, he might be burn'd.)
This Knight agreed with those of that profession,
And went, as others did, to make confession:
Among some *Peccadillos* he confess'd
That same sweet sin, that some but deem a leest,
And told, how by good help of bawds and varlets,
Within 12 moneths he had six times twelve harlots.
The Priest, that at the tale was halfe astonish'd,
With grave and ghostly counsell him admonish'd
To fast, and pray, to drive away that divell,
That was to him causer of so great evill,
That the lewd spirit of *Lecherie* no question,
Stir'd up his lust, with many a lewd suggestion:
A filthy Fiend, said he, most foule and odious,
Nam'd, as appeares, in holy writs, *A/modius*.
Thus with some Pennance that was nere perform'd,
Away went that same Knight, smally reform'd.
Soone after this ensu'd religions change,
That in the Church bred alteration strange,
And *Raynsford* with the rest, follow'd the streame.
The Priest went roving round about the Realme.
This Priest in clothes disguis'd himselfe did hide,
Yet *Raynsford* three yeares after him had spi'd,
And laid unto his charge, and sorely prest him,
To tell if 'twere not he that had confess'd him,
The Priest, who this knights words did sore him daunt,
Yet what he could not well deny, did grant,
And praid him not to punish or controule,
That he had done for safety of his soule.
No, knave, quoth he, I wil no harm procure thee,

Vpon

S. JOHN HARRINGTON'S *Epigrams.*

Vpon my worship here I do assure thee:
I onely needs must laugh at thy great folly,
That would'st perswade with me to be so holy;
To chastise mine own flesh, to fast and pray,
To drive the spirit of Lechery away.
Swounds, foolish knave, I fasted not, nor praid,
Yet is that spirit quite gone from me, he said:
If thou couldst help me to that spirit againe,
Thou shouldst a hundred pound have for thy paine.
That lusty Lord of Lechery *Asmodius*,
That thou cal'st odious, I do count commodious.

46 *A pretty question of Lazarus soule well answered.*

ONce on occasion two good friends of mine
Did meet at meat, a Lawyer and Divine;
Both having eaten well to help digestion,
To this Divine the Lawyer put this question:
When *Lazarus* in grave foure daies did stay,
Where was his soule in heaven, or hell I pray?
Was it in hell? Thence no redemption is.
And if in heaven: would Christ abate his blisse?
Sir, said the Preacher, for a short digression,
First, answer me one point, in your profession:
If so his heires and he had faine to stife,
Whose was the land, if he came back from life?
This latter question mov'd them all to lafter,
And so they drunk one to another after.

47 *Against long suits in Law.*

*Nec vilis te-
cum commu-
no est.* IN Court of Wards, Kings Bench, and Common Place
Thou follow'dst hatt one sute this sev'n yeares space.
Ah wretched man, in mothers wombe accurst,
Thou couldst not rather lose thy sute at first.

48 *Of an importunate prater, out of Martiall.*

*Dignus es
odio.* H^E that is hoarse, yet still to prate doth please,
Proves he can neither speak nor hold his peace.

49 *Against Iealousie. To my friend.*

*Serie sua
cupientis abi* R^Ight terrible are winds on waters great,
Most horrible are tempests on the sea,
Fire mercilesse, that all consumes with heat,
Plagues monstrous are, that Cities cleane decay:
War cruell is, and pinching famine curst:
Yet of all ills, the jealous wife is worst.

50 *Against Quintus, that being poore and prodigall,
became rich and miserable.*

S^Cant was thy living, *Quintus*, ten pound cleare,
When thou didst keep such fare, so good a table,
That we thy friends praid God thou might'st be able,
To spend, at least, an hundred pounds a yeare.
Behold, our boon God did benignly heare,
Thou gotst so much by fortune favourable,
And foure friends death to thee both kind and deare:
But suddenly thou grew'st so miserable,
We thy old friends to thee unwelcome are,
Poore-John, and Apple-pyes are all our fare.

No Salmon, Sturgeon, Oysters, Crab, nor Cunger.
What should we wish thee now for such dement?
I would thou might'st one thousand pounds inherit,
Then without questiō thou would'st starve for hunger.

51 *To my Lady Rogers.*

G^Ood Madam, with kind speech and promise faire,
That from my wife you would not give a tag,
But she should be Executor sole, and heire.
I was (the more foole I) so proud and brag,
I sent to you against *S. James* his Faire,
A Teerce of Claret-wine, a great fat Stag.
You straight to all your neighbours made a feast,
Each man I met hath filled up his panch,
With my Red-deere, onely I was no ghest,
Nor ever since did tast of side or haunch.
Well, Madam, you may bid me hope the best,
That of your promise you be sound and staunch,
Els, I might doubt I should your land inherit,
That of my Stag did not one morsell merit.

52 *Of Sextus mishap comming from a Taverne.*

N^Ow *Sextus* twice hath supt at *Sarasens* head,
And both times homward comming drunk to bed:
He by the way his Pantoffles hath lost,
And griev'd both with the mock, and with the cost,
To save such charges, and to shun such frumps,
He goes now to the Tavern in his pumps.

53 *How Sextus laid claime to an Epigram.*

V^Vhen *Sextus* heard my rime of *Raynsford* reading
With laughter lowd he cries & voice exceeding
That Epigram was mine, who ever made it.
I told him that conceit, from me he had it.
A barbarisme, the blinder still the bolder!
Will *Sextus* neie grow wise? growing older,
When *Pbidias* framed had in marble pure,
Joves goodly statue, would a man endure,
A Pyoner to challenge halfe the praise,
That from the quarr the ragged stone did raise,
Or should a Carman boast of his desert,
Because he did unload it from his Cart:
I think that *Sextus* selfe would never say't,
So in like manner, *Sextus*, that conceit
Was like a rugged stone, dig'd from thy foolish head,
Now 'tis a Statue carv'd by us, and polished.

54 *Of an Alborne Rabber.*

L^Ate comming from the Pallace of the best,
(The centre of the men of better sence)
My purse grown low, by ebb of long expence:
And going for supplies into the West,
My Host to whom I was a welcome ghest,
Makes me great cheare, but when I parted thence,
My trusty servant *William* took offence:
(Though now God wot, it was too late to spare)
That in the shot things too high prized are.
And namely for two Rabbits twenty pence,
The Tapster well mur'd to prate and face,

Q^a

Told

S. Iohn Harington: *Epigrams.*

Told they were white and young, and fat, and sweet:
New kil'd, and newly come from Alborne chafe,
For that good fare, good paiment is most meet.
I willing to make short their long debate,
Bade my man pay the reck'ning at his rate:
Adding, I know, a miler of his money,
Gives more then ten pence for an Albom Coney.

55 *Of hearing Masse.*

MEn talking, as oft it comes to passe,
How dangerous 'tis now to heare a Masse,
A valiant Knight swore for a thousand pound,
He would not present at a Masse be found.
A noble Lord stood by, and hearing it,
Said, Sir, I then should much condemne your wit:
For were you found, and follow'd ne're so nearly,
You gaine nine hundred pound and upward clearly.

56 *Of a Preacher that sings Placebo.*

A Smooth-tong'd Preacher that did much affect
To be reputed of the purer sect,
Vnto these times great praises did afford,
That brought (he said) the sun-shine of the Word.
The sun-shine of the Word, this he extold,
The sun-shine of the Word, this still he told.
But I that well observ'd what slender fruits
Have grown of all their preaching and disputes,
Pray God they bring us not, when all is done,
Out of Gods blessing, into this warm sun.
For sure, as some of them have us'd the matter,
Their sun-shine is but moon-shine in the water.

57 *Of the naked Image that was to stand in my Lord Chamberlaines Gallery.*

A Creon, guiltlesse unawares espying
Naked Diana, bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with hornes, his dogs did him deuoure.
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious prying,
With some such forked plague you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads so your faults be written.

58 *Of the same to the Ladies.*

Her face unmask'd, I saw, her corps unclad,
No veile, no cover, her and me between:
No ornament was hid that beauty had,
I blush'd that saw, she blush'd not that was seen,
With that I vow'd never to care a rush
For such a beauty as doth never blush.

59 *Of Don Pedros threats.*

Don Pedro thinks I scorn him in my rime,
And vows, if he can prove I use detraction,
Of the great scandall he will haue his action:
I that desir'd to cleere me of the crime,
When I was askt, said, No, my Lord, I have not:
Then sweare, said he: Not so, my Lord, I cannot.
Since that I never heard newes of this action:
Wherefore, I think, he hath his satisfaction.

60 *Against Bravery.*

When Romane Mutius had in countrey quarrell,
The servant killed, to the Masters terror:
What time his eye deceiv'd with rich apparell,
Did cause his hand commit that happy errour:
The King amaz'd at so rare resolution,
Both for his safety and his reputation,
Remov'd the fire, and staid that execution;
And for his sake made peace with all his Nation:
Perhaps it is from hence the custome springs,
That oft in Court Knaves go as well as Kings.

61 *Of Ledaes unkindnesse.*

Faire Leda late to me is grown malicious,
At all my works in prose or verse repining:
Because my words (she saith) makes men suspitious,
That she is to the Puritans inclining.
Leda, what ere I said, I did suspect,
Thou wert not pure enough in one respect.

62 *Of an Abbot that had been a good fellow.*

AN Abbot that had led a wanton life,
And cited now, by deaths sharp Sumner, Sicknesse,
Felt in his soule great agony and strife,
His sinnes appearing in most hideous likenesse.
The Monks that saw their Abbot so dismayd,
And knew no lesse his life had been lascivious:
Yet for his finall comfort, thus they said,
Think not, deare Sir, we will be so oblivious,
But that with fasting, and with sacred ringing,
And prayer, we will for you such grace attaine,
That after requiem, and some Dirges singing,
You shall be freed from Purgatories paine.
Ah, thanks my sonnes, said he, but all my feare
Is onely this, that I shall ne're come there.

63 *Against Cinna a Brownist, that saith he is sure to be saved.*

If thou remaine so sure of thine election,
As thou said'st, Cinna, when we last disputed,
That to thy soule, no sin can be imputed:
That thy strong Faith hath got so sure protection,
That all thy faults are free from all correction.
Heare then my counsell, to thy state well sured,
It comes from one that beares thee kind affection,
'Tis so infallible, that no objection
There is, by which it may be well confuted.
Leave, Cinna, this base earth with sin polluted.
And to be free from wicked mens subjection,
And that the Saints may be by thee saluted,
For sake wife, friends, lands, goods, and worldly pelf,
And get a halter quickly, and go hang thy selfe.

64 *To Master Ballard, a Minister, that made a pleasant Booke of English Epigrams.*

THough dust, wits of this ungratefull time
Carp at thy booke of Epigrams, and scoffe it:

Yet

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

Yet wise men know to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise, not onely void of crime.
Then let not enuy stop thy veine of Rime:
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it:
A Poet is one step vnto a Prophet:
And such a step, as 'tis no shame to clime.
You must in Pulpit treat of matters serious:
As best becomes the person, and the place,
There preach of Faith, Repentance, Hope and Grace,
Of Sacraments, and such high things mysterious.
But they are too seuer, and too imperious,
That vnto honest sports will grant no space:
For these our minds refresh, when those weary vs,
And spurre our doubled spirit to swifter pace,
The wholesome 'st meates that are, will breed facietie,
Except we should admit of some varietie.
In Musicke, notes must be some high, some base.
And this I note, your Verses haue intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobrietie,
To worke in mens ill manners, good amendment:
Wherefore if any thinke such Verse vnseasonable,
Their Stoicke minds are foes to good societie,
And men of reason may thinke them vnreasonable.
It is an act of vertue and of pietie,
To warne vs of our sinnes in any sort.
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

65 Of a kinde vnkinde Husband.

A Rich old Lord did wed a rich yong Lady,
Of good complexion, and of goodly stature,
And for he was of kind and noble nature,
He lou'd to see her goe as braue as may be.
A pleasant Knight one day was so presumptuous,
To tell this Lord in way of plaine simplicitie,
Tis you, my Lord, that haue this worlds felicitie;
To haue a Dame so yong, so sweet, so sumptuous.
Tush, said the Lord, but these same costly Gownes,
With Kirtles, Carkaets, plague me in such sort,
That every time I tast of Venus sport,
I will be sworne, cost me one hundred Crownes.
Now sic Sir, said his wife, where is your sense,
Though 'tis too true, yet say not so for shame,
For I would wish to cleere me of the blame:
That each time cost you but a hundred pence.

66 Of Galla's goodly Periwigge.

You see the goodly hayre that Galla weares,
'Tis certain her own hayr, who would haue thought
She sweares it is her owne: and true she sweares, (it?)
For hard by Temple-barre last day she bought it.
So faire a haire, vpon so foule a forehead, (rowd
Augments disgrace, and shoues the grace is bor-

**67 Of Master Iohn Dauies Booke of Dancing.
To himselfe.**

While you the Planets all do set to dancing,
Beware such hap, as to the Fryer was chancing,
Who preaching in a Pulpit old and rotten,
Among some notes most fit to be forgotten;
Vnto his Auditory thus he vannts,

To make all Saints after his pype to daunce;
It speaking, which as he himselfe aduances,
To act his speech with gestures, lo, it chances,
Downe falls the Pulpit, sore the man is brused,
Neuer was Frier and Pulpit more abused.
Then beare with me, though yet to you a stranger,
To warne you of the like, nay greater danger.
For though none feare the falling of those sparkes,
(And when they fall, 'twill be good catching Larkes)
Yet this may fall, that while you dance and skip
With female Planets, so your foote may trip,
That in their lofty Caprioll and turne,
Their motion may make your dimension burne,

68 To Paulus.

To loue you, Paulus, I was well enclin'd:
But euer since you honour did require,
I honour'd you, because it was your desire:
But now to loue you, I doe neuer minde.

69 Of Table-talk.

I Had this day carroust the thirteenth cup,
And was both slipper-tong'd, and idle-brain'd,
And said by chance, that you with me should sup.
You thought hereby, a supper cleerely gain'd,
And in your Tables you did quote it vp.
Vnciuill ghest, that hath beene so ill train'd!
Worthy thou art hence supperlesse to walke,
That tak'st aduantage of our Table-talk.

**70 Of the commodities that men haue
by their Mariage.**

A Fine yong Clearke, of kinne to Fryer Frappert,
Prompt of his tongue, of person neat & dapper;
Not deeply read, yet were he put vnto it,
One that could say his seruice, and would doe it.
His markes & haire, shew'd him of excellent cariage;
This man one day hap'ned to talke of marriage,
And prou'd not onely, that 'tis honourable,
But that the ioyes thereof are admirable.
He told the tale to me, and other friends,
And straight I learn'd it at my fingers ends.
Which ioyes that you may better vnderstand,
I'll place them on each finger of my hand,
Foure ioyes he said, on married men I cast,
A wife, and friends, and coyne, and children last.
And first the wife, see how at bed, at boord,
What comfort, and what ioyes, she doth affoord.
Then for her friends, what ioy can be more deare,
Then louing friends, dwell they farre off or neare?
A third ioy then it is, to haue the portion,
Well got, and void of strife, fraud, or extortion.
And fourthly those sweete Babes, that call on Dad,
Oh, how they ioy the soule, and make it glad!
But now, Sir, there remains one obseruation,
That well deserues your due consideration.
Marke then againe, I say, for so 'twere meete,
Which of these ioyes are firme, and which doe fleet.
First, for the wife, sure no man can deny it,
That for most part she sticks most surely by it,

A Wife,
Friend,
Mony,
Children

S. IOHN HARINGTONS Epigrams.

But for thy friends, when they should most auale you,
By death, or fortunes change, oft times they faile you
Then for the portion, without more forecast,
Whiles charge encreaseth, money failes as fast.
And last the children, most of them out-lie you,
But illbrought vp, they often lue to grieue you,
Now marke vpon the fingers, who remaine,
The Children and the Wife, onely these twaine.

71 To Marcus that would borrow.

YOU sent to me, Marcus, for twenty markes
But to that sute, I would by no meanes hark:
But straight next day, you sent your man in post,
To tell me how a Lord with you would host,
And I must lend, to entertaine this State,
Some Basons, Ewres, and some such other plate.
Are you a foole? Or, thinke you me a foole,
That I should now be set againe to schoole?
Were not my wisdom, worthy to be wondred,
Denying twenty Markes, to lend one hundred?

72 To his wife after they had beene married
fourteene years.

TWO Prethships with thee I now haue been, (seen,
Mad times, sad times, glad times, our life hath
Soules we haue wrought 4. payre since our first meeting
Of which, 2. soules, sweet soules, were to be fleeting,
My workmanship so well doth please thee still,
Thou wouldst not grant me freedome by thy will,
And I'll confesse such vsage I haue found,
Mine heart yet ne're desir'd to be vnbound.
But though my selfe am thus thy Prentice vow'd,
My dearest Mal, yet thereof be not proud,
Nor claime no rule thereby, ther's no such cause:
For Plowden, who was father of the Lawes
Which yet are read and rul'd by his Enditings,
Doth name himselfe a Prentice in his writings,
And I, if you should challeng vndue place,
Could learne of him to alter so the case:
I plaine would proue, I still kept due priority:
And that good wiues are still in their minority:
But far from thee, my deare be such audacie,
I doubt more thou dost blame my dull capacite,
That though I traucile true in my vocation,
I grow yet worse and worse at th'occupation.

73 Of a bequest without a Legacy.

IN hope some Lease or Legacie to gaine,
You gaue old Titus yeerely ten pound pension.
Now he is dead, I heare thou dost complaine,
That in his will of thee he made no mention.
Cease this complaint that shewes thy base intention.
He left thee more, then some he lou'd more deerly,
For he hath left thee ten pound pension yeerly.

74 Of one that lent money on sure band.

VHEN Lynus little store of coyne is spent,
And no supply of Office or of Rent,
He comes to Titus knowne a wary spender,

A pleasant wit, but no great money-lender,
And prest him very hard for twenty pound,
For which small kindnesse he were greatly bound,
And least (quoth he) you deeme it were presumption,
If I should offer you my bare assumption,
I sweare All-hallows, I will make repayment,
Yea though I pawn mine Armour and my Rayment,
And for your more assurance you shall haue
What Obligation you your selfe will craue,
Or Bill or Bond your payment to performe,
Recognizance, Statute, or any forme.
Now Titus by report so well did know him,
That he might scant trust him so farre as throw him,
And said he should haue so much at his hands
Forthwith, if he might poynt the forme and bands.
Agreed, quoth Lynus straight, and doth him thanke.
But Titus brings a Forme of foure Inch-Plancke,
Two of the Guard might scantly well it lift.
And ere that Lynus well perceiu'd the drift,
Fast to that Forme he binds him hands and feet,
Then brought the money forth and let him see't,
And sware till he his fashions did reforme,
None other bands could serue, nor other forme.

75 Of light Merchandize.

IN Rome a Cryer had a Wench to sell,
Such as in common Stewes are wont to dwell,
Her name, nor his, I shall not need to tell.
But hauing held her long at little price,
And thinking so some chapman to entice,
He clipt her in his armes as nothing nice,
And so he kist her more then once or twice.
What might he gaine, thinke you, by this deuice?
One that before had offered fifty shilling,
To giue one fift part, seemed now vnwilling.

76 Of father Peleus stable.

OLD Peleus burn'd a Stable to the ground, (pound:
Which now to build doth cost three hundred
That's but one Gennets price with him, no force,
A Stable? No: He did, but lose a horse.

77 Of a censurer of English Writers.

THAT Englishmen haue small or no invention,
Old Guillam, saith, and all our works are barren,
But for the stufie we get from Authors forren.
Why, Guillam, that same gold thou tak'st in pension,
Which makes thee loue our Realme more then your
And follow still our English Court, & Campe. (own
Now that it hath our dearest Soueraignes stampe,
Is English coine, though once 'twere Indian growne.
Except not then 'gainst English wits, I pray,
You that accept so well of english pay.

78 Of Titus boasting.

A Kinde companion, Titus, all his daies,
And till his last, a pleasant wit and tongue,
If he had heard a man his owne strength prasse,
Would tell what he would doe when he was yong.
And

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS *Epigrams.*

And hauing, with oathes, his speeches bound,
Thus would he speake: I would at twelue score pricks,
Haue shot all day an arrow of a pound,
Haue shot the flight full fortie score and sixe,
I would haue ouer-listed all the Guard,
Out-throwne them at the barre, the sledge, the stone,
And he that is in wrestling held most hard,
I would in open plaine haue ouerthrowne.
Now, say some by, Was *Titus* ere so strong?
Who he? the weakest man a hundred among.
Why tels he then such lyes in serious sort,
What he could doe? Nay, sure 'twas true though sport:
He said not he could doe. That were a fable.
He said, He would haue done, had he beene able.

79 To Doctor Sheerhood, how Sack
makes one leane.

I Marueld much last day, what you did meane,
To say that drinking Sack, will make one leane:
But now I see, and then mistooke you cleane,
For my good neighbour *Marcus*, who I tro,
Feares fatnes much, this drinke hath plyde him so,
That now except he leane, he cannot goe.
Ha, gentle Doctor, now I see your meaning,
Sack will not leaue one leane, 'twill leaue him leaning.

80 Of swearing first betweene the wife
and the Husband.

C's, by that Candle, in my sleepe, I thought,
One told me, of thy body thou wert nought:
Good husband, he that told you, lyde she sed,
And swearing laid her hand vpon the bread,
Then eat the bread (quoth he) that I may deeme,
That fancie false, that true to me did seeme.
Nay Sir, said she, the matter well to handle,
Sith you swore first, you first must eate the Candle.

81 To his wife.

Because I once in verse did hap to call
Thee by this louing name, my dearest *Mall*,
Thou think'st thy selfe assured by the same,
In future ages, I haue giu'n thee fame.
But if thou merit not such name in veritie,
I meane not so to mis-informe posteritie.
For I can thus interpret if I will.
My dearest *Mall*, that is, my costliest ill.

82 To a prattling Epicure.

If thou loue dainty fare at others tables,
Thou must their humour and their houres endure:
Leaue arguments, controuling thwarts & brables,
Such freedome sutes not with an Epicure.

83 Of Don Pedro.

The wise *Olysses* loathing forraine Iartes,
Fain'd himselfe mad to keepe him from the Wars:
But our *Don Pedro* seekes our Martiall schooles,
Preferrres before wise cowards Martiall fooles.

And fearing faining mad will not suffice,
To stay him from the wars, faines himselfe wise.

84 To Master Bastard, taxing him of flattery.

It was a saying vs'd a great while since,
The subiects euer imitate the Prince,
A vertuous Master makes a good Disciple,
Religious Prelates breed a godly people.
And euermore the Rulers inclination,
Workes in the time the Workes and alteration.
Then what's the reason, *Bastard*, why thy Rimes
Magnifie Magistrates, yet taunt the times?
I thinke that he to taunt the time that spares not,
Would touch the Magistrate, saue that he dares not.

85 Ouids confession translated into English for
Generall Norreyes. 1593.

To liue in Lust I make not my profession,
Nor in my Verse, my vices to defend:
But rather by a true and plain confession,
To make men know my meaning is to mend,
I hate, and am my selfe most that I hate,
I load my selfe, yet strue to be discharged,
Like stercelesse ship vnstaid, runnes my estate,
Bound by selfe, I sue to be enlarged.
No certaine shape, my fancies doth enflame:
A hundred causes kinde my affection,
If sober looke doe show a modest shame,
Straight to those eyes my soule is in subiection.
A wanton looke, no lesse my heart doth pierce,
Because it shoves a pleasant inclination.
If she be coy, like *Sabine*, sharpe and fierce,
I thinke such coyneffe, deepe dissimulation.
If she be learn'd, I honour gifts so rare,
If ignorant, I loue a milde simplicitie.
If she do praise my writings, and compare
Them with the best, in her I take felicitie.
If she dispraise my Verses, and their Maker:
To win her liking, I my loue would lend her. (her:
Goes she well grac't? Her gate would make me take
If ill, perhaps to touch a man, would mend her.
Is shee well tun'd in voice, a cunning finger?
To snatch a kisse, eu'n thus I feele a will.
Playes she on Lute with sweet and learned finger?
What hart can hate a hand so full of skill?
But if she know with heart her armes to moue,
And dance Carrantoes with a comely grace,
To omit my selfe that quickly fall in loue,
Hippolitus would haue *Priapus* place.
Like th'ancient *Heroes* I count thee tall,
Me thinks they fill a braue roome in the bed:
Yet comlier sports are found in statues small,
Thus long and short haue aye my liking bred.
If she goe plaine, then what a piece were this?
Were she attyrd, if braue, I loue her brauery.
Faure, nut-browne, fallow, none doth looke amisse,
My wanton lustis thrall'd in so great slavery.
If haire like ier, her neck like Iuory couer,
Ledas was blacke, and that was *Ledas* glory.
With yellow lockes, *Aurora* pleas'd her louer.
Loe thus my fancies sute to euery story:

S. Iohn Haringtons Epigrams.

The Matron graue, the greene yong girle and pritty,
I like for age, for matters vnuspicious,
In fine, to all in Countrey, Court, and City,
My loue doth presse to proue it selfe ambitious.

86 A witty speech of Heywood to the Queene.

WHē old Queen Mary with much paine & languish
Did on deaths bed in lingring sickness languish:
Old pleasant Heywood came her Grace to visite:
For mirth to such doth oft more good then Physike,
Whom, when the sickly Princeesse had espyde,
Ah, Heywood! here they kill me vp, she cryde:
For, being smother'd quite with too much heate,
Yet my Physitians proue to make me sweate;
But it doth proue so painefull to procure it,
That first I'le die before I will endure it.
Heywood, with cheerefull face, but cheereles soule,
Thus her bad resolution did controule.
Sweet Lady, you must sweat, or else I sweare it,
We all shall sweate for it, if you forbear it.

87 To my wife, from Chester.

WHē I from thee, my deere, last day departed,
Summon'd by Honor to this Irish action,
Thy tender eyes shed teares; but I, hard-hearted,
Tooke from those teares a ioy, and satisfaction,
Such for her Spouse (thought I) was Lucrece sadnes,
Whom to his ruine Tyrant Tarquin tempted.
So mourned she, whose husband feined madnes,
Thereby from Troian warres to stand exempted.
Thus then I doe reioyce in that thou grieuest,
And yet, sweet foole, I loue thee, thou belceuest.

88 Against lying Lynus.

I Wonder Lynus what thy tongue doth ayle;
That though I flatter thee, thou still dost raile?
Thou think'st, I lye, perhaps thou think'st most true:
Yet to so gentle lyes, pardon is due.
A lie, well told to some, tastes ill restorative;
Besides, we Poets lie by good authoritie.
But were all lying Poetry, I know it,
Lynus would quickly proue a passing Poet.

89 Of lending our priuy seales.

A Friend of mine, to me made mickle mone
About some moneys lending in the lone:
Alledging, that to lend, were little grieffe,
If of repayment men haue firme beleefe.
But other mens examples make vs dread,
To speed as some in other times haue sped.
For if one faile, who then will care for vs?
Now I, to comfort them, replied thus,
While God preserues the Prince, ne're be dismayd,
But, if she faile, be sure we shall be payd.

90 In defence of Lent.

O Vr belly-gods dispraise the Lenten fast,
And blame the lingring daies, and tedious time,

And sweare this abstinence too long doth last,
Whose folly I refuse in this my time;
Methusalem, nine hundred yeares was fed
With nought but herbes, and berries of the field;
Iohn Baptist thirty yeares his life had led
With Locusts and wild Honey woods did yeeld.
He that the Israelites from Egypt brought,
Where they in slauiish thraldome long did dwell;
He home to heav'n the fiery Chariot rought:
Yea, Christ himselfe, that saues us all from Hell:
These three, as holy Scripture doth repeate,
In forty daies did neither drinke, nor eate.
Why then should we against this law repine,
That are permitted euery kind of Fish?
Are not forbidden the tastes of costly Wine,
Are not debard of many a dainty dish:
Both Sugar, Ginger, Pepper, Cloues and Mace,
And Sinnamon, and Spice of euery kind,
And Reysons, Figs, and Almonds in like case,
To please the taste, and satisfie the minde:
And yet forsooth, we thinke we should be marr'd,
If we from flesh but fortie daies be barr'd.

91 Malum bene positum ne moueas.

A Iudge, to one well studyed in the Lawes,
That was too earnest in his Clyents cause,
Said Stir't no more, for as the cause doth smke
Into my sence, it seemeth like a stinke.

92 To King Dauid.

THou Princes Prophet, and of Prophets King,
Growne from poore Pastorals, and Sepheards
To change the sheephooke to a Mace of gold, (fold,
Subduing sword and speare, with staffe and sling:
Thou that didst quell the Beare and dredfull Lyon,
With courage vnappal'd, and actiue lymmes;
Thou that didst praise in it, induring Hymmes
With Poetry diuine the God of Syon;
Thou sonne in law to King, and Prince appointed:
Yet, when that King by wrong did seeke thy harme,
Didst helpe him with thy Harpe, and sacred charmes
And taught, so not to touch the Lords Annointed.
Thou, that great Prince, with so rare gifts replenished
Could'st not eschue blind Buzzard Cupids hookes,
Lapt in the bayte of Bersabes sweet lookes:
With which one fault, thy faultles life was blemished.
Yet hence we learne a document most ample,
Our flesh then strongest is, when weak'st our faith;
And that the sinne forgiuen, the penance stayeth:
Of Grace and Iustice both a sweet example.
Let no man then himselfe in sinne imbolden
By thee, but thy sharpe penance, bitter teares,
May strike into our hearts such godly feares,
As we may be thereby from sinne with-holden.
Sith we, for ours, no iust excuse can bring,
Thou hadst one great excuse, thou wert a King.

93 Of Monsters. To my Lady Rogers.

STrange-headed Monsters, Painters haue described,
To which the Poets, strange parts haue ascribed,

S. Iohn Haringtons Epigrams.

As *Ianus* first two faces had assign'd him,
Of which, one look'd before, t'other behind him:
So men, may it be found in many places,
That underneath one hood can beare two faces.
Three-headed *Cerberus*, Porter of Hell,
Is fain'd with *Pluto* God of wealth to dwell.
So still with greatest States, and men of might,
Dogs dwell, that do both fawn, and bark, and bite.
Like *Hydras* heads, that multiply with wounds,
Is multitude, that mutinie confounds:
On what sev'n-headed beast the Strumpet sits,
That weares the scarfe, fore troubleth many wits,
Whether sev'n sinnes be meant, or els sev'n hills,
It is a question fit for higher skills.

But then of these if you can rightly consider,
A headlesse woman is a greater Monster.

94 Of a pleasant Broker.

A Broker that was hyr'd to sell a Farme,
Whose seat was very sound, fruitfull and warme,
Thinking to grace the sales-man with the tale,
Said thus; Friends, *Marius* sets this land to sale;
But think not this for debt or need to sell;
For as for money he is stor'd so well,
He hath at all times ready in his chest,
And some beside, he hath at interest.
Then were the Chapmen earnestly in hand,
To question of the Title of the land:
Why should one sell, say they, that lets to use?
The Broker driv'n to seek some new excuse,
Did study first, and smiling thus repli'd,
His worships beasts, and sheep, and Hinds there di'd;
Since which he never could the place abide,
Now though in this the foolish Broker li'd,
Yet the reproach thereof did so much harme,
That now poore *Marius* cannot sell his Farme.

95 To the Lady Rogers.

TO praise my wife, your daughter (so I gather)
Your men say she resembleth most her father.
And I no lesse, to praise your sonne her brother,
Affirme that he is too much like his mother.
I know not if we judge aright, or erre:
But let him be like you, so I like her.

96 To his wife, in excuse he had called her foote
in his writing.

A Man in show that scorner, in deed envies
Thy fervent love, and seeks the same to coole.
Finds fault, that in a Verse I cal'd thee Foole:
And that it could be kindly tane, denies.
But thou didst kindly take it, then he lies.
Well therefore I wish him a wife most wise,
Nobly descended from great *De la Poole*;
Learned to set her husband still to schoole,
So faire to draw to her all amorous eyes.
Let flattering tongues protest she doth deserve,
That great Commanders her should sue to serve:
Then let him walk, and with *Aheons* luck
Amid the Herd, say, *Welcome, fellow-Bucke.*

Mean while, my *Mal*, think thou it's honourable
To be my Foole, and I to be thy Bable.

97 Of the growth of trees, to Sir H. Port.

AT your rich Orchard, you to me did show,
How swift the Trees were planted there, did grow:
Namely, an Elme, that in no long abode,
Did of a twig, grow up to be a lode.
But you would quite condemne your trees of sloth,
Compar'd with our trees admirable growth.
Our planters have found out such secret skills,
With pipe and barrell-flaves, and iron Mills,
That Okes, for which none ten years since were willing,
To give ten groats, are grown worth thirty shilling.
At which I waxt so wood, I said in rage,
That thirst of gold makes this an iron age.

98 Against promoting Lynus.

THou, *Lynus*, that lov'st still to be promoting,
Because I sport, about King *Henries* marriage:
Think'st this will prove a matter worth the carriage.
But let alone, *Lynus*, it is no booting,
While Princes live, who speaks, or writes and teaches
Against their faults, may pay for speech, and writings;
But being dead, dead men they say leave biting:
Their eyes are seal'd, their armes have little reaches.
Children they are, and fooles that are afraid,
To pull and play with a dead Lyons beard.

99 The story of Marcus life at Primero.

FOND *Marcus* ever at *Primero* playes,
Long winter nights, and as long Summer dayes:
And I heard once, to idle talk attending,
The Story of his times, and coines mis-spending.
As first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heaven,
If in his hand he had but got a sev'n,
His fathers death set him so high on flore,
All rests went up upon a sev'n, and coat.
But while he drawes for these gray coats and gownes,
The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
And he ne're ceast to venter all in prime,
Till of his age, quite was consum'd the prime.
Then he more warily his rest regards,
And sets with certainties upon the Cards,
On six and thirty, or on sev'n and nine,
If any set his rest, and faith, and mine:
But sold with this he either gaires or saves,
For either *Faustus* prime is with three knaves,
Or *Marcus* never can encounter right,
Yet drew two Aces, and for further spight,
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred it avail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountering, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not till he nine and forty is.
And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which fore troubled,
He joynes now all his stock, unto his stake,
That of his fortune he full prooffe may make.
At last both eldest hand and five and fifty,
He thinketh now or never (thrive unthrifty.)

Now

ST. IOHN HARRINGTONS *Epigrams.*

Now for the greatest rest he hath the push:
But *Craffus* stopt a Club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the pack,
Poor *Marcus*, and his rest goes still to wrack.
Now must he seek new spoile to set his rest,
For here his seeds turn weeds, his rest unrest.
His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, to shift he never ceases.
Till at the last two Catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest they beare him to the Counter.
Now *Marcus* may set up all rests securely:
For now he's sure to be encountred surely.

100 *Lesbias rule of praise.*

Lesbia, whom some thought a lovely creature,
Doth sometimes praise some other womans feature:
Yet this I do observe, that none she praises,
Whom worthy fame, by beauties merits praises;
But onely of their seemly parts she tels,
Whom she doth sure believe, her selfe excels,
So *Lynus* praises *Churchyard* in his censure,
Not *Sidney*, *Daniel*, *Constable* nor *Spencer*.

101 *Another of Table-talk.*

Among some Table-talk of little weight,
A friend of mine was ask'd by one great Lady:

What sonnes he had? My wife (saith he) hath eight.
Now she, said she, 'tis an ill use as may be,
I would you men would leave these fond conditions,
T'enure on veruoni wives such wrong suspitions,
Tush, said her Lord, you give a causelesse blame,
The Gentleman hath wisely spoke, and well:
To reckon all his sonnes perhaps were shame,
His wives sonnes therefore he doth onely tell.
Behold, how much it stands a man in steed,
To have a friend answer in time of need.

102 *Of old Haywoods sonnes.*

Old *Haywoods* sons did wax so wild and youthfull
It made their aged father sad and wrathfull.
A friend one day the elder did admonish
With threats, as did his courage halfe astonish,
How that except he would begin to thrive,
His Sire of all his goods would him deprive.
For whom, quoth he? Ev'n for your yonger brother.
Nay then, said he, no feare, if't be none other,
My brother's worse then I, and till he mends,
I know, my father no such wrong intends;
Sith both are bad, to shew so partiall wrath,
To give his yonger unthrift that he hath;

The end of the second Booke.



S. IOHN HARINGTONS EPIGRAMS.

The third Booke.

1 *Young Haywoods answer to my Lord
of Warwicke.*

Ne neare of kin to *Haywood* by his birth,
And no lesse neer in name, & most in mirth,
Was once for his Religion sake committed,
Whose case a noble Peere so lately pittied:
He sent to know what things with him were scant,
And offer'd frankly to supply his want.
Thanks to that Lord, said he, that will me good,
For I want all things saving *Hay* and *wood*.

2 *To the great Ladies of the Court.*

I Have been told, most noble courtly Dames,
That ye commend some of my Epigrams:
But yet I heare againe, which makes me pensive,
Some of them are to some of you offensive.
Those that you like, Ile give, and ask no guerdon,
So that you grant those you mislike, you pardon.
Both are the fruitlesse fruits of idle houres,
These for my pleasure read, and those for yours.

3 *Of a Lady that gives the cheek.*

I S't for a grace, or is't for some dislike,
Where other kisse with lip, you give the cheek?
Some note that for a pride in your behaviour,
But I should rather take it for a favour,
For I to show my kindnesse and my love,
Would leave both lip and cheek, to kisse your Glove.
Now with the cause to make you plaine acquainted,
Your gloves perfum'd, your lip and cheek are painted.

4 *Of Balbus a Poet.*

Balbus of Writers reckoning up a Rable,
Thinks their names are by him made honorable:
And not vouchsafing me to name at all,
He thinks that he hath griev'd me to the gall.
I galled? Simple fool! nor yet gulled,
To think I may thee pray for such a dull head.
Those that are guilty of defect and blame,
Do need such testimonials of their fame.

Learn then untaught, learn then you envious elves,
Books are not prais'd that do not praise themselves.

5 *To Leda.*

IN verse, for want of rime, I know not how,
I cal'd our Bathes the pilgrimage of Saints,
You *Leda* much the praise do disallow,
And think this touch your pure Religion taints.
Good *Leda* be not angry, for God knowes,
Though I did write of Saints, I meant of showes.

6 *To Sextus, an ill Reader.*

That Epigram that last you did rehearse,
Was sharp, and in the making neat and tearse,
But thou dost read so harsh, point so perverse,
It seemed now neither witty nor verse.
For shame point better, and pronounce it clearer,
Or be no Reader, *Sextus*, be a Hearer.

7 *Of Bathes cure upon Marcus.*

The fame of *Bathe* is great, and still endures,
That oft it worketh admirable cures:
The barren by their vertue have conceiv'd,
The weak and sick have health and strength receiv'd:
And many Cripples, that came thither caried,
Go sound from thence, when they a while have tarried.
But yet one cure on *Marcus* lately shown,
My Muse doth think most worthy to be known,
For, while he bathes with Gascoyne wines and Spanish,
Thereby old aches from his limmes to banish,
Hunts after youthfull company, enticing
Them to the sports of bowling, carding, dicing:
His wantonnesse breeds want, his want enforces
Marcus, by one and one sell all his horses.
Lo, how the *Bathe* hath searcht his sicknesse root,
He can, nay more, he must go thence afoot.

8 *Of a Lady that sought remedy at the Bathe.*

A Lady: that none name nor blame none hath,
Came the last yeare with others to the *Bathe*:
Her

St. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

Her person comly was, good was her feature,
In beauty, grace and speech, a lovely creature.
Now as the Lady in the water staid,
A plaine man fell a talking with her maid,
That lean'd upon the raile, and ask'd the reason,
Why that faire Lady us'd the Bathe that season?
Whether 'twere lameness, or defect in hearing,
Or some more inward evill, not appearing?
No, said the Maid to him, believe it well,
That my faire Mistris sound is as a Bell.
But of her comming this is true occasion,
An old Physitian mov'd her by perswasion,
These Bathes have power to strengthen that debility,
That doth in man or woman breed sterility.
Tush, said the man, with plaine and short discourse,
Your Mistris might have tane a better course.
Let her to Oxford, to the Vniversity,
Where young Physitians are, and such diversity
Of toward spirits that in all acts proceed,
Much fitter then the Bathe is for the deed.
No, no, that will not serve, the maid repli'd,
For she that Physick hath already tri'd.

9 To Sir Morris Barkly.

YOur father gave me once a Dormant warrant:
But sending at Saint James tide to the keeper,
My men came back as from a sleevesse Arrant,
And in a boxe I laid my warrant sleeper.
You noble Sir that are his heire apparant
Will give henceforth (I hope) a waking Warrant.

10 Of Faustus the fault-finder.

O f all my verses, *Faustus* still complaines,
I write them carelesly, and why forsooth?
Because (he saith) they go so plaine and smooth,
It shoves that I for them ne're beat my braines.
I, that mens errors never love to sooth,
Said, they that say so, may be thought but noddies,
For sample mark, said I, your Mistris bodies
That sit so square, and smooth down to her raines.
That that fine wast, that wealth and wit doth wast,
Think you her Taylor wrought it up in hast?
No: ask him, and hee'll say he took more paines
Then with old *Ellens* double-welred frock,
That sits like an old felt on a new block,
Who cannot write, ill judge of Writers vaines.
The work of Taylors hands and Writers wits
Was hardest wrought when as it smoothest sits.

11 Of an ill Physitian for the body, that became a worse Chyrurgion for the soule.

A Certaine Mountebank or paltry Leach
Finding his Physick furdred not his thrift,
Thought with himself to find some further drift:
And though the skill were far above his reach,
He needs would prove a Priest, and fals to preach.
But patching Sermons with a sorry shift,
As needs they must, that ere they learn will teach:
At last some foes so nearly do him sift,
And of such words and deeds did him appeach,

As from his Living quite they did him lift,
And of the Patron straight they beg'd the gift:
And so the Mountebank did over-reach.
Who when he found he was pursu'd so swift,
Gave place unto so sharp and fierce a breach:
Shutting up all with this shrewd muttering speech,
Well, though (said he) my Living I have lost,
Yet many a good mans life this losse shall cost.
A stander-by that would be thought officious,
Straight, as an heynous matter of complaint,
Doth with his speech the Iustices acquaint:
Alleaging, as it seem'd, indeed suspicious,
That to the State his meaning was pernicious.
The Leech thus touched with so shrewd a Taunt,
Yet in his look, nor answer did, nor faint,
Protesting, that his mind was not malicious.
But if the course that he must take be vicious,
He flat affirmed it was curst constraint:
For, of my living having lost possession,
I must, said he, turn to my first profession,
In which I know too well, for want of skill,
My Medicines will many a good man kill.

12 Of Sir Philip Sydney.

I f that be true the latter Proverb sayes,
Laudari à laudatis is most praise;
Sydney, thy works in *Fames* books are enold
By Princes pens, that have thy works extold,
Whereby thy name shall dure to endlesse dayes.
But now if rules of contrary should hold,
Then I poore I, were drownd in deep dispraise,
Whose works base writers have so much debas'd,
That *Lynus* dares pronounce them all defac'd.

13 Of impudent Lynus.

N ot any learning, *Lynus*, no, God knowes,
But thy brute boldnesse made some to suppose,
That thou mightst have been bred in *Brazen-nose*.
A murren on thy pate, 'twould do thee grace,
So were thine head so arm'd in every place,
A Steele Scull, Copper Nose, and Brazen Face.

14 Against an unthrifty Lynus.

M any men marvell *Lynus* doth not thrive,
That had more trades then any man alive,
As first, a Broker, then a Petty-fogger,
A Traveller, a Gamester, and a Cogger,
A Coyner, a Promoter, and a Bawd,
A Spie, a Practiser in every fraud:
And missing thrift by these lewd trades and sinister,
He takes the best, yet proves the worst, a Minister.

15 Of Faustus.

I find in *Faustus* such an alteration,
He gives to *Paulus* wondrous commendation,
Is *Paulus* late to him waxt friendly? No.
But sure poore *Faustus* faine would have it so.

16 Of a devout Usurer.

A Merchant hearing that great Preacher, *Smith*,
Preach against Vsurie, that art of biting.

The

St. Iohn Haringtons Epigrams.

The Sermon done, embrac'd the man forthwith,
Vnto his boord most friendly him inviting.
A friend of his, hoping some sweet asperion
Of grace would move him to some restitution:
With'd him, in token of his full conversion,
Release some Debtors, held in Execution.
Fool, said he, think you I will leave my trade?
No, but I think this Preacher learn'd and painfull,
Because the more from it he doth perswade,
'Tis like to prove to me more sweet and gainfull.
Was ever Iew of Malta or of Millain,
Then this most damned Iew, more Iewish villain?

17 Of a reformed brother.

IN studying Scriptures, hearing Sermons oft,
Thy mind is grown so pliable and soft,
That though none can attaine to true perfection,
Thy works come neare the words of their direction.
They counsell oft to fast, and ever pray,
Thou lovest oft to feast and ever play:
Sackcloth and cinders they advise to use,
Sack, Cloves, and Sugar thou wouldst have to chuse:
They wish our works and life should shine like light,
Thy works and all thy life is passing light,
They bid us follow still th' Apostles lore,
Apostatas thou follow'st evermore.
They bid refresh the poore with Almes-deeds,
Thou ravish dost the poore with all misdeeds.
They promis'd joyes eternall never wasting,
You merit noyes infernall everlasting.

18 Of Sheep turned Wolves.

WHEN hearts obdurate make of sin an habit,
High frowning Nemesis was wont to send
Beares, Lions, Wolves, and Serpents, to this end,
To spoile the coasts where so good folk inhabit.
Now since this age, in habit and in act
Excels the sins of every former age,
No marvell Nemesis in her just rage
Doth like or greater punishment exact.
And for this cause a cruell beast is sent,
Not only that deuoures and spoiles the people,
But spares not house, nor village, Church nor Steeple.
And makes poore widowes mourn, Orphants lament,
You muse (perhaps) what beasts they be that keep
Such beastly rule as feld was seen before!
'Tis neither Beare, nor Lion, Bull, nor Bore:
But beasts, then all these beasts more harmfull, sheep.
Lo then the mystery from whence the name
Of Corfold Lyons first to England came.

19 Of Lynus borrowing.

WHEN Lynus meets me, after salutations,
Curt'sies, and complements, and gratulations,
He presseth me, even to the third deniall,
To lend him twenty shillings or a royall,
But of his purpose, of his curt'sie failing,
He goes behind my back cursing and railing.
Fool, thy kind speeches cost thee not a penny,
And more fool I, if they should cost me any.

20 Of one Master Carelesse.

WHERE dwells M. Carelesse? letters have no dwelling.
Where lies he? in his tongue by most mens telling.
Where boords he? there where feasts are found by smell-
Where bites he? all behind, with all men yelling. (ling
Where bides the man? oh sir, I mist your spelling.
Now I will read, yet well I do not wor:
But if that I to him shall point his lot,
In Shot-over at Dogs-head in the pot,
For in that signe his head oft over-shot.

21 Against Momus, in praise of his dog Bungey.

BECAUSE a witty Writer of this time
Doth make some mention in a pleasant rime
Of Lepidus and of his famous dog,
Thou Momus, that dost love to scoffe and cog,
Prat'st amongst base companions, and giv'st out,
That unto me herein is meant a flout.
Hate makes thee blind, Momus, I dare be sworn,
He meant to me his love, to thee his scorn;
Put on thy envious spectacles, and see
Whom doth he scorn therein? the dog or me?
The Dog is grac'd, compared with great Banks,
Both beasts right famous, for their pretty pranks:
Although in this I grant, the Dog was worse,
He only fed my pleasure, not my purse:
Yet that same Dog, I may say this and boast it,
He found my purse with gold when I have lost it.
Now for my self, some fooles (like thee) may judge,
That at the name of Lepidus I grudge,
No sure: so far I think it from disgrace,
I wisht it cleare to me and to my race.
Lepus or Lepos, I in both have part,
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But Momus, I perswade my self that no man
Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman.
He wage a But of Sack, the best in Bristo,
Who calls me Lepid, I will call him Trifto.

22 Of Fauſtus.

NOW Fauſtus saith, long Epigrams are dull,
Lowt, Larks are lothsome when ones panch is full:
Yet whom the short doth please, the long not weary,
I wish them never weary, ever merry.

23 Of Summum bonum.

WHILE I of summum bonum was disputing,
Propounding some positions, some confuting;
Old Sextus sayes that we were all deluded,
And that not one of us aright concluded.
Knowledge (saith he) is only true felicity,
Straight waies a stranger askt me in simplicity,
Is Sextus learn'd? No, quoth I, by this light.
Then without light, how judgeth he so right?
He doth but aime, as poore men value wealth,
The feeble value strength, the sick man health.

S. IOHN HARRINGTON'S Epigrams.

24 To Mall, to comfort her for the losse of her children.

When at the window thou thy doves art feeding,
Then think I shortly my Dove will be breeding.
Like will love like, and so my liking like thee,
And I to Doves in many things can like thee.
Both of you love your lodgings dry and warm,
Both of you do your neighbours little harm:
Both love to feed upon the firmest graine,
Both for your livings take but little pain,
Both murmur kindly, both are often billing,
Yet both to Venus sports will seem unwilling:
Both do delight to look your selves in glasses,
You both love your own houses as it passes:
Both fruitfull are, but yet the Dove is wiser,
For though she have no friend that can advise her,
She patiently can take her young ones losse,
Thou too impatiently dost beare such crosse.

25 Of the excuse of Symony.

Clerus (I heare) doth some excuse alledge
Of his, and other fellowes sacriledge:
As namely, that to some, against their wils,
That men are bound to take the lesse of ils,
That they had rather, no man need to doubt,
Take livings whole, then such as his without:
And therefore we must lay this hainous crime
Not unto them forsooth, but to the time.
Alas! A fault confest were half amended,
But sin is doubled that is thus defended.
I know a right wise man sings and believes,
Where no Receivers are, there be no Thieves.

26 In commendation of Master Lewknors sixt description
of Venice. Dedicated to Lady Warwick. 1595.

LO, here's describ'd, though but in little room,
Fairst Venice, like a spouse in Neptunes armes;
For freedome, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counsell much, and much for Armes:
Whose stories erst written with Tuscan quill,
Lay to our English wits, as half conceal'd,
Till Lewknors learned travaile and his skill
In well-grac'd stile and phrase hath it reveal'd.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame,
England, be kind, enrich'd with such a Book,
Both give due honour to that noble Dame,
For whom this task the writer undertook.

27 Of one that gave a Benefice.

ASquire of good account affirm'd he went,
A learned man a living to present,
But yet this Squire in this did break no square,
He purposed thereof to keep a share;
He set two sons to school, to make them Clarks,
He doth reserve each yeare an hundred marks.
Ah, said the Priest, this card is too too cooling,
I set your sons? nay, they set me to schooling.

28 Of Faustus fishing.

With silver hook Faustus for flesh was fishing,
But that game biting not unto his wishing,
He said, he did (being thus shrewdly matcht),
Fish for a Roach, but had a Gudgeon catcht.
Faustus, it seems thy luck therein was great,
For sure the Gudgeon is the better meat.
Now bait againe, that game is set so sharp,
That to that Gudgeon thou maist catch a Carp.

29 To his friend. Of his Booke of Ajax.

You muse to find in me such alteration,
That I that maidenly to write was wont,
Would now set to a Book so desperate front,
As I might scant defend by incitation.
My Muse that time did need a strong Purgation,
Late having tane some bruise by lewd reports,
And when the Physick wrought, you know the fashion
Whereto a man in such a case resorts:
And so my Muse with good decorum spent
On that base tided Book, her excrement.

30 Of a Seller of Time.

When of your Lordship I a Lease renew'd,
You promis'd me before we did conclude,
To give me time, namely twice twelve months day,
For such a Fine as I agreed to pay.
I bade a hundred pound, 'twas worth no more,
Your Lordship set it higher by a score.
Now, since I have by computation found,
That two yeares day cost me this twenty pound:
Sir, pardon me, to be thus plainly told it,
Your Lordship gave not two yeares day, you sold it.

31 Of the Earle of Essex.

Great Essex now of late incurred hath
His Mistres indignation and her wrath;
And that in him she chiefly disallow'd,
She sent him North, he bent him to the South:
Then what shall Essex do? Let him henceforth
Bend all his wits, his power and courage North.

32 Of himselfe.

Because in this my selfe-contenting vaine,
To write so many Toyes I borrow leasure,
Friends sorrow, fearing I take too much paine,
Foes envy, swearing I take too much pleasure,
I smile at both, and wish to ease their griefs,
That each with other would but change reliefs.

33 To Doctor Sherwood of Bathe.

Because among some other idle glances
I, of the Bathe say sometimes, as it chanceth,
That this an holy place is in this age,
To which faire Ladies come in pilgrimage.
You feare such wanton gleeks, and ill reports

May

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS *Epigrams.*

May stop great States that thither would resort.
No neuer feare it, pray but for faire weather:
Such speech as this, will bring them faster thither.

31 *Of Marcus courtesie.*

WHen I some little purchase haue in hand,
Straight *Marcus* offers me his band,
I tell him, and he takes it in great snuffe,
His is a falling Band, I weare a Ruffe.
But if you maruaile I his helpe refuse,
I meane herein some meaner man to vse:
The cause is this, I meane, within a weeke,
That he of me like courtesie will seeke.

32 *Of one that had a blacke head, and a gray Beard.*

Though many search, yet few the cause can finde,
Why thy beard gray, thy head continues black:
Some thinke thy Beard more subiect to the wind,
Some think that thou dost vse that new found knack,
Excusable to such as hayre do lack:
A quaint Gregorian to thy head to binde.
Some thinke that with a combe of drossie Lead,
Thy silver locks do turne to colour darke:
Some thinke it is the nature of thy head:
But we thinke most of these haue mist the marke.
For this thinke we, that thinke we thinke aright,
Thy beard and yeares are graue, thy head is light.

33 *Against an old Letcher.*

Since thy third carriage of the French infection,
Priapus hath in thee found no erection:
Yet eart thou Ringoes, and potato Rootes,
And Gaucare, but in litle bootes.
Besides at thy beds-heads, a bottle lately found,
Of liquor that a quart cost twenty pound.
For shame, if not more grace, yet shew more wit,
Surcease, now sinne leaues thee, to follow it.
Some smile. I sigh, to see thy madnesse such,
That that which stands not stands thee in so much.

34 *To his Wiues Mother, reproving her unconstancie.*

Last yeere while I at your house hapt to tarry,
Of all your goods, you tooke an Inuentory:
Your Tapestry, your linnen, bedding, plate,
Your sheepe, your horse, your cattle, you did rate:
And yet one moueable you did forget,
More moueable then this, therein to set,
Your wauering mind, I meane, which is so moueable,
That you for it, haue euer beene reprocable.

35 *Of a Cuckold that had a chaste Wife.*

When those Triumvirs set that three mans song,
Which stablished in Rome that hellish Trinity
That all the towne, and all the world did wrong,
Killing their friends, and kinne of their affinity
By tripartite Indenture, parting Rome,
As if the world for them had wanted roome.
Ploryna, wife of one of that same hundred,

Whom *Anthony* prescrib'd to lose their life,
For beauty much, for loue to be more wondred,
Su'd for her Spouse, and told she was his wife.
The Tyrant pleasant to see so faire a suter,
Doth kisse her, and imbrace her, and salute her.
Then makes, nay mockes, a loue too kinde, too cruell:
She must to saue her husband from proscription,
Grant him one night, her husbands chieftest Jewell.
And what he meant, he shew'd by lewd description:
Vowing, except he might his pleasure haue,
No meanes would serue, her husbands life to saue.
Oh motion! louing thoghts, no thoghts, but thornes.
Either he dies, whom she esteemes most dearly:
Or she her selfe subiect to thousand scornes.
Both feares do touch a Noble Matron neerely.
Loe, yet an act, performed by this woman,
Worthy a woman, worthy more a Romane:
To show, more then her selfe, she lou'd her Spouse,
She yeelds her body to this execution.
Come Tyrant, come, performe thy damned vowes,
Her single heart hath doubled thy pollution.
Thou pollute her? No, foole, thou art beguiled:
She in thy filthy lap lies vndefiled.
Honour of Matrons, of all wiues a miror;
I'le sweare with thee, thy husband weares no horne,
Or if this act, conuince mine oath of error,
Twas a most precious one, an Vnicorne.
If ought I know by learning or by reading,
This act *Lucretia's* deed is faire exceeding.

36 *Of the Lady that lookt well to her border.*

A Lady of great Birth, great reputation
Cloathed in seemly & most sumptuous fashion:
Wearing a border of rich Pearle and Stone,
Esteemed at a thousand crownes alone,
To see a certaine Interlude, repaires,
Through a great preasse, vp a darke paire of staires.
Her Page did beare a Torch that burnt but dimly.
Two cozzing mates, seeing her deckt so trimly,
Did place themselues vpon the stayres to watch her,
And thus they laid their plot to cunny-catch her:
One should as'twere by chance strike out the light:
While th'other that should stand beneath her, might
Attempt (which modestie to suffer lothes)
Rudely to thrust his hands vnder her cloathes,
That while her hands repel'd such grosse disorders,
His mate might quickly slip away the borders.
Now though this act to her was most displeasent,
Yet being wise (as womens wits are present:)
Straight on her borders both her hands she cast,
And with all her force she held them fast.
Villaines, she cryde, you would my borders haue;
But I'le saue them, & other it selfe can saue:
Thus, while the Page had got more store of light,
The cozzing mates, for feare slipt out of sight.
Thus, her good wit, their cunning ouer-matcht,
Were not these conycatchers conycatcht?

37 *The Hermaphrodite.*

When first my mother bore me in her wombe,
She went to make inquirie of the gods,

S. IOHN HARINGTONS Epigrams.

First of my birth, and after of my tombe.
 All answer'd true, yet all their words had ods.
Phebus affirm'd, a Male childe should be borne;
Mars said it would be Female, *Iuno* neither:
 But I came forth, alas, to natures scorne,
Hermaphrodite, as much as both together.
 Then for my death, *Iuno* foretold the sword:
Phebus assign'd me drowning for my fate,
Mars threatned hanging, each perform'd their word,
 As note how well pron'd true in severall rate,
 A Tree fast by a brooke I needs would clime,
 My sword slipt out, and while no heed I tooke,
 My side fell on the point, and at that same time,
 My foote in boughs, my head hang'd in the brooke:
 That I thus borne a Male, a Female, neither,
 Dyde, drown'd, & hang'd, and wounded al together.

38 *Of a sickness grew with a Tobacco pipe.*

VNto a gentle Gentlewomans chamber,
 Her Pedler came, her husband being thence,
 To sell fine linnen, Lawnes, and Muske and Amber.
 She franke of fauours, sparing of expence,
 So barguin'd with him ere he parted thence,
 That for ten Ells of Holland, fine of Lawne,
 To grant dishonest pleasures, she was drawne.
 Next day the man repenting of his cost,
 Did studie meanes, to get him resolution:
 Or to be paid for that he there had lost,
 And thus he puts his thoughts in execution:
 He turns to her with settled resolution,
 And in her husbands presence vnawares,
 He asketh fifty shillings for his wares.
 Her husband ignorant what cause had bred it,
 Why wife, said he, haue you so spent your store,
 You must with petty chapmen runne on credit?
 Now for my Honours sake, doe so no more.
 No Sir (quoth she) I meant it to restore.

I tooke it of him onely for a tryall,
 And finde it too high prised by a Royall.
 Thus neuer changing countenance, she doth rise,
 Withoutward silence, inward anger choking.
 And going to her closet, she espies
 Tobacco in a pipe, yet newly smoking.
 She takes the pype, her malice her prouoking,
 And laps it in his linnen, comming backe,
 And so the Pedler put it in his packe,
 And packes away, and ioyes that with this wyle,
 He had regain'd the stuffe, yet gayn'd his pleasure.
 But hauing walked scarcely halfe a mile,
 His packe did smoke, and smell so out of measure,
 That opening it vnto his great displeasure,
 He found by that Tobacco pype too late,
 The fiery force of feeble female hate.
 And seeking then some remedy by Lawes,
 Vnto a neighbour Iustice he complains:
 But when the Iustice vnderstood the cause,
 In her examination taking paines,
 And found'twas but a fetch of womens braines:
 The cause dismiss, he bids the man beware,
 To deale with women that could burne his ware.

39 *A good answer of a Gentlewoman to a Lawyer.*

A Vertuous Dame, that saw a Lawyer come
 Abroad, repton'd his stay so long from home;
 And said to him, that in his absence thence,
 His wife might want her due beneuolence.
 But he straight quit himselfe of such disgrace,
 Answer'd it thus, with putting off a case,
 One owes a hundred pounds, now tell mee whether
 Is best? To haue his paiement all together:
 Or take it by a shilling, and a shilling,
 Whereby the bagge should be the longer filling?
 Sure, said the Dame, I grant 'twere little losse,
 If one receiu'd such payments all in grosse.
 Yet in your absence this may breed your sorow,
 To heare your wife for want might twelue pence
 (borrow.

40 *Of one that tooke thought for his wife.*

NO sooner *Cynnas* wife was dead and buried,
 But that with mourning much and sorowes wearied
 A Maid, a seruant of his wiues, he wedded,
 And after he had boarded her, and bedded,
 And in her Mistresse roome had fully plapt her,
 His wiues old seruant waxed his new Master.

41 *Sir Iohn Raynsfords choice of a man.*

Rainsford, whose acts were many times outragious
 Had speciall care to haue his men couragious:
 A certaine friend of his one day began,
 Vnto his seruice to commend a man,
 One well appron'd, he said, in many iarres,
 Whereof in head, armes, hands, remain'd the skarres.
 The Knight the man, his marks and manners view'd,
 And flat refusing him, did thus conclude:
 This is no man for me, but I suppose,
 He is a tall fellow that gaue him all these blowes.

42 *Of Linaus and his Mistress.*

Chaste *Linaus*, but as valiant as a Gander,
 Came to me yee, in friendly sort as may be:
 Lamenting that I rais'd on him a slander,
 Namely, that he should keepe a gallant Lady.
 Beg me (said I) if I proue such a babie,
 To let my tongue, so false and idly wander.
 Who sayes that you keepe her, lies in his throate,
 But she keepes you, that all the world may note.

43 *In praise of a Lady and her Musicke.*

VPon an instrument of pleasing sound
 A Lady playd More pleasing to the sight.
 I being askt in which of these I found
 Greatest content, my senses to delight?
 Ransht in both at once, as much as may be,
 Said, Sweet was Musicke, sweeter was the Lady.

44 *Of Riding-rimes.*

Falte *Leda* reads our Poetry sometimes,
 But saith she cannot like our Ryding-rimes,
 Affirming

St. JOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

Affirming that the Cadens falleth sweeter,
When as the Verse is plac'd between the Meeter.
Well, *Leda*, leave henceforth this quarrell-picking,
And sit that one between is to your liking,
You shall have one between; yet some suppose,
Leda hath lov'd both Riding-rime, and Prose.

45 *Of devout Parents and Children.*

A Husband and a wife oft disagreeing,
And either weary of the other, being
In choler great, either devoutly prays
To God, that he will shorten th'others daies:
But more devout then both, their son and heire
Praies God that he will grant them both their pray'r.

46 *In commendation of two valiant Scottish Knights, that
defended their King from the Earle Gowry: Sir
Thomas Erskin, Sir Iohn Ramsay.*

THE Persian Monarch, who by faithfull spiall
Was safe preserv'd from slaves intended slaughter,
By him whole Cousin and adopted daughter
Unwares he did endow with scepter royall;
When reading in his bed a good while after,
He found in true records that service loyall,
Then with most gratefull mind to make requitall,
And to increase *Mordoches* great renown,
Vpon his head (such was their use that season)
He caused to be set his royall Crown.
But greater should be your reward in reason;
He but reveal'd, but you reveng'd a Treason.

47 *In praise of the Countesse of Derby, married to
the Lord Chancellour.*

THIS noble Countesse lived many yeeres
With Derby, one of Englands greatest Peeres;
Fruitfull and faire, and of so cleare a name,
That all this Region marvel'd at her fame.
But this brave Peere, extinct by hastned Fate,
She staid (ah too too long) in widowes state:
And in that state took so sweet State upon her,
All eares, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, and told her honour:
Yet finding this a saying full of verity,
'Tis hard to have a Patent of prosperity,
She found her wisest way and safe to deal,
Was to consort with him that kept the Seal.

48 *Of Cosmus, that will keep a good house hereafter.*

OLD *Cosmus* to his friends thus out doth give,
After a while, he like a Lord will live.
After a while, hee'l end all troublous suits,
After a while, retaine some men of quality,
After a while of riches reap the fruits:
After a while, keep house in some formality.

After a while, finish his beauteous building,
After a while leave off his busie buying:
Yet all the while he lives but like a hilding,
His head growes gray with fresh vexations:oyling.
Well *Cosmus*, I believe your heire doth smile,
To think what you will do after a while:
For sure the Proverb is more true then civill,
Blest is the son whose Sire goes to the Divell.

49 *Of neat Galla.*

THE pride of *Galla* now is grown so great,
She seeks to be surnam'd *Galla* the neat,
But who her merits shall and manners scan,
May think the term is due to her good man.
Ask you, which way? Me thinks your wits are dull:
My Shoemaker resolve you can at full,
Neats Leather is both Oxe-hide, Cow, and Bull.

50 *Of reverting an error.*

I Did you wrong, at least you did suppose,
For taxing certaine faults of yours in prose:
But now I have the same in rime reherst,
My error, nay your error is reverst.

51 *Of good sawce.*

I Went to suppe with *Cinna* tother night,
And to say true (for give the Divell his right)
Though scant of meat we could a morsell get,
Yet there with store of passing sawce we met.
You ask what sawce, where pittance was so small?
This, Is not hunger the best sawce of all?

52 *Of a slander.*

ON *Lesbia Lynus* raised had a slander,
For which when as she thought to take an action,
Yet by request she took this satisfaction,
That being drunk, his tongue did idly wander:
Came this from *Viderit utilitas*?
Or els from this, *In vino veritas*?

53 *Of a Lady early up.*

LESBIA that wonted was to sleep till noon,
This other morning stirring was at five:
What did she mean think you to rise so soon?
I doubt we shall not have her long alive.
Yes, never feare it, there is no such danger,
It seems unto her course you be a stranger:
For why, at dancing, banquetting and play,
And at carowling many a costly cup,
She sate the night before, untill 'twas day,
And by that mean you found her early up.
Oh, was it so? why then the case is cleare,
That she was early up and ne're the neare.

Rr 3

SIR

The end of the third Booke.



S^r. IOHN HARINGTONS EPIGRAMS.

The fourth Booke.

1 To an ill Reader.



He verses, *Sextus*, thou do'st reade, are
mine,
But with bad reading thou wilt make them
thine.

2 In lectorem invidum.

VVHo reads our verse with visage fowre & grim,
I wish him envy me, none envy him.

3 Of Table-friends.

YOU think his faith is firm, his friendship stable;
Whose first acquaintance grew but at your Table:
He loves your venison, snytes, quailles, larks, not you:
Make me such fare, and take my friendship too.

4 The Author to his wife, of partition.

SOME Ladies with their Lords divide their state,
And live so when they list at severall rate,
But Ile endure thee, *Mall*, on no condition,
To sue with me a writ of such partition.
Twice seven yeares since most solemnly I vow'd,
With all my worldly goods I thee endow'd,
Then house, plate, stuffe, not part, but all is thine:
Yet so, that thou, and they, and all are mine.
Then let me go, and sue my writ of dottage,
If I with thee part house, or close, or cottage.
For, where this is my Lords, and that my Ladies,
There some perhaps think likewise of their babies.

5 Of Treason.

TReason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

6 Of the warres in Ireland.

I Prais'd the speech, but cannot now abide it,
That warre is sweet to those that have not try'd it:
For I have prov'd it now, and plainly see't,
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.
At home Canarie wines and Greeke grow lothsome:
Here milk is Nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
There without bak'd, rost, boyl'd, it is no cheere.
Bisket we like, and Benny Clabo here.
There we complaine of one reare rostet chick:
Here meat worse cookt ne're makes us sick.
At home in silken sparvers, beds of Down,
We scant can rest, but still trosse up and down:
Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,
A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow.
There if a child but cry, O what a spite!
Here we can brook three larums in one night.
There homly rooms must be perfum'd with Roses:
Here match and powder ne're offends our noses.
There from a storm of raine we run like Pallets:
Here we stand fast against a showre of bullets.
Lo then how greatly their opinions ere,
That think there is no great delight in warre:
But yet for this (sweet warre) Ile be thy debter,
I shall for ever love my home the better.

7 Of women learned in the tongues.

YOU wisht me to a wife, faire, rich and yong,
That had the Latine, French, and Spanish tongue.
I thank'd, and told you I desir'd none such,
And said, One Language may be tongue too much.
Then love I not the learn'd? yes as my life;
A learned Mistris, not a learned wife.

8 The Author to his Wife, of the twelve Signes, how they governe.

MArke here (my *Mall*) how in this dozen lines,
Thus placed are the twelve celestiaall Signes.

And

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

And first, the *Ram* beares rule in head & face.
The stiffe-neckt *Bull* in neck doth hold his place,
And *Twins*, mine armes and hands do both imbrace.
Then *Cancer* keeps the small ribbes and the brest,
And *Leo*, back and heart hath aye posselt.
Then *Virgo* claimes the entrailes and the panch,
Libra the nauell, reynes, and either hanch.
Scorpio pretends power in the priuy parts,
Both thighs are pierst with *Sagittaries* darts.
Then *Capricorne* to knees his force doth send,
Aquarius doth to legges his vertue lend.
Pisces beneath vnto the feet discend.
Thus each part is posselt; now tell me *Mall*,
Where liesthy part? in which of these? in all.
In all? content. Yet sure thou art more iealous
Of *Leo*'s part and *Scorpio*'s, then their fellowes.

9 Against Swearing.

IN elder times an ancient custome was,
To sweare in weighty matters by the Masse.
But when the Masse went downe (as old men note)
They sware then by the crosse of this same groie,
And when the Crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then by their faith, the common oath was sworne.
Last, hauing sworne away all faith and troth,
Onely God damne them is their common oath.
Thus custome kept *decorum* by gradation, (tion.
That losing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find damna-

10 Of little Pitty.

WHEN noble *Essex*, *Blount*, and *Danvers* died,
One saw them suffer, that had heard them tried:
And sighing said, When such braue souldiers dye,
Is't not great pity, thinke you? No said I:
There is no man of sence in all the citie,
Will say, 'Tis great, but rather little pitie.

11 Of a Booke called the Gentle Craft.

IPast this other day throw *Pauls Church-yard*,
I heard some reade a booke, and reading laught.
The title of the booke was *Gentle Craft*.
But when I markt the matter with regard,
A new-sprung branch that in my mind did graft,
And thus I said, Sirs, scorne not him that writ it:
A gilded blade hath oft a duc gen haft,
And well I see, this *Writer* rouses a shaft
Neere fairest marke, yet happily not hit it,
For neuer was the like booke sold in *Poules*,
If so with *Gentle Craft* it could perswade
Great Princes midst their pompe to learne a trade,
Once in their lues to worke, to mend their soules.

12 Of the games that haue bene in request at the Court.

I Heard one make a pretty obseruation. (on.
How games haue in the Court turn'd with the fashi-
The first game was the best, when free from crime,
The Courty gamesters all were in their prime:
The second game was lost, vntill with posting
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leaue their bosting.

Then thirdly follow'd heauing of the Maw,
A game without Civility or Law,
An odious play, and yet in Court oft scene,
A sawcy knaue to trumpe both King and Queene.
Then follow'd Lodam, hand to hand or quarter,
At which some maids so ill did keep the Quater,
That vnexpected, in a short abode
They could not cleaply beare away their load.
Now Noddy follow'd next, as well it might,
Although it should haue gone before of right.
At which I saw, I name not any body,
One neuer had the knaue, yet laid for Noddy.
The last game now in vse is Bankerupt,
Which will be plaid at still, I stand in doubt,
Vntill *Lauolta* turne the wheele of time,
And make it come about againe to Prime.

13 The Author to Queene Elizabeth, in praise of her reading.

FOR euer deere, for euer dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounst each word, and euery letter,
Your Gracious reading, grac't my verse the better.
Sith then your Highnes doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you reade, the betier in your reading,
Let my poore Muse you: paines thus faire importune,
To leaue to reade my verse, and read my fortune.

14 Of King Henries wooing.

Vnto a stately great Outlandish Dame,
A Messenger from our King Henry came,
(Henry of famous memory, the eight)
To treat with her in matter of great weight;
As namely how the King did seeke her marriage,
Because of her great vertue and good carriage.
She (that had heard the King lou'd change of pasture,
Repl'd, I humbly thanke the King your Master,
And would, (such loue in me his fame hath bred,)
My body venter so, but not my head.

15 Twowitty answers of Bishop Bonner.

Bonner, that late had Bishop bene of London,
Was bid by one, Good morow Bishop quondam:
He with the scosse no whit put out of temper,
Reply'd incontinent, Adieu knaue semper
Another in such kinde of scoffing speeches,
Would beg his tipper, needs, to line his breeches,
Not so (quoth he) but it may be thy hap,
To haue a foolish head to line thy cap.

16 Of Lynus borrowing.

Lynus came late to me, six crownes to borrow,
And sware God damne him, hee'd repai't to mor-
I knew his word, as curant as his band, (row.
And straight I gaue to him three crownes in hand,
This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gain'd, and I sau'd fifteene shilling.

ST. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

17 A good answer of the Poet Dant to an Atheist

THE pleasant learn'd Italian Poet Dant,
Hearing an Atheist at the Scriptures lest
Ask him in iest, which was the greatest beast?
He simply said, he thought an Elephant,
Then Elephant (quoth Dant) it were commodious
That thou wouldest hold thy peace, or get thee hence,
Breeding our Conscience scandall and offence
With thy prophaned speech, most vile and odious.
Oh Italy, thou breedst but few such Dants,
I would our England bred no Elephants.

18 Of Quintus almes.

WHEN Quintus walketh out into the streete,
As soone as with some beggar he doth meete,
Ere that poore soule to aske his almes hath leasure,
He first doth chafe and sweare beyond all measure,
And for the Beadle all about he sends,
To beare him: o Bridewell, so he pretends.
The beggar quickly out of sight doth goe,
Full glad in heart he hath escaped so.
Then Quintus laughes, & thinks it is lesse charges,
To sweare an oath or two, then giue a larges.

19 Of Marcus his drunken feasting.

WHEN Marcus makes (as oft he doth) a feast,
The Wine still costs him more then all the rest.
Were water in this towne as deare as hay,
His horses should not long at liuery stay.
But tell me, is't not a most foolish trick,
To drinke to others healths till thou be sick?
Yet such the fashion is of Bacchus crue,
To quaffe and bowze, vntill they belch and spue.
Well, leaue it, Marcus, else thy drinking health,
Will proue an ealing to thy wit and wealth.

20 A good iest of a Crow.

A Baron and a Knight, one day walking
On Richmond green, & as they were in talking,
A Crow, that lighted on the raile by Fortune,
Stood beeking, and cry'd *haw* with noise importune.
This bird, the Baron said, doth you salute,
Sir Knight, as if to you he had some sute.
Not vnto me, the Knight reply'd in pleasure,
Tis to some Lord he makes so low obeysance.

21 Of kissing the foote.

A Courtier, kinde in speech, curst in condition
Finding his fault could be no longer hidden,
Went to his friend to cleare his hard suspicion,
And fearing least he might be more then chidden,
Fell to a flattering and most base submission,
Vowing to kisse his foote, if he were bidden.
Meane while? (said he) that were too too submisse,
But three foote higher you deserue to kisse.

22 Of a sauy Cater.

A Cater had of late some wilde-fowle bought,
And when vnto his Master them he brought,

Forthwith the Master smelling nigh the rump,
Said, out thou knaue, these fauour of the pump.
The man (that was a rude and sawcy Lout)
What Sir, said he, smell you them thereabout?
Smell your faire Lady there, and by your fauour,
Your fortune may meete with a fullsome fauour.

23 Of a certaine Man.

THERE was (not certaine when) a certaine preacher,
That neuer learn'd, and yet became a Teacher,
Who hauing read in Latine thus a Text
O erat quidam homo, much perplext,
He seem'd the same with studie great to scan,
In English thus, *There was a certaine man*.
But now (quoth he) good people, note you this,
He saith there was, he doth not say there is:
For in these daies of ours, it is most certaine,
Of promise, oath, word, deed, no man is certaine,
Yet by my Text you see it comes to passe,
That surely once a certaine man there was.
But yet I think, in all your Bible no man
Can finde this Text, *there was a certaine woman*.

24 Of Lesbia.

OLD widdow Lesbia, after husbands fine,
Yet seeleth Cupids flames in her reuiue,
And now she takes a gallant youth and trim.
Alas for her, nay, nay, alas for him.

25 The borne Cinque-apace.

WHO wishes, hopes, and thinks, his wife is true,
To him one horne, or vnicorne is due.
Who sees his wife play false, and will not spy it,
He hath two hornes, and yet he may deny it.
The man that can endure when all men scorne,
And pardon open faults, hath treble horne,
Who brings fine Courtiers oft to see his Bride,
He hath one paire of hornes on either side.
But he that sweares he did so happy wine
He can be none of these, let him haue fine.

26 Of cursing Cuckolds.

A Lord that talked late in way of scorne,
Of some that were invisibly the horne,
Said he could wish, and did (as for his part)
All Cuckolds in the Thames with all his heart.
But straight a pleasant Knight reply'd to him,
I hope your Lordship learned hath to swimme.

27 Of the pillars of the Church.

IN old time, they were the Churches pillars,
That did excell in learning and in piety,
And were to youths examples of sobriety:
Of Christs faire field the true and painfull tillers.
But where are now the men of that society?
Are all those Tillers dead? those Pillars broken?
No, God forbid such blasphemy be spoken.
I say, to stop the mouthes of all ill-willers, (Pillars
Godsfield hath Harrowers still, his church hath

ST. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

28 Of Exchange.

Old Caius sold a wench, to buy a barke,
Yong Titus gaue the ship to haue the slut.
Who makes the better mart, now let vs marke,
Th'one loues to roue, the t'other goes to rut.

29 Of Lesbias kissing craft.

Lesbia with study found a meanes in th'end,
In presence of her Lord to kisse her friend.
Each of them kist by turnes a little Whelp;
Transporting kisses thus by puppies helpe
And so her good old Lord she did beguile:
Was not my Lord a puppy all the while?

30 Of sixe sorts of Feasters.

Abstract.

Eger.

Egens.

Chordus.

Gula.

Simia.

Virtus.

Sixe sort of folkes I finde vse fasting daies,
But of these sixe, the sixt I onely praise:
The sicke man fasts, because he cannot eate.
The poore doth fast, because he hath no meate.
The miser fasts, with minde to mend his store:
The glutton, with intent to eate the more.
The hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy,
The vertuous, to preuent or punish folly.
Now he that eateth fast, and drinks as fast,
May match these fasters, any but the last.

31 Of Cinna.

Pvre Cinna gets his wife a Maiden Cooke
With red cheeks, yellow locks, & cheerfull look,
What might he meane hereby? I hold my life,
She dresseth flesh for him, not for his wife.

32 Of Claudia.

Claudia, to saue a noble Romans blood,
Was offered by some friends, that wisht his good,
A iewel of inestimable price;
But she would not be won by this deuice:
For she did take his head, and leaue the lewell,
Was Claudia now more courteous, or cruell?

33 A Rule to Play.

Lay down your stake at play, lay downe your pas-
A greedy gamster still hath some mis-hap. (sion:
To chafe at play, proceeds of foolish fashion,
No man throwes still the dice in fortunes lap.

34 Of a drunken Tobacconist.

VVhen Marcus hath carrowst March Beare & Sack
And that his braines grow dizzy therewithall,
Then of Tobacco he a pype doth lacke,
Of Trinidade in cane, in leafe, or ball,
Which tane a little, he doth spit and smacke,
Then laies him on his bed for feare to fall,
And poore Tobacco beares the name of all,
But that same pipe which Marcus braine did lade,
Was of Medera, not of Trinidade.

35 Tristis es & felix, sciat hoc fortuna Caueto. To a Lady.

FRoward yet fortunate? if fortune knew it,
Belecue me, Madam, she would make you rue it.

36 A Salisbury tale.

FAire Sarum's Church, beside the stately tower,
Hath many things in number aptly sorted,
Answering the yere, the moneth, week, day and houre,
But aboue all (as I haue heard reported,
And to the view doth probably appeare)
A piller for each houre in all the yere.
Further, this Church of Sarum hath beene found,
To keepe in singing seruice so good forme,
That most Cathedrall Churches haue beene bound,
Themselves ad vsum Sarum to conforme.
I am no Cabalist to iudge by number,
Yet that this Church is so with pillers fill'd,
It seemes to me to be the lesser wonder,
That Sarums Church is euery houre pill'd.
And sith the rest are bound to Sarums vse,
What maruell if they tast of like abuse?

37 Of a faire shrew.

FAire, rich, and yong? how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foule infection?
I meane, so proud a heart, so curst a tongue,
As makes her seeme, nor faire, nor rich, nor yong.

38 Of Gods part.

One that had farm'd a fat Impropration,
V'd to his neighbour often exhortation,
To pay to him the tithes and profits duly,
Affirming (as he might affirme most truly)
How that the tithes are God Almightyes part,
And therefore they should pay: with all their heart.
But straight replied one amongst the rest,
(One that had crost him oft, but neuer blest.)
It is Gods part indeed, whose goodnes gaue it,
But yet oft times we see the Diuell haue it.

39 Of Lalus symoniackall horse-coursing.

Pv Lalus gat a benefice of late,
Without offence of people, Church, or state;
Yea but aske eccho how he did come by it,
Come buy it? No, with oathes he will deny it.
He nothing gaue direct, or indirectly,
Fie, Lalus, now you tell vs a direct lye:
Did not your Patron for a hundred pound,
Sell you a horse was neither yong nor sound,
No Turke, no Courser, Barbary, nor Iennit?
Simony? No, but I see money in it.
Well, if it were but so, the case is cleere;
The Benefice was cheape, the horse was deare.

40 An addition to the same Epigram.

Peter for Westminster, and Paul for London,
Lament, for both your Churches will be vndone,

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

If Smithfield finde a fetch forth of a stable,
Lawes to delude, and Lords of Councell table.

The same in Latine by the Author.

Nec populo in senso, nec ruptis legibus ullis,
Neculus noster habet pingue sacerdotium,
Unde sed hoc venit, venit tibi personae echo,
Echo, mi fides, dicto an emit, emit.
Ilia ducentem, fructumque, senilibus annis
Illi patronus vendit aquarum equum.
Aurea pro vetulo, dat bis centena caballo,
Cui nec Turca pater, nec patria Italia est:
Ergo sacerdotium Regina pecunia donat,
Magno equitat precio, praeclat exiguu.

Additio.

I am vos templorum properam sperare ruinam,
Et tu Petre tui, tu quoque, Paule, tui.
Sordida ab rili si nata astitit campo,
Legibus & sanctis patribus imposuit.

42 Of Cinna.

Five yeares hath Cinna studied Genesis,
And knowes not what in Principio is,
And grien'd that he is grauel'd thus, he skips
O're all the Bible, to th' Apocalips.

43 Of baggage and baggage.

A Man appointed, vpon losse of life,
With bag and baggage at a time ass'n'd,
To part a towne, his foule vnweildy wife,
Desired him that she might stay behind.
Nay, quoth the man, I'le neuer be so kinde,
As venture life, for such an vgly hag
That looks both like a baggage and a bag.

43 Of a womans kindnesse to her husband.

Oner that had lined long by lewdest shifts,
Brought to the Court, that Corne from cockle
Starchamber, that of Iustice is the mirror, (sifts)
Was senen't there and for the greater terrour,
Adiudged, first to lye a yeere in fetters,
Then burned in his forehead with two letters,
And to disparage him with more disgrace,
To slit his nose, the figure of his face.
The prisoners wife with no dishonest minde,
To shew herselfe vnto her husband kind,
Su'd humbly to the Lords, and would not cease,
Some part of this sharpe rigour to release.
He was a man (she said) hath seru'd in warre,
What mercy would a Souldiers face so marre?
Thus much said she: but grauely they replied,
It was great mercy that he was thus tried:
His crimes deserue he should haue lost his life,
And hang in chaine. Alas, repl'd his wife,
If you disgrace him thus, you quite vndoe him,
Good my Lords hang him, pray be good vnto him.

44 Of Don Pedro.

Don Pedro neuer dines without red Deere;
If red Deere be his guests, grasse is his cheere;
I, but I meane, he hath it in his dish,
And so haue I oft when I doe not wish.

45 The Author to his wife.

Mall, once in pleasant company by chance,
I wish't that you for company would dance,
Which you refus'd and said, your yeares require,
Now, Matron-like, both manners and attire.
Well Mall, if needs thou wilt be Matron-like,
Then trust to this, I will a Matron like:
Yet so to you my loue may neuer lessen,
As you for Church, house, bed, obserue this lesson.
Sit in the church as solemne as a Saint,
No deed, word, thought, your due devotion taint.
Vaile (if you will) your head, your soule reueale
To him that onely wounded soules can heale,
Be in my house as busie as a Bee,
Hauing a sting for euery one but mee,
Buzzing in euery corner, gathering hony.
Let nothing wast, that costs or yeeldeth mony.
And when thou seest my heart to mirth incline,
The tongue, wit, bloud, warme with good cheere and
Then of sweet sports let no occasion scape, (wine,
But be as wanton, toying as an Ape.

46 Of Lelia.

Vhen louely Lelia was a tender girl,
Shee hapt to be deflowred by an earle,
Alas poore wench, she was to be excused,
Such kindnesse oft is offred, seld refused.
But be not proud; for she that is no Countesse,
And yet lies with a Count, must make account this:
All Countesses in honour her surmount,
They haue, she had, an honourable Count.

47 Of a drunken Smith.

I Heard that Smug the Smith, for ale and spice
Sold all his tooles, and yet he kept his vice.

48 Of Sooth-saying.

Might Kings shun future mischief by foretelling,
Then amongst Soothsayers were excellent dwell.
But if there be no meanes such harmes repelling, (lings)
The knowledg makes the sorrow more excelling.
But this, deare Soueraigne, me comfort doth,
That of these Sooth-sayers, very few say sooth.

49 A good request of a Lawyer.

A Pleasant Lawyer standing at the barre,
The Causes done, and day not passed farre,
A Iudge to whom he had profest deuotion,
Askt him in grace, if he would haue a motion:
Yes Sir quoth he, but short, and yet not small,

That

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams.

That whereas now of Serjeants is a call,
I wish (as most of my profession do)
That there might be a call of Clyents too:
For sure it brings us Lawyers mickle cumber,
Because of them we find so small a number.

50 Of friendship.

New friends are no friends, how can that be true?
The oldest friends that are, were sometimes new.

51 Of Caius increase in his absence.

While Caius doth remaine beyond the Seas,
And followes there some great important suit,
His Lands beare neither Oats, nor Beans, nor Pease,
But yet his wife beares faire and full-grown fruit.
What is the cause that brings his lands sterility,
And his wives fruitfulness and great fertility?
His Lands want occupiers to manure them,
But she hath store, and knowes how to procure them.

52 Of a toothlesse Shrew.

Old Ellen had foure teeth, as I remember,
She cougth out two of them the last December;
But this shrewd cough in her raignd so unruly,
She cougth out t'other two before 'twas Iuly.
Now she may cough her heart out, for in sooth,
The said shrewd cough hath left her ne're a tooth.
But her curst tongue, wanting this common curb,
Doth more then erst the house hold all disturb.

53 To Doctor Sharpe.

Late I took leave of two right noble dames,
And hasted to my wife as I protested:
You willd me stay a while, and thus you jested:
You Sir, may please your Wife with Epigrams.
Well said, 'twas Doctor-like, and sharply spoken;
No friendship breaks, where jests so smooth are broken.
But now you have new orders tane of late,
Those orders which (as you expound Saint Paul)
Are equall honourable unto all,
I mean of marriage the holy state,
I hope, in Lent, when flesh growes out of date,
You will, in stead of t'other recreation,
Be glad to please your wife with some Collation.

54 Of the Papists feasts, and Brownists fasts.

A Papist dwelling to a Brownist neare,
Their servants met, and vanted of their cheere.
And first, the Papists man did make his boast,
He had each festivall both bak'd and rost,
And where (said he) your zealous sort allow,
On Christmasse day it selfe to go to plow,
We feast, and play, and walk, and talk, and slumber,
Besides, our holy dayes are more in number;
As namely, we do keep with great festivity,
Our Ladies, both assumption and nativity;
S. Pauls conversion, S. Iohns decollation,
S. Laurence broyl'd, S. Smiths moyst translation,

S. Peters chaines, and how with Angels vision
He brake the prison, quite without misprision.
I grant, the tother said, you seem more gainesome,
But for your sport you pay too deare a ransom.
We like your Feasts, your Fastings bried our griefes,
Your Lents, your Ember weeks, and holy Eeves.
But this conjunction I should greatly praise,
The Brownists fasts, with Papists holy dayes.

55 Of Milo the glutton.

Milo with hast to cram his greedy gut,
One of his thumbs unto the bone hath cut:
Then straight it noised was about by some,
That he had lost his stomach with his thumb.
To which one said, No worse hap fall unto him:
But if a poore man find it, 'twill undo him.

56 Of Fortune.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many:
But yet she never gave enough to any.

57 Of devotion and promotion.

I Met a Lawyer at the Court this Lent,
And asking what great cause him thither sent,
He said, that mov'd with Doctor Androes fame,
To heare him preach he only thither came:
But straight, I wish'd him softly in his care,
To find some other scuse, els some will sweare;
Who to the Court come only for devotion,
They in the Church pray only for promotion.

58 Of a painted Lady.

I Saw dame Ladas picture lately drawn,
With haire about her eares, transparent Lawn,
Her Ivory paps, and every other part,
So lim'd unto the life by Painters Art,
That I that had been long with her acquainted,
Did think that both were quick, or both were painted.

59 Of Gallas gallantry.

What is the cause our Galla is so gallant,
Like ship in fairest wind, top and top gallant?
Hath she of late been courted by some Gallant?
No sure: How then? Galla hath quafft a gallon.

60 In Cornutum.

AThais? no, Diana thou didst wed:
For she hath given to thee Atleons head.

61 Of Paulus, a Flatterer.

No man more servile, no man more submisse,
Then to our Sovereigne Lady Paulus is,
He doth extoll her speech, admire her feature,
He calls himself her vassall, and her creature.
Thus while he dawbs his speech with flatteries plaister,
And calls himself her slave, he growes our Master,

Still

S. IOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

Still getting what he list without controll,
By singing this old song, *re mi fa sol.*

62 *Of Lynus, an ill ghest.*

Ask you what profit *Kew* to me doth yeeld?
This, *Lynus*, there I shall see thee but seeld;
For where good ghests may take a cottage gratefull,
There such as thou do make a pallace hatefull.

63 *Against Pius Quintus, that excommunicated Queene Elizabeth.*

Are Kings your Foster-fathers, Queens your nurses,
Oh Roman Church? Then why did *Pius Quintus*
With *Basan* bulls (not like one *pious intus*)
Lay on our sacred Prince unhallow'd curses?
It is not health of soules, but wealth of purses
You seek, by such your hell-denouncing threats,
Oppugning with your chaire our Princes seats,
Disturbing our sweet peace, and that which worse is,
You suck out blood, and bite your Nurses teats.
Learn, learn to ask your milk, for if you snatch it,
The nurse must send y our babes pap with a hatchet,

64 *Of finding a Hare.*

A Gallant full of life, and void of care,
Asked his friend if he would find a Hare?
He that for sleep more then such sports did care,
Said, go your waies, and leave me here alone;
Let them find Hares that lost them, I lost none.

65 *Of Merit and Demerit.*

A Knight and valiant servitor of late
Plain'd to a Lord and Councillor of State,
That Capitaines in these daies were not regarded,
That only Carpet-Knights were well rewarded;
For I (saith he) with all my hurts and maimes,
Get not the recompence my merit claimes.
Good Cousin (saith the Lord) the fault is yours,
Which you impute unto the higher Powers,
For where you should in *Pater noster* pray,
Give unto us our daily bread to day;
Your misdemeanours this petition needs,
Our trespasses forgive us and misdeeds.

66 *Of Faustus, Esquire.*

Faustus for taking of a wrong possession,
Was by a Justice bound unto the Session:
The Cryer the Recognizance doth call,
Faustus Esquire, come forth into the Hall,
Out (saith the Iudge) on all such foolish Cryers,
Divels are Carpenters, where such are Squires.

67 *Of Pelus friendship.*

Vhen *Pelus* is brought up to London streets,
By Proesse first to answer waighty sutes,
Oh then how kind he is to all he meets!
How friendly by their names he them salutes!

Then one shall have a colt of his best race,
Another gets a warrant for a Buck:
Some deeper brib'd, according as their place
May serve his turn, to work or with good luck.
But when his troubles all to end are brought,
By time, or friendly paines on his behalf,
Then straight (as if he set us all at nought)
His kindnesse is not now so much by halfe.
Sith then his suits in Law his friendship doubles,
I for his friendships sake could wish him troubles.

68 *Of inclosing a Common.*

A Lord, that purpos'd for his more availe,
To compasse in a Common with a raile,
Was reckning with his friend about the cost
And charge of every rule, and every post;
But he (that wish'd his greedy humour crost)
Said, Sir, provide you posts, and without failing,
Your neighbours round about will find you railing.

69 *The Author to his wife, of too much stomach.*

Late having been a fishing at the Foord,
And bringing home with me my dish of Trouts,
Your mind that while did cast some causlesse doubts;
For while that meat was set upon the boord,
You sullen silent, fed your self with powts.
I twice sent for you, but you sent me word,
How that you had no stomach to your meat:
Well I fear'd more, your stomach was too great,

70 *A witty choice of a Country-fellow.*

A Rich Lord had a poore Lout to his ghest,
And having sumptuous fare, and costly drest,
Carv'd him a wing of a most dainty Bird;
A firming seriously upon his word,
Those birds were sent him from his loving cosen,
And were well worth full twenty marks a dozen.
He that for such great dainties did not care,
Said, I like well your Lordships courser fare:
For I can eat your Beefe, Pig, Goose and Cony,
But of such fare, give me my share in mony.

71 *To a great Magistrate, in Re and in Spe.*

Those that for Princes goods do take some paines,
(Their goods to whom of right all paines we owe)
Seek some reward for service good to gaine,
Which oft their gracious goodnesse doth bestow:
I for my travell beg not a reward,
I beglesse by a syllable, a Ward.

72 *A comparison of a Booke with Cheese.*

Old *Haywood* writes, and proves in some degrees,
That one may well compare a booke with cheese;
At every market, some buy cheese to feed on,
At every Mart some men buy books to read on.
All sorts eat cheese, but how? there is the question,
The poore for food, the rich for good digestion.
All sorts read books, but why? will you discern?

The

S. JOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

The fool to laugh, the wiser sort to learn.
The sight, tast, scent of cheese to some is hatefull,
The sight, tast, sense of books to some's ungratefull.
No cheese there was, that ever pleas'd all feeders,
No book there is, that ever lik'd all Readers.

73 *A Scottisb verse.*

Rob. Will. and Davy,
Keep well thy *Pater noster* and *Ave*:
And if thou wilt the better speed,
Gang no further then thy *Creed*:
Say well, and do none ill,
And keep thy self in safety still.

74 *To beggars of Books.*

My friend, you presse me very hard,
my books of me you crave;
I have none, but in *Pauls Church-yard*,
for many you may have.
But why should I my coyne bestow
such toys as these to buy?
I am not such a fool I trow:
forsooth no more am I.

75 *In Paulum Arbaum.*

Proud *Paulus*, led by Sadduces infection,
Doth not believe the bodies resurrection,
But holds them all in scorn and deep derision,
That talk of Saints or Angels apparition:
And saith, they are but fables all, and fancies
Of Lunaticks, or folks posses'd with frensies.
I have (saith he) travel'd both neare and far,
By land, by sea, in time of peace and war,
Yet never met I spirit, or ghost, or else,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe,
Well, *Paulus*, this I now believe, indeed,
That who in all, or part, denies his Creed;
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himself he could not see.

76 *Of double fraud.*

A Fellow false, and to all fraud inur'd,
In high Starchamber court was found perjur'd,
And by just sentence judg'd to lose his cares:
A doom right fit for him that falsly swears.
Now on the Pillory while he was preaching,
The Goaler busie for his cares was searching:
But all in vaine, for there was not an eare,
Only the places hid with locks of haire.
Thou knave, said he, I will of thee complaine
Vnto the Lords, for coufenage againe.
Why so, said he? their order me doth bind
To lose mine cares, not you mine cares to find.

77 *Of taking a Hare.*

VNto a Lawyer rich a Client poore
Came early in the morning to his doore,
And dancing long attendance in the place,

At last he gat some counsell in his case,
For which the Lawyer look'd to have been paid;
But thus at last the poore man to him said,
I cannot give a fee, my state's so bare:
But will it please you, Sir, to take an Hare?
He that took all that came, with all his heart,
Said that he would, and take it in good part.
Then must you run apace (good Sir) quoth he,
For she this morning quite out-stripp'd me.
He went his way, the Hare was never taken,
Was not the Lawyer taken, or mistaken?

78 *The Author to his Wife.*

Your maid *Brunetta* you with newes acquaints,
How *Leda* (whom her husband wanting issue,
Brought erst to Bath, our pilgrimage of Saints)
Wearcs her gown velvet, kirtle, cloth of tissue,
A figur'd Sattin petticote Carnation,
With six gold parchment laces all in fashion.
Yet never was Dame *Leda* noble born,
Nor drunk in Gossips cup by Sov'raigne sent,
Nor ever was her Highnesse woman sworn,
Nor doth her husband much exceed in rent. (them;
Then *Maill*, be proud, that thou maist better weare
And I more proud, thou better dost forbearc them.

79 *Of too high commendation in a mean person.*

A Scholler once, to win his Mistris love,
Compar'd her to three Goddesses above,
And said she had (to give her due deserts)
Junos, *Minervas*, and faire *Venus* parts.
Juno so proud, and curst was of her tongue,
All men misliked her, both old and young.
Pallas so foule, and grim was, out of measure,
That neither gods nor men in her took pleasure.
Venus unchast, that she strong *Mars* entices,
With yong *Adonis*, and with old *Anchises*.
How think you, are these praises few or mean,
Compared to a shrow, a slut, or quean?

80 *Of trusting a Captaine.*

AN Alderman, one of the better sort,
And worthy member of our worthiest City,
Vnto whose Table divers did resort,
Himselfe of stomack good, of answers witty,
Was once requested by a Table-friend,
To lend an unknown Captaine forty pound,
The which because he might the rather lend,
He said, he should become in statute bound.
And this (quoth he) you need not doubt to take,
For he's a man of late grown in good credit,
And went about the world with Captaine *Drake*.
Out (quoth the Alderman) that ere you sed it,
For forty pounds? no not for forty pence.
His single bond I count not worth a chip:
I say to you (take not hercat offence)
He that hath three whole yeares been in a ship,
In faming, plagues, in stench, and storm so rife,
Cares not to lie in Ludgate all his life.

S. JOHN HARRINGTONS *Epigrams.*

81 *In Cornutum.*

WHat cur'd-pate youth is he that sitteth there
So neare thy wife, and whispers in her eare,
And takes her hand in his, and soft doth wring her,
Sliding his ring still up and down her finger?
Sir, 'tis a Procter, seen in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in some important cause;
Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action,
And doth her businesse with great satisfaction.
And think'st thou so? a horn-plague on thy head:
Art thou so like a fool, and wittoll'd,
To think he doth the businesse of thy wife?
He doth thy businesse, I dare lay my life.

82 *A Tragical Epigram.*

VHen doom of Peers and Iudges fore-appointed,
By racking lawes beyond all reach of reason,
Had unto death condemn'd a Queene annointed,
And found (oh strange!) without allegiance treason,
The Axe that should have done that execution,
Shun'd to cut off a head that had been crowned,
Our hangman lost his wonted resolution,
To quell a Queen of noblenesse so renowned.
Ah, is remorse in hangmen and in steel,
When Peeres and Iudges no remorse can feel?
Grant Lord, that in this noble Ile a Queen
Without a head may never more be seen.

83 *Of reading Scriptures.*

The sacred Scriptures treasure great affords
To all of severall tongues, of sundry Realmes,
For low and simple spirits shallow Foords,
For high and learned Doctors deeper streames,
In every part so exquisitely made,
An Elephant may swim, a Lamb may wade.
Not that one should with barbarous audacity,
Read what they list, and how they list expound,
But each one fitting to his weak capacity:
For many great Scriptures may be found,
That cite Saint Paul at every bench and boord,
And have Gods word, but have not God the word.

84 *The Author to his Wife: a rule for praying.*

MY deare, when in your closet for devotion,
To kindle in your brest some godly motion,
You contemplate, and oft your eyes do fixe
On some Saints picture, or the Crucifixe;
'Tis not amisse, be it of stone or mettle,
It serveth in thy mind good thoughts to settle;
Such Images may serve thee as a book
Whereon thou maist with godly reverence look,
And thereby thy remembrance to acquaint
With life or death, or vertue of the Saint.
Yet do I not allow thou kneel before it,
Nor would I in no wise you should adore it.
For as such things well us'd are cleane and holy,
So superstition soon may make it folly.
All images are scorn'd and quite dishonoured,

If the Prototype be not solely honoured,
I keep thy picture in a golden shrine,
And I esteem it well, because 'tis thine;
But let me use thy picture ne're so kindly.
'Twere little worth, if I us'd thee unkindly.
Sith then, my deare, our heavenly Lord above
Vouchsafeth unto ours to like his love.
So let us use his picture, that therein
Against himselfe we do commit no sin;
Nor let us scorn such pictures, nor deride them,
Like fooles whose zeal mistaught, cannot abide them.
But pray, our hearts by faiths eyes be made able
To see, what mortall eyes see on a Table.
A man would think, one did deserve a mock,
Should say, O heavenly Father, to a stock,
Such a one were a stock, I straight should gather,
That would confesse a stock to be his father.

85 *Pœnitentia pœnitenda: Of a penitent Fryer.*

Bound by his Church, and Trentin Catechisme,
To vow a single life, a Cloystered Frier,
Had got a swelling, call'd a Priapisme,
Which seld is swag'd, but with a female fire.
The Leach (as oftentimes Physicians use)
To cure the corps, not caring for the soule,
Prescribes a cordiall med'cine from the Stewes,
Which lewd prescript, the Patient did condole:
Yet strong in Faith, and being loth to die,
And knowing that extremes yeeld dispensation,
He is resolv'd, and doth the med'cine trie:
Which being done, he made such lamentation,
That divers thought he was fal'n in despaire,
And therefore for his confirmation praid.
But when that they had ended quite their prayer,
After long silence, thus to them he said:
I waile not, that I think my fact so vicious,
Nor am I in dispaire: no never doubt it;
But feeling female flesh is so delicious,
I waile, to think I liv'd so long without it.

86 *Of a picture with a Ferriman rowing in a tempest, with two Ladies in his boat, whereof he loved one, but she disdained him, and the other loved him, but he not her: now a voice came to his eare, that to save his boat from being cast away, he must drowne one of the Ladies: in which perplexity he speaketh these passions.*

IN troublous seas of love, my tender boat
By Fates decree, is still tost up and down,
Ready to sink, and may no longer float,
Except of these two Damsels one I drown.
I would save both; but ah, that may not be:
I love the one, the other loveth me.
Here the vast waves are ready me to swallow;
There danger is to strike upon the shelf.
Doubtfull I swim between the deep and shallow,
To save th'ungrate, and be ungrate my selfe.
Thus seem I by the eares to hold a wolfe,
While faine I would eschue this gaping gulfe.
But since loves actions guided are by passion,
And quenching doth augment her burning fuell,
Adieu, thou Nymph, deserving most compassion,

To

ST. JOHN HARINGTONS *Epigrams.*

To merit mercy, I must shew me cruell.
Ask you me why? Oh question out of season!
Love never leisure hath to render reason.

87 *The old mans choice.*

LET soveraigne reason sitting at the stern,
And far removing all eye-blinding passion,
Censure the due desert with judgement cleare,
And say, the cruell merit no compassion.
Live then, kind Nymph, and joy we two together:
Farewell th' unkind, and all unkind go with her.

88 *In Philautum.*

YOUR verses please your Reader oft, you vaunt it:
If you your self do read them oft, I grant it.

89 *To an old Batchelour.*

YOU praise all women: well, let you alone,
Who speaks so well of all, thinks well of none.

90 *Of two that were married and undone.*

A Fond young couple making hast to marrie,
Without their parents will, or friends consent,
After one month their marriage did repent,
And su'd unto the Bishops Ordinary,
That this their act so undiscreetly done,
Might by his more discretion be undone,
Vpon which motion he a while did pawse:
At length he for their comforts to them said,
It had been better (friends) that you had staid:
But now you are so hampered in the Lawes,
That I this knot may not untie (my sonne)
Yet I will grant you both shall be undone.

91 *In commendation of a straw, written at the request of a great Lady, that wore a straw Hat at the Court.*

I Vow'd to write of none but matters serious,
And lawfull vowes to break, a great offence,
But yet faire Ladies bests are so imperious,
That with all Vowes, all Lawes they can dispence.
Then yeelding to that all-commanding Law,
My Muse will tell some honour of a straw.
Not of Iack Straw, with his rebellious crew,

That set King, Realme, and Lawes at hab or nab,
Whom Londons worthy Maior so bravely slew,
With dudgeon daggers honourable stab,
That his successors for that service loyall,
Have yet reward with blow of weapon royall.
Nor will I praise that fruitlesse straw or stubble,
Which built upon most precious stones foundation:
When fiery tryals come, the builders trouble,
Though some great builders build of such a fashion,
To learned Androes that much better can,
I leave that stubble, fire, and straw, to scan.
Nor list I with Philosophers to range
In searching out (though I admire the reason)
How sympathizing properties, most strange,
Keep contraries in straw, so long a season,
Ice, snow, fruits, fish, moyst things, & dry, and warm,
Are long preserv'd in straw, with little harm.
But let all Poets my remembrance wipe
From out their books of fame, for ever during,
If I forget to praise our oaten pipe,
Such musick, to the Muses all procuring,
That some learn'd eares prefer'd it have before
Both Orpharyon, Viell, Lute, Bandore.
Now if we list more curiously examine
To search in straw some profitable points.
Bread hath been made of straw in time of famine,
In cutting off the tender knotted joynts.
But yet remains one praise of straw to tell,
Which all the other praise doth far excell:
That straw which men, & beasts, & fowls have scorn'd,
Hath been by curious art and hand industrious
So wrought, that it hath shadow'd, yea adorn'd
A head and face, of beauty and birth illustrious.
Now praise I? No, I envy now thy blisse,
Ambitious straw, that so high placed is.
What Architect this work so strangely matcht,
An ivory house, doores, wals, windowes such,
A gilded roof, with straw all overthatch?
Where shall Pearl bide when place of straw is such?
Now could I wish, alas I wish too much,
I might be straw-drawn to that lively Tutch.
But herein we may learn a good example,
That vertuous industry their worth can raise,
Whom slanderous tongues tread under feet and trample:
This told my Muse, and straight she went her wayes:
Which (Lady) if you seriously allow,
It is no toy, nor have I broke my vow.

FINIS.